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Punch

vol xxiv

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1853.

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1853.





MR. PUNCH, at the last moment, cancels a very handsome Preface prepared for this his TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME, in order to give insertion to a communication from the Head of the Horse-Guards: a document to which, at the present time, and under the present tremulous circumstances—(foreign funds being as sensitive as quicksilver in a thunder-storm)—MR. PUNCH thinks it only wise and loyal to give the first place and the boldest type.

“ *Horse-Guards, June 14, 1853.* ”

“ VISCOUNT HARDINGE—Commander-in-Chief of HER MAJESTY’S Forces—presents his compliments and felicitations to MR. PUNCH; and desires that he will, at the promptest military time, cause to be delivered at the Camp at Chobham, no less than Ten Thousand Copies of his Twenty-Fourth Volume; VISCOUNT H.—as an old and instructed reader of PUNCH—knowing that among the many blessings of an English Midsummer, there is ever a new Volume of PUNCH; even as at Christmas-time another Volume is one of the never-failing comforts and delights of that most jolly and most hospitable season.

“ The Commanding-Officer at Chobham has it in orders to receive the Volumes of PUNCH with every possible military honour. On arriving at the Camp, MR. PUNCH himself will be received by a General’s Guard, and be immediately conducted to the officer commanding.

“ A salute of Four-and-twenty Guns will be fired on the Ten Thousand Copies of the Twenty-fourth Volume reaching the ground; the troops presenting arms, and the Band playing *God Save the Queen* (with *roo-to-to-too-it* variations).

“ The Commanding Officer will address the Troops before distributing the Volumes to the Forces. That Officer has instructions to dwell most earnestly on the many noble lessons abounding in every Page

of PUNCH—to exhort the British Soldier so to study his PUNCH, that, whilst in time of peace he shall feel as simple as the lamb that, all innocently, crops the mint—he shall, in the hour of war, be as the raging lion that roars and whips himself for his shin of beef.

“And here the Commander-in-Chief gladly avails himself of this pleasing opportunity to express his acknowledgments to Mr. PUNCH for the abounding lessons of mirth and wisdom that, in the hottest weather in India, have been more refreshing than gentle showers to the troops under VISCOUNT HARDINGE’S command; have been more animating than any grant of *batta* to the native soldier.

“Moral cheerfulness is the very life and soul of a Camp. Keep the soldier cheerful, and he is ready for any work in any weather, and at any notice. It is, therefore, MR. PUNCH, that as Commander-in-Chief, I have thought it my duty to order, at the country’s expense, the supply of ten thousand of your Twenty-Fourth Volume for the troops at Chobham; all the other twenty-three volumes, as I have made it my duty to know, being in the possession of every soldier encamped there, and making an inseparable part of his daily baggage. Yes, MR. PUNCH, not only has the British soldier your works by heart, but he has ’em on his shoulders.

“Anticipating the many privations to be suffered by the heroes of Chobham—(where there will be no Rotten Row, no Opera, no Club-House)—I nevertheless feel confident of the beneficial influence of your pages upon HER MAJESTY’S Forces, feeling assured that both on the part of the officers and men—especially may I speak for the officers—the greatest sacrifices will be readily deferred to, if foregoing many of their usual little comforts, they are permitted an unlimited supply of PUNCH.

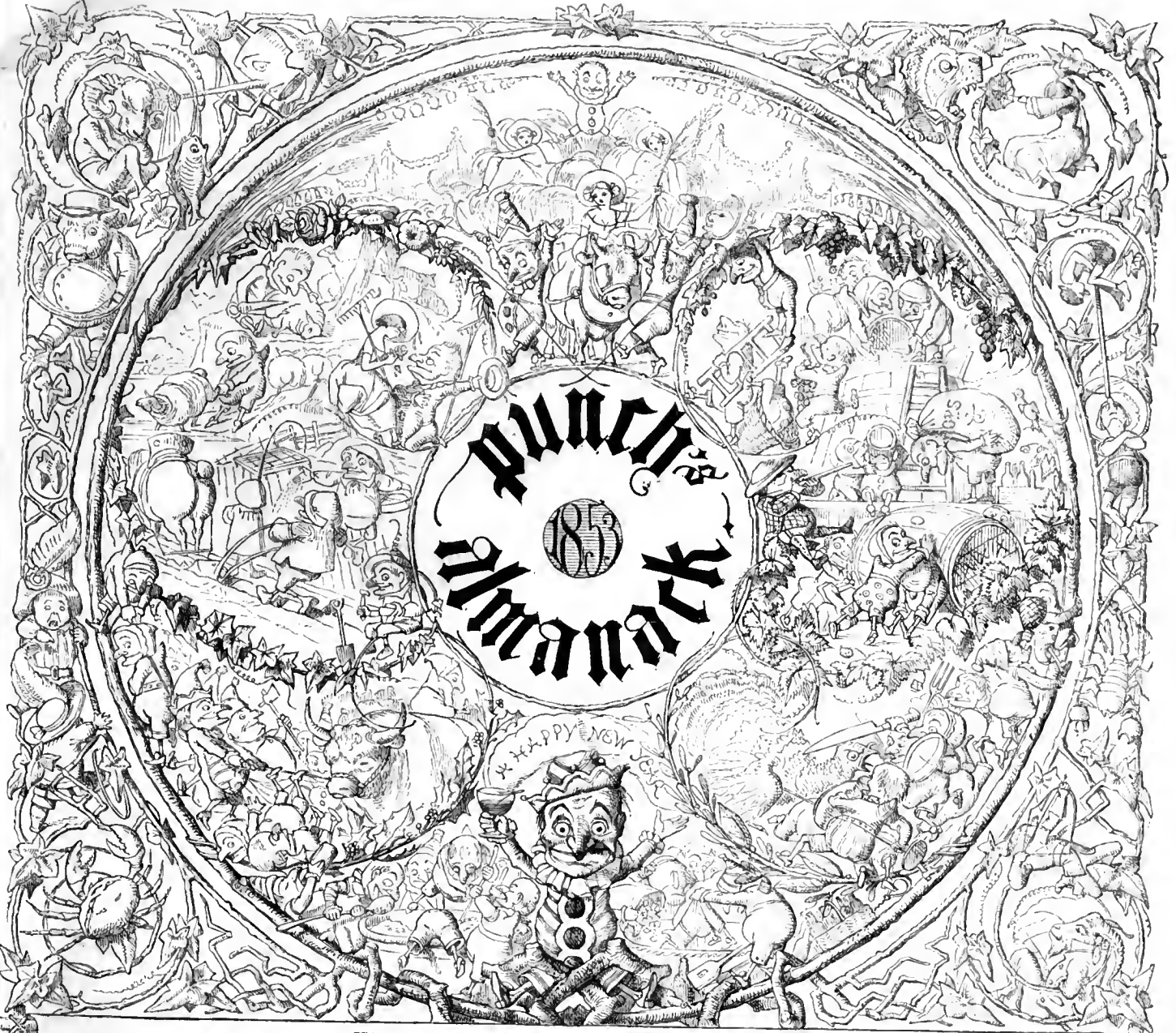
“Accept, Mr. PUNCH, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

“Hardinge.”

“P.S. and *Private*.—You will stop to dinner. In fact, bring a portmanteau for a week. There will be a bullock roasted for every regiment the day of the distribution, with fireworks in the evening. If your dog can dance, bring *him*: he’ll take the conceit out of young FITZPIPECLAY and *his* lot.”



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1853.



THE CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR 1853.

January xxxi Days.		February xxviii Days.		March xxxi Days.		April xxx Days.		May xxxi Days.		June xxx Days.	
1 S. Cleopatra.	17 M. Franklin b.	1 Tu S. 7. 741m	19 Tu St. Dunst. ev.	1 Tu S. David	17 St. Patrick	1 F. S. s. 3h. 50m	18 S. s. 3h. 50m	1 S. s. of Eas.	17 Tu What Tues.	1 W. S. s. 3h. 50m	16 Th Wat. T. s.
2 S. of Ch. D.	18 W. Priscilla	2 W. Candian b.	19 W. Ember wk.	2 W. S. r. 3h. 45m	18 Can. Ter. s.	2 S. s. 3h. 45m	19 S. s. 3h. 45m	2 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	18 W. Oct. To beg.	2 Th S. s. 3h. 50m	17 S. s. 3h. 50m
3 Tu S. r. 4h. 3m	19 Th Copernic. b.	3 Th S. s. 4h. 51m	17 Th M. Ang. d.	3 F. Palm Sund.	19 Oct. Ter. s.	3 M. Ambrose	18 Tu Alphage	3 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	19 Th St. Dunst.	3 F. S. s. 3h. 45m	18 S. s. 3h. 45m
4 Tu S. r. 4h. 3m	20 F. Pagan	4 F. Lullu born	18 F. Luther died	4 S. Agatha	20 Palm Sund.	4 M. Ter. h.	19 Tu Holy Trin.	4 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	20 F. D. 16h long	4 S. 9 Su. of Tr.	19 S. 4 Su. of Tr.
5 Th Ephraim	21 S. Bacon born	5 S. Agatha	19 S. Colleen born	5 S. Quinsu. Su.	21 S. Good Fri.	5 Tu Oct. Cam.	20 W. Sps. P. doc	5 Th Holy Trin.	21 S. Lafayette d.	5 M. Jer. Bro. d.	20 M. Jer. Bro. d.
6 Th Ephraim	22 M. T. J. O.	6 S. Quinsu. Su.	20 S. in Last	6 Tu Q. of No. 21	22 Good Fri.	6 W. D. H. Heber b.	21 Th Oct. End. b.	6 F. Old Lady. b.	22 M. Tin. T. h.	6 Tu Hon. face	21 Th J. Baptis
7 F. Lucia	23 M. [Paul]	7 Tu S. r. 4h. 3m	21 S. in Last	7 Tu S. r. 4h. 3m	23 Good Fri.	7 Th Fire in. dus	22 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	7 M. R. Prague	23 M. Tin. T. h.	7 Tu Hon. face	22 Th J. Baptis
8 S. of R. P. p.	24 Tu Con. of St.	8 Tu S. r. 4h. 3m	22 W. Ash Weds.	8 Tu S. r. 4h. 3m	24 Good Fri.	8 S. S. of Eas.	23 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	8 S. Sun. of Av.	24 Tu Q. V. h. 1819	8 W. K. Bruce d.	23 Th J. Baptis
9 S. of R. P. p.	25 W. [Irish] s. b.	9 W. Ash Weds.	23 W. Ash Weds.	9 W. Ash Weds.	25 Good Fri.	9 S. S. of Eas.	24 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	9 M. East. T. ends	25 W. J. H. b. s.	9 Th J. Baptis	24 M. J. Baptis
10 S. of R. P. p.	26 Th [1591]	10 Th [1591]	24 Th [1591]	10 Th [1591]	26 Good Fri.	10 S. S. of Eas.	25 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	10 Tu Battle of	26 W. J. H. b. s.	10 Th J. Baptis	25 M. J. Baptis
11 Tu H. Term b.	27 Th [1591]	11 F. [1591]	25 Th [1591]	11 F. [1591]	27 Good Fri.	11 M. Canning h.	26 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	11 W. [Lod]	27 Th K. Han. b.	11 Th [1591]	10 M. J. Baptis
12 W. H. Term b.	28 S. s. 4h. 42m	12 S. s. 4h. 42m	26 Th [1591]	12 S. s. 4h. 42m	28 Good Fri.	12 M. Amer. disc.	27 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	12 Th [Old Ma. d.]	28 W. J. H. b. s.	12 Th [1591]	11 M. J. Baptis
13 Th [1591]	29 S. s. 4h. 42m	13 S. s. 4h. 42m	27 Th [1591]	13 S. s. 4h. 42m	29 Good Fri.	13 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	28 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	13 F. [1591]	29 Th S. s. 4h. 42m	13 Th [1591]	12 M. J. Baptis
14 F. [1591]	30 S. s. 4h. 42m	14 S. s. 4h. 42m	28 Th [1591]	14 S. s. 4h. 42m	30 Good Fri.	14 Th V. s. of Eas.	29 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	14 S. [1591]	30 Th S. s. 4h. 42m	14 Th [1591]	13 M. J. Baptis
15 S. of R. P. p.	31 M. [1591]	15 S. s. 4h. 42m	29 Th [1591]	15 S. s. 4h. 42m	31 Good Fri.	15 F. [1591]	30 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	15 Th [1591]	31 M. [1591]	15 Th [1591]	14 M. J. Baptis
July xxxi Days.		August xxxi Days. †		September xxx Days.		October xxxi Days.		November xxx Days.		December xxxi Days.	
1 F. S. s. 3h. 45m	17 S. s. of Tr.	1 M. Lammus	17 W. De. Kent b.	1 Th Par. ab. beg.	16 F. Buck. h. s.	1 S. Phos. sh. b.	17 M. Fox. h. b.	1 Tu All Saints	16 W. West. Drap.	1 Th S. v. 7h. 40m	17 S. Oct. T. an
2 S. s. 3h. 45m	18 M. R. of Hill	2 Th S. s. 4h. 25m	18 Th L. d. Hal. lbd.	2 F. S. s. 3h. 45m	17 S. Lumber	2 W. R. of Tr.	18 Tu St. Luke	2 W. All souls	17 Th H. 9. 9. L.	2 F. S. s. 3h. 45m	18 S. 4 Su. in ad.
3 S. s. 3h. 45m	19 W. Margaret	3 W. S. s. 7h. 43m	19 F. Day. George	3 S. s. 3h. 45m	18 F. R. P. uctors	3 M. J. V. 5614 b	19 W. D. Sw. 0. 1	3 Th S. s. 3h. 45m	18 F. Rubens s.	3 S. 9 Su. in ad.	19 Th S. Shortest d.
4 M. Oct. Ackad	20 Th Margaret	4 Th S. s. 7h. 43m	20 S. 13 s. of Tr.	4 S. s. 3h. 45m	19 M. R. P. uctors	4 Tu Mohan. Yr.	20 Th Wren born	4 F. S. s. 3h. 45m	19 S. L. d. 8h. 40m	4 M. Moart. d.	20 Th W. Qu. s.
5 Tu Old Mid. D.	21 Th Margaret	5 F. D. d. 11. 95m	21 S. 13 s. of Tr.	5 M. Old Harbin	20 M. R. P. uctors	5 W. 1270 beg. 1	21 F. Battle of	5 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	20 S. 96 s. of Tr.	5 M. Moart. d.	21 W. W. Qu. s.
6 Th A. Hecket	22 S. G. B. l. ten.	6 S. D. d. 11. 95m	22 Th K. of Bow.	6 M. Old Harbin	21 M. R. P. uctors	6 Th S. s. 3h. 45m	22 S. Trafalgar	6 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	21 M. Pr. H. b. s.	6 Tu M. N. abel	22 Th Jan. 11. s. m.
7 Th A. Hecket	23 S. G. B. l. ten.	7 M. D. d. 11. 95m	23 Th K. of Bow.	7 M. Old Harbin	22 M. R. P. uctors	7 F. S. s. 3h. 45m	23 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	7 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	22 Tu Ceilia	7 W. M. N. ey eh.	23 F. Jan. 11. s. m.
8 S. Cam. Ter. s.	24 S. G. B. l. ten.	8 M. D. d. 11. 95m	24 Th K. of Bow.	8 M. Old Harbin	23 M. R. P. uctors	8 S. S. 22 R. of Tr.	24 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	8 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	23 Tu L. d. M. m. d.	8 Th C. S. V. Mary	24 Th Christ. Day
9 S. Cam. Ter. s.	25 S. G. B. l. ten.	9 W. D. d. 11. 95m	25 Th K. of Bow.	9 M. Old Harbin	24 M. R. P. uctors	9 M. S. 22 R. of Tr.	25 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	9 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	24 Tu L. d. M. m. d.	9 M. C. S. V. Mary	25 Th Christ. Day
10 S. Cam. Ter. s.	26 S. G. B. l. ten.	10 W. D. d. 11. 95m	26 Th K. of Bow.	10 M. Old Harbin	25 M. R. P. uctors	10 M. S. 22 R. of Tr.	26 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	10 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	25 Tu L. d. M. m. d.	10 M. C. S. V. Mary	26 Th Christ. Day
11 M. H. Oudren.	27 S. G. B. l. ten.	11 Th D. Can. d.	27 Th K. of Bow.	11 M. Old Harbin	26 M. R. P. uctors	11 M. S. 22 R. of Tr.	27 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	11 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	26 Tu L. d. M. m. d.	11 M. C. S. V. Mary	27 Th Christ. Day
12 Th [1591]	28 S. G. B. l. ten.	12 W. D. Can. d.	28 Th K. of Bow.	12 M. Old Harbin	27 M. R. P. uctors	12 M. S. 22 R. of Tr.	28 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	12 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	27 Tu L. d. M. m. d.	12 M. C. S. V. Mary	28 Th Christ. Day
13 W. North. d.	29 S. G. B. l. ten.	13 S. O. Can. d.	29 Th K. of Bow.	13 M. Old Harbin	28 M. R. P. uctors	13 M. S. 22 R. of Tr.	29 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	13 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	28 Tu L. d. M. m. d.	13 M. C. S. V. Mary	29 Th Christ. Day
14 Th North. d.	30 S. G. B. l. ten.	14 S. O. Can. d.	30 Th K. of Bow.	14 M. Old Harbin	29 M. R. P. uctors	14 M. S. 22 R. of Tr.	30 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	14 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	29 Tu L. d. M. m. d.	14 M. C. S. V. Mary	30 Th Christ. Day
15 F. St. Sw. thin	31 S. G. B. l. ten.	15 S. O. Can. d.	31 Th K. of Bow.	15 M. Old Harbin	30 M. R. P. uctors	15 M. S. 22 R. of Tr.	31 Tu S. r. 4h. 1m	15 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	30 Tu L. d. M. m. d.	15 M. C. S. V. Mary	31 Th Christ. Day
16 S. Resyolia b.		16 S. O. Can. d.		16 M. Old Harbin		16 M. S. 22 R. of Tr.		16 M. S. 24 s. of Tr.	31 Tu L. d. M. m. d.	16 M. C. S. V. Mary	

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION;
OR, HOW I WAS CURED OF BEING A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

I AM a young wife, and not an old woman. In fact I can still venture to give my real age to the inquisitive gentleman who comes round with the census papers, and I have not been driven to seal up the fly-leaf of the family Bible, which records "AMELIA JANE, born 1st May, 1830."

My husband, as all my friends assure me, is all a man ought to be. I think he might be a *little* less obstinate, and I confess he has a bad habit of bringing his old bachelor friends home to dinner without warning. When I remonstrate, he is very eloquent about the unimportance of what there may be for dinner, the chief thing being a hearty welcome, &c., &c., &c., though I must say I've never found him exactly indifferent to what is served up.

Still I don't complain—quite the reverse. I'm very happy now—I say now, because it was not always so. I propose to disclose, for the benefit of young women about to marry, the secret of our



THE DRAWING ROOM.

former discomfort, and our present happiness. The fact is, I was brought up a strong-minded woman. I was educated on the Pestalozzian system—taught to ask questions about everything and to insist upon answers, and to question the answers. After I had pumped my governess dry in this way, nonplussed papa, and gravelled everybody in the house, no wonder I was found a nuisance. They tried to find food for my inquiring disposition, by employing my restless curiosity on all sorts of "ologies," by sending me to all sorts of "courses," till my intellectual digestion became seriously impaired. Before eighteen I had taken to green spectacles, and PROFESSOR FARADAY'S Friday night lectures. One thing, however, I do owe to the Royal Institution—I met my husband there. He was charmingly ignorant; I explained things to him, and his first avowal took place after I had nearly blown him up by attempting to decompose oxygen, in which I only succeeded in dis-



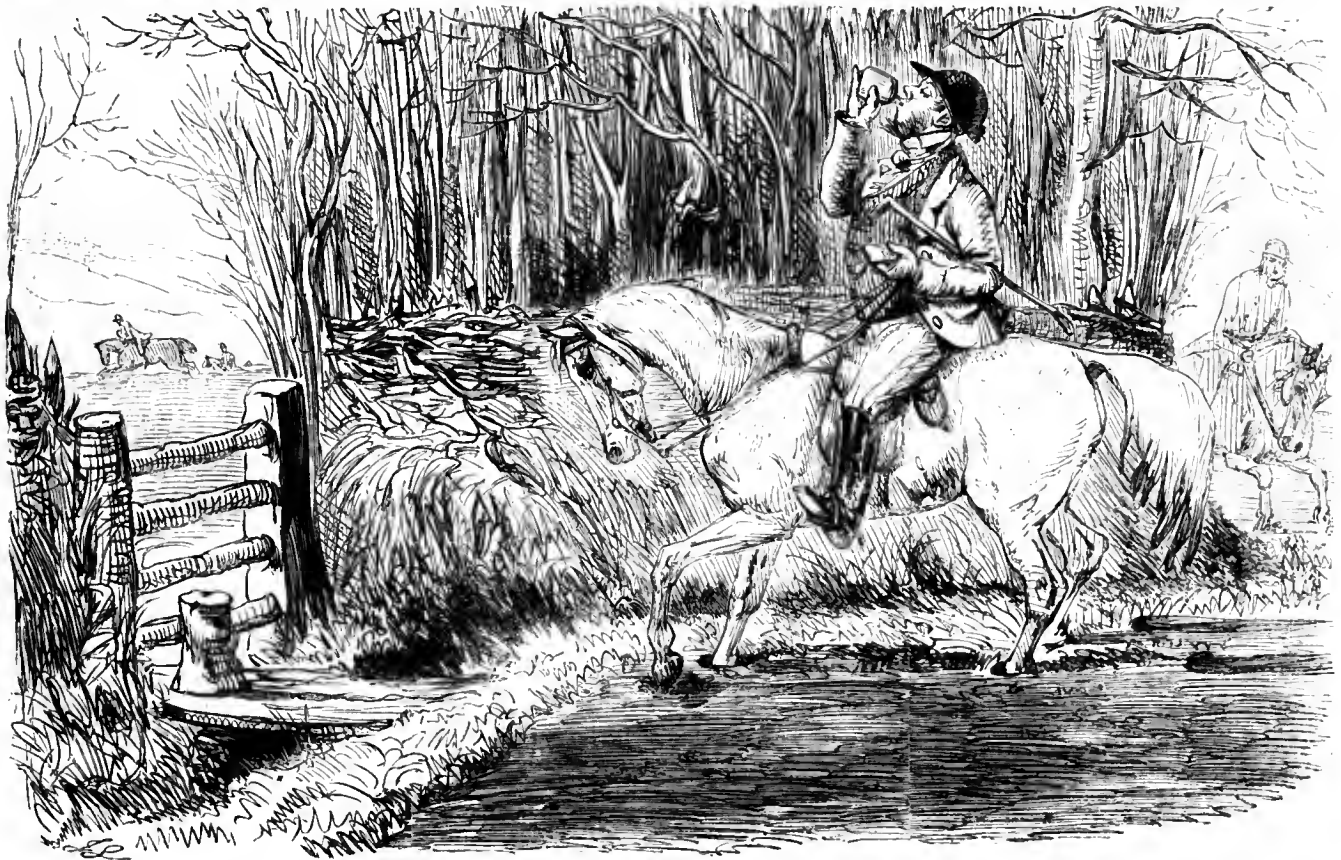
THE DINING ROOM.

Lady of the House. "NOW THEN, GIRLS! FILL YOUR GLASSES! BUMPERS! HERE'S JUST ONE TOAST WHICH I AM SURE YOU WILL ALL DRINK WITH PLEASURE. THE GENTLEMEN!!"



THE FARM YARD.

Country Friend (to London Friend, who is dressed within an inch of his life). "THERE, MY BOY—COME AND SEE THIS LOVELY PIG, AND THEN WE'LL GO AND LOOK AT THE REST OF THE STOCK."



A CAREFUL RIDER.

composing myself. He attended three courses at the Institution, and declared he had a turn for science, which I found out afterwards was only a penchant for me. During three seasons we sat on the same bench, inhaled the same gases, started at the same explosion. He put a great many questions to the lecturer, and one question to me, which I answered in the affirmative. After our marriage, I found that his taste for science declined rapidly. He asked me no more questions about the chemical affinities, and seemed perfectly insensible to the curious discoveries daily taking place in the entozoic and palaeontological fields of investigation. The only questions he seemed inclined to entertain were questions of house expenses; and when one Friday I proposed that we should attend PROFESSOR FARADAY'S lecture on a candle, he declared he didn't care a snuff about such things, and that he wished as I was married, I would not bother my head with such stuff! This was very painful to me, and we had our first dispute about this point. I quoted Mrs. SOMERVILLE'S example to prove that a woman may be deep in science, and make no worse wife for it. I told him about the Russian princess with whom EULER corresponded, and the professors who used to lecture at Bologna, though she was so pretty she had to address her class from behind a curtain.

Nothing would convince him. He scoffed at the scientific pretensions of the sex, and when I carried the question still further, and enlarged on the odious tyranny by which men strove to cabin, crib, and confine our minds and bodies, he flew into a passion and went straight off to his club, where he dined and came in very late, smelling strongly of cigars. I cried a good deal that night, but I am sorry to say that I soon after returned to the subject. And the more sure our argument was to end in his leaving me quite in a passion, for that abominable



Old Gentleman. "YOU ARE A VERY SAUCY, IMPUDENT WOMAN, AND I'LL CERTAINLY SUMMON YOU!"

Conductress. "THANK YE, SIR! (To Driver.) GO ON, SARAH; NEVER MIND THE OLD COVE."

marital harbour of refuge, the club, the more sure, somehow or other, was the conversation to come back to the same point. In fact, I became quite wretched, and I don't think he was a bit happier than I was.

Had I not been luckily cured of my notions about the equality of the sexes I am sure we should have separated—a miserable couple. And how do you think I was cured? I had been reading the report of that remarkable meeting at Syracuse, Ohio, U. S., in which the rights and wrongs of women were so forcibly set forth by Miss LUCRETIA MOTT and her friends. I had had a perfectly awful argument with EDWARD upon the report of the meeting in the Times, and he had gone to the club as usual, denouncing strong-minded women, with an obvious allusion to me, and declaring that this continual discussion was enough to wear a man's life out.

I retired to bed with a deep sense of the wrongs of our sex, and of EDWARD'S brutality, and thinking what a world this would be if women had their proper place in it on an equality with men. I tried to read myself to sleep with TENNYSON'S Princess, and thought I'd see arguments much more conclusive than the poet's conclusions. At last I fell asleep, and dreamed—such a dream, that it seemed as if I lived a whole life through it all!

And now for my dream. I was living in a world where the relations of the sexes were turned topsy-turvy. The women filled the men's places, and the lords of the creation were its ladies. How we revelled in the change at first—particularly after dinner! It was so pleasant to be left round the dining-room table, to pass the decanters and discuss the vintages and trifle with the dessert, while one thought of the gentlemen yawning over the albums and annuals, and getting up dreary little bits of flat scandal over cups of lukewarm tea, and boring each other, and being bored, all alone in the drawing-room. I rather think we talked a good deal of nonsense about the wine, and

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES' CURL-PAPERS.

The young gentleman who won't dance till after supper doesn't deserve to have any.

The hand that can make a Pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

Between Life and Death there is frequently but the thinness of a shoe.

The heart of a Flirt settles no more tenaciously on a gentleman's affections than a button does on one of his shirts, for, in fact, it is no sooner on than it's off again.

Dreams are the novels we read when we're fast asleep.

Eyes are the Electric Telegraph of the heart, that will send a message any distance in a language only known to the two souls who correspond.

There are ladies who look upon a ball-room as nothing better than an omnibus, that doesn't go off properly unless it's as full as it can hold.

PREDICTION FOR MARCH.—MARS makes his transit through PISCES, foreboding evil to the fish-baskets in Clare Market, many of which will be seized by the Beadle in full uniform.

PASSING STRANGE.—A Lady passing a bonnet-shop without stopping.

A REGULAR TOP-SAWYER.—"The gentleman as manages to save a deal out of Board Wages."—James's Memoirs.

ST. DAVID'S DAY ought to be kept as a holiday at the Royal Dockyards, as a day famous for leaks.

THE FINEST LAW OF GRAVITY.—Never to laugh at your own jokes.

CHANGING COLOUR.—A Betting man (aged 16) of our acquaintance, was very green indeed when we met him in the morning, and done completely brown when he came to us at night.

THE REGISTRATION ACT.—Every child must be registered within forty-two days of its birth. The statute is not evaded by wrapping up the infant in a registered parcel. The advice to Register! Register! Register! applies equally to children and to votes.

THE BRITISH SLAVE-MARKET.—Anybody in England is liable to be sold by auction whom it is possible for the auctioneer to take in.

ABSURD SUPERSTITION.—It is not true that two men in a gig are in danger of falling out when they come to a cross-road.

LOGIC.—CICERO said that nobody dances while sober. If CICERO was right, every dance is a reel.

FLOWERS OF SPEECH.—For the most part are Passion Flowers.



MARY PROTECTING THE WEAKER SEX.

PREDICTION FOR APRIL.—CASTOR is seen near ARIES, and a Policeman's Castor is visible over the railings. Let him who is curious as to the result consult COOK'S chart.

MEMORANDUM FOR MINE-PROPRIETORS.—In building a column you commence with the base, but to sink a shaft you should first lay down your capital.

RURAL INNOCENCE.—A countryman, hearing of a ship in the Downs, wanted to know what was the breed of him.

A REGULAR SMOKY CHIMNEY.—"HER MAJESTY'S PIPE" at the Dock is a chimney that actually smokes tobacco.

THE TUNE.—The great event at a Donkey Race is usually the Chimney Sweep-stakes.

TO MAKE MINCE-MEAT—OF A BOOK.—Take a volume of no particular weight, but the heavier the better. Cut it up as thoroughly as you can, mixing plenty of acid, and pound away as long as you feel able. In selecting a writer for this treatment, it is usual to choose one that is particularly thin-skinned.

IGNORANCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—A chivalric schoolmaster, hearing of a copper cap, supposes it to be an ancient helmet.

EDUCATION.—DR. ANDREW BELL founded National Schools; and a great Bell-foundry too!

ADMITTED EVILS.—Attorneys at Law.

INCREDIBLE LEAP OF SALMON.—ALDERMAN GULFA has a Salmon for dinner on the anniversary of his wedding-day, and he declares it has got into his head the next morning.

PLANETARY INTELLIGENCE.

JUPITER will be an evening "star" throughout the summer; being the last boat "up" every evening from Gravesend.
SATURN will be visible in the autumn, without his Ring, but invariably with *Nox*.
MARS will probably be seen in France, in consequence of the establishment of the Empire of Peace.
 A Lean Star will rise in the Repudiating States.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES (received on the first of April).—**MASSA CHUSETTS** is about to be married to Miss OCHI.

A FRENCH INVASION.—A Shower of Frogs.

HITTING THE MARK.—ROBIN HOOD is said to have been a great archer; but the freebooter of Sherwood was more probably a better hand at the rifle.

SNAKI-CHARMING EXTRAORDINARY.—A lively traveller states, that the serpent-charmers of India exhibit addition sums, that are done by adders.

REMARKABLE PARADOX.—It has been observed by a discerning magistrate, that the prisoners who are "brought up" are generally uneducated.

GARDENING FOR MANCHESTER.—You must get in your cotton crop before you can begin with your spinnage.

QUESTION FOR THE ADMIRALTY COURT.—If you are run down on board ship have you an action for slander?

AN OLD ENGLISH BEVERAGE.—The ancient apothecaries compounded *aurum potable*—drinkable gold; which, if made out of coin, was an anticipation of the Yankee notion of Mint Julep.

WIT AND HUMOUR ABROAD.—The light literature of foreign nations is not much relished in this country; perhaps, because all the jokes are far-fetched.

THE LANGUAGE OF COSTUME.—The Saints of the Commonwealth wore steeple-hats, because each of them considered that he was a Church in himself.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Vaccinate your children with lymph fresh from the cow, in order to make sure that it has not de-JENNER-ated.



NO PLACE LIKE HOME—WHEN THE FAMILY ARE AT A WATERING PLACE.

Old Party (who is taking care of the house). "Oh yes, Sir. You'll find the room nice an' clean —an' I'm sure the bed's haired—for I've bin and step in it my own self hevery night."

THINGS "LOOMING IN THE FUTURE."

1. Cessation of the Beer Monopoly.
2. Deodorization of the River Thames.
3. Extinction of the words "Agricultural Distress."

MORAL FOR THE BOUDOIR.—The Ignorance that is bewitching in a young lady is ridiculous in an old one.

TO PERSONS FURNISHING.—For picture-frames go to the establishment of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, Downing Street—where even the Estimates are always "framed with due regard to economy."

CAUTION FOR THE KITCHEN.—If you cut horseradish, ten to one you get into a scrape.

NOTHING BUT EQUITY.—The LORD CHANCELLOR ought to stuff his own woebag, as so many victims are fleeced by Chancery.

PEACE.—The linchpin of the common weal.

A COUNTER IRRITANT.—An impertinent shop-boy.

THE ROOT OF DOMESTIC BLISS.—This phrase may be applied to the onion; when the taste for it is muted.

ABSTRO LEGISLATION.—Old birds are not to be caught with chaff; and yet you make game of an old cock-pheasant.

DISCOVERY OF AN OLD JOKE.—One of the old French *noblesse* (who had read *SHAKS PEARE*) being asked why he had been forced to emigrate, said that like the crime of the King in *Hamlet*, his offence was rank.

A POST OF LEISURE AND UTILITY.—A newspaper.

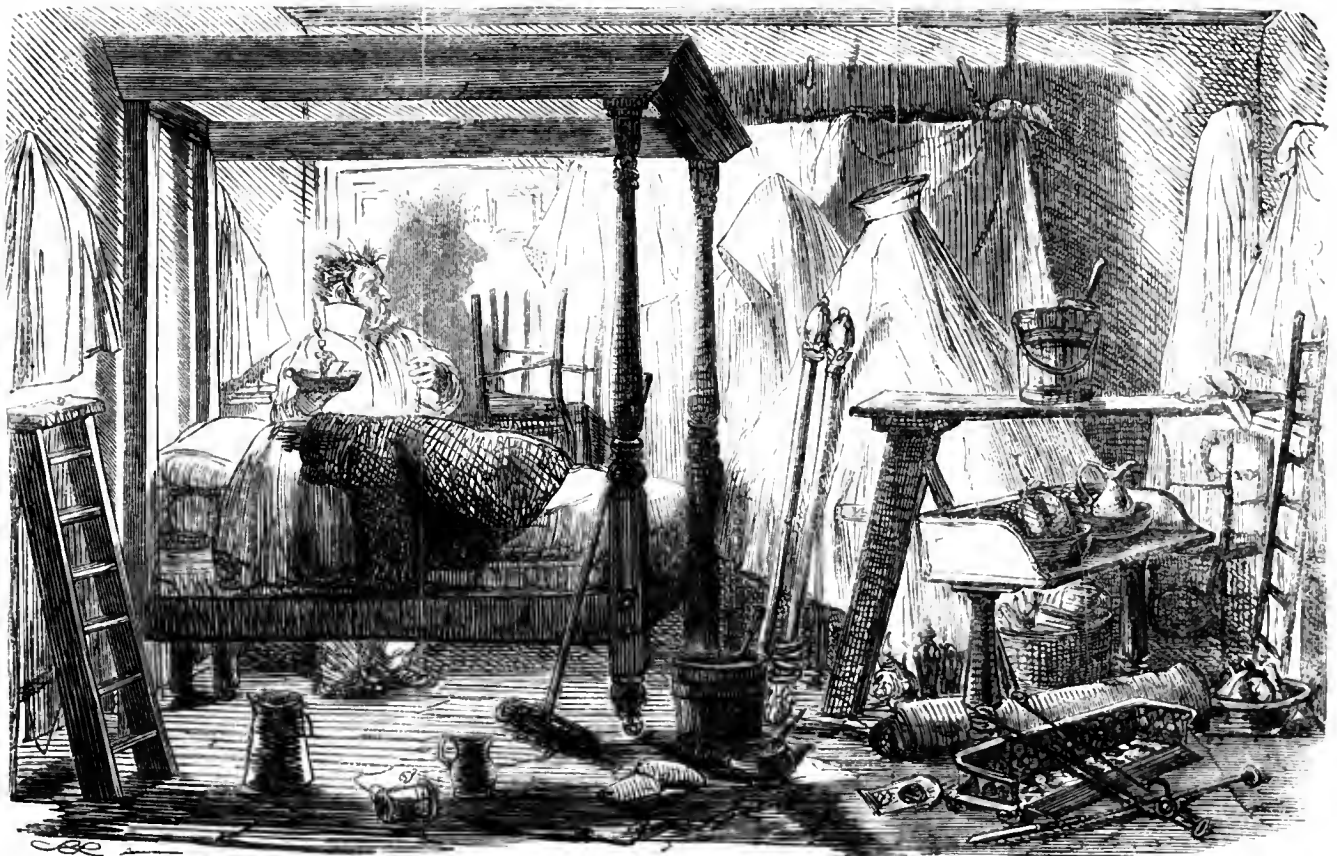
AN IMPENETRABLE PROTECTIONIST.—A Macintosh.

EXTREME NATIONALITY.—An agricultural gentleman down in Hampshire says he dwoon't like no foreigners but Swedes.

TANTALISING.—Giving invitations only to teas.

A TREETOTALLER'S TRUTH.—If you take too much wine you will ruin yourself, and even those who make that insidious poison, at the very best go to the juice.

PARISH OFFICERS.—The remarks of a P. are generally less consequential than his department.



N.B.—PATERFAMILIAS PREFERS HIS OWN BED-ROOM (WHICH THE WHITEWASHERS HAVE JUST LEFT) TO THE DISCOMFORT OF AN HOTEL.

old Mrs. PEABODY (whose front had unaccountably disappeared, leaving a venerable bald head with a little fringe of grey hair round about it, which somehow she didn't seem in the least to care about seeing) entirely failed in her attempt to prevent us from nibbling at the macaroons and bonbons, which she said spoiled our palates for the claret; I'm afraid, too, that some of us took more wine than we were used to, and I know I saw a great many more candles than there were on the table, and EDWARD complained bitterly of the way I chattered with young SUCRINOLE, after we came up stairs



EFFICIENCY OF FEMALE POLICE IN WHAT IS VULGARLY CALLED A "JOLLY ROW."

into the drawing room, which was not until we had been sent for three times. But to see how stupid the men looked! and how very glad they seemed when we came in, and how it afterwards appeared they had been comparing notes concerning their wives, and their housekeeping expenses, until they had all but quarrelled. I did not feel at all well for the rest of the evening, and fell asleep on a sofa, till it was time to take EDWARD home. Next day I had such a headache! I vowed I'd never "pase the decantere" again as long as I lived, but go up stairs with the gentlemen. EDWARD wanted very much to go

MOOT POINTS.

1. Whether a police-van may be accepted as a legal conveyance?
2. Whether a retired innkeeper can resume his avocation without rendering himself liable to be considered a Republican?
3. Whether the ancient Hebrews were not invariably tried by Jewry?
4. Whether public vocalists who sing out of time can be legally arrested for uttering false notes?
5. Whether, by the Registration Act, you are required to register a berth under Government?
6. Whether a blind man can be held liable for a bill payable at sight?

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The Balance of Power.—One thousand pounds at your Banker's.
A Measure of Iniquity.—A quart bottle holding little more than a pint.
THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.—A young lady has been turned out of society at New Jersey for having, upon the rhapsody of the moment, exclaimed at a tea-table, "How pleasant it is to travel! When you are at sea, what can be more delightful than a smack?—or on land, than a good 'buss'!"
PHILOSOPHY OF FOGGISM.—An old bachelor, recommended to take a wife for the sake of companionship, replied, "Marriage, Sir, would be simply the exchange of loneliness for disquiet."

MAXIMS FOR A YOUNG LADY'S CURL-PAPERS.

MODESTY is a handsome dish-cover, that makes us fancy there must be something very good underneath it.
 An old maid is an odd boot—of no use without a fellow.
 The true test of a man's temper is to keep him waiting five minutes for his dinner.
 There's a secret drawer in every heart, as there is in every desk, if we only know how to touch the spring of it.
 The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a waist.
 A breach of promise of marriage may be called as "a run-away ring from the church-door."

PREDICTION FOR MAY.—MARS is in opposition to PALLAS. Let the soldier on duty at St. James's beware.

NAVIGATION FOR LADIES.—The stitch a vessel threads the ocean with is a tack.

DOMESTIC ANOMALY.—Breakfast is generally considered a quiet meal; yet it is that at which there is the most tongue.

MERCANTILE MARINE.—Captains of merchant-ships will never be well informed even if they become readers, so long as they are skippers.

GAME OF HAZARD.—A steam-engine bursting and skying a copper.

CANINE.—A gentleman that has had the shine taken off his boots by a lady's spaniel, will back the dog to lick anything.

FABULOUS WEALTH OF INDIA.—That the riches of India are in great measure imaginary is obvious from the fact that the term, wealth, is there applied to a lac of rupees.

LAW TERMS.—We are happy to announce a great alteration in Law Terms, which have been much reduced by the recent diminutions in the scale of costs.

WRITTEN AGREEMENTS should be drawn up as shortly as possible; for parties are sure to agree best between whom there are the fewest words.

BEING ENJOINS to make our Almanack as complete as possible, we shall be obliged to any one who would tell us the cost of a Poetical Licence, and at what office it is obtainable.

AN UNDER TENANT.—One who occupies a cellar.

AN IMMEDIATE LANDLORD.—One who will not wait for his rent.

AN AFFECTING PICTURE.—There cannot be a more moving representation than a diorama.



MISS BROWN KINDLY TAKES HER COUSIN OUT FISHING.

Inferior Animal. "OH DEAR! MISS BROWN! HERE'S A FISH TAKEN ALL MY BAIT. DO COME AND PUT ON ANOTHER WORM!"

PREDICTION FOR JUNE.—MARS will threaten TAURUS. The Ordnance advertises for tenders for Beef.

COPYRIGHT QUESTION.—Is a constable guilty of plagiarism when he takes up one of HER MAJESTY'S subjects?

PHILHARMONIC SENTIMENT.—Mey every cottage contains a cottage piano.

VULGAR ERRORS.—The popular supposition that the pig sees the wind most likely was derived from the nautical corruption, a "sew-wester."

THE GAMB OF NATURE.—In Spring, Nature puts on her newest liver, but, during the rain of Winter, generally appears in "slops."

HISTORICAL BUTCHER'S BILL.—The history of the reigns of HENRY VIII. and MARY has been defined to be an account of stakes and chops.

FALLACY OF NATURALISTS.—It is not true, whatever may have been asserted, that whales are produced by the sea lashing the shore.

NATIONAL DEFENCES.—The charge of British regiments is felt by the enemy alone, because our soldiers only stick it into them.

FASHIONS FOR 1853.—Costumes for Conversaciones will consist of book-muslin.

NOT SO BAD AS IT SEEMS.—What part of a ship is exactly like every other part? The Counter-part.

A NICK QUESTION FOR THE STAMP OFFICE.—Supposing duty to have been paid on a horse, is there any drawback if the animal jibs?

A GOOD NAME.—The Isle of Dogs is happily so called, as it is situated in the Thames, which is a great Kennel.

A WORTHY CREATURE.—He was worth ten thousand a year—and that was all

THE HEIGHT OF ANARCHY.

If the Communists and Socialists were to get the upper hand, and assert their anti-conjugal principles, we should indeed be at the mercy of an unbridled democracy.

A QUARELLOME NEIGHBOURHOOD.—In the most quiet Squares, if not scolding, there is always railing at the area.

VEGETARIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.—An enthusiast so detests the very name of animal food, that he refuses to partake of kidney beans.

MEDICAL.—When a patient requires quiet, send him to Coventry.

EFFECTS OF DRINKING.—He who takes too many glasses will become himself a tumbler.

THE LAST LINK.—An aged capitalist remarked, with a sigh, "I take no more interest in this world than ten per cent."

"A RISING MAN."—The Veteran GAZEN.

A CONVEYANCE FROM WHICH A RELEASE IS DESIRABLE.—A cab or omnibus in which a traveller has been upset.

UNIVERSITY TERMS may be ascertained on application to the fathers of the under-graduates.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—Reading Room open from 9 to 4. If you want to find a book in the Catalogue it will be 10 to 1.

A CONUNDRUM FOR LITTLE BOYS.—Why is a naughty boy that's being flogged, like an artist who is taking a view of Westminster Abbey?—Because he's sketching it (*sketching* it).

TRUE FREEDOM.—The patriot, BAUTUS, could endure no yolk but that of an egg.

"A WARM RECEPTION."—Any fashionably crowded *soirée* in the dog-days.



MAY DAY.

DISTRESSING POSITION OF A SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN, WHO WAS ABOUT TO OFFER HIS HAND AND HEART TO THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS.

CONFESSION OF AN ACTOR.

DR. JOHNSON, at Mr. THRALLE'S mention that he had once pawed his MILTON, GABBICK, who was also present, said he had often spouted his SHAKESPEARE.

A WORD ABOUT WINE.—The port that is sold in bottle is often better years in bottle is often elder.

OLD ENGLISH SPORT.—The fairest cock-fight is fowl play.

THE DOCTOR'S BEST FRIEND.—The piano—for a young lady no sooner goes near one in society, than she's immediately seized with a cold.

MUSEUM.—An index to the book of Nature.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN POLICY.—A lady has remarked that domestic troubles are often connected with disasters in China.

INFINITESIMAL MEDICINE.—A notorious quack of the HAUSEMAN species professes to cure hauds by homoeopathy.

CONTRADICTIONARY CREATURES.—We all admire retiring Modesty in the softer sex; and yet are captivated by woman's Cheek.

GOING TOO FAST.—You only outrun the Constable to be overtaken by the Sheriff's Officer.

PROVERBIAL FUDGE.—The proverb says that Beauty is no Inheritance. Nevertheless, we often inherit our ancestors' mugs.

A PEDDLING ARISTOCRACY.—In a few centuries ago, in the days of falconry, our nobility and gentry were the only licensed hawkers.

AN HONEST WISH.—Whatever trials I may have to suffer, I hope I shall never experience trial by Jury.

"THE BEST OF MOTIVES."—Local motives.

PRIZE PROBLEMS. (BY OUR OWN COCKER.)

1. If three feet make a yard, how many "hands" would you take to make a garden?
2. If sixty seconds make one minute, will any number suffice to make one gigantic?
3. Reduce that very vulgar fraction of London, the City, to its lowest possible value.
4. Calculate the altitude of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S impudence.
5. Given—his proper fare; you are to find, if you can, the cabby who's contended with it.

A SECRET WARRANTED TO KEEP IN ANY CLIMATE.—A woman's age.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES' CURL PAPERS.

NEVER ride outside a penny omnibus.
 One drop of sense is worth a whole river of words.
 A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind.
 Keep your countenance open, and your thoughts shut.
 A wall of brass is a fop's face.
 It is a fine silk that knows no turning.
 Practice on the piano makes perfect.
 Never open your mind till you know what there's in it.
 It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's back.
 It's the early riser gets the strong tea.
 Fish for no compliments, for they are caught generally in shallow water.
 The lady with a cold avoids the piano.

THE REASON WHY.

MR. PUNCH will be HAPPY to make the acquaintance of the reader who can tell him,
The reason why you may ask for "greens" at a dinner-table but on no account for "cabbage."
The reason why gentlemen, upon their healths being drunk invariably feel it to be "the proudest moment of their life."
The reason why ladies think it cheap to purchase things they don't want, simply because they happen to be "bargains."
The reason why a cabman can't take his proper fare without grumbling.
The reason why it's not considered theft to steal an umbrella.
The reason why they invariably give you boiled mutton for dinner in a steam-boat.

FEMALE METAPHYSICS.—A young lady defines Attention to be that faculty of the mind that makes you help one on with one's things.

MEMORANDUM BY A MISANTHROPE.—The milk of human kindness is generally skimmed; or, at least, all the cream in it is turned into butter.

VERY TRUE.—A sage has remarked that a man attains to the highest position in the shortest time by early rising.

DUTY OF A HUSBAND.—If you want to marry, learn to carve—or you will be unfit for a help-mate.

WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES.—Do not too soon pronounce your lover a duck, lest you should afterwards discover him to be a goose.

HINT ON TAKING A HOUSE.—If you only keep a clothes' horse, you don't want a stable.

TO FIND HIGH WATER ALL THE YEAR ROUND.—Go and inspect the reservoir near the top of Primrose Hill.



THE SEA-SIDE.

Augustus. "ISN'T IT JOLLY, FRANK, BEING DOWN HERE FOR THE HOLIDAYS?"
 Incipient Swell. "HM! PRETTY WELL FOR THAT. I CONFESS I MISS THE GAITY OF TOWN."

TRIUMPH OF HOMOEOPATHY.—The effects of drunkenness may generally be remedied by confining yourself to brandy and taking it in infinitesimal quantities.

TOPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—A country man in London says he finds Baker Street quite straight, whereas he expected to see it full of twists.

AN EXPENSIVE BUSINESS-PLANT.—(O) all plants, the most expensive one that a tradesman can buy is decidedly an Aloe, for unless he lives a hundred years he has very little chance of seeing any return for his money.

VERY TRYING.—A Pair of New Boots.

A DESPAIRING LOVER.—"It's all gone goose!" as the fast youth said when his sweetheart jilted him.

BETTING BY LADIES.—Ladies should never bet; for though it may turn a man into a Better, it invariably makes a woman worse.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION.

out shopping, but I was much too ill to escort him. So I sent MARY, our foot-maid, to take care of him and two of his friends who called. MARY tells me they were a good deal stared at in Regent Street by some of the girls, but that she thought her big stick and cocked hat frightened them.

I felt after this it was not safe for EDWARD to walk about without me, and, as he wanted to go into the City I threw off my headache, and went with him; but, feeling tired, we mounted an omnibus. The Cad was a smart girl, but her language was dreadfully "slang," and I was shocked at the style in which she "gave it" (as she said) to a poor old gentleman who was put down somewhere where he didn't want to go to. The driver (whom she addressed as SARAH) encouraged her, and, altogether, I thought I had never seen two such odious creatures, and was painfully convinced that women had no place before or behind omnibuses.

We dined at VERREY'S, and stayed until it was dusk. I decided to walk home, notwithstanding EDWARD'S remarks about the impropriety of being "in the street at that time of night." I pointed out to him that we could always depend on the police, but—alas!—I had forgotten that that MRS. COMMISSIONER MAYNE was in power instead of her husband. Just as we passed a horrid gin-shop, out poured a rabble of drunken people who insulted me dreadfully; and when I called police, of course the poor things were dreadfully alarmed by the behaviour of these wretches, one of whom actually put his arm round the sergeant's



THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.

waist. If it hadn't been for the old private watchman at the banking-house close by (who frightened the drunken men), the consequences might have been awful—perhaps the constables might have been kissed all round!

I felt then that, after all, street-keeping is a coarse and brutal employment, fit only for the other sex.

The next morning EMILY BROWN (not JULIA, who was called to the Bar last year) came in with her cousin, to whom she told me she had proposed only the day before while they were out fishing. EMILY had gone into the Navy, under Mrs. ADMIRAL NAPIER, and seemed to me to have grown a sad wild sort of girl. She used nautical phrases, "shivered her timbers" frequently, and declared she wanted to "splice the main-brace," which, I discovered, was the sailor way of asking for a glass of spirits! Then she was full of stories about life on board ship—what larks they used to have in the cockpit, how she had been sent to the mast-head for being saucy to the captainess, and how dreadfully cold it was—and what they used to suffer in rough weather, and how they had to live for months together on salt beef and biscuit; and altogether I felt that it was an abominable thing to condemn poor women to such hardships, which, after all, men are better suited for.

After EMILY and her cousin had left, EDWARD insisted on my taking him to hear the Band play at St. James's. Really I had never before thought EDWARD so frivolous! However, it was not worth while to contradict him, so I took him. When we got to

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES' CURL-PAPERS.

Don't scream unless you're frightened. The last scream is the shortest and the sweetest. Ceremony on a Christmas Day is as out of place as a bonnet at the Opera.

Nothing falls so flat as a cold visit—excepting an omelette soufflé.

The reins of a dog-cart should never be seen in the hands of a young lady.

The worst ribbous you can handle are those of a four-hand.

ZODIACAL SIGNS.

When *Leo* (the Lion) is seen entering the drawing-room, it is a sign that all pleasant conversation will be stopped.

When *Gemini* (the Youths) are seen entering, or rather walking into *Cancer* (the Crab), it is a sign that indigestion will most probably result.

When *Aquarius* (the Waterman) approaches *Virgo* (the Young Lady), it is a sign that her "loose coppers" will be speedily reduced.

When *Libra* (the Balance) is entered in your favour, it is a sign that your bankers will not refuse your cheques.

FORWARD YOUNG LADIES.

If young ladies have a fault it is sometimes in being a little too forward; but then this is a fault which they always correct in after age, for as soon as a young lady has reached thirty, she begins to make amends for her former forwardness by going backwards regularly every year.

To PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES.—Pick your gooseberries green; wash them, and put them into a bottle with spirits of turpentine. You may keep them for ever.



THE BAND AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

NAUTICAL SIMPLICITY.

It is strange that sailors should so often be the victims of craft, when we consider how well they ought to be up to the ways of the Deep.

A LIFE-POLICY.—Never to call in the assistance of a Doctor who has a son an Undertaker.

A GOOD CHALK HEAD.—A youth with a turn for figures had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter-of-an-hour altogether.

FOOD FOR GUNPOWDER.—Sheep's Head and Pluck.

THE CAUTIOUS LAWYER.—We knew a cautious lawyer, who sent a proposal of marriage to a young lady, and signed it "Yours, without prejudice."

FAME FOR A PHILOSOPHER.—LINNEUS, the great botanist, was considered by the vulgar a cunning man, because he was up to all sorts of plants.

REVOLUTION IN POETRY.—The best numbers for a poet to write in now-a-days are shilling numbers.

ADVICE TO POPULARITY-HUNTERS.—If the trade of philanthropy should fail at home, the friend of his specie had better go to the Diggings.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A SLOVEN.—His coat-collar always shone; his boots never.

PREDICTION FOR JULY.—A foreign ruler bows to circumstances, and if he bows too low, his crown may fall off. A revolutionary spirit is stirred abroad by some spoons. But there are spoons also of King's Pattern, and by these a legitimist stir may be attempted. Let diplomatist look to the River Plate.



DOG DAYS! PLEASANT FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Old Lady. "JOHN THOMAS?" *John Thomas.* "YES, MY LADY
Old Lady. "CARRY EMERALDA—SHE'S GETTING TIRED, POOR DARLING!"

PRISON THOUGHT.

A MEMBER of the Swell Mob remarked that he never thought small beer of himself till he found himself in the Jug.

THE BEST BALM FOR WOUNDED FEELINGS.—The oil of Time.

EPITAPH FOR A GARDENER AND HIS WIFE.—"Here lies a Sleepy Pair."

"LOSO-SHORE MEN."—Englishmen at Boulogne waiting only for a remittance to return to England.

CAUTION.—When you see "To be Sold" chalked on a vehicle—avoid the Trap.

FACT FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.—An officer in the army cannot help getting into a mess.

A REGULAR PUZZLER.—Is there any interest table from which you can find the interest of a Protectionist debate?

THE ADVANTAGE OF RANK.—If a Duke were to grin through a horse-collar, the world would see nothing in it but a display of his Grace.

A FAST MAN'S MORAL.—As we get older we find that the sweetest thing in life is smoke; and the cigar is the lollipop of our maturer years.

A ROYAL EXAMPLE.—HER MAJESTY, at Windsor, in walking on the Slopes, keeps her inclinations under her feet.

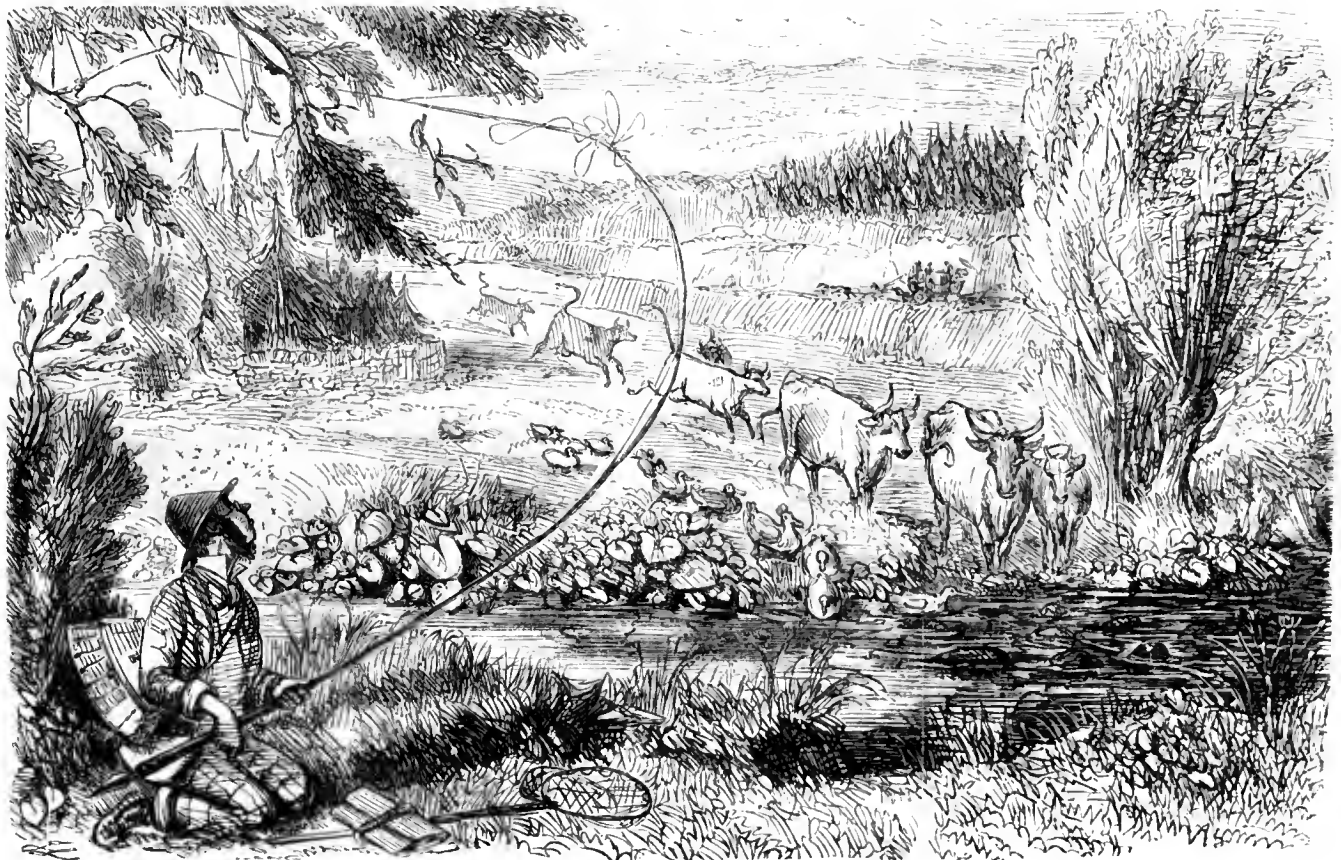
CAUTION TO CHILDREN.—Take care you don't commit parricide, by boring your poor Papa to death.

PREDICTION FOR AUGUST.—The voice of the stars must be consulted this month at the Italian Opera. If LABLACHE Senior appears with LABLACHE Junior, there will be an eclipse of the Sun.

HOW TO FIND THE MOON'S AGE.—As LUNA is a Lady, our gallantry forbids us from gratifying the reader's curiosity on this point.

VETERINARY.—There are various ways of getting animals to take medicine, but you should always, in canine cases, "throw physic to the dogs."

HISTORICAL.—KING JOHN was crowned four times—on the principle, perhaps—that four crowns make a sovereign.



FLY-FISHING.

FAVOURABLE WIND AND THE TROUT RISING AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.



MAST-HEADED.

St. James's, I saw at once what it was that made him so anxious to hear the band. Imagine my feelings when I found that it was composed of the nicest young ladies, in such very becoming uniforms, with a stout old drum-major. Instead of fifes and drums, the instruments used were guitars and pianos, and they played JULLIEN'S polka, and marched away to the tune of "The girls we're left behind us." Altogether it struck me as being a style of music better suited to dance to, than to march to battle upon, and I could not but admit to myself that the old life and drum was more spirit-stirring of the two.

EDWARD wanting a new hat, I went with him to buy one; but he was such a time about it, trying on upwards of a dozen hats, that I thought I never should have got him away. I never imagined before that shopping could be such a nuisance, and then I saw at once that it is a merciful arrangement which sends us to shop, and our husbands to wait for us.

I left EDWARD at GUNTER'S and walked home. When I reached our own door I was stopped by two over-dressed, tawdry, fat women of the Jewish persuasion, who, tapping me on the shoulder, produced a piece of paper, which they called a writ, and informed me that I was their prisoner, on a judgment for one of EDWARD'S herid cigar hills. I pointed out to them that the debt was incurred by him, and begged them to take him; but they told me that the law new made the wife answerable for the husband's debts, than which nothing can be more unjust. I felt at once that this was not a change for the better, and that, after all, it was quite right that if somebody must pay or go to prison, it should be the husband, and not the wife.

I was so annoyed by this latter circumstance, that I went to call upon Mrs. BEAUCHOBY (a recently elected Member of Parliament) an old schoolfellow of Mama's, who had always proved my constant friend. Such a scene of confusion as I then witnessed, I shall never forget! The stairs were littered all



THE BARRISTER.

PREDICTION FOR SEPTEMBER.

LET Hungary be upon her guard against SAGITTARIUS. The close proximity of the Archer may—save the mark—involve a narrow escape.

The custom of eating goose on Michaelmas Day has puzzled the sage, nor has any light been thrown on it by the oracles.

Annual plants that have done flowering are pulled up in September, and the sheriffs are rooted out with the other annuals.

PREDICTION FOR OCTOBER.

MAAS again enters LEO; and the British Lion must be on the defence against threatened war. Should the threat come from the other side of the water the French MAAS must beware of faux pas.

WOASE AND WORSE.—Why is it reasonable to suppose that tight-rope dancers are in general great favourites with the public? Because their performance is always *en-cordé*. (Oh sic!)

FANCY-FAIR.—Grown up children playing at shopkeepers.

DEFINITIONS.

- CAB.—A vehicle of abuse.
- CORNS.—Pedestrian barometers.
- DRUNKARD.—A victim to hydrophobia.
- ETIQUETTE.—French polish for English dinner-tables.
- EXAGGERATION.—Truth in a drowsy.
- HUSBAND.—A slave of the ring.
- LAWYER.—A human apteryx, who supports himself entirely by his bill.
- LIPS.—Cupid's bus-conductors.
- PLAGIARIST.—A thief in the wick of authorship.



THE PARLIAMENTARY FEMALE.

Father of the Family. "COME, DEAR; WE SO SELDOM GO OUT TOGETHER NOW—CAN'T YOU TAKE US ALL TO THE PLAY TO-NIGHT?"

Mistress of the House, and M.P. "HOW YOU TALK, CHARLES! DON'T YOU SEE THAT I AM TOO BUSY. I HAVE A COMMITTEE TO-MORROW MORNING, AND I HAVE MY SPEECH ON THE GREAT CROCHET QUESTION TO PREPARE FOR THE EVENING."

FACT FOR LICENSING MAGISTRATES.—No mere individual can keep an inn, for the moment he takes a public-house he becomes a Host.

Q. What two words are sufficient to make an assembly of Englishmen rise at any time?—A. "Dinner's served!"

WARNING TO FAST MEN.—He that has a latch-key will often let himself in.

ETHICALLY WRONG.—Inquire at the stage-door of the Adelphi, and they will declare and maintain to you "that Waight's LEFT!"

COCKNEY DEFINITION. War.—The Winegar of the Common Weal.

A Christmas Cox, or Duck. Why are my little habits like the simple blades of grass after a gentle descent of refreshing moisture?—because they are all over-dew.

A Hint for the Half-Know.—However familiar you may be with your partner, never approach her as an old acquaintance. Your doing so would be an offence no lady could forgive.

A Patron Saint of Evening Parties.—St. Invited. Why a Patron Saint?—A patron, having an old (or plain) talk of a ship's ratlines, wanted to know if they didn't disturb one's sleep?

Wipe Awake.—A good lady at Peckham refused to let her daughter dance with a young Cambridge man, because she understood he was a Bachelor of Arts. To Gentlemen in Difficulty.—If you don't know what steps to take, apply to a dancing master.

An Eye to the Main Chance.—A young stockbroker having married a fat old widow with £100,000, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

Uxian Preference.—A young gent says he cannot understand why the Fox should have a Brush and no other animal. He imagines that the Mare would be much more in want of a Brush than the Fox.

Can't.—A cork-jacket to keep one's head above water. Consistent for the Mainstay.—When is an arm as long as three feet?—When it's a yard-arm.

Great Nautical Discovery.—No one can be alone in a ship—there is always the Companion Ladder. Unsettled Assessor.—You call the pig a dirty animal; but what creature can be fonder of his wash?



VOICES IN THE WOOD, "NOW THEN, GET ON IN FRONT."

Wipe Awake.—A good lady at Peckham refused to let her daughter dance with a young Cambridge man, because she understood he was a Bachelor of Arts. To Gentlemen in Difficulty.—If you don't know what steps to take, apply to a dancing master.

over with brooms, dust-pans, candle-sticks, and coal-scuttles, and the drawing-room, into which I was allowed to find my way as I could, was in as great confusion as a broker's shop. On an elegant ottoman were a dust-pan and a bundle of wood; the sofas were strewn with blue books, a pair of slippers, an opera cloak, and the housemaid's box of black lead and brushes.

An old grey parrot had got out of his cage and was busily employed in picking holes in a beautiful table-cover, whilst "Buttons," the page, was seated at the piano, endeavouring to pick out the notes of an Ethiopian melody, called (I believe) "Such a Gettin Up Stairs."

When I succeeded in making the young gentleman aware of my presence, he coolly told me that "Missus was busy, and wouldn't be disturbed by nobody; and that Master had gone out in a huff, 'cos he'd been rowed for wanting to go to the play, as Missus was gettin' up her Parliament speech for that evenin'!"

This explained to me the state of the "Home Department;" and I left without seeing Mrs. BOROUGHAY, convinced that the house in which woman should have a voice was not the House of Commons.

And so my dream went on. Everywhere I found that when women attempted men's work, they proved their own unfitness for it—discovered that our notions of the happiness, and freedom, and dignity of the other sex are founded on a mistake, and that it only depends on us to make them our slaves and adorers. It is true, we are not in the House of Commons; but what, after all, is public opinion? The opinion of men, if we



THE ARREST BY BAILIFFS.

—"AND SEIZE HER RIGHT TOO—EXTRAVAGANCE IN A MAN IS, IN SOME DEGREE, EXCUSABLE, FOR HE KNOWS NO BETTER—BUT, IN A WOMAN, IT IS QUITE UNPARDONABLE."

do justice to ourselves, is the opinion of men's wives. Is there any field for political manoeuvre or legislation like Home? What is a Chancellor of the Exchequer to a wife?—what the Budget to the weekly household bills?—what the difficulty of wringing the supplies out of the House of Commons to that of extracting a cheque from a hard-up hubby? Depend upon it there is employment for any amount of jockeyship and management without putting one's head beyond the street door. And so I was cured of my notion of putting woman on an equality with man.

I saw that the question between the sexes was not one of superiority or inferiority; that our two spheres lay apart from each other, but that each exercised on the other a most blessed influence—man's sphere, the world; woman's sphere, the home; the former bracing the gentle influences of the latter by its rough, sharp lessons of effort, endurance, and antagonism; the latter tempering the hardening effects of the former by its self-denial, its sympathies, and its affections. And I felt that if we are to compare these two spheres, the woman's—while the narrower—is, in many respects, the nobler of the two, and her part in the battle of life not unfrequently the more important and dangerous one.

This was the lesson of my dream. I awoke just as EDWARD let himself in with his latch-key, and I begged his pardon for my silly forwardness.

I have never had another argument since; and I don't believe I have any "mission" that can take me away from my own fire-side.

DIRECTIONS FOR FAINTING.

NEVER faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A friend's house, when there is a dinner or an evening party going on, is far from a bad opportunity. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling-off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint until you have some object in view, such as going out of town—or a new gown—or a box at the Opera—or being taken to some *filu*—or any other little caprice which your husband may have obstinately refused you. In such cases hysterics are sometimes justifiable.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(From our own Reporter.)

1. A Sherry Cobbler's awl. (Unique.)
2. One of the daggers which HAMLET spoke.
3. Lids of the boxes in which NAPOLÉON'S "Forty Centries" stood.
4. About half a peck of the Mould of Fashion.
5. A collection of shells picked up on the shore of the Sea of Troubles.
6. Bark of the boot-tree. (Scaree.)
7. A jar of the Sweets of Office. (From Downing Street.)

A FAST MAN.—A fast man is like a glass of champagne—directly he begins to settle he gets flat.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES' CURL-PAPERS.

TEA improves by standing; champagne doesn't. Young ladies are like jellies—as they are moulded so they will turn out.

A coquette treats a lover like a bouquet—carries him about a certain time for amusement or show, and then picks him quietly to pieces.

Compliments are the sugar and sweet stuff which ornament the head of a cake in society.

A wrinkle is the line by which Time generally travels. She who is too easily pleased with herself rarely succeeds in pleasing others.

The wheel of Fortune turns faster than those of a Hansom cab.

PREDICTION FOR NOVEMBER.—There is much significance in the aspect of LUBRA; and the Library of the British Museum will probably be the subject of investigation.

ABSTRACT PHILOSOPHY.—When a lady commits an act of shoplifting, she is supposed to have taken the goods in a fit of abstraction.

HINT ON TEMPER.—Papa loves all his children very much, but he has a great objection to Mamma's Pet.

SPIRITUAL RAFFLES.—We should say that the labels put on the bottles of British Brandy that are sold for "best French," were "spiritual wrappers," giving us information of the departed spirit of the dearly lamented (and dearly paid for) Cognac.

A MODEL HUSBAND.—He who, instead of pulling cracker bou-bons with the pretty young ladies at an evening party, fills his pockets with them to take them home to his wife.

POOR FELLOW!—A young gentleman who accepts every invitation, and never shows himself at any house where he has been invited, afterwards, excuses himself by saying "he cannot help it, but really paying visits isn't his calling."

"AEROPUS DE BOTTES."—Gutta Percha is good for the Sole.

A PUZZLE FOR CHRISTMAS.—Time being money, reduce a day into shillings, a week into pounds, and a century into fourpenny bits.

THE WAY TO WOO.—That monstrosity tyrant, HENRY THE EIGHTH, was so little prone to shilly-shally, that he married his wives first, and axed them afterwards.



NATURALLY THE FEMALE THINKS SHOPPING VERY FOOLISH AND TIRESOME.

Superior Creature. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, EDWARD, DO COME AWAY! WHEN YOU ONCE GET INTO A SHOP, THERE'S NO GETTING YOU OUT AGAIN!"

PREDICTION FOR DECEMBER.—In London there will be fires. Let every one be warned, and have in coals in good time. AQUARIUS and the Band of ORION will be in collision, from which the waiters in the capacity of a Band may fear AQUARIUS in the shape of a watering-jug, should midnight rest be disturbed.

ASPIRATION OF A HUSBAND.—Oh, that the fashions would last as long as the bonnets!

CHEMISTRY OF THE CONSTITUTION.—AS SOON as the QUEEN dissolves Parliament, the Parliament evaporates.

THE WEALTH OF THE NIGHTINGALE.—Notes, and a Bill.

COOKING HIS GOOSE.—A countryman coming to Town raw generally requires a very few minutes to be thoroughly done.

MISSIONARY PERILS.—There are some natives that won't believe a word of the sermon, but will swallow the preacher.

QUESTION FOR WIDGICOME.—Who was the earliest clown in the Ring of SATURN?

DELICACY.—An American young lady, a weekly newspaper having been left on her toilet table, refused to dress herself because there was an Observer in the room.

LEGAL.—A Writ of Execution may be tested on the day it is issued; but it is regularly de-tested on the day when it is put in force.

A PARADOX.—As ugly as a witch is a proverbial saying; yet the Lancashire witches are the finest women in England, whilst it is not the fact that the amarest men are to be found in the county of Bucks.

POLITE SOCIETY.—The Institution of Civil Engineers.

Volume twentyfour



OUR HONEYMOON.

AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION.

A GAIN I have read them; and again I feel almost convinced—indeed, I may say, pretty well satisfied that CHARLOTTE—I mean the dear girl's spirit—for somehow these papers make her a girl again—yes, show her to me thirty years ago, and that very day she was twenty—and these papers pressed and traced with her young bride's hand place her just as she was before me; young, and beautiful and happy—as everybody somehow is at such a time—on her wedding-day—

And he is gone, too—both gone—both at rest together and for ever.

Had it not been so, I would certainly not have given to the world dear CHARLOTTE's Honeymoon. No: had he survived, they should have been buried with me. Here it is. Precious leaves! Just one-and-thirty! So delicately writ, and so neat—and so like the dear girl herself. **Our Honeymoon**, marked in blue silk with gold thread—and the silk is still as blue as were the bride's eyes—and the gold as bright as the ring only an hour upon her finger.

Well, it was a day! Such crying and such laughing! And how all the little girls threw flowers; and how the bells seemed to rain showers of silver sound about us! And how happy and merry we were! And how dear, good MR. WINESOP—he had christened CHARLOTTE, and, indeed, all the family, that is the children—how MR. WINESOP in his merry, kind way, scolded CHARLOTTE's mother into good spirits again when she would take on, when the post-chaise drove from the door, and she said—dear soul!—that she somehow felt as if LOTTY had gone away for ever. Yes, how that dear, good, droll MR. WINESOP, with his grave face, told LOTTY's mother to sit upon the hearth—in that beautiful gown I remember—all as she was, and—without a thought of her cap—to sprinkle ashes upon it! Well, to be sure we *did* laugh, and so did LOTTY's mother.

Ah me! And how MR. WINESOP told me it would be my turn next, when a certain person came from sea with gold dust, and elephants' teeth, and unicorns' horns, and apes, and peacocks—and—and my turn has never come—never could come—for the sea—

And so the old maid reads and reads again dear CHARLOTTE's—lively, loving LOTTY—dear LOTTY's Honeymoon. Yes, there are just thirty-one sheets of paper—a honey month of one-and-thirty days. Wrapped in blue silk—and marked, as I may say all her happy life was marked, in letters of gold.

Dried flowers! What a story began in them—what memories survived in them! A flower almost in every leaf. And all—almost all—wild-flowers. Plucked in honeymoon walks. Pretty to mark such days with such flowers—dead and withered all, but with the sweetness of memory in them.

And now—will it be right to sprint them? Well, when I think into what hands they may fall—where they may go—I begin to determine with myself that I will not print them.

“My dear MARY,” here is her letter; I have read it twenty times to assure myself that I am not doing wrong—“My dear MARY,—you will find a certain little packet of papers. *Two words* will tell you what they are. They may sometimes bring to your memory your old and early friend; my schoolfellow and my bridesmaid. They are—many of them, I am sure—very silly; but for that reason they are very true.

“You see, dear Mary, this is how it happened. The day before I left home—that is the day before the wedding—my dear father, you remember his methodical manner, always going, I may say about his business and doing everything with the regularity of a watch—well, my poor dear father, giving me a long farewell lecture, above all things advised me to keep a diary. ‘A diary, LOTTY,’ he said, holding my hand between his and looking at me in his own way over his spectacles; ‘a diary, LOTTY, is a check and a monitor; and besides, may be of any value in business. How could I have ever proved my case in that cause—that great cause of myself *versus* CUTANDRY, but for my diary? Certain events had to be proved; almost impossible to prove without the leading clue of a Journal. How, for instance, could I have known so far back that, on the very night of the ninth of September at ten o'clock, being then about to put my coat on at the Flower Pot, because I had promised your mother that on that night I would be home at ’—and here I stopped him, knowing all about it—for just then FRED rode up to the door—and I promised briefly, but very resolutely promised my father that from the day I left his roof—and it was to be the next day, you know—I *would* keep a diary.

“And I began it. Yes, on the first of May, in the year—but you remember the year, MARY—on the first of May, or, rather, on the second, for the first was my wedding-day—I began my diary. And so every day had its page for one-and-thirty days. Well, somehow, I couldn't get any further. And when I came to read over my diary, as I thought it, it didn't seem to me a diary at all: but an odd jumble of thoughts, and feelings, and whims, and—and—I know not what. So—what put it in my head I can't tell—but, I resolved (despite of my wish to do otherwise as I had promised poor father) I resolved not to

mix the precious leaves with what *Hamlet* calls baser matter; but to set them apart: to treasure in them the flowers that we plucked in our walks—oh, such pretty little histories in some of those flowers, MARY! And so, I took me up a piece of blue silk—you will at once see it—and with my very best needle, in the very best and purest gold thread, I marked—**Our Honeymoon.**

“When it passes into your hands, I shall have joined *him*. Do what you will with it: laugh at it—frown at it—sometimes sigh over it, for such as it is, it was the written heart of your affectionate LORRY.”

Do what you will with it! Now does this mean that the world may see it? Why not? For it is a written heart—as LORRY says: and such a heart, so fond, so whimsical. The written heart! Well, then, I am resolved; and will straightway send to the printer a faithful copy of LORRY's manuscript.

He may therefore depend upon having—**Our Honeymoon,**
May 1. THE OLD MAID MARY.

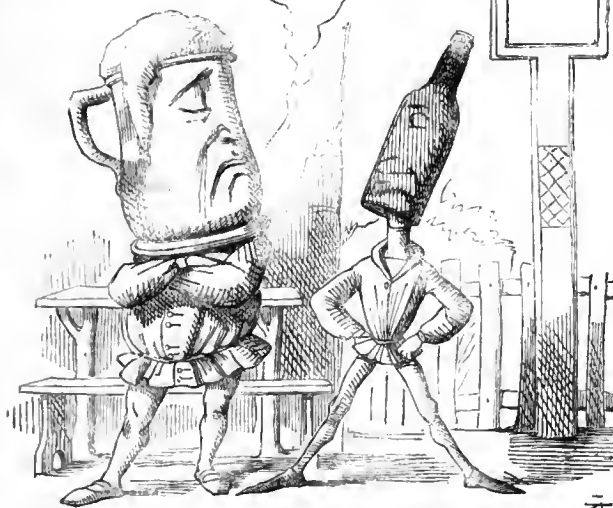
THE BEER KING.

THE Austrians may groan, and our neighbours in France
Beneath the stern yoke of a despot may dance,
Their Emperors govern with absolute sway,
But our Beer King enjoys quite as much his own way.

The Monarch of Russia's a great autocrat,
But greater's the tyrant that reigns o'er the vat,
The Sultan's a Grand Turk, but grander, by far,
Is the Beer King of Britain than Sultan or Czar.

The Beer King sits high on a green crystal throne
Which is raised on glass bottles, so cunningly blown,
That the quart but the half of its measure contains,
And so the great Beer King in opulence reigns.

CALL YOURSELF A PINT—TRANSPARENT IMPOSTOR!!!



The Beer King has palaces splendid and gay,
You meet them in London wherever you stray,
And Monopoly there—which no Parliament checks—
Supplies his *Exchequer* from dear double X.

And there, too, strange compounds, and mixtures of queer
Unwholesome ingredients, are vended as beer,
Molasses and liquorice and vitriol—what not?—
In short you may say that there's death in the pot.

Competition full soon would the Beer King bring down,
But the justices stand by his Majesty's Crown,
And shut every door a man ventures to ope
Against an Exclusionist worse than the Pope.

An Englishman's house is his castle, 'tis said,
But if he'd sell beer to procure himself bread,
The Beer King's wise licensers hinder his view,
And his Castle cannot be his Elephant too.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR OVERFEEDING.



ROTESTS against the absurd system of overfeeding, which obtains so hugely at our Christmas Cattle Shows, have again appeared in the *Times*. The Smithfield Club, especially, the *Times* considers chargeable with tacitly encouraging what it should repress. For, as the writer very properly observes—

“The conditions imposed by the Club upon Competitors require them to specify the *kind* of food given, but not the *quantity*. Now, in going through the country, nothing is more common than to find agriculturists pampering animals which they intend for Baker Street, at an unheard of outlay—one far beyond the limits of possible recompense in the market We have

known instances of bullocks maintained at an outlay equal to the support of a labourer and his family. This is upon the face of it a monstrous extravagance, and the Smithfield Club might surely do something in their regulations, if not to suppress, at least to discourage it.”

We quite agree with this, and we think we can suggest an easy remedy. As a condition of entrance let it be in future stipulated, that every over-fattened beast which gets a prize shall, *ipso facto*, be held confiscate to the Judges who award it; and shall by them be forthwith cut up into Christmas dinners, and charitably distributed among the labourers who are employed upon the farm where it was overfed. There would be some little atonement in this for the “pampered” life the animal had been leading: while the “labourer and his family” would, in some degree at least, be benefited by the “equality of outlay” it had been enjoying with them.

We would by no means underrate the benevolence of our breeders: but we cannot help thinking that the plan we have suggested would be likely either to increase its development, or to lessen that of their competing beasts. And we know, of the two, which we think most probable.

PUNCH AT THE ADELPHI.

“ALL work and no Play” proverbially make “a dull boy:” and it is upon this acknowledged principle, we suppose, that the Westminster Scholars annually act. At any rate, their acting this year shows that the truth of the proverb may be proved by converse, for certainly the spirit of dullness seems most thoroughly exorcised from their “boards.”

The *Adelphi* is not a very lively play, either. Its levities are somewhat ponderous, and we question if it was not voted rather “slow” by the critics of the period when it was produced. The parts of *Micio* and *Demea* for instance are particularly “dragging.” They are both in the conventional “heavy father” line, and the introduction of a couple of these worthies is, of course, felt doubly tedious, where one is generally one too many. There is a pleasant relief, however, in the humours of the roguish servant, *Syrus*; on whom the “comic business” principally devolves. And we must say that the character lost none of its point in the hands of the gentleman to whom it was entrusted. Especially we should notice his delivery of the passage, where, after severely chaffing one of the “heavy fathers” aforesaid—who, by the way, is one of the distressed agriculturists of the period—he cautions him to keep a sharp look out for things, “*quæ futura sunt*,” or, literally, “looming in the future.” We really think it was a bit of acting worthy even of MR. DISRAELI himself.

Altogether, then, we spent an evening at the *Adelphi* in Westminster as ever we remember doing at that in the Strand: and we finally left the dormitory for our own without having felt a trace of its naturally soporific influence.

Abolition of Christmas Boxes.

We know a celebrated Marquis, as mean as he is wealthy, who has done away with his Christmas boxes this year, and the reason he advances for the shabbiness of the abolition is, “the extreme scarcity of silver.”

NOTE AND QUERY.—Is LORD MOUNTGARRET the author of the popular melody “*Sick a Getting up Stairs?*”

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

WE are, fortunately, spared the disagreeable duty of commenting, this week, upon any dramatic performance at this house. We would gladly have abstained from any allusion whatever to an establishment, which, as recently managed, has offered few subjects for notice but such as have imperatively called for that censure we have so strong a dislike to award. But, one evening, it pleased the late managers, whose virtual abdication we have recorded—but who, it seems, have a fag-end of tenancy, which they will not abandon until actually evicted—to open their doors, in order that certain addresses and explanations might be offered in regard to recent events. Of Mr. DIZZY's share in this proceeding we desire to say nothing harsh. He came forward to the foot-lights, and made a brief speech, in very good taste, expressed his gratitude to the generous benefactors who had supported him during the season, and apologised for any indiscretions into which he might have been betrayed. Without attaching any undue weight to managers' addresses, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. DIZZY's speech was as satisfactory as possible, and the warm manner in which it was received by the audience ought to convince this clever personage that a British public, though it will not be played with, is both indulgent and placable. Mr. DIZZY will not, we imagine, be heard of again as a manager; but if he obtain an engagement, as he will have little difficulty in doing, in a respectable company, he will gradually divest himself of many defects which he exhibits at present, and will qualify himself to play other parts in the national drama.

But we are sorry to say that his ex-partner, MR. DILLY, displayed a totally different spirit. He thought proper to come forward, shortly after Mr. DIZZY had spoken, and to deliver a long speech, in which it was difficult to say whether the mis-statements or the ill-feeling were most palpable and reprehensible. Instead of attributing his signal failure to the wretched rubbish he had all along brought forward, and to the helpless incompetence of his company, he made a charge, in a tone of mingled bluster and bewailment, that he had been the victim of a base conspiracy, and that it had been organised by parties anxious to succeed to the management of the theatre. The disapprobation with which his earlier productions had been received, and the utter damnation of *The Budget*, he accounted for, not by their own worthlessness, but by a combination against him. Now, it is well known, that no manager ever has a piece condemned, and no actor ever hears one of his points objected to, but he instantly declares that people have been "sent in" from a rival house to injure him, and he usually rushes round to the lobby and insults the parties he suspects, or, if a journal has criticised him, he displays the extreme of cowardice and folly in removing that journal from the free-list. Therefore we were prepared by Mr. DILLY's antecedents, and our knowledge of the habits of persons so situated, for the display we refer to. But we are not the less bound to say that Mr. DILLY's behaviour was disgracefully derogatory to the character he affected to maintain. We believe the cant word of "chivalry" was always in the mouth of either himself or his adulators as descriptive of his order of mind, and as "chivalry" is derived from *cheval*, a horse, and the ex-manager is understood to be a great horse-racer, we might not object to the use of the phrase in its derivative sense. But if the word was designed to express courageous, high-minded, and gentlemanly bearing towards opponents, its ludicrous inapplicability was never more displayed than in his farewell address.

We have now nearly done with a disagreeable subject. It has reached us that the fortunes of the theatre will, for the present, be undertaken by MR. ABERDEEN (a former partner of that celebrated and excellent manager, the late MR. PEEL), and that he is making engagements with a talented and effective company. He will have our support so long as he conducts the establishment upon befitting principles, and not one moment longer.

We have heard that in a sort of public-house, of no great reputation, in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall (where a Goose Club is held), some hangers-on of the DILLY management have gone so far, in their spite at the fall of the latter, as personally to outrage some presumed friends of the new direction. This, however, is a case for the police now, and for the magistrates on licensing day.

NATIONAL PICTURE-CLEANING.

THE National Gallery presents a melancholy study to the Amateurs of Art, who will see how the authorities have been endeavouring to scrape an acquaintance with the old masters. Instead of scouring Europe in search of valuable paintings, the authorities have scoured the paintings themselves in search of, we know not what, for the pictures have become, in many cases, the pictures of misery. There is a CLAUDE that has been almost clawed to pieces by the bristles of some devastating scrubbing-brush. The pretence of cleaning the pictures is absurd—for in many cases the beauties are clean gone, and if anything has been done under colour of a respect for Art, we can only say that the colour has been washed out in doing it. It is true enough that in

pictures, as in everything else, "all that's bright must fade," but why the brightness of Art should be erased earlier than necessary by the scrubby treatment it is getting in the National Gallery, we are at a loss to discover. We really wish a committee may be appointed, the chairman of which should have power to stop at once the sacrilegious fingers of the charwomen who are at work upon our National paintings.

TO GROWERS OF CHRISTMAS TREES.



Mr. PUNCH is compelled to apprise his friends, that is to say, the public, and more especially his particular pets and darlings, the young matrons of the nation, that in consequence of the extraordinary demand upon him for hints, verses, mottoes, jokes, and other assistance towards the improvement of the fairy forest of Christmas Trees which is being reared at the present season, he must reluctantly decline undertaking any new commissions. His very cleverest young gentleman has had no sleep for five nights by reason of the preternatural draft upon his poetic powers, and his second smartest (a most amiable lad) has rhymed his brains into such a state that he cannot even ask for a cigar—and he used to request the article with unabashed readiness—without moulding his petition into a couplet with "star," "faugh-a-ballah," "mamma," or some such word as a termination of the first line. Mr. PUNCH

himself has 'also' suffered intensely from a sleeplessness which he has seldom experienced from modern poetry. All, therefore, that he as a philanthropist, and also a humane employer—the second character is so seldom annexed to the first in these days, that he begs to say he writes advisedly—can do, is to offer a model selection of verses for Christmas Trees, and to beg the public, and more particularly the dear souls whom he has especially mentioned, to make such use of them as they may please. For himself he would add, that these compositions are placed gratuitously at the disposal of his patrons, but he may perhaps be permitted to say that as young men will be young men, any little acknowledgment in the way of gloves, perfume, hints for eligible marriage or dinner invitations, which it may be quite convenient to send in, shall be apportioned in the proper quarters, and with the utmost caution.

MOTTOES.

With Bonbons.

Accept these beautiful lumps of chalk and paint,
And eat them if you're silly. Which you ain't.

With a Seal.

Receive a seal with which a moral lingers,
Don't, with your wax, or letters, burn your fingers.

With Gloves.

Though "hand and glove" stands, in proverbial wit,
For Friendship—caution: gloves and friends may split.

With a Paper-Weight. (To a Literary Gent.)

Pray take a weight your paper well can bear
After the heavier things you put down there.

With a Ribbon. (To a married Lady.)

For trimming, Madam. As you gaze upon it,
Think how you've trimmed the man that bought the bonnet.

With a Gold Pen.

Blaeken this gold with ink. How few, alack!
Like Mrs. Stowe, with ink could gild the black.

With a Work-Box.

Wife, or Intended One—remember this,
Who sews on buttons sows the seed of bliss.

With a Crochet Hook.

If you must waste your time, this hook will keep
Your hands from mischief till you go to sleep.



THE POULTRY MANIA.

Miss — "GOOD GRACIOUS, EMILY. WHAT HORRID FRIGHTS!"
Emily. "FRIGHTS! MY DEAR! WHY, THEY ARE LOVELY COCHIN CHINA FOWLS, AND WORTH—OH! EVER SO MUCH!"

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE MEMBER OF A GOOSE CLUB.

I PAID my shilling! paid it like a man,
 Though much my capital it did reduce;
 But wildly my imagination ran
 Upon that luscious luxury, a goose!

Yes! I became the member of a Club—
 A Goose Club! Is it not a savoury thought?
 But shall I win the prize? Ah! There's the rub!
 Or will experience be by failure bought?

I was a member of a Goose Club! Stay:
 Let me throw water on my fever'd brow.
 My brain, at the remembrance of that day,
 Will be on fire. Ha! ha! 'tis burning now.

Yes! I subscrib'd my shilling! day by day
 I asked "Has fate destin'd that I should win?"
 At night, as tossing on my bed I lay,
 I thought, "Will they give sage and onions in?"

At length, the Christmas feast was drawing near;
 The issue of my lot I soon should know:
 There was a rumour, that of geese this year
 Immense would be the price, and small the show.

The long-expected evening came at last,
 The members of the Goose Club all had met,
 Lots for the "foolish bird" were to be cast:
 I feel the heart-throb of that moment yet.

Our names were written out on paper strips,
 All of the Club distinctly taken down:
 JONES, TOMKINS, SPOONER, EDWARDS, BURTON, PHIPPS,
 BENDIXEN, JACKSON, OLIPHANT, and BROWN.

Ten were the members, while the goose was one—
 One only was the prize: the blanks were nine.
 The lucky chance could be for one alone—
 I trembled as I hoped it would be mine.

As round the table anxiously we sat,
 The strips of paper were together cast,
 And shaken up in a policeman's hat:
 My breath was thick, my pulse beat high and fast.

I seized a number, but I feared to look:
 I held it in my trembling fingers loose.
 Had fate awarded me a goose to cook?
 Or had misfortune rudely cook'd my goose?

They caught the paper from my feeble grasp,
 As on my breast my throbbing temples sank;
 I gave a side-long look—a groan—a gasp—
 A shriek—a gurgle—yes—it was a blank!

* * * * *

Since then has many a "merry Christmas" pass'd,
 And I've receiv'd from fortune many a rub;
 But that occasion was the first and last
 When I was goose enough to join a club.

Requisite Armaments.

ORDERS have been issued from the Ordnance Office for the supply of the Navy with arm-chairs for the use of the octogenarian admirals ordered on actual service; and contracts have been entered into with an eminent firm for the manufacture of a number of crutches, to be provided forthwith and kept in constant readiness, in consequence of the numerous appointments which are continually made of crippled and decrepit veteran officers to duties, in India and at the Cape, involving personal activity in the field.



THE NEW SERVANTS.

Mistress. "NOW MIND! I HAVE NO OBJECTION TO YOUR TAKING THE REGULAR HOLIDAYS, BUT YOU MUSTN'T BE WANTING ALWAYS TO 'GO OUT,' FOR IT DISTURBS THE HOUSE DREADFULLY."



1877

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1877

THE MINISTERIAL CHRISTMAS.



OWING to the politic reserve of LORD ABERDEEN, very little reliable information has transpired concerning the ministerial arrangements of last week. The following particulars, however, have been derived from a most reliable source, and may be depended on.

On Christmas Day the PREMIER had a dinner; but as he was labouring under slight indisposition, we are not in a position to inform our readers whether or not he partook of roast beef or plum-pudding; because for aught we know, both

the one and the other may have been interdicted by his medical attendant.

We can confidently state that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was one of the PRIME MINISTER'S party; and we have little doubt that he regaled himself to a certain extent, with mince-pie.

The attention of the SECRETARY for FOREIGN AFFAIRS was directed to Turkey; and it is supposed that he had a bone to pick in that quarter.

The LORD CHANCELLOR delivered an opinion on a sirlorn, and pronounced judgment on a glass of wine.

With respect to the other movements of the Ministry, we are ignorant; indeed they were most likely themselves equally in the dark as to what game they had best play: which, we should think, would have been blind man's buff.

MRS. GAMP'S LAMENT.

"DEAT the bragian impurence! I sez, and the arts of each fakshus young feller,
 Wich I wish I could give 'em a poke with my pattens or cotton umbreller,
 As ave throwed out the sweetest of Budgets, which it promised to cheapen our beer,
 And tho' it's but little I takes, I likes it drawed mild, and not dear,
 Wich the bottles, besides, is three-parts froth, and don't hold wot they ort,
 And it's straining the pint rayther *too* far, to sell you a pint for a quart.
 But, Bless yer! we lives in a wale, and must look to be worried and wexed,
 And I shouldn't noways be surpriged, if LORD MADESTING'S dilntion come next,
 For the way that I've wep, since I heerd of my BENJIMMIN'S want of success,
 The cristial fontins themselves in the pallege would fail to express,
 But I ope he'll console hisself soon with his Sibbles, and Tankards, and histories,
 And go back to the luv's of his youth, them beautiful Asmatic Miss TERRYS,*
 Wich their Asma is not to be wunderd at, as they lived in the desert at night,
 'Stead of casting his purls before swine, wich, I meant to say, COBDING and BRUTE.
 And so we've to thank a collishun, it seems, for these fakshus attacks, (Wich it aint nothing more than lame fellers a riding on blind fellers backs)
 And as JOHNNY can't drive for hisself, he offers a seat and the reins To them as can handle them for him, wich I ope they'll be spilt for their pains.
 But I'd like to know where the collishun will ever find one as knows more
 Of the Post Oflice, now, than LORD ARDWICKS, wich he were a Post Capting before?"

* Apparently an allusion to the Asiatic Mystery which the Spirit of the East revealed to TANCRED.

Or where they 'll find one as will suit that howdacious new hempire of Parris,
 So well as that other sweet party we had, which his name it is HARRIS,
 Wich some thinks as there is no such persing, as he couldn't be fund when required,
 But is a good soul, and his meckness, I'm told, abroad have been greatly admired?
 And how will they do without MANNERS in the Government Bildings and Wurks,
 Wich I'm sure they want MANNERS in there bad enough for them impurent clurks?
 Well, I thought we wos in for a time, but we lives in a walley of sorrer,
 And them as is here to-day may turn out to be noveres to-morrer,
 Wich I'm sure if I'd known we should lose both our places and characters too,
 And get nothing at all by our change, I'd have stuck to Purtecton all thro',
 For it's grievous to eat all one's words, and to feel all the while like to bust,
 And then to be forced to resign, wich one could 'ave resigned at the fust.
 But tho' I don't seek to proticipate, wich it aint my way and I'd rather not,
 Yet them as goes wrong with one may come right with two, wich it may be my BENJIMMIN'S lot;
 And tho' it's but little as puts us out, and collishuns in special is wrong,
 We may have better luck the next time, wich I hope it'll come before long."

THE DIGNITY OF DUST.

We should feel much obliged to any antiquarian who would inform us why it is that the Dustmen issue, at Christmas, such documents as the following:—

TO THE WORTHY INHABITANTS OF BROMPTON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

We the Regular DUSTMEN of this Parish, in the employ of M^r. J. WILLIAMS make humble application to you for a CHRISTMAS BOX which you are usually so kind as to give. We bring our Tokens, one a Copper Medal, on one side the bust of a man in ancient costume; inscription, BENEDICTVS XIII. Pont. Max. On the reverse, a Roman Warrior on horse-back, on a pedestal, inscription, CAROLO MAGNO ROMANVS ECCLVSIE. F. D. 1793. The other a Copper Medal of John Churchhill, Duke of Malborough, MDCCLXII. Also a Silver Medal, on one side SANCROFT, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1688, on the reverse, busts of Seven Bishops of the time of the Reformation.

THOMAS DANIELS. CHARLES STAGG. EDWARD PRIGNELL.

No Connection with Scavengers.

Every precaution should be taken, as there are Persons who go about with intent to Defraud us and impose on you, be so kind as not to give your Bounty to any Person, but to those who can produce Medals as aforesaid. Please not to return this Bill.

The regularity of the Dustman is chiefly shown in his regularly asking for a Christmas Box, and so far the document is intelligible enough, but we are puzzled when we come to examine the "tokens" produced as a proof of the applicants being the legitimate heirs of the fantail hat, and other dusty insignia. The probability is, that the antique medals were picked up somewhere in the dust of ages, collected by some dustman of an earlier era. The connection between the episcopacy and the dust-cart is very remarkably shown by the silver medal with ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT on one side, and a batch of seven Bishops on the other; but why the connection should exist is a question we have no means of answering. Perhaps it is, that their ashes having been settled long ago, the regular dustman may feel himself entitled to make use of them.

We always thought the dustman's was about the humblest occupation that could be pursued—for even the chimney-sweep's takes higher views—but it seems there is "mid lower depths a deeper still," and an aristocracy even in the dusthole, which with a sort of patrician air insists on "no connexion with scavengers." We doubt whether even a beadle, laced to the very apex of his cocked hat in gold, could present a prouder presence than the "regular" dustman wearing all his medals, while looking up to everything and down upon the scavengers on Boxing-day.

A CLEVER FELLOW.—Judging from the initials of MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, we should say he was perfectly qualified to say B.O. to a goose.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE MADE EASY.



THE President's Message to Congress—there is now only one President in the world worth mentioning—though an able document, cannot be pronounced worthy the name of its author, FILLMORE, because in fact it fills less, in point of space, than the messages of that statesman's predecessors. Nevertheless, it is quite long enough; occupying nearly four yards and a half of small type, and thus, in point of longitude, flogging any snake that ever existed anywhere in the United States. Indeed, the appearance of the President's Message in the newspapers always reminds us of that of the sea serpent, being, like it, a periodical item of American intelligence. The intelligence, however, would be more intelligible if the paragraphs of the Message (which correspond to the coils of the monster) were elucidated by marginal summaries, after the manner of our Acts of Parliament, as "Cuba not to be Annexed Right Slick," "Britishers Kettle of Fish Simmerin' Down," "Europe to Revolutionize herself off her own Hook." The assistance afforded by this expedient to those who are obliged to read whilst they run would be considerable.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS.

It is wonderful how soon a man finds his University strange to him. Three years are the usual span of Aeademical life, and before you return to put on your Master's gown, a new generation of boys is swaggering up and down High Street. I was made very sensible of this the other day when I went up with young COLLINGS (son of the banker) to introduce him to the authorities of Andrew's. I did not recognise a single face in Hall except the everlasting RAILTON, who has actually not got through the schools yet. That venerable patriareh—he is eight-and-twenty if he is a day, for I distinctly recollect his being a senior man when I matriculated—invited me to his rooms after dinner, and though he is without exception the most awful bore I ever met, I was really glad to have a talk with him about old times. He was just the same as ever, but after a separation of some years, I found it difficult, at first, to listen with composure to the outrageous "crackers" with which he pointed his discourse. His remarkable adventures, his success in society, his whiskers, his governor's influence, vast wealth and aristocratic connections were almost too much for me.

"REE-CHARD," shouted he down the staircase. "REE-CHARD, tell GODFREY to send dessert for two and tell him if he gives me stale biscuits again, I'll complain to the Bursar. Hoo, hoo, old fella!"—this to me—"sit down and take a glass of Port"—once for all, JOE RAILTON, like all University men, is the most free-hearted, hospitable fellow in the world, and if you don't eat yourself into a state bordering on apoplexy, is quite disappointed that "there is nothing on the table you like"—"take a glass of Port; it's very old—it's SIMMONDS'S—I've had it all the Long Vacation. Hoo! hoo! look now, it has quite lost its colour; it's a neutral tint"—I mentally wished it had lost some of its flavour at the same time—"or try the Sherry; it's some of the governor's. CARBONELL let him have a little as a great favour at seven pound a dozen. Here's your health, old fella. Glad to see you up again. Ah, you'll find things very much changed. The Dons treat us like a pack of schoolboys now. You know I was rusticated for offering WHITE, the Proctor, a weed as he was going into St. Mary's. The dimmed snob—why, do you think I'd speak to him if I met him in society? The governor was in such a rage, and told me it served me right for being civil to a fella of low origin. If he had not been a clergyman I'd have had him out, I would, by Gearge. And what do you think? You have to get leave to drive; and if they catch you in a team (a tandem), they let you in for five pounds. But I'll pay them out, I promise you, when I have taken my degree; I'll tool a four-in-hand through the High Street every day for a week. Then there's that old BINKS says he will stop boating and hunting in his College. I expect to see him taking all his men out for a walk two and two, and making them change their shoes afterwards for fear they should catch

cold. He saw JEMMY BULLFINCH the other day walking across quad. in pink—NORTHAMPTON'S hounds met at Faringdon Windmill—and he sent for him and blew him up so, it made him cry. JEM'S feelings were so much hurt that he's gone into the Austrian service.

"They have completely put down flat racing in Harhour mead for the present, but the waters are out, and so it doesn't matter much. Recollect what fun we had, overweighting DODSON'S saddle when he rode FOLLET'S *Young Dutchman* for the silver cup? Wasn't he savage? Good fellow DODSON though: he is a parson now and no end of Low Church. I dare say he is all right, you know, but it makes a man so doosid unpleasant, especially on a Sunday. REE-CHARD! bring another bottle of SIMMONDS'S Port—floor your liquor, old boy, we'll have some more directly. Then they've made the schools so different—the great dodge now is to do sums: fancy asking a fella of my age to do sums! I tell you what though, Double Rule of Three is doosid hard, and so is fractions. Can you do fractions? Can you, hy Jove? Well, I don't think I shall ever be able to do fractions. And I should like to know what's the good of them? You never hear anybody mention them in society. What would you say to a fella getting up at a dinner-party, and talking about practice or tare and tret? Quite absurd, you know. I believe Government, or LORD JOHN RUSSELL, or some other swell in London, is going to make us get up all about machines, and hydrogen, and pumps, and things. Instead of coaching up here, fellas will have to go to town and take a season ticket at the Polytechnic Institution. It's all Free Trade and that sort of thing has done it. You know, I believe the University is going to the doose, and before long, no gentleman will be able to belong to it. My dear fella, don't go yet—this is only the third bottle—I'll order some coffee and an anchovy toast, and we'll have a Sherry Cup to top up with. As for Free Trade, you know it's all gammon about its having done any good. What's the use of bread's being cheap? You don't suppose one eats any more of it in consequence; and they let you in just the same for clothes and horses and other things. That beggar, COBDEX, wants to upset the QUEEN and have a Republic, and be the first President, and then he will come the LEWIS NAPOLEON game over us. Prussia or Austria will be the only place for a gentleman to live in then. By the bye—think I'm altered?—see anything different in my appearance? Whiskers—yes—soap makes them red. Nothing else? No? Well, look here."

Here my host gave a dreadful shock to my nerves by suddenly pulling off a beautiful black curly wig—in short, the Gentleman's Real Head of Hair, and exhibiting a shiny, bald pate, just like the portrait that accompanies the advertisement of that incomparable work of art. A barber's dummy, in an uncovered state, can alone adequately represent that vacuous face, those large round eyes and those luxuriant whiskers which MISS EMILY DEAN would have so much admired.

We spent the rest of the evening very cheerfully over the Sherry Cup, which was as good as in the golden days of corruption, and ended by a rather riotous game of football with the Real Head of Hair. He goes in again this time, and I sincerely hope he won't be floored by the Double Rule of Three.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

THE Waits this year are more than usually numerous. For instance,

1. There's the EARL OF DERBY Waiting—for the deluge which was prophesied to succeed if he didn't.
2. There are the Inhabitants of Fleet Street Waiting—for the removal of that dreadful Bar to Progress, Temple Bar.
3. There's LOUIS NAPOLEON Waiting—to prove, *e converso*, that "The Empire is Peace."
4. There are the Cape Settlers Waiting—for a Settling of their Constitution, as well as of the Caffres.
5. There are the Keepers of the Betting Shops Waiting—for the expected Early Closing Act which is to shut them up.
6. There are the Readers of the British Museum Waiting—for the arrival of Doomsday, or its equivalent—the Catalogue.
7. There are the Public generally Waiting—for a cessation of the Beer Monopoly, as well as of the bottle tricks.

Very Strange.

"MR. PUNCH,—As I don't see one railway accident reported in the *Times* of to-day, can you inform me why all railway traffic was stopped yesterday?"

"Yours, &c., AN OBSOLETE STAGER."

THE BREWER'S BUDGET.

'Twas pretended the Budget would cheapen our beer,
But you can't make malt liquor to Britons less dear.

Q. WHEN is a fisherman not a fisherman?—A. When he's catchin' eel.
Reader faints.

OUR faults are poor relations that we do not like being visited with.

RESIGNATION AND RECONCILIATION.

A Drama of Political Life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DISRAELI, a Discontent,
RUSSELL, a Repentant.

GRAHAM, the Generous Foe.
WOOD, a Waverer.

SIBTHORP, the Slasher.

Members silent and noisy, &c.



SCENE—The House of Commons. MR. DISRAELI discovered attempting—by holding up his finger curved like a hook—to catch the SPEAKER'S eye. The leaders of the various parties opposite. COLONEL SIBTHORP in the distance wearing an attitude of isolation, and general want of confidence in everything.

Mr. Disraeli. A word or two, I pray thee, MR. SPEAKER. [SPEAKER nods assent.]

Mr. Disraeli (continues). After that fatal vote of Thursday night,

More fatal to the country than to me (a laugh),

The EARL OF DERBY and his gallant band
Tendered their resignations to the QUEEN.
Their resignations with a gracious smile
HER MAJESTY accepted. (Aside.) Woe is me!
(Aloud.) This morning came to me on rumour's wings—
Wings made by feathers of reporters' pens—
A statement that the EARL OF ABERDEEN
Had undertaken the important task
Of finding fit successors to ourselves.
We hold our offices just as the pot
Holds the hot soup, till the tureen is ready:
But, let me use another simile;
We hold our offices after the fashion
In which I've seen a scarlet-vested scamp
Holding a horse, until the rider comes
And takes his seat with a triumphant air.
Now let me thank those whom I see around
For the indulgence they have shown to me—
(Aside.) In doing all they could to turn me out.
(Aloud.) Oh! let me praise their generosity,
(Aside.) Exhibited in plans to trip me up,
And take advantage of my weak position.
(Aloud.) Oh, Sir! if ever in the hot debate
An angry word has found by chance its way
Across the margin of these wayward lips,
If e'er—departing from my better nature—
I've hurt the feelings of a single Member,
I deeply, ay, most bitterly regret it;
With all the depth and all the bitterness
Of which 'tis known that I am capable.
I never meant it; sure you'll give me credit
For saying often what I did not mean.
Trust me, though aloes cluster'd on my lip,
There was a hive of honey at my heart.
May the impression be as light and transient
As was the provocation I received!
(Aside.) When I forget the vile conspirators
Who in discordant and unnatural band
Were linked together—but to ruin me,
May I forget—no matter—(Aloud.) MR. SPEAKER,
With words of kindness—born of kindest thoughts—
Let me express the fondly yearning hope
That I may take with me, across the House,
The kind opinion of my kindest friends,
Though they adopt all kinds of politics.
So I resign—with love for all mankind. [Cheers from all sides.]

Lord John Russell (wiping away a tear). I rise to say, how from my inmost heart
(Right through my over-coat, down to my vest,) I hear the honourable Member's words
Echoed in every chamber, vault, and cell,
Of my intensely sympathising bosom.
And oh! if ever on a flying word
A barbed point has been by chance conveyed,
With double power to poison and to pierce,

May all the venom turn to healing balm,
And nothing but the feather still remain,
To serve as feathers for each others caps.
And ah! should other Ministers exist
Like him who now retires, may every one
Go out as he goes out. (Aside.) I'll do my best
To keep him from too long remaining in. (Loud Cheers.)

Sir James Graham. The future, Sir, to me is all a mist—
(Aside.) I must not say a word of our intentions—
(Aloud.) But for the past I have to say a word;
'Tis true the Honourable Gentleman
Has wounded me—but then, he didn't mean it.
For, if he had intended what he said—
But no, his meaning ne'er was in his words.
His talents I've admired fervently;
And for his bitter insults, what of them?
'Tis very fitting that we should forget
The acts of one who oft forgets himself. (Loud Cheers.)

Sir C. Wood. Let me, Sir, to this general amnesty
My share of generosity contribute.
If I've insulted anybody here,
I knew it not; then who can take offence?
He that may wound another person's feelings,
Let him not know 't, and 'tis no wound at all.
As to the Honourable Gentleman
From whom I've lately had some hardish hits,
If he has planted on me some few sores,
He has so gracefully tendered a plaister,
That I forget it all; and if at times
I've hit him rather smartly on the raw,
I hope he will forget—forgive, as I do. [Sits down amid loud cheers.]

Colonel Sibthorp. I've listened with attention to them all,
And hold them every one in like contempt;
I love to see them knock each other down,
Nor will I stretch a hand to lift them up.
I've heard the EARL OF DERBY has resigned,
Which I regret—not on my own account—
Office I've never held, nor ever will.
No; 'tis my pride that in the House of Commons
I shall be, as I am, quite out of place.
As to the generous sentiments I've heard,
They come from those who one another hate
With feline fierceness, and with rage canine:
Or, like in plainer language, eat and dog.
I verily believe they'll soon be found
At it again, tooth, nail, hammer and tongs;
For I've no confidence in any one—
Except myself;—and, while I hold a seat,
My motto shall be ever, "Down with humbug!"
My cry, "Beware of man-traps and spring guns."

[The House is counted out, and the Curtain falls.]

BARON LIEBIG ON PUNCH'S ALMANACK.

We are too glad to be able to append the following testimonial from so great an authority as BARON LIEBIG:—

Extract from a Letter dated Giessen, December 25th, 1852, from BARON LIEBIG to Mr. Punch, at his celebrated Brewery, 85, Fleet Street.

"I have submitted your Almanack to the most subtle analysis, and have found it a perfectly genuine article. I never knew anything more free from adulteration, and the specimen you sent me, which was printed on the best paper, was not only full of spirit, but several degrees above proof. A person might take any quantity of it, and far from its doing him any harm, he would feel all the better for it. The taste of it is excellent, and what little bitterness there is in it is of that gentle nature, which, acting as a healthy tonic, is well calculated to correct the acidity of the most hypochondriacal temper. I shall certainly recommend it in all cases as a general beverage both for the invalid and robust. I have been for many years an ardent admirer of your Almanacks, and for the future intend never to take anything else."

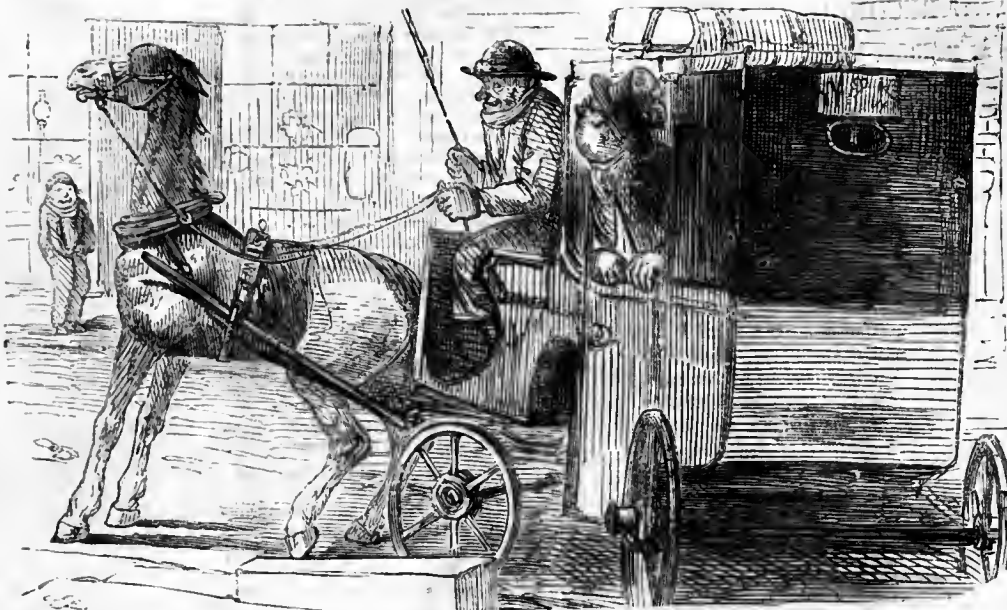
"Giessen, Dec. 25, 1852."

"(Signed) JUSTUS LIEBIG."

We have other Testimonials, equally flattering, from the Analytical Sanitary Commissioners of the *Lancet*, SIR CHARLES CLARKE, and the most distinguished physicians and chemists of the day, and all testifying to the extreme purity and high quality of our far-famed Almanack, and, though they all agree in the generosity of saying that "we are at perfect liberty to make whatever use we please of them," still we keep them in our drawer for our own private gratification, sooner than lay ourselves open to the charge of vanity by printing them.

Pray Don't Disturb it.

THE Frenchmen tell us that we mustn't judge of—much less condemn—France in its present state, for it is nothing better than "une nation endormie." We agree with this amiable excuse, as far as the sleepiness of the nation goes, for it is evident that France must be in a very lethargic condition, having just relapsed into its Third NAP.



THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS IN A HURRY TO GET TO THE STATION—CAB HORSE JIBS MOST RESOLUTELY.

Old Gent. "NOW THEN, DRIVER. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Cabman. "OH, IT'S NOTHIN', SIR. HE'S ONY A LITTLE TOO FRESH, SIR!"

PROSPECTIVE CHRONOLOGY.

(From our own *Clairvoyant*.)

1855. City Improvement Act passed.
 1857. Temple Bar pulled down and Lord Mayor's Show abolished.
 1880. Peace established with the Caffres—for a month or two.
 1890. Library Catalogue of the British Museum completed—to the letter D.
 1899. Sale of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* ceases.
 1900. COLONEL SIBTHORP becomes Premier, by virtue of his seniority.
 1901. Attempted revival of Protection fails.
 1953. New National Gallery opened.
 1960. Beer Monopoly ends.
 1975. Westminster Bridge re-built, and the New Houses of Parliament finished.
 1999. Railway accidents cease.
 2000. Income-Tax removed.
Date not Fixed. Prosperity of Ireland begins.
Date too remote to be calculated. Publication of *Punch* ceases.

A FAREWELL TO DISRAELI.

From toils ministerial,
 From state ceremonial,
 From tangles imperial,
 From murmurs colonial—
 From net-work gigantic
 Of red tape and tapists,
 From Protestants frantic,
 And high-flying Papists—
 From all of the hobbles
 Of MALMESBURY'S peddling,
 From all of the squabbles
 Of PAKINGTON'S meddling—
 From WALPOLE'S well-meaning,
 From BERESFORD'S dirt,
 From CHRISTOPHER'S leaning
 The truth out to blurt—
 From bearing, in one sense,
 Inscribed on your banners,
 The feudalist nonsense
 Of gentle JOHN MANNERS,
 From recording in acts
 The entire contradiction
 Which Free-trading facts
 Give Protectionist fiction—
 From having to swallow
 Each word you have spoken,
 From hopes all proved hollow,
 From promises broken—

From venting palaver
 You inwardly mourn for,
 From stooping to slaver
 The men you feel scorn for—
 From gracing PEEL'S triumph,
 However you grudge it,
 From hearing all cry "humph!"
 At sight of your Budget—
 From each trick, and turn
 Of the baffled tactician,
Punch greets your return
 To a nobler position!
 For he saw in your rising
 The work of a brain,
 Which its own aggrandising
 Had toiled to attain;
 Unfavoured by station,
 Unaided by pelf,
 You waited occasion,
 And strove for yourself:
 Till the House which derided
 The youth who began—
 Its laughter subsided—
 Gave ear to the man;
 And, subdued by the power
 Of a resolute will,
 Listened, hour after hour,
 Deferential and still:

And in speech, subtle pleader,
 In fight ne'er dismay'd,
 You rose to be leader
 Where once you obeyed—
 Then the proud ones, your makers,
 To bow were full fain,
 The Lords of the Acres
 To the Lord of the Brain:
 Had you been good as gallant,
 Strong in wisdom as will,
 High in truth as in talent,
 Your cause good as ill,
 That name—now a beacon
 Of shoals we should shun—
 Were a light to men seeking
 How fame should be won.
 Oh, unworthy possessor
 Of powers seldom seen,
 Greater wert thou, if lesser
 Thy triumphs had been.
 Oh, how grand once thy game—
 But now past is its hour—
 A life-time of fame
 'Gainst a moment of power!
 But the low gain thou chocest,
 The high didst disdain,
 And, when office thou locest,
 Art nothing again.

ELEVATED ADDRESS TO MR. GLADSTONE, AT THE CARLTON CLUB.

THE exact words that were addressed to MR. GLADSTONE at the Carlton Club the other evening by a gallant Colonel and certain other gentlemen, after their wine, have not been reported by any of our contemporaries. We believe that the following is a tolerably correct version of the terms in which they addressed the Right Honourable gentleman—speaking simultaneously:—

"I-sh-say, GLAD-ADSTONE—I sh-h-hs-ay! GLAD-SON, old fella! MIST' GLASS-N—Sir! J'up, old GLADST'N!"
 "Tellyowash is! Younobusin'ss hecaw. Younorighta b'longta Conshawive clah'tall. Y'ara Rackle Hummug! Oughtobe pishowtowinda in dwectionofawmelab. Dashapwoppaplace for shadam Demoquarrie fella as yon."

The preceding observations so sufficiently explain themselves, that they require no comment whatever from us to indicate the spirit in which they were uttered.

Creditable Contrivance.

By some letters in the *Times* it appears that two insolvents, a colonel and a clergyman, owing many thousands of pounds, have, although unable to pay a farthing of their debts; put their names down among the subscribers to the WELLINGTON Testimonial. As these gentlemen are probably denied credit for justice, we suppose they want to procure it by generosity.

TO YOUNG MEN OF PROPERTY.—Marry, and be steady; but don't settle.

CHEMISTRY OF THE ADMINISTRATION.



THE ABERDEEN Ministry presents some interesting illustrations of chemical phenomena. LORD ABERDEEN himself may be regarded as an oily body that, in combination with the alkali of LORD JOHN RUSSELL in the Foreign Office, may be expected to form an emollient diplomatic soap. Mr. GLADSTONE's carbonate of High Church principles perhaps will combine with SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH's latitudinarian acid, in the formation of a neutral salt, giving off, it is to be hoped, carbonic acid in the shape of Tractarianism; and we also trust that, when dissolved in an administration of sensible men, the ultramontane Popery of MR. KEOGH will be precipitated; at least that the

trumpet he used to play in the POPE's Brass Band will become so oxidized, that he will be obliged to put it in his pocket.

OUR HONEYMOON.

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 18—.

FREDERICK never looked so handsome. That I am sure of—never—never!

And what a lovely morning! Although JOSEPHINE—I wish I hadn't brought her with me—that is, with us—but then I was overpersuaded, and dear mother said it would look so to come without a maid—although that JOSEPHINE, when I declared the weather to be so beautiful, pinched her elbows to her sides, and gave herself a twist, and said for her part she thought it a little cold for May.

Yes: a beautiful May morning! Such a morning as that in which the poets always make May. Well, I must confess it—I never thought I could think poetry to be so true! I own it to myself: I was an unbeliever in poetry—but I am converted. I blush, and am penitent.

The sky never was so blue, and so arched, and so lofty! And there are a few—just a few little threads and flecks of white, for all the world like down and feathers, dropt from angels' wings, and waving, waving down the bright blue heavens! I NEVER saw 'em look so before. Asked JOSEPHINE—just to try the creature—what she thought of 'em. She said, she thought they threatened snow—and shivered again. Was very wrong to bring her with us.

What a perfect bower is this place! Unconsciously called the place a bower to JOSEPHINE, when the odious thing replied,—it wasn't a bower at all, but the White Hart. Am convinced JOSEPHINE has no feeling. Not a girl at all, but, as one might say, a mere vegetable.

A perfect bower! Nestled and protected between two cliffs, how confidently—how serenely—it looks forth upon the ocean. Like a bride, on the arm of her husband, contemplating—but with hope and calmness—the unfathomable future!

I never felt so reconciled—indeed so much in love with the sea. I am sure it raises one's feelings, and enlarges one's sympathies. A new mind—I might almost say—seems to well up to me from its depths!

And the sea is spotted with boats. They look in the distance—some of them are such white specks—they look like water lilies, tost by the tide. Yes; water lilies, some—like fairy boats—bearing fairy folks to blessed islands—some, like cradles, rocking fairy babes to rest.

Was plaintively busied with the thought, and floating as it were, had given up the reins of my imagination to the tide, when that dreadful JOSEPHINE ran in with a telescope in her hand, and told me that all those boats—the lilies that I thought 'em!—were full of preventive men a chasing a smuggler—the *Sarvey Kilderkin*, I think she called it. She said they'd been watched in the dreadful act of sinking their supercargo, and as she further heard, of tying a boy to him. Was in no humour to be saddened by the sorrows and the crimes of this life—wherever they may exist—so desired the intruder to be gone.

A dark blue cloud—almost black—hurries up from the sea, and there is a sudden chill for May. But, how beautiful the contrast! What a

moral does it teach! That we are never—at least not always—to bask in the sunshine of security; but to have a wary thought for the tempest. And now the black cloud breaks like a rent pall asunder, and the sunshine falls in showers through it. Another moral—let me treasure it! (I feel that I write this as at the very minute, but I can't help doing so. Somehow, the pen—as I think I once heard dear FREDERICK observe—the pen makes the present. Yesterday becomes to-day.)

And now how beautiful is this bower! For now, May—unclouded May—is again in the heavens—and now the ocean heaving, like a cathedral organ—

—And at this moment, that dreadful JOSEPHINE brings in the landlady—somehow I don't like the glittering eyes, I mean the sort of bold look that that woman has, though I must say it, very attentive, very civil. The landlady who wants to know what we should like for dinner? As if I should ever again think of dinner! She asks—“Is the gentleman fond of mackerel?” What a question! How can I tell? Where is FREDERICK? She will go on to say that they have some wonderful early peas, and would I like a duet? I say yes—to be sure—anything to get rid of her; to be left, for awhile, to the sweet solitude of my own thoughts.

And the ocean is heaving and bursting with a torrent of sound—

When again comes in the landlady, sweeping the floor with eurtseys, and begs to beg my pardon. “About the duet? Of course the good gentleman and myself would like to have it stuffed?” A stuffed duet! And this question to me! A bride of one day old! I tell the teasing creature to wait until FREDERICK returns—(he is, by the way, a little long),—and so get rid of her.

I wish we had gone at once to France; though, indeed, this is very—very beautiful—so like a bower! And as dear FREDERICK says, “one ought always to see every bit of one's own country, before we go abroad.” Dear papa, I remember, called that a noble—a patriotic sentiment: and FREDERICK, I now remember, always liked to utter thorough English sentiments before papa. Still, I do wonder, if FREDERICK remains such a patriot, I do wonder when we shall ever go to Paris. Not but what I could live and die here—I feel that.

For I am so happy, and being so full of happiness, I ought to take myself to task to find out how, in any way, I can give happiness to others. What shall I send to MARY—? What shall I buy for MARGARET—?

Yes, I really think I will do it: I never thought I could—and now I think, indeed I am almost sure, I can. MARY—I know she loves the dear dog—MARY has often begged, though in fun—although I know she loves her—begged of me to give her darling Venus. What a dog that is! But I ought not to be selfish: no, so happy myself, I ought to make a sacrifice—and certainly such a little sacrifice—when it would so please another.

I think I really will give Venus to MARY. And yet when I think of her ears, and her eyes, and her beautiful black nose! For all that, I ought to make a sacrifice—and MARY shall have her. Yes: poor Venus will be better with MARY. For I ought, as dear mother says—and I will, when I once get home (our own home!)—to give all my heart to my husband and my house. With new, and as papa has sometimes said, solemn duties upon my hands, I shall not have much time for Venus. It is decided then; dear MARY shall have her. I'll write—the first minute I have to spare—I'll write, without a tear, and say so.

I didn't think I could make that sacrifice—but then some one else so fills my thoughts—and think so little of it. However, resolved upon my duties, resolved upon not keeping even the smallest corner of my heart away from him, I will complete the sacrifice. Venus gone, the Rajah shall go too. Yes; the parrot shall follow the spaniel. Are not these offerings?—though let me not boast—but are they not offerings, let me ask of myself, to conjugal duty? There never was bird that talked like the Rajah—never had cockatoo such a crest, with an eye, too, that when he turns his head on one side, seems to go through you—yet for all that, the Rajah is MARGARET'S. She has more time to talk to the dear thing than I shall have; for, of course, all my conversation is now the right, the inalienable right of FREDERICK.

Let me see. Is there anything else I have to give? No—not that I remember.

And I think dear FREDERICK does not love Venus as he ought—considering whose she was—since the day she bit him. And I remember—when once the Rajah was in full talk—that FREDERICK asked CAPTAIN MANGO, in his odd way, if they didn't put parrots in pies in India? And when the Captain said they did, I do remember that FREDERICK, with a strange quiver of his mouth—(I may say a quiver, indeed!)—said he should very much like to eat a parrot pie.

Well, the sacrifice is complete. And I will write to MARGARET, and she shall have the Rajah.

How calm, yet how enlarged one's feelings, when—after a struggle or two—one knows one has surrendered what one ought!

My first sacrifices to my home! My first offerings, of the kind, upon the altar of my hearth-stone.

MARY has time and plenty to comb and pet Venus. And dear MARGARET—whom can she better amuse—who can be more delighted

with her prattle than the Rajah? And then, when I like, I can always see them.

I don't know that I quite like the name of our house. THE FLITCH! I can't say I like it. What dear mamma said is quite true. It's open to a joke. And, my dear LORRY—said dear mamma—in your journey through life; in your pilgrimage through the vale, always avoid what is open to a joke. And then papa—in his odd way—rubbed his spectacles and laughed.

At the same time, what a paradise our FLITCH—if FLITCH it is to be—shall be made! Quite an Eden! I shall collect all sorts of wild flower roots to take home and set in the garden—all beautiful recollections to grow and grow for many years to come, of this time.

But at this moment, I hear his foot on the stairs.
I must write it again. FREDERICK never looked so handsome!

REST, VETERAN, REST!

It appears that the good old gentleman, who, in the capacity—if we may use so decided an expression—of General, is managing—to use another expression—the Burmese war, has not been getting on quite so fast as might have been expected if he had been, as he ought to have been, a younger man. Now, we put it to a new Cabinet—would it not be well to make a slight change in the qualifications of late and at present required of a Commanding Officer? If it is indispensable that an Admiral or General should be the subject of some bodily defect or privation, we propose that the requisition shall be held to be sufficiently answered by an arm, or a leg, or an eye lost in action, or by a bullet lodged in some part of the person, sufficiently remote from the brain not to disturb those mental functions which are so conducive, in their way, to the success of the British arms.

We don't think that the leader of British troops, or sailors, ought to have the gout to contend with as well as the enemy; and must equally protest against the maxim of "Age before Honesty," and that of "Age before Efficiency." To smooth the pillow of a disabled veteran would be less expensive, in the long run, than sending him to rough it in a campaign. Put him in his arm-chair; and let his word of command be simply Wheel!—to the head of the dinner-table or the chimney-corner. How are our forces to be led to victory by a chief with one foot in the stirrup, or on the quarter-deck, and the other in the flannel roller, or the pan of hot water?



The Great Disowned.

ACCORDING to the *Morning Chronicle*, the Northern Sovereigns refuse to address LOUIS NAPOLEON in the usual brotherly style of *Monsieur mon frère*. Did he not do enough on the second of December last twelvemonth, as well as last, to entitle him to that fraternal and endearing salutation, at least from the Great NICHOLAS and the little NERO?

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

It is an absurdity to say of a man who has consumed two bottles of wine that he has had a glass too much; for, taking into consideration the shamefully short measure, he will have had, instead of a glass too much, six glasses too little.

THE FAT LADY'S BEST FRIEND is the Custom House, which she is sure to leave somewhat thinner for the visit. On one occasion, a fashionable lady was so corpulent that she was obliged to be helped through the Custom House door—and yet when she left it was so reduced in bulk that none of her friends recognised her as the same person. It was calculated that she had lost no less than five-and-twenty pounds on that one occasion.

"DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS," &c.

MADAME TUSSAUD, in one of her recent handbills, advertises as a great attraction no less than three carriages that belonged to NAPOLEON, "two of which" she says,

"Were used by him at the battle of Waterloo, not having met since they were separated at the Great Battle which decided the fate of their Master, a period of 35 years."

This meeting, after so long a separation, must have been very affecting. The frame of each crazy vehicle must have trembled all over with joy, and we wonder they did not rush into each other's arms—we mean the Imperial arms painted on the panel of each door. In fact, the scene must have been so intensely exciting, that we are rather surprised it did not melt all the wax figures in MADAME TUSSAUD'S exhibition merely to behold it!

"Old Women Wanted."

SUCH was the heading of a letter that appeared a day or two ago in the *Times*. The want of anility seems to exist in the Temple, where there is a short supply of aged females, in the capacity or incapacity of laundresses. We, in a spirit of kindness, call the attention of MRS. HARRIS and MRS. GAMP to this eligible opening. Now that the DERBYITES are cleared out entirely, and all chance of a little charring at Downing Street utterly at an end, the venerable females whom we have named may perhaps find their occupation not quite gone, if they apply at the Temple in obedience to the cry of "Old women wanted."

A Strange Misunderstanding.

A CONTEMPORARY, speaking of a recent street affray between two Members of Parliament, calls it a misunderstanding. When one gentleman hits another, and that other knocks his assailant into the gutter, the affair may be a misunderstanding, but it is a misunderstanding of a peculiar sort: a misunderstanding and no mistake. The distinction is important, for unless it be borne in mind, a man will not very intelligibly express what has happened to him if, meaning to intimate that he has been kicked or horse-whipped, he says he has been misunderstood.

Not to be Wondered at.

THE Parisian journals announce that

"The Government has issued a decree prohibiting the employment of children in theatres."

Well, we are not surprised at this. The acting of the French Government has been of late such perfect child's play, that we think it was but natural it should consider that of its little rivals to be quite superfluous.

The Best of a Bad Bargain.

SOME of the few friends of the DERBY Ministry are still heard to insist on the excellence of the late Government, of which it is said we shall only thoroughly feel the loss, when it has been some time excluded from power. Without wishing to make unpleasant comparisons between the present and the late Administration, we should be disposed to admit without hesitation that the DERBYITE Government is "out-and-out" the best Ministry.

All'idea di quel Metallo.

IN looking over the "Money Market" of the last week we find that, on one particular day, the shares of some outlandish gold companies were quite "inanimate." We are rejoiced at the fact, and should be glad to see the appropriate word "inanimate" attached in all cases to a "dead" swindle.

LAW PROVERBS.

He who is too fond of maintaining an action will soon be without the means of maintaining himself.

The real value of a name is discovered by him who has to prove his title.

CLEANLINESS CARRIED TOO FAR.

THIS virtue may be sometimes carried too far, as in the instance of the pictures of the National Gallery that have recently been cleaned, and which, considering how much of the original picture has been taken away with the scrubbing-brush, certainly now appear "too clean by half."

THE FIRST SIGN OF A YOUNG MAN GETTING OLD.—Shaving his Whiskers off.

COMFORT FOR PLURALISTS.—There are fish in the See of Canterbury as sweet as any that have yet come out of it.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.



THE new manager has advertised his list of engagements for the approaching season, and they appear to us to have been dictated by good sense. At all events there is an avoidance of some of the errors of his predecessors. We find no provincial sticks, whose sole claim to assume leading characters in the metropolis lay in the fact that these rustic stars had been too insignificant for criticism, and, therefore, that nothing had been said against them. The new company is composed of artists who know their business. Nor is the public likely again to be insulted by the assigning Foreign parts—we mean parts requiring a knowledge of continental phraseology—to a personage actually incapable of dealing gram-

matically with his native language. Nor will the principal characters in the Domestic drama, or what we believe the actors, borrowing the unworthy slang of another theatre, call the Home Department, be allotted to a merely respectable performer, estimable in private life, but without the slightest humour or appreciation of a joke, as was signally manifested in his absurd performance in the farce of the *Militia-man's Vote*. The new list is so far satisfactory; and the manager states that his company has unanimously agreed to waive all questions of rank and choice of parts, and to co-operate cordially for the good of the establishment.

We are glad to see that accomplished artist, MR. MOLESWORTH, engaged by MR. ABERDEEN. We have watched his career for some time, and with great gratification. He has been often engaged in the Borough, and has had to appear before an audience much too fond of coarse effect and clap-trap. But MR. MOLESWORTH, while retaining his popularity by that genuine mode of acting which always tells upon a British audience—no matter how unenlightened—has resisted all temptations to extravagance or bombast, and has adhered to what was strictly intellectual and legitimate. He has thus lost, no doubt, many a gallery shout, but he has gained in the estimation of real judges. We trust that the "works" which he will be called on to illustrate will be worthy of his talent. We have never seen anything more admirable than his representation of *Lycurgus*, in *The Colony*, in which he was not only letter-perfect, but thoroughly informed with the true conception of the part. His make-up was very remarkable. MR. OSBORNE is also added to the company, having been engaged for naval parts. How he will play them we can only guess—we never yet saw him at a "hitch," and though we know how he can deal with returns, we cannot fancy him with a pig-tail: however, we shall see. He has, we believe, been a captain in his time, and we have frequently seen him knock his antagonists into a cocked hat, so that he is not without nautical knowledge. And we anticipate a bold effect in any drama in which he may have to denounce the friends of "peace at any price." MR. CARDWELL (formerly of the Liverpool theatre, where he lost his engagement owing to the superior attractions of the Scotch *saltimbanque*, FORBES MCTEETOTUM, whose gyrations were certainly wonderful) is in MR. ABERDEEN'S list; he is a good artist, of the PEEL school, and, though somewhat too solemn in his delivery, can be effective. A young Irish actor, named KEOGH, has also been secured, and his vigorous manner and agreeable intonation will, we think, make him popular. He has been spoken of as the *Pope's Legate* (*King John*), but we trust his good sense will prevent his appearing in such a character, while he may make a golden reputation in such parts as the *Irish Lawyer*; *Makepeace*, in *Oranges and Ribbons*; *Fixity*, in *Landlord and Tenant*, and similar personations.

Among the veterans who rally round the new manager, we are glad to see MR. PALMERSTON, who is announced for a new line of parts—the Domestic. We have no doubt that he will be as cheerful and genial here, as he was airy, defiant, and dashing in the *Wildairs* and *Mirabels*, especially when they got upon the continent, and flattered the Viennese Volscians. The indomitable RUSSELL takes

Foreign parts, and we trust that he will imitate neither "Maniac" RUSSELL, nor "Jerry Sneak" RUSSELL, but act at once with vigour and polish—*apropos* of which (and of *King John*) we should like to see RUSSELL polish off *Austria* at his early convenience. It would be a most popular commencement of his career. MR. NEWCASTLE joins, and we trust will not be deterred by any foolish stage jokes about carrying coals to himself, "coaling it," and the like, from acting energetically, and as he used to act in *Lionel Lincoln*. MR. GRAHAM is engaged, and, we believe, makes his first appearance in the *Wooden Walls of Old England*. This accomplished actor may be trusted with anything on the stage, except perhaps the delivery of a letter. Of the rest of the actors we shall speak when they come before us. The female part of the corps is as yet incomplete, but there are excellent old women within the manager's reach, and the Pension List will direct him to some very neat figures. He will do well to look to his chorus, as that of the late manager shouted awfully, but in dismal fashion, being dreadfully flat throughout. We do not observe any information as to the orchestra, but we trust that MR. ABERDEEN will eschew a most undignified and inartistic habit, largely adopted by his predecessor, of coming into the front and blowing his own trumpet.

We have little to add this week, except that MR. ABERDEEN has made a becomingly contemptuous answer to MR. DILLY'S ridiculous charge of conspiracy, which has placed the latter lower, if possible, than before in the opinion of the public. We do not care to give currency to rumours, but we hear that a new adaptation, with extensions and alterations, of that popular affair, *The Franchise*, is to be among the novelties of the season. If boldly done, this will be a safe card.

Caution to Tradesmen.

We have lately discontinued dealing with our baker, in consequence of his having perpetrated an atrocity in the shape of a pun, for we are quite convinced that the man who could make such a pun as will be found below is capable of picking even our pocket. We happened to be passing his shop a few days ago, and having but recently paid our bill, we were looking boldly into the widow, where we saw the following notice:

"Wanted immediately an industrious crumpet boy, to supply the place of an idle rag-a-muffin!"

A Promising Title.

We see a law book advertised, called *BROOM'S Practice of the County Courts*. Judging from its title merely, we are sure this must be a most useful work, and we only regret it should be so restricted in its scope. The Superior Courts, we think, stand equally in need of it. For, although the late enactments have certainly done much to reform their jurisdiction, still with *Hamlet* we would cry, "O! Reform it altogether." And we should, therefore, hail with pleasure the introduction of those sweeping measures which the words, *BROOM'S Practice*, may be fairly held to indicate.

RABBITS V. DONKEYS.

It seems that the prizes at the Grand Metropolitan Rabbit Show are principally chosen for their "length of ears." This has fired the emulation of SIBTHORP and several Protectionist Members of Parliament, who have declared their intention of competing for the prizes next year.

A Coalition Pudding.

MR. DISRAELI lately said that "The country does not love coalitions." But there is a coalition—one of which we have lately, most of us, had experience; a coalition of flour with sugar, with spice, with brandy, with candied citron and lemon-peel, with eggs and with raisins and currants—which the country *does* love. We only hope that the love entertained by the country for the coalition that contains the candied peel will be deserved by that of the Whigs and the Peelites.

FAST COLOURS.

THE pictures at the National Gallery can scarcely have been painted in Fast Colours, for the more they are sent to be cleaned, the more their colours disappear in the wash. However, no matter what the colours may originally have been, it is now very clear that they are rapidly going fast.

THE POINT OF ALL THE PANTOMIMES.

NOT all allusion to the French Emperor has been cut out of the Pantomimes. The Clown *tumbles!* Is there not a sly insinuation in that? Oh—oh, what an oversight, my LORD CHAMBERLAIN!

MOTTO FOR A VINTNER.—"Keep up your spirits."



A CAUTION TO LITTLE BOYS AT THIS FESTIVE SEASON.

Mamma. "WHY, MY DEAREST ALBERT, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?—SO GOOD, TOO, AS YOU HAVE BEEN ALL DAY!"
 Spoiled Little Boy. "BOO-HOO! I'VE EATEN SO—M-MUCH BE-EEF AND T-TURKEY, THAT I CAN'T EAT ANY P-P-PLUM P-P-PUDDING!"
 [Oh, what a very greedy little fellow!]

AUSTRIAN HOSPITALITIES.

A CONSIDERATION which he has never before entertained will be forced upon the mind of MR. JOHN BULL, by the treatment which the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* has experienced in Austria. For simply writing to his paper in a tone unpleasant to the Austrian Government, it appears that this gentleman was seized by order of GENERAL KEMPEN and thrown into a dungeon full of filth and vermin, his ears being regaled, whilst in that place and that company, by a serenade of shrieks performed by somebody outside the grating and under the lash. Besides these outrages, his papers were seized; and all his love letters, if he had any, read—over and above the violation of the rest of his private correspondence. What next? Why, somebody at Vienna, supposed to represent *Punch*, will be similarly served, because we sometimes make jokes which the Austrian Government cannot laugh at.

It is getting quite the fashion in the Austrian dominions to maltreat Englishmen. We are continually hearing of some one or other of our countrymen who has been incarcerated, or beaten, or sabred, for nothing at all, in those barbarous regions. Such intelligence will soon be as plentiful as blackberries, or as reports of murders from Ireland. Now, the consideration that will be forced upon MR. JOHN BULL is, whether he may not begin to consider himself horsewhipped and kicked by authority in Austria: literally kicked and horsewhipped, indeed, by representative and proxy. And then it will be for MR. BULL to consider whether he will stand this, and whether the subjects of QUEEN VICTORIA are, if they go to Austria, to be made, instead, the subjects of false imprisonment, assault and battery, and cutting and wounding with intent.

On Six Lord Chancellors.

(Slightly altered from BURNS by his Countryman, the Premier.)

LORD LYNDBURST'S a buck, LORD CAWMELL has luck,
 ST. LEONARD'S keas muekle, WILDE little, o' law;
 There's nane that can huff 'em like bonnie auld BRUFFAM,
 But CRANWORTH'S the jewel for me of 'em 'a.

Singular Petrification.

THE newspapers lately contained an account of a feat imposed upon a pony, and accomplished by the animal, of performing the journey to London from Oxford and back again in twenty hours. The weight of the driver was stated to be 14 stone. A considerable proportion of the stone must have been formed by the heart of the fellow who could commit such an act of "Cruelty to Animals."

SACRED INVECTIVE.

In allusion to the union between the Whig leader and the Peclites, a correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, signing himself W. H. PETERS—any descendant of the famous HUGH of that surname?—suggests a comparison, which is decidedly odious. We subjoin the words of his wisdom:—

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL has already signified to his constituents his intention of further dechristianising the British legislature; does not such a coalition of pro-Popish and Jewish legislators of the most opposite politics and opinions foreshadow much danger to our Protestant institutions, and remind us of the account given in Scripture of Pilate and Herod, who, being enemies, became reconciled to each other in order to carry out the crucifixion of our Lord?"

We wonder if MR. PETERS seriously considers LORD JOHN RUSSELL to be such a monster as PONTIUS PILATE, or thinks that MR. GLADSTONE is as great a brute and tyrant as HEROD. If he is only joking, *Punch* must tell him that jokes that consist simply in calling names cannot, with any degree of correctness, be classed amongst things said in fun. Politicians of the class of MR. PETERS seem very prone to asperse their opponents with scriptural abuse: we recollect how they used to speak of SIR ROBERT PEEL as JUDAS ISCARIOT. Either political affairs are more sacred, or biblical matters less so than they are generally supposed to be, if this freedom of reference is allowable. But if such allusions are meant for wit, we can only regard them as examples of a very ponderous levity.

WHITE (AND RED) LIES.

WE really think it is high time to exclude from the list of Latin proverbs that venerable humbug which has been so long suffered to exist under the title of *In vino veritas*. Our reason for urging the abolition of this phrase is obvious, or, at all events, it will be so when we qualify our demand by proposing that the term should, henceforth, be limited to wine in the cask; for, how is it possible to talk of *In vino veritas*, with reference to wine in bottles, not one of which is true to its denomination of either pint or quart. Perhaps the origin of the saying, *Magna est veritas*, may be traced to the fact, that the only chance of finding truth in a wine-bottle is to endeavour to meet with it in its Magnum-ised form. We can only say, that if there is any truth in an ordinary bottle of wine, it is not the whole truth, for there is invariably about a third short.

FREE TRADE IN PARTIES.

THE present Ministers seem, on the true Free Trade principle, to have made a good bargain with one another; for they have mutually come to terms, and agreed to split the difference.

Well then he shall have some more, he shall have ten thousand four hundred and seventy five pounds more.

I want more good things I want all.



MOTHER CHURCH'S GREEDY BOY.

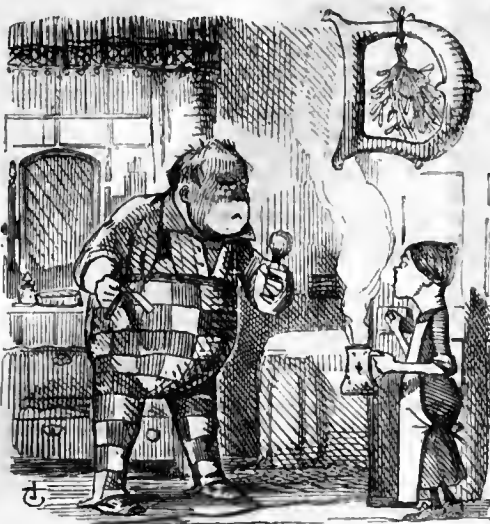
"The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have agreed to give ARCHDEACON GHOPE £9,475 for his interest on certain livings," &c. &c.—See "Times."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IT IS LUCKY THAT CHRISTMAS DOES COME BUT
ONCE A YEAR.



EAR PUNCH,—I live in lodgings. I am one of those poor unfortunate helpless beings, called Bachelors, who are dependent for their wants and comforts upon the services of others. If I want the mustard, I have to ring half-a-dozen times for it; if I am waiting for my shaving water, I have to wander up and down the room for at least a quarter of an hour, with a soaped chin, before it makes its appearance.

“But this system of delay, this extreme backwardness in attending to one’s simplest calls, is invariably shown a thousand times more backward about Christmas time.

“I am afraid to tell you what I have endured this

Christmas. My persecutions have been such as to almost make me wish that Christmas were blotted out of the Calendar altogether.

“I have never been called in the morning at the proper time. My breakfast has always been served an hour later than usual—and as for dinner, it has been with difficulty that I have been able to procure any at all!

“This invasion of one’s habits and comforts is most heart-rending; and the only excuse I have been able to receive to my repeated remonstrances has been, ‘Oh, Sir, you must really make some allowances; pray recollect, it is Christmas time.’

“Last week I invited some friends to spend the evening with me—but I could give them neither tea, nor hot grog, nor supper, nor anything—because, ‘Please, Sir, the servant has gone to the Pantomime—she’s always allowed to go at Christmas time.’

“Hang this Christmas time! My canary died this morning. Upon inquiry I found that it had not had any seed or water for three days. ‘Every one was so busy at this time of the year.’ It was lucky, I thought, that I had some more expressive means of making my wants known than my poor starved canary, or else I should have shared its unhappy fate a week ago.

“A day or two before Christmas Day my dress boots burst, and I sent them to be mended, with a pressing request that they might be sent home immediately. Well, Sir, from that day to this, I have never seen my dress boots. The only explanation I get to my frequent inquiries is, ‘Very sorry, Sir, but it is impossible, Sir, to get the men to work at this time of the year.’ It has been the same with a dress coat, which was split down the back. The tailor informs me, with a face as long as his pattern-book and containing nearly as many colours, that ‘he regrets it extremely—but every one of his workmen have been drunk since Christmas Day—they always do so at this period of the year.’ What has been the consequence, Sir? Why, I have only one pair of dress-boots, one dress-coat—I am not ashamed to confess I cannot afford more—and the consequence has been, that I have not been able to accept many pleasant Christmas invitations, because I had not the proper attire to go in to them! Instead of amusing myself and others elsewhere, I have been obliged to mope at home over a sickly fire, expiring by inches for the want of a few nourishing coals, and without even a drop of hot water to make myself a comforting glass of grog. Servants, it would seem, have a time-honoured privilege to go out and do just as they please at Christmas time!

“I suffered cold, incipient rheumatism, and violent tooth-ache, for three sleepless nights, because there was a broken window in my bedroom. I stamped, I swore, I rung the bell like a madman, but not a person could I get to put in a fresh pane for me. No: ‘It was Christmas time, and the men wouldn’t work, to please anybody.’

“The worst yet remains. As I was out walking, a coalheaver knocked against me. He then abused me, and because I complained rather warmly, he bonneted me, and ultimately knocked me down. I have still the marks of his brutality on both my eyes. Yet, Sir, will you believe it, this savage met me the following morning in Court; his wife was with him, and she said, half-crying, ‘Her husband was very sorry, and so was she; but the fact was, he had taken a little drop too much, but she hoped I would excuse it—it was Christmas time.’ Pretty compensation this to a man who has received a couple of black eyes!

“Now, Sir, it seems to me, from the above grievances, (and I have not enumerated one half of them), that Christmas is, with a certain class of people, a privileged period of the year to commit all sorts of excesses, to evade their usual duties, and to jump altogether out of their customary avocations into others the very opposite of them. For myself, I am extremely glad that Christmas does come but once a-year. I know I shall go, next December, to Constantinople, or Jerusalem,

or the Minorities, or some place where the savage customs I have described do not exist; for I would not endure another Christmas in England for any amount of holly, plum-pudding, or Christmas-boxes in the world.

“I have the misfortune to remain, *Mr. Punch*,
“Your much-persecuted Servant,
“AN OLD BACHELOR.”

THE NEW YEAR’S CHIMES.

WHILE, in thousand belfries swinging,
Midnight bells are loudly ringing
In the new-horn Year a-bringing,

By the Yule log’s last faint ember,
At the death-bed of December,
Let us sit, and there remember—

Veiling reverent our faces—
All that memory retraces
Of the Old Year’s griefs and graces.

Well may all men’s hearts be shaken
With the mingled thoughts that waken
Of all it brought us or hath taken:

One, the pillar of our nation,
It hath stricken from his station
‘Midst a people’s lamentation.

Low lieth the grey head we knew so well,
Weaponless is the hand we most did trust,
Chief captain and chief counsellor—he fell
Laden with years well spent, and honours just.

And, as our WELLINGTON’S great sun was setting
Below the verge from England’s sorrowing glance,
The Old Year saw the ominous up-getting
Of that red star that rules the fate of France—

Which many worship in its lurid splendour,
And call on us to worship by their side;
But unto which he that doth homage render
Bows to blood-guiltiness with fraud allied.

We will not have the politicians’ measure
Still shifting as the tides of interest run,
Declaring black is white, white black at pleasure,
And ever calling “Peace” where peace is none.

Truth shall be truth for us, and lying, lying;
Who breaks his oath a perjurer still shall be;
We will not call wrong right, though the denying
Bring the wrong-doer o’er our Channel sea.

If in the womb of the New Year be hidden
(Which Heaven avert!) the bloody brood of war,
Strong in our good cause we will flock, unbidden,
To build a living wall around our shore.

But hark! to notes of war and woe succeeding,
What grand glad music on the wind is borne?
It is the Song of Peace, free Commerce leading
Over her prostrate foes, up to her throne;

And shifty senators, in forced submission,
Sing palinodes around her flag unfurled,
And celebrate, perforce, her manumission—
Their slave no more, but mistress of the world.

The Arts are at her side, Love stoops to bless her,
Bowed Industry looks hopeful from her toil,
And with new life doth to her work address her,
And Rapine at her feet lays down his spoil.

The Year that hence its rapid flight is winging
Takes with it ripe renown and ancient wrong;
The New Year good and evil may be bringing,
But evil shall be short, and good is long.

A Very Melancholy Con.

OUR new Cabinet may be considered a case of fusion. We hope that no little difference of opinion among themselves, or between them and their country, may ever oblige us to prefix the syllable *con* to the word fusion.



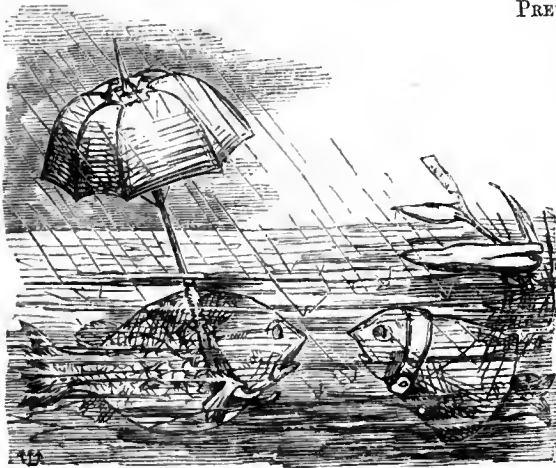
AFTER THE PANTOMIME.

Mary. "OH! HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A BEAUTIFUL COLUMBINE, AND RIDE ABOUT IN A GOLD CAR DRAWN BY WHITE DOVES!"

Augustus. "AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A HARLEQUIN AND CHANGE WHOLE STREETS INTO REALMS OF DAZZLING DELIGHT!"

Tom (a rude boy). "AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE THE OLD CLOWN, AND MAKE BUTTER SLIDES ON THE PAVEMENT TO UPSET OLD LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!"

THE NATIVITY OF THE NEW MINISTRY.



are gradually on the rise together. The great luminaries are in close conjunction, and are no longer in opposition, but have crossed over by a right line to PALLAS, where the signs are favourable. The rapid passage of MERCURY to and fro denotes much negotiation; and the writhing of SCORPIO beyond the parallel shows unparalleled rage and disappointment among the stars that have lately fallen.

In considering whether the native will be long-lived, we see no reason for apprehension; for though MARS has a threatening aspect, should the position of LIBRA continue favourable, and a

A VALUABLE LESSON.

THAT the character of the Minister, no less than that of the man, is formed in the nursery, may be denied by a few, but has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all candid minds by the success of an article which appeared in one of our recent numbers. MR. GLADSTONE had objected to the isolated merit of poor DISRAELI'S budget, a scheme for a juster Income Tax. We took the liberty of pointing out his error to him in words of one and two syllables. And now LORD ABERDEEN, with MR. GLADSTONE for his Chancellor of the Exchequer, announces that the Income Tax is to be equitably adjusted, according to the dictates of Common Sense and of *Punch*. We might say a great deal more on this subject; but we won't. We have no desire to blow our own trumpet—penny trumpet, as some maliciously say—though it is a three-penny trumpet, fourpence stamped, to be had at 85, Fleet Street, and at all Booksellers.

A GUELPH IN TROUBLE.

IN the list of persons against whom proclamation of outlawry was made the other day at the Sheriff's Court, occurs no less a name, or roll of names, than CHARLES FREDERICK AUGUSTUS WILLIAM GUELPH! That outlawry should be compatible with the blood of a GUELPH; that a genuine cousin—well beloved or not—of HER MAJESTY should stand in so totally different a relationship to the QUEEN as that of an outlaw, is an idea that would fill us with horror, did we not consider that the gentleman thus legally excommunicated at the suit of MOSES or AARON—we forget which—may in fact be a pretender to the Royal surname, and no better, if not a great deal worse, than a LAMBERT SIMNEL, or a PERKIN WARBECK.

French Mastered.

AN advertisement has long pretended to teach "French without a Master;"—a way of learning that language that could only have been managed by going to France, and picking it up amongst the natives; but, under the Empire, to learn French without a Master will be quite impossible.

RATHER TOO NICE.

A STRICT teetotaller of our acquaintance lately refused a most eligible match, on the ground that the young lady had such an amazing flow of animal spirits.

good balance be kept in hand, MARS may be either avoided or met without danger. The native will be subjected to some violent attacks, but internal disagreement is most to be feared; and PISCES, or the little fishes, may occasion some difficulty by their power of attraction, which may lead some of the lesser luminaries out of the sphere, and into irregular latitudes. As courtship and marriage are important points in every nativity, we may predict that the native will court popularity by honourable means, but will not be wedded to it, unless the alliance promises to be happy and respectable. The native will not fix its affection upon any object that does not stand high, is not upright, and has not a complexion so fair as to carry a good recommendation on the face of it. On looking further we see some indications about the Quartile, which may refer to the quart bottle as a measure to be taken in hand by the native, and the position of SAGITTARIUS leads us to expect that the general aim of the native will be worthy of approbation.

How to Cure Fainting.

THERE are various remedies. A glass of cold water is effective. Burnt feathers have their charms. Pinching is not without its effect. Cutting the stays have been known to succeed, especially when the stays have been a new pair—but there is nothing like a glass of vinegar: in every case of a velvet or a silk dress, the effect is instantaneous.

THE PRESS AND THE PLAY.



OUR clever comedian and manager, MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS, has an old-standing quarrel with the writer of the theatrical criticisms in the *Morning Chronicle*. He considers that gentleman has criticised unfairly certain pieces produced at the Lyceum Theatre. Irritated at this, MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS (to use his own words) "deprived the paper of its privilege of writing two orders nightly to the theatre."

The proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle*, although thus deprived of their "privilege"

of writing orders, manage somehow to pay for the admission of their critic to the theatre. He continues to write criticisms, none the more sympathetic or hearty probably, for the previous passages between him and MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS.

Boxing night comes, and with it the Christmas pieces. Pre-eminent among them, as usual, for the brilliancy of its scenery, the taste of its dresses, and the propriety and splendour of its *mise en scène*, comes *The Good Woman in the Wood*, at the Lyceum. The critic of the *Morning Chronicle* writes a notice of it, which, after calling the piece "cold and heavy" (which it is), goes on to describe the scenery as "faded and dingy," (which it is not.) MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS reprints this notice conspicuously in his playbills, prefixing to it an account of the previous passages of arms between himself and the *Morning Chronicle*, in which he names the obnoxious critic, says he has thrown off "the character of an anonymous enemy," calls him "a writer of calumnies," hints that he has no friends, and insinuates that he is not likely to pay for admission to the Lyceum Theatre. If this were a mere quarrel between a manager and a dramatic critic, it would ill become *Punch* to come between them, especially as he has not any personal sympathy with either of the combatants. But the public, as well as the managers and the press, are all really concerned in the matter; and it is as their friend and adviser that *Mr. Punch* intrudes into the quarrel, with a few words of comment and suggestion.

It seems to him that the mischievous and much-abused system of newspaper orders is at the bottom of this discreditable "Appeal to the Public," about the folly and bad taste of which there can only be one opinion. MR. MATTHEWS seems to have been entirely led astray by the system. He regards the writing of these orders as "a privilege," subjecting the unfortunate critics of the newspapers who receive them to the duty of praising what they see.

But this is simply ridiculous. There are newspapers, no doubt, to which the nightly orders are a means of propitiating advertisers—and this, we apprehend, is the only use, besides that of occasionally obliging friends or acquaintances, to which this "privilege" is ever put. In this sense the "privilege" is neither more nor less than the most insignificant and dirty form of a bribe conceivable.

But if newspaper proprietors are mean enough to accept such bribes, it is very important that the public should be guarded, or at least warned, against the consequences, if the "privilege" of the proprietors is to involve the praise of the critic. MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS can hardly have weighed this consequence. If only critics who praise are to be privileged, what becomes of the value of criticism? How can you expect the public to swallow MR. FLASHY'S sugary puffs for independent judgments, after yourself telling us that you regard MR. FLASHY as "privileged" only for the purpose of concocting these unwholesome articles?

And what do you think of the critics, MR. MATTHEWS? Are they, as a whole, the style of men to be cajoled into saying what they *don't* think by a nightly order, or to be deterred from saying what they *do* think by the threat of not being allowed to come into your theatre for nothing, or even by that still more awful one of not being allowed to pay for admission?

Is it such a privilege to be admitted, even for nothing, to your theatre, that I am to sacrifice my eyes, ears, taste, and judgment for it? Am I to be thought so stage-ridden, so enamoured of your own unquestionable powers as an actor, or MR. BEVERLEY'S beautiful scenery, that I will write what I don't think, lest, for telling unpleasant truths, that I will be compelled to pay admission-money at your doors?

Is it I who am so poor a creature as this, or is it my proprietor? Is your privilege a bait to me, or to him? It would be well the Public should be enabled to answer the question, that it may know what its Press is. We say nothing in all this of the particular offence out of which the appeal of MR. MATTHEWS has arisen. MR. MATTHEWS is, probably, as much ashamed of it by this time as his friends are. But the reason of it is the important matter. That reason is in the newspaper-order system; and the remedy for such things is to abandon

that system. Managers are too great cowards to do it, though they groan under it. The best part of the Press can, and ought, to break it down for the sake of their independence, which is incompatible with the order-system as interpreted by MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS and other managers who might be mentioned.

Let all the respectable journals, daily and weekly, combine to renounce the "privilege" of writing orders, and let them signify as much to the managers. When the respectable journals have once done this, managers will perhaps better appreciate the value of a "privilege" which only the strugglers, sharpers, and outsiders—the smallest of the small newspaper fry—will condescend to accept.

The public should press this, as far as it can, for it is interested in having criticisms which are in no way influenced by the advertising profits of newspaper proprietors, or by the temptation of free admissions to the critic, if there be a critic susceptible of such temptation. Managers of theatres should press it, to rid themselves of a nightly influx of non-paying, and by no means ornamental visitors to their upper boxes, and to put themselves beyond temptation to commit such an egregious act of bad taste as MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS has been guilty of.

And the critics are, more than all, interested in getting rid of this "privilege;" for they would thus recover that proud right of finding fault which no man can exercise freely and fully unless he has paid his money; and which has, unfortunately, been all but utterly renounced by our theatrical Rhadamantuses. How one longs for a dash of good wholesome bitters now and then, in the eternal dribble of mawkish, sugar-and-water commonplace, which is called theatrical criticism!

Our ancestors had energy to damn pieces they didn't like. We have not vigour to damn anything now, and the worst of it is that the rapid tolerance of the Press has invaded the Pit. People who can't stand twaddle, or coarseness, or flatness, stay away from the theatre. If they go, they see these offences tolerated so meekly and uncomplainingly, that they go away with an impression that theatre-goers are not as other men are—that their standards of taste are different—that they have learnt to see with other eyes, to hear with other ears; and this is true in a great measure, and mainly for want of a reasonable amount of honest, truth-seeing, truth-speaking criticism of actors and pieces.

And just as the sense of his "privilege" may cripple the critic, so it must deaden and kill the audience. Do you think that there is any comparison between the advertiser in the upper boxes—admitted by order—and the public in the pit who have paid their money? How should the former be very anxious about the quality of a thing which costs him nothing—or very free in his judgment of that which he is admitted to see as a favour?

We should apologise for the length of this paper—but it really is worth while to speak some truth on the subject of the theatre, because it is an amusement, the love of which is born with us, because it is an art illustrated by a SHAKESPEARE, because its arena has been trodden by BETTERTON, and KEMBLE, and SIDDONS, and KEAN, and because it is a haunt of the people, which might be at once their academy of taste, their school of manners, their lecture-room and music-hall, and their gallery of painting and sculpture.

Mr. Punch feels a double sympathy: as a street performer, with the managers; as a journalist, with the critics. He considers himself, therefore, to stand in a favourable position to tell both certain truths, which have long needed telling, and which MR. ALBERT SMITH has been the first public exhibitor bold enough to avow, in a letter in which he announces to newspaper proprietors his intention of abolishing altogether the "privilege" of writing orders to his entertainment of Mont Blanc. Managers, the Public, Newspaper Proprietors and Critics should be alike obliged to MR. ALBERT SMITH, for he has done good service to all worthy members of these classes, in thus making the first attack on a degrading, misleading, much-abused, and in every way mischievous system.

A Canonical Saint.

It appears that the artillery in France has a patron Saint, rejoicing, with peculiar felicity, in the name of SAINT BARBARA. To be sure, bombs and bullets might rather be supposed to belong more properly to the province of SAINT ZAMIEL, or some other saint of the inferior calendar; and in presiding over shot, SAINT BARBARA, one would think, must feel conscious of poaching on the manor of the Wild Huntsman. In France, you perceive, the Saints do not limit their patronage to the canons of the Church.

BEER MEASURE.

ONE pint of Brewer's beer *makes* one pot of Publican's *ditto*!
One glass of the latter generally *makes* one ill.

WIT THAT WANTS A TERMINUS.

A CORRESPONDENT has written to us to inquire whether, "if it is illegal for cabs to stand at a Railway Terminus, except under Police regulations, it is lawful for a bookseller, at a station, to have *Uncle Tom's Cabin*?"

MINISTERIAL PERQUISITES.

It is rather hard upon some of the late Ministers who have given up a snug little business at the bar, that since they have stood at the bar of public opinion to be tried as Members of a Government, it is against *etiquette* that they should return to their former employment. There are two or three ex-officials in this unpleasant predicament, whose ministerial professions and practice having become distasteful to the country at large, has caused them to be dismissed from the public service, without having their old profession and practice to fall back upon. The LORD CHANCELLOR is the only fortunate one of the party; for though in his dismissal from the wool-sack, he may be said to receive the sack, he is allowed to retain the wool in the shape of a handsome pension, by way of perquisite.

A MINE OF WEALTH.

THE last intelligence from the Mining districts informs us, that there is no difficulty in finding plenty of quartz. We wish some enterprising individual would convert the quartz into wine bottles, which are, at present, little better than pints.

Imperial Gambols.

THE *Moniteur* has denied officially the report, "that the Imperial Government intended to authorize gaming houses, and to re-establish the lottery." The *Moniteur* might have added, that the Government has no necessity to authorize any other gaming establishment than the *Bourse*, or to extend the privilege of gambling to any but such companies as the *Société Générale du Crédit Mobilier*, and others of the same class to which the Empire gives its patronage.

A NEW WORD FOR THE DICTIONARY.—The opposite of "realization"—DISRAELIZATION.



THE NEW REGULATION.

Lieutenant Blazer (of the Plungers). "GOOD GWACIOUS! HERE'S A HORWIBLE GO! THE INFANTWY'S GOING TO GWOW A MOUSTACHE!"

Cornet Pluffey. "YAW DON'T MEAN THAT! WELL! THERE'S ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE FOR US. WE MUST SHAVE!!"

MY OWN NEW BROOM.

Song to the Ministry.

My own new Broom, my pretty new Broom,
I hope you will make a clear place of the room;
'Tis large enough, and abounds in stuff,
Which you should sweep up, and the flames consume.

You've Chancery laws, and legal flaws,
And quibbles awaiting their final doom—
Old rubbish, such as has 'scaped the touch
(No fault of his) of an older BROUGHAM.

A thorough clean out, to put to rout
The spiders which there ply their ruinous loom,
Is one good lot of work you've got
In the Patent Office to do, my Broom.

The Arches Court, which save on Port
A judgment should never to give presume,
Sweep wholly clear, my sweet, my dear,
My pretty, my elegant brand-new Broom.

And then the Church, my bunch of birch;
Though Bishops may fret, and Deans may fume,
Of pluralist rust and MOORE-ish dust,
Oh, rid me for ever, my nice new Broom!

The Susceptibilities of Foreigners.

ALL the clowns have been strictly prohibited from making use in any of the pantomimes of the familiar exclamation of "Somebody's coming," for fear it might be construed into an allusion to the probability of an invasion of England by a celebrated personage with an Imperial, on the other side of the Channel.

SEASONABLE COMPARISON.

SPECULATIONS are like snap-dragons. A cool hand may sometimes pick up a plum, where a hasty one but burns his fingers.

CORRUPTION OF THE OLD MASTERS.



THROUGH the organ pipe of the *Times*, "CÆLEBS IN SEARCH OF A LAUNDRESS" trumpets to the universe that in the Temple there at present exists a grievous lack of Old Women for Laundresses. We can tell CÆLEBS "the reason why" he has to complain of this extraordinary dearth of washerwomen. They are all absorbed by the demand of the picture-cleaners at the National Gallery for persons to help them to rub and scrub, and scour the works of Art there. It would be well if those gentlemen's anile accomplices restricted their labours to legitimate friction with soap and water; but they seem to have also resorted to pumice-stone, in combination with those corrosive substances with which they are accustomed to ruin our linen. In cleaning the coats of ancient artists, they

make holes in them, just as they do in our under-waistcoats. They, moreover, have carried their professional proceedings so far, that the portal of the Institution might justly be surmounted with the inscription "Mangling Done Here."

From the appearance presented by old masters, when their things come home from the wash, has resulted a necessity for seriously modifying the names of some of those whose works have been submitted to the old women's operations. Henceforth, that his paintings may be described correctly, RUBENS will have to be converted into RUBBINGS; SALVATOR ROSA, for the same reason, into TABULA RASA; whilst CARACCI, if our abrasive friends ever get a scratch at him, will assume the name, together with the nature, of SCRATCHY.

HABERDASHERY, TRASHERY, AND SMASHERY.



NE of the most melancholy features of an "alarming failure" in the linendraper trade is that we never seem to hear the last of it. A "frightful sacrifice" is rendered still more frightful by the protracted period during which the "sacrifice" is dinned into the public ear, and by the efforts that are made to lure fresh victims to "assist" at it. The well-known bankruptcy of a celebrated Regent Street house, though it happened several months ago, is still kept up as a standing advertisement by a variety

of gangs in all quarters of the town, who have been "finally clearing out" and disposing of "the last portion" of the "valuable stock," almost ever since the failure of the firm in question was notified. A well-known "bankrupt's stock" is an inexhaustible bottle to these charlatans, who, after "clearing out" and "selling off" during several months in succession, have always remaining, in some odd corner, a few thousand Paris cashmeres, which they are willing to "relinquish" at only five pounds each, though the "value" of every one of them is twenty guineas.

We have now before us a catalogue to which attention is invited by an envelope inscribed with the words "FROM THE COMMISSIONERS," and intimating that "nine thousand embroidered robes (Lyons) are to be 'abandoned' at eight and ninepence—the worth being five-and-twenty shillings." In another line we are informed that "about 3600 Carmelite and French Merino robes," the same that were "so

much admired in the Exhibition," are to be "surrendered" at fifteen and sixpence, the price being one hundred francs to the party who paid for them. Now, if these things cost one hundred francs when paid for, are we to presume that they may be sold at fifteen and sixpence because they are not paid for?—and if we buy what is not paid for, are we not doing something very like possessing ourselves of stolen articles?

Such would really be the case if the announcements of these dishonest pufflers happened to be true; but every one, except the greenest goose, is perfectly well aware that of the thousands of articles advertised at the low prices named, not one is to be had when application is made at the puffing establishment. The last of the "9000 embroidered robes, at 8s. 6d." has just been parted with, should any one be weak enough to ask for the article advertised; and the "last hundred dozen French cambrie handkerchiefs," out of the "6000 dozen at half-a-crown" has been sent home to the DUCHESS OF OTHERLAND just as the lady stepped in who would like to have had a few of them.

We warn these impostors not to send their circulars to us, for we will not give to their swindling establishments the benefit of notoriety, even, by naming them for the purpose of exposing their falsehood and dishonesty. We shall content ourselves with pointing out to the public the alternative presented to all who visit these swindling "emporiums," "commission rooms," or whatever else their temporary occupants may call the scenes of their iniquity.

In becoming a purchaser at one of these places, you either buy goods which are reduced in price by somebody having been defrauded of his property, or, what is far more likely—and the argument is, unfortunately, much more calculated to produce an impression on the female "shopping" mind—the thing you purchase is rubbish, worth not one quarter of what you have given, under the idea that you were obtaining it at one tenth of its value. We attach every credit to the announcement of an "alarming sacrifice," but the victims to the sacrifice are, probably, the landlord of the premises who is cheated of his rent; possibly, the manufacturer or trader who is robbed of his goods; but most probably, and indeed almost certainly, the buyer, who is swindled out of his money.

OUR HONEYMOON.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, IS—

A MORE lovely morning than yesterday! And yet when I told JOSEPHINE that we were going out, she hoped, she said, I would wrap up well—for she was sure, if she knew anything of the weather—that it would snow. The gardener of the hotel had told her, it *would* snow. That girl is a creature of ice.

FREDERICK—having gone on the beach just to look at the weather, as he said—I am left alone to thank goodness for *such a husband!*

And that thought—as if it ever left me!—brings me again to Venus and dear MARY, and the Rajah and sweet MARGARET. Both dog and cockatoo—much as I *did* and *do* love 'em—*shall* go. Our higher duties are—as good MR. WINESOP, the dear good creature that *made us one*—our higher duties, as that good man beautifully said, when he proposed *our* health and happiness on Thursday—our higher duties should ever be our *first* thought.

—And now, JOSEPHINE comes in with a nosegay of wallflowers, and says they're from the landlady, with her compliments; that the season is so backward, she can't do any better.

JOSEPHINE *will* hang about and want to know, if I'm *determined* to go out? *She* doesn't think her master means to go out. Ask her how *she* presumes to know what *her* master means? She'll allow me to *mean for him*—and that I told her; and it was the first thought of ill-temper that I have had since I don't know when—which made me the more angry that it was so.

The sky is overcast; and JOSEPHINE, with a real look of interest in her face, says she's so sorry I didn't bring my furs with me. But then—as the girl discreetly enough remarked—who was to expect to want fur in May? The poor thing has, I believe, a *real* regard for me.

The sky is darker, and the wind is rising. JOSEPHINE, with a shudder, declares it's *terrific, horrid* weather—and is bound for it that it's ten times warmer at home. I desire her, as a young woman and particularly in her situation, not to make use of strong words—language that does not become her. (Indeed, what is a waiting-maid to know of *terrific* and *horrid*?)

JOSEPHINE—she is a droll girl, makes me laugh!—JOSEPHINE begs my pardon; says she was only thinking if May's been like this in London, what a shocking season the chimney-sweepers must have had!

After all—I can't but say to myself—what is weather? And what poor, unhappy things we must be, when we cannot make our *own* weather! Yes—when we cannot glow in the *sunshine* of the heart? I am sure we always shall. And then, *how summer* may always reign at the hearth! *Always*, whatever rages without.

JOSEPHINE says that the gardener tells her there'll never have been—since he was an inhabitant—such a year for fruit. All the things out to the hearts. And not a peach—no, not so much as a cherry for love or money. And what, ma'am—asks that *odd* girl—what ma'am, are we to do then? she says—we can't *make* cherries. At which I laugh to myself. (*Love*—when money *can't*—may make even cherries.)

The sky gets really black, and the wind rises, and how the waves tumble. (JOSEPHINE says they're beginning to rear up on their hind legs like *white horses!* What a strange creature!)

Well, it is weather for May! Where can FREDERICK be? JOSEPHINE, the cruel girl, says—looking so *odd*—she trusts master's not gone to bathe? Hopes she's not offending me, but begs to know if, in case of anything, master can swim?

I know it's foolish, but feel such a cold twitch of the heart, and a faintness that—that makes me call her a silly girl. And then I bid her bring me the telescope (it sweeps the beach, as dear FREDERICK says), that I may just look out—just a peep.

She goes away, and it's an age until she comes back. And then she comes, and tells me that the old gentleman above insists upon keeping the glass, as he's watching a lugger—I think she says—in the offing, and with his compliments the lady shall have the telescope as soon as she goes entirely to pieces.

With all the wife in my bosom, I am about to rush for my bonnet—when the landlady runs in with the glass. Says she has all but snatched it from the old gentleman, as she knows what a young wife's feelings must be. The woman is really a kind creature—and looking so motherly. How foolish, very often, are first impressions!

I look out, above and below, and there is no FREDERICK. Perhaps, says the cruel JOSEPHINE—perhaps he's swimming, and begs me to take comfort and look again. He is *not* swimming; the mere idea is of course ridiculous; but as far as the telescope can sweep, he is *not* swimming!

The telescope begins to tremble in my hand—but it's very ridiculous. I can't see the least signs of a human being. Yes—there's something turns the corner of the cliff. Something; and JOSEPHINE asks if it's

something alive? I look and look—it is but a speck, and yet it is—my heart tells me so—it is my own FREDERICK!

The speck increases; and now—I can see the very curls of his hair. He sees me and waves his hand—and now he runs, and how beautifully, how gracefully he does run!

I put down the telescope, and just look in the glass. And now, the sky clears up again—for a bit of blue, like a blue eye looks out and—

FREDERICK runs into the room. He never did look so beautiful! With such a glow—such a sparkling look—such a—but it's no use; words seem to faint away at some things.

And now the landlady comes and says the luncheon's ready if we're ready. Dear FREDERICK cries *Let's have it*—and then says to me, he's so hungry, he could eat a live Cupid. And then I call him—and he laughs—quite a cannibal.

I never did see him eat, and—indeed, my appetite is improved with the sea air—but I never did see him devour so. Quite shocking.

The weather clears up, and as we had such a very little walk yesterday—just down to the beach and no more—FREDERICK says if I'll brave the elements, we'll walk and look at the church. (The spire looks so pretty from the bed-room window, that I'm sure, it's quite a little done of a church, nestled among the trees.)

Well, we go out. Dear fellow! he will put on my upper shoes himself, looking as I couldn't help observing, looking a little anxious at the thinness of the soles, which he says he shall reform—pulling on my over shoes, and tightening my shawl so about me, that I ask him if he thinks he's rolling up a mummy—and he says no; quite the reverse; and so with a deal of—no, I won't call it nonsense, though I want a word—we find ourselves in the garden, and through the other gate into the meadow that leads—the landlady told me—the prettiest lover's walk in the world, to the church.

And it is beautiful! (I find that I'm writing all this—and it seems more real—all as if at the very minute, and I had my pen and ink and paper in one hand, and my other in FREDERICK'S arm, though—to be sure—I don't know how that could be!) But it is beautiful; for the sky is quite blue again, and the clouds have rolled themselves off, and heaped themselves into mountains of snow, and all is as blue between—as FREDERICK says—as somebody's eyes.

How green the grass is! And how beautiful the sheep are! I never did see such sheep. So elegant of shape, so meek of face, so white in wool—quite like sheep in Arcadia! And so I remark to FREDERICK, and he says I am quite right. The real Southdowns all come from Arcadia. And then the sheep-bell! I am sure I shall think of that sheep-bell, think of it, when I've as much silver in my hair—if it ever comes to that—as there is sweet silver in its sound. What beautiful music! And I must

have heard it a thousand times, and never heard it sound so before. What dull ears I must have had! For now, with these green meadows so quiet all around us; with the dear graceful sheep, and the sound of the sheep-bell, it seems to me music for the hedge flower-buds to open their little mouths to, and drink up the music in the silver drops that run down to their dear—dear little hearts. Now, what nonsense I can't help writing!

With what a gush comes the perfume of the May that, bad as they say the season is, loads the hedges! What lumps of blossom! I bid FREDERICK pluck a piece—one piece—for my flower diary of this month—this happy, happy, happy month! (Yesterday,—I forgot to put that down—yesterday I marked with a wild heartsease.)

Was there ever anything so pretty? anything so charming? Whilst FREDERICK is plucking the hawthorn, a wedding, a country wedding comes through the gate. They are coming back from church! The bride—such a sweet little wild-rose of a thing—and the bridegroom so brown and handsome! I can't tell how it is, but when I look in the happy bride's innocent happy face, the tears come to my eyes, and I feel for the moment towards her like a sister. I kiss my hand to her, and she stops and makes the prettiest curtsy; and FREDERICK—well, I never was so proud of him—as though he felt even through his arm what was passing in my mind—FREDERICK, in his frank way, goes up to the bridegroom and shakes his hand, and wishes him all happiness.

And so we both go our way; we towards the church, and the young married folks home to their wedding dinner. God bless them! I must write that.

How beautiful are the meadows! So swelling—so rich. And we walk, but still the church is a little further than FREDERICK thought. And now the clouds gather thick and black again, and the wind rises, and—without thinking of it—I do shiver. It is as far to go back as to go on. The wind howls—and, as if discharged from twenty thousand guns, as FREDERICK says—and without any warning, showers of hail.

FREDERICK lifts me up—for all the world like a baby, I laughing all the time—and runs with me under a large tree. He will take off his over-coat, and wrap about me. And still the hail comes down, cutting even through the leaves, and bounding and jumping about us. FREDERICK looks just as sorry as if—dear fellow!—he could help it.

I'm smothered with hail-stones, but I laugh and call 'em sugar-plums. To humour me, he says they are sugar-plums. Wonders how they'll taste! And then, with his very lips, takes one, or perhaps two or three of them from between my throat and my collar.

We hear a cart—yes, a covered cart—in the road. And we get home—that is to the White Hart—red, and rumpled, and happy.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

SUGGESTED BY A SUFFERER.



BEING called out to Bow Street at Four o'clock, A.M. to bail a "fast" acquaintance who has been "out on the loose."

Having a host of country appetites, in the shape of country cousins, dropping regularly in to dinner every day in the Cattle Show week.

Being recognised in a Police Court by the gentleman "of fashionable exterior" in the dock, whom you remember to have met at Boulogne last autumn, and to have noted in your journal as "a very entertaining and agreeable companion."

Happening, in a moment of weakness, to boast that you

"know a thing or two" about the Turf, and being perpetually consulted by your sporting friends in consequence.

Knowing an amateur dramatic author who will insist on making you the audience of his rejected "heavies."

Being lugged out "sight-seeing," by all your country visitors because you "know the way about so much better than they do."

Being recognised at a Watering Place by your own green-grocer, while you

are in the act of talking Peerage with your "exclusive" friends, the DRAWLINGTONS.

And, lastly, knowing one of those artistic ogres, who entrap unwary friends into their studios, and then make "models" of them.

OUR OWN NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS CHILBLAIN has obtained Admiralty leave, having been taken in toe by the clipper gout, to be laid up in ordinary till the end of the winter.

SECOND LIEUTENANT OLDBOY gave a dinner on board the *Evergreen*, on the completion of his eightieth year of service. He is expected to be promoted to the First Lieutenancy when the present occupant of that position, who happens to be just now bed-ridden, shall be sufficiently recovered to get hoisted on board the *Blunderer*.

The newly built screw steamer *Rattleshake*, which left the harbour last week with troops for India, has just returned with her screw loose. Every effort has been made by means of a screw-driver to repair the injury, but it is expected that some months will elapse before the *Rattleshake* can proceed on her voyage. HER MAJESTY'S steam-frigate *Impracticable*—built in 1851, when, being found too small for her boilers, she was converted into a sailing vessel, and cut down in 1852 without any material improvement—is ordered in 1853 to be cut up—for fire-wood.

A LESSON FROM THE SKY.

The clouds have been setting an example to the Legislature, by giving us an unintermittent supply of water.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

Of all the "tricks of trade," perhaps the most deceitful are the Bottle tricks.

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.



WE hear the theatrical critics in the newspapers continually impressing upon their readers the melancholy fact that the Drama has declined. It seems to me past dispute, that whatever the Drama may have done in that way, a great portion of the Public have declined the Drama. Many reasons are given. Some say it is cheap concerts. There may be something in this.

Young MAGGS the stock-broker—whose father, Old MAGGS, was a great playgoer, and whose favourite talk now of a night is Mrs. SIDONS and JOHN KEMBLE; and how he once stood for five hours in a crush in Vinegar Yard, and was finally carried into the two-shilling gallery in a state of insensibility, and with no decidedly musical, I admit, and entertains his friends at classical quartette parties, where everybody but the four performers appears dreadfully bored. He has, certainly, cut the theatre, which he considers low. But, after all, I don't think MAGGS's friends, as a class, are of his way of thinking, though they do tolerate his classical chamber concerts for the sake of the cold snappers. And, after all, the MAGGSES constitute an considerable fraction of the London Public.

Neither do I think that the decline of the Drama is to be accounted for by late hours. At all events, if seven o'clock dinners are incompatible with seven o'clock dramas, the difficulty does not seem past getting over exactly, as I hope to convince you, by and bye. Again, middle class London has certainly taken to living out of town a good deal. The City is a desert after eight o'clock, and the West End is gradually extending to Brentford and Ealing. But still I don't think that is quite a sufficient explanation; or else why are the Promenade Concerts so full, and the suburban gardens in the summer, and the lecture-rooms, and Institutions, and similar places of resort?

No. I don't think if we reckon up all the out-of-door causes that are commonly alleged for the decline of the Drama, we shall get at the true explanation. It appears to me, in fact, that we must go into the theatre to find why so many people now-a-days stay out of it. This has been simmering in my mind a long time. I satisfied myself for a while with such reasons as I have given. But finding that it was none of these reasons which prevented me from going to the theatre, and yet that I am every day finding myself less and less inclined to go there, I set myself seriously to answer the question—"What is the reason you don't patronize the Drama?" Because, thought I, ten to one that the reasons which prevent you are the reasons which prevent others who, like you, are neither music-mad, nor lecture-mad, nor suburban-residence mad, nor late-dinner mad, nor fashion-mad, but lovers of the theatre, and yet not frequenters of it.

And it has occurred to me, it might be worth while to give my reasons, as well as I have been able to make them out.

It seems to me then, that the cause why people don't go to theatres, is simply that everybody about those singular places seems in a conspiracy to keep the public out. I suppose those who manage theatres have a profound conviction that people can't help going into them, and that to prevent the most intolerable annoyance of overcrowded benches, and plethoric treasuries, it is necessary to hedge round their houses with every conceivable kind of impediment and difficulty.

Before one gets into the theatre, now, there is the Box-office, where you take places.

One would suppose that managers would be anxious to induce people to take places beforehand—that they would rather hold out a reward to me if, on my way to the City, I turn aside and lose half-an-hour of my office day by calling at the Box-office and securing a couple of front seats for myself and Mrs. P. On the contrary, if I do this, I find that I am called upon to pay a shilling over and above the price of my place, and that too, though I am annually reminded (by a neat card announcing the benefit of Mr. POTTER, the Box book-keeper) that, besides my shillings, the urbane gentleman inside the pigeon-hole considers he has a claim, for some reason or other, to my patronage at his benefit. Has Mr. POTTER any conscience? Has Mr. POTTER any salary? Does Mr. POTTER, or Mr. POTTER's manager, consider that Mr. POTTER is insufficiently remunerated with a shilling for

writing my name on two cards, wrapping them up in a play-bill, and pushing them to me through the aforesaid pigeon-hole?

I declare I never take a place of Mr. POTTER but I inwardly protest against that shilling, and vow never to take another place as long as I live—and I wouldn't, only Mrs. P. insists on it. Depend upon it, that Box book-keeper's unaccountable shilling keeps many a crown out of the house.

But suppose that I have paid Mr. POTTER and secured my places. Then comes the getting to the theatre. Now, I am not a late diner—but still, business is not over in the City till close on six—and, though I don't live far out of town, I have my box at Bayswater (semi-detached); so that it is a physical impossibility for me to get home there, snatch a hasty dinner, wait for Mrs. P.'s finishing touches to her cap, and be in the house by seven, when the play begins. Why don't they begin at eight? I know what you are going to say, my dear Mr. PUMPKIN (of the T. R., Long Acre). It has never been done. I am quite aware that when people gave up business at four, and dined at five, the play began when it does now. But what I want to know is, why the practice should be continued, now that we leave our offices at half-past-five and dine at half-past six? Why am I obliged to purchase the opening scene of *Macbeth* with an indigestion? Why must I forfeit my two glasses of post-prandial Port, unless I am content to begin the *Rivals* at Act. II., Scene 3?

Suppose, for once, you broke in on the canonical hour, and accommodated your arrangements, at least in this point, to the altered habits of the day?

I am quite aware of the sacredness of theatrical traditions. I feel profoundly convinced that when Conservatism is expelled from the breast of SIR ROBERT INGLIS, it will still have a stronghold in the theatre. You have taught me, by all I see both in front of the lamps and behind them, that what the great GAGGER (A.D. 1740) did in the part of *Hamlet*, the little GAGGERS (A.D. 1852) are bound to go on doing. But I don't think the law of the Dramatic Medes and Persians should extend to hours. In fact, you must admit managers have made some change. In SHAKESPEARE'S day, the play began at three; in CHARLES THE SECOND'S time (I speak *pace* PEPYS) at four. But then middle class people dined at twelve and one.

I really think it would be worth your while to try the experiment of raising the green curtain an hour later, or—suppose the immutability of stage usage forbids this—why should you not play a short piece to begin with, and keep your strong attraction—your three acts, or five acts, if you will have five acts—for the second course of the night's entertainment?

I am quite aware that you do not admit the force of French example (except as to pieces). But I really think that you might take a hint from those who have furnished you with so many new and original works, and give us a "*levre de rideau*"—a curtain raiser—as they call the little second-rate or used up *vaudevilles* with which they open the performance. In this way I might, at least, escape a strong dose of MR. BROADGRIN'S low comedy, which would very likely please the early-comers, and I should be able to sit out the rest of the entertainment, and see your strong piece unmutated, which you will own is important.

Suppose, however, I have got to the theatre, and in time for the first piece, if you please. Let us see next, what encounters me on my arrival.

A Pretty Game of Forfeits.

THE Portuguese Government has been playing this Christmas a nice little game of forfeits—the forfeits on this occasion consisting of two-fifths off the accounts of those who have lawful claims upon the Public Funds, besides various other "pretty little things," the owners of which, we will be bound, never expected to see them in the lap of DONA MARIA DA GLORIA. However, we hope that England, or some superior power, will make the Portuguese Government give up what was entrusted to them in confidence, telling them very plainly that forfeits are never kept back, but are invariably returned to their respective owners as soon as the game is over.

Extraordinary Rationality in a Lady.

WE are enabled to state as a fact, which, though apparently incredible, may be entirely depended upon, that a lady, being offered a new bonnet by her husband, positively declined the present, on the ground that she did not want it. Hence, it appears that there is not, in all cases without exception, unqualified and absolute truth in the complaint of married men that women are always wanting new bonnets.

FINE CRUSTED ADMIRALS.—Almost all our Admirals may be regarded as Port Admirals; their principal qualification appearing to consist in having been laid down many years, like Port.

Query.—Will the Board of Directors of the Amalgamated Railways be stigmatised as a Collision Government?



DISTRESSING RESULT OF EMIGRATION.

Lady. "YES, MY DEAR. JOHN LEFT US WITHOUT ANY WARNING, AND WE CAN'T MATCH THE OTHER FOOTMAN, BECAUSE ALL THE TALL MEN ARE GONE TO AUSTRALIA."

OXFORD LINGO.

At the nomination of the Candidates for the University of Oxford, some of the parties to the proceedings spoke in Latin, and, considering the very un-English character of the opposition to MR. GLADSTONE, we think the renunciation of the English language—as unsuited to the occasion—was quite allowable. It seems rather odd that Alma Mater should object to the mother tongue; but as ordinary doctors write their prescriptions and clothe their nauseous drugs in Latin, it may be permitted to University Doctors to wrap up their speeches, which are often not over-nice, in the mystery of a dead language.

As we fear that some of the University men to whom the speeches are addressed may have forgotten a little of their Latin, we have much pleasure in presenting them with a specimen of a vocabulary which will include some of the words most likely to be in familiar use on such occasions as that of the unseemly contest now in progress at Oxford. It is true that our interpretations are not of the highest classical authority; but on an occasion when the learned pundits are quarrelling like cat and dog, a little dog Latin may be found exactly the sort of thing that is required.

Regularis custos niger.—A regular blackguard.
Laetus lapis in eternum.—GLADSTONE for ever.
Infrā cum hoste ecclesiae.—Down with the enemy of the Church.
Carrite ad polum.—Run to the poll.
Via cum gulericulis.—Away with the Whigs.
Stabimus nullas ineptias.—We will stand no nonsense.
Laetus lapis non potest esse semilater.—GLADSTONE can't be half a brick.

A Brace of Bores.

In every society you will find a person who will talk, and a person who will interrupt. The worst is, the one is not a corrective of the other: for the talkative Bore invariably talks when he is not wanted to talk, and the interruptive Bore will interrupt at the very period when he is least wanted to interrupt.

THE NEW FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

THE *Daily News* says, that the EARL OF WESTMORELAND is employing his time—that is, the time of his nation—at Vienna, by composing fugues and chorals, and superintending the rehearsals of those compositions, for the service of the Roman Catholic Church. For this mode of performing his diplomatic functions, LORD WESTMORELAND'S obvious excuse is, that he is thereby doing his best for the promotion of harmony; the old plea: the old pun. Replying in the same spirit, we might suggest that his lordship's business is to represent the interests of the British Public, instead of attending to those of the Romish Masses; that if NERO fiddled while Rome was burning, that is no reason why WESTMORELAND should fiddle while Rome is not burning, but would be burning could she only command the faith, the fire, and the faggots, and the power, to burn. We may add, that this same fiddling of LORD WESTMORELAND'S is eminently calculated to confirm the popular feeling, that diplomacy is all fiddlestick.

Endurance Abroad.

A "TRAVELLER" writing to the *Chronicle* on the outrage committed on its Austrian correspondent, says—"there is the endurance of the martyr at the stake: there is also the endurance of the ox and the ass."

And he might have added—"there is also the endurance of the EARL OF WESTMORELAND." It is said, however, that our new Foreign Secretary, with a graceful appreciation of the noble EARL'S musical tastes, has recalled him in a significant, but most melodious way. LORD JOHN has simply sent to the EARL a copy of the song—"Home, sweet Home!" His Lordship has merely written in the margin—"in quick time."

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.—For the last few years a noisy Commonwealth, that no sooner completed one Revolution but it made another!



P-LM-STON.

R-SS-LL.

“PLEDGING.”

“HALLO! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT O’ SEEING YOU HERE?”

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THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.



THE leading artists secured for the approaching season have availed themselves of the closing of the house to make "starring" tours into the provinces. According to the local prints, they have, generally speaking, been well received. In some places, however, the audiences, unaccustomed to the drawing-room tone of good society, have raised the vulgar cry of "Speak out!" and have evinced some dissatisfaction that the actors have chosen to husband their forces for the coming campaign. MR. RUSSELL has been appearing at the City of London Theatre, where he is a favourite, and has sustained his well-known rôle of *Dauntless* in *Taking a Constitutional*, in which, though too declamatory, he offers a good type of what the old school deem legitimate acting. MR. WOOD has been at Halifax, where a cabal, it appears, was got up against him and he was hissed a good deal, but his final success was complete. A great opportunity is in preparation for him, we hear, in a piece called *The Charter*, the scene of which is laid in India, and we hope he will be able to do it justice, and astonish the natives. MR. PALMERSTON has been at Tiverton, and has come out in his old part of *Saunty*; the local critics say he manifested far more care than usual, and seemed apprehensive of saying more than was set down for him, a new thing with this free and easy artist. He made a speech, however, and especially complimented the ladies of Tiverton on what they had done for his benefit. MR. COCKBURN is, or was, at Southampton, and has been very successful; an opposition attraction, a MR. COCHRANE, who was engaged to compete with him, having made a ludicrous *fiasco*. We have some recollection of this individual: he used to play—and by no means to the dissatisfaction of the laughter-loving world—*Gobemouche*, to MR. PALMERSTON'S *Gibe*, in *Foreign Affairs*, but he is not a very intellectual artist.

The Oxford Theatre appears to have been the scene of one of those discreditable intrigues which we had hoped the good feeling of the day had finally condemned. MR. GLADSTONE had been engaged, and was to have appeared as *Easy*, in *Walking the Course*. But it seems that a *clique* had determined that he should not come out in that character, and organised a systematic opposition, placarding the streets, and bringing in persons whose habits are of the blackest description, to prevent the performance. Some treachery, too, seems to have been at work, some of the parties implicated having taken pains to assure MR. GLADSTONE that he should not be annoyed; and, as soon as he had left town, having sent to devise means of attack. An individual named LEMPRIERE is stated to be at the head of this. We do not know him, but if he be the author of the Classical Dictionary, we are not aware of any person so capable of accumulating falsehoods. The result has been that MR. GLADSTONE was hindered from taking the part he had expected to perform, and has been compelled to study a new one—that of *Caustic*, in *Retaliation*, in which we have no doubt he will come out dashing. STOWELL—not the informer, and indeed a person whose information is of a sadly limited order—is mixed up in the matter, and so is a mysterious person known as MRS. GAMP, who was lately kicked out of doors by MR. FORBES MACKENZIE, for having unlawful possession of an article manufactured by himself and partners. We are far from saying that we like everything GLADSTONE does, but that such an artist should be driven from the Oxford theatre is disgraceful to everybody except himself. A stick called PERCEVAL is, it seems, thrust forward under the patronage of MR. GLADSTONE'S assailants; but MR. PERCEVAL is, we imagine, only qualified for playing such parts as *Crack*, though we have heard that he is singularly faithful and natural as *Dogberry*, when stating what he has been called, and wishes to be "written down."

We hear that great complaints are being made as to the system of admission to the Westminster Theatre. It is alleged that though the public may be told that every seat is occupied, any person who will pay his money, in a way which amounts to actual bribery, can always get in. The managers are said to have received already no less than 124 complaints from persons who declare themselves ready to prove the existence of the system, which is kept on foot for the benefit of certain agency offices and public-houses. It is high time that this should be looked to, and if a dishonest cheque-taker (especially in the upper circle) were made an example of, the practice would be done away. "First come, first served," is a good rule, which, in the present case, we would make absolute to the effect

that the first who should come anything of this kind should be first served with a writ, and then served out with a vengeance.

THE CRUIZE OF THE OLD ADMIRAL.

How crazily, how lazily,
We creep along the sea;
Our upper works are straining,
Our hull is rolling free;
Our lower ports they baffle
Attempts to caulk 'em tight,
Like scuppers, through whose leaky seams
The water runs outright!
E'en coal-brigs o'er us triumph,
Smart yachts about us sweep;
GREEN'S ships come up to look at us—
The slow-coach of the deep!
In their wake, like any servant,
We sail from day to dark;
Oh, proud must be our Admiralty
Lords of such a barque!

And proud must be our Admiral
(He's seventy-four to-day)
Of turning out on duty,
Whate'er the doctors say;
He has fought with them and conquered,
Although 'twas mad, they swore,
To go to sea, when he should have
Been laid up snug on shore.
Oh, if I were an Admiral
I wouldn't be on board,
I'd stay in London, if I could,
And be made a Junior Lord;
I'd write to the Prime Minister,
"Just find a place for me,
For a sheer hulk lies TOM BOWLING,
No longer fit for sea!"

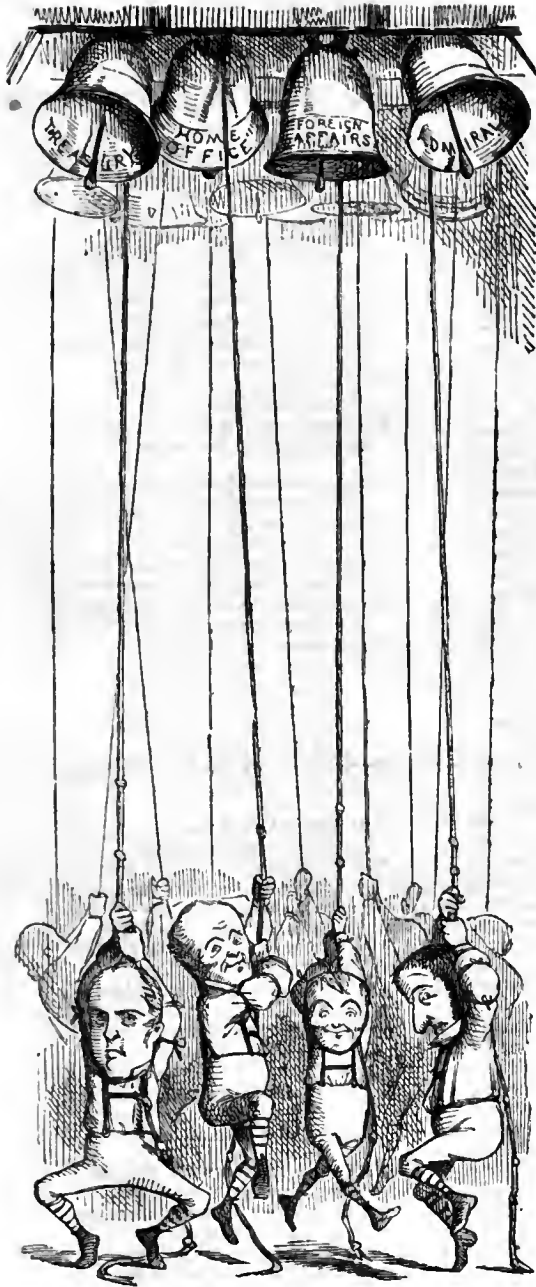
Our Admiral grew paler,
And bluer and more blue,
'Midst the sniggers of the officers,
And the broad grins of the crew;
For at sixes and at sevens
His stomach well might be,
'Twas so long, the poor old creature!
Since he had been at sea.
He heaved—'twas but an instant—
For the old sailor's pride
Succeeded in the effort
His nausea to hide.
So he mopped his poor old forehead,
And held hard his wheezy breath;
And, like a steamboat passenger,
Sat, looking grim as death!

That night the surgeon's whisper
Went round the mess to say,
That our poor old used-up Admiral
Was in a dreadful way:
Next day we beat to quarters,
In a Bath-chair wheeled was he,
With a Welsh wig, and his legs
Wrapped in fleecy hosiery!
That night a glass of toddy
Sent him cozily to sleep,
And next morning into harbour
The old ship made shift to creep.
And never from that moment,
(Lest again he sick might be)
Excepting in fine weather,
Did we venture out to sea.

Very Early Art.

A BOOKSELLER'S list of Christmas Presents, lately issued, advertises "Eighteen Portraits, forming a second series of the Bible Gallery," under the title of "*The Women of the Bible*."

To what artist did these ladies sit for their portraits? He surely was a *very* old master. The project of publishing portraits of personages of such very great antiquity is a speculation that must have been got up by the Wandering Jew.



RINGING THE NEW YEAR IN AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

NEW WRITS.

MR. SLOMAN moved for a New Writ against a Hon. M.P., with leave to take him if he could but catch him, during the recess.

MR. LEVI moved for six New Writs to arrest six Hon. Members, (five of them Irish, and all thoroughly Insolvent), who had accepted thousands of his, but wouldn't take the Chiltern Hundreds. He a so begged to move for a return of all the monies those Hon. Gentlemen owed him; and, in exchange, he would give the House all the bills he (MR. LEVI) held in his possession belonging to them.

Both motions refused on the score of "Parliamentary Privilege"—which seems to be not a bad "score" for Members who exercise their Parliamentary Privilege of running into debt.

FRENCH USHERS AT FAULT.

FRANCE has been accustomed to set copies to Europe; but she will hardly be able to do so now—with no Pen, but only a Ruler.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS.

No. 2.

As I strolled this afternoon with CHARLEY CODLINGS in Trinity Meadow and showed him the lions, I found that old RAILTON was not the only fossil that remained as a relic of by-gone times. One of the very first men I met was poor SWISHER, the schoolmaster, who came up to a Hall (I will not say which, for I would not hurt his feelings for the world), in the vain hope of getting a degree, and thereby strengthening his connexion in the country. Such a contrast to the bravery of the boys who thronged that promenade, with their hairy coats, and gold chains, and adventurous trowsers, and other gallantries! Quite a dull spot was SWISHER in the midst of the splendid crowd, who almost sneered at his coat, which certainly was very badly made, and his large boots; by the way, I wish somebody would write to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or the *Notes and Queries*, if it is still going on, and ask how it is that directly a man is poor his feet seem to grow to such an awful size. Well! SWISHER comes up every year, invested with the *prestige* of failure, and fails as before, though he is the most pains-taking fellow possible. They say (of course it is a wicked joke, and nothing more,) that his little girl habitually runs into the house and cries "Mamma, Mamma, Pa's plucked again!" The last time he went in he was completely stumped out by the Latin prose—one of those horrid bits from the *Spectator* about WILL HONEYCOMB—and he passed a slip of paper to his neighbour, containing this touching request: "Pray, Sir, for Heaven's sake, tell a married man, with three small children, the Latin for Fleet Street;" but no aid could save him, he is hopelessly, helplessly stupid. I never could understand what he does with those few sheep in the wilderness when he is away; or, in fact, what he does with them when he isn't. Poor fellow! If I had my will he should be turned out a double first and Doctor of Divinity, or Grand Compounder and Classical Tripes, or whatever he wants. His perseverance is heroic, and he is a worthy, honest man, although he *cannot* tell the Latin for Fleet Street, or Charing Cross, or Piccadilly. And his little wife, so humble, and kind, and good, is worth all the Dons' ladies put together, with their silks, and satins, and underbred insolence.

And here, my dear CHARLEY, let me advise you always to shirk a Don's party if you can do so decently. I am not speaking of College tutors—they are irreproachable, especially your men at Margaret's—but of the great guns, the old fellows who wear the very swell gowns on Sundays, and keep dismal houses and vulgar wives. They sometimes let in a few undergraduates to the awful conclave, and expect them to worship in silence. You will find the women stuck up against the wall in a row, as if they were for sale; and, if you have the audacity to speak to one of them you *will* catch it, and no mistake. Why, I remember, when I was a youngster, being put on in lecture every day for a whole term by RICKARDS, our Senior Tutor, because I asked his daughter if she did not think University parties very slow, and she went and told him. I always hated RICKARDS afterwards. Now, you know they will ask you, because your father has lots of tin; but catch them asking SWISHER, who is as well-born as most of them, and twice as well-bred. What if he is stupid and ignorant? They are civil enough to GRUBBS, the son of the railway contractor, who can't write a sentence of English, and have him to dinner, though he eats and drinks like a cannibal, and swallows his knife like a juggler. And they almost fall down before PNCUSHION, because he is the son of a lord, and will be a lord himself if he lives long enough, and he is the next thing to an idiot. And I should like to know what old CADMIAN, for instance, has learned since he got his fellowship at Christopher's. He was elected forty years ago, in the good old times that RAILTON is so fond of, because he came from Stokehampton parish in Wessex. You may say there is some merit in that, for the district only includes fifty houses, and he has certainly been of use to his College as a judge of Port wine. Besides, to give him his due, he can play quadrille, or take a hand at whist. But what else can he do? Mind, I don't object to his coming up to town, although he is a parson, and visiting the Palladium—that exclusive and fashionable place of resort—in a blue coat and great white buckskin gloves; but what right has he, when he reads nothing but the *Morning Herald*, and forms his opinions from the leading articles, to an endowment founded for the encouragement of learning? Do you suppose *he* would not be plucked as often as my poor friend, the schoolmaster, whom he snubs so disdainfully. Why, I would back SWISHER against him now, even in Latin grammar.

Beware!

You are requested not to be enraged if I ask you—

Why is MRS. BRIEFLESS's one dinner a season like solitude?—Because there is no second party.

CLOSE REASONERS.—The retailers of beer have the best of the argument about the quantity that ought to be contained in a quart bottle, inasmuch as they stick to the pint.

THE PICTURES' PETITION.

To the R. A.'s, the Fine Art Commission, and Trustees of the National Gallery,
Especially to him who is called our keeper—though that must be rallery—
We apostles and saints of the Church, who confessed and were afterwards martyred,
And drawn by great painters, and then in your gallery hung up and quartered—
(Till we're better housed from the surplus that's left by the Great Exhibition.)
Do hereby, in our grievous quandary, present this our humble petition:
Whereas, in our lifetimes, we suffered from various heathen tormentors
Divers severe operations, some broiled, and some hung upon tenters
Head or feet down, others boiled, others carded, and several roasted,
Others impaled, others skewered with arrows, or spitted and toasted,
Crushed beneath millstones or anvils, or whate'er came handy to burke us,
Quartered alive, disembowelled, or torn by wild beasts in the circus—
In short, to use newspaper phrase and yet keep within limits of charity,
"Were murdered with every refinement of studied and wanton barbarity."
So that we think we may say, from the highest to the most humble,
That at any common ill-treatment we're not very likely to grumble;
Still we feel really impelled to put forth this our mild protestation
Against what we've recently suffered by way of what's called "restoration."
Carding and teasing is nothing, and flaying alive before frying
Isn't so bad when, like eels, you are used to that manner of dying;
But having gone through these processes once, that is, while in the flesh, Sirs,
We feel it's a little too bad, on the canvas to go through 't afresh, Sirs.
If LUCIA's eyes were put out—why, her martyr's crown was the meed on 't;
But why Mr. SEGUIER should do it again, we don't see the need on 't.
Poor old SAINT LAWRENCE declares the hot gridiron left him quite placid,
Compared with the scorching and searing of FARRER's Wardour Street acid;
While SAINT SEBASTIAN complains that the arrows of stern DIOCLETIAN made no such holes in his skin, as your hands in his glazings Venetian.
And even your patron, SAINT GEORGE, though he didn't mind being beheaded,
Can't stand being bath-bricked, as he says he may next be black-leaded.
Wasn't it quite bad enough to be boiled," asks PELAGIA the martyr,
But I must give my face now to scrubbing-brush and hot water?"
Think you," says DENIS, "I carried my head, after decapitation,
All two miles to surrender 't to UWIN's fierce manipulation?"
And we haven't one female Confessor—(though saints, still, of course, they are ladies)—
Out of ruined complexion and colour, at your cruel hands, she afraid is.
Even Saint CATHERINE—little as she cares for such worldly vanities—
Declares if you lay hands on her, in your scrubbing and scouring profanities,
That the sweet pretty violets and crimsons, in which our friend RAFFAELLE has dressed her,
Will come out so staring and raw, that each painter who sees will detest her.
If no feeling for Art or Religion give force to our strictures,
You have a little respect for the sex, and abstain from their pictures;
We've seen a great deal of late in the Blue Books, and read in the papers,
How much you fear for us from the fogs and the blacks and the vapours;
But we'd rather endure all the blacks that e'er came out of UNCLE TOM's Cabin,
Than stand your sand-pap'ring and seraping and scouring and scrubbing and swabbin'.
It's for this you would send us to Kensington ever so far, Sirs,
And put yourselves to the trouble, we'd much rather stay where we are, Sirs.
Against our tormentors, ere scrubbed, scoured, and bath-bricked away,
By signing your aid we your picture-petitioners humbly do pray.
Here follow the signatures.

Putting the Shoe on the Right Foot.

THE shabby proceedings, relating to the Oxford University contest, is no longer matter of surprise to us that Oxonians should rank nearly as highlows; for, looking at the recent conduct of some of Oxonians, we should think it a degradation to walk in their shoes.

REFORM YOUR DOCTORS' BILLS.

How to pay honestly and fairly for medical advice may have been a problem to a few of our readers, most of whom, being entirely constitutional, have had few dealings with the doctor. A help towards the solution thereof has been furnished in an extract from a letter in the *Morning Herald*, the writer of which, speaking of Californian practice, says that "for three 'ahems!' and a 'ha!' he paid in August last twenty-seven dollars." Hence may be derived a scheme for the reformation of doctors' bills. To charge a shilling or eightpence for a draught, consisting of an infusion of rose holding a neutral salt in solution, value one penny, would be a monstrosity, did we not know that the practitioner's education, knowledge, and abilities, are supposed to be dissolved along with the *Magnes. Sulph.* in the *Infus. Rosa.* But this is merely a supposition. You can't dissolve medical science and skill, either in *Infus. Rosa.* or *Mist. Camphora.* or *Aqua Pura.* or *Aqua Pump.* Why, then, should not medical practitioners follow out the Californian notion, and charge for their opinions, as expressed in their interjections? As, for instance—

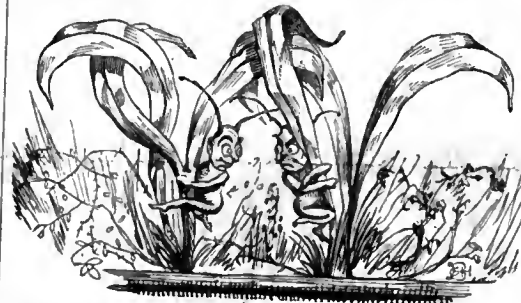
Humph!	s. d.
Ha!	2 6
Oh!	1 6
Indeed!	3 0
Well, well!	4 6
	5 0

The idea might be extended, so that the scale of fees should rise proportionably with the elongation of the professional utterances: as thus:—

Put out your Tongue	s. d.
Let me feel your Pulse	6 8
	13 6

But here we forbear; considering that our recommendation to charge—addressed to doctors—must appear to patients rather like the exhortation, "Up, guards, and at them!"

NEDDIES FROM THE NORTH.



Find in the *Eastern Counties' Herald* the following extraordinary paragraph:—

"THE MORMONS.—Three hundred Mormons, from Norway and Denmark, arrived per *Lion* from Hamburg on Tuesday night, and were forwarded by Mr. R. J. CURTIS, the agent, to Liverpool, en route for New Orleans and the Salt Lake. Two Missionaries from America have converted 2000 persons; and remaining 1700 follow in the spring."

warded by Mr. R. J. CURTIS, the agent, to Liverpool, en route for New Orleans and the Salt Lake. Two Missionaries from America have converted 2000 persons; and remaining 1700 follow in the spring."

We thought that Norway and Denmark were much too far north to furnish so many dupes to the imposture of JOE SMITH. We should think, that after the departure of 2000 of such cattle from those countries, there will be a considerable rise in the price of Asses.

To the above remarks we may append the reflection, that the fact of two Mormonite Missionaries having "converted" 2000 persons, shows that, if according to the proverb, one fool makes many, two individuals of the same description make many more.

The Expenses of Diplomacy.

THERE have lately been published some accounts of the expenses of American Embassies in the principal capitals of Europe. We should be afraid to ask the cost of some of our own embassies abroad, lest we should be compelled to publish the fact, that some of them have been sustained at the expense of our national honour, and at the cost of the liberties of some of our own countrymen. The MATHER case, and a few others, may be taken as some criterion of the sacrifice entailed by our present embassies in addition to the mere pecuniary tax we have to pay for them.

NAVAL ECONOMY.

If Government seriously wishes to improve the screw steamers of the British Navy, it should render the screw wholly subservient to the progress of the vessel, by taking it entirely off the sailors' wages.

POT-LUCK.—The luck of finding a quart bottle that will hold a pint.



THE NEW COOK.

Missis. "WHY, MY GOODNESS, COOK! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT? IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK, AND THAT HARE NOT PUT DOWN YET!"
 Artiste. "CAN'T HELP IT, MARM. I NEVER KNEW ANYTHING TAKE SUCH A TIME TO 'PLUCK' IN MY LIFE!"

A PUFF FOR THE BLUE BOOKS.



THE Commons have been discussing the possibility of pushing the circulation of their Blue Books, which have hitherto been looked upon as so many blue pills by the public, who have shown no particular eagerness to swallow them. They have, in fact, been considered as somewhat of a drug in the trade, and have been to be found chiefly on the shelves of the second-hand book-stalls. We admit that there is often a good thing to be met with in a Parliamentary Blue Book, and we should be glad of some more reputable mode of putting them forward than the present practice, by which the principal

agents for their publication and sale are the waste-paper dealers and the buttermen. The ordinary mode through which an occasional glimpse of the Blue Book literature is obtained by ordinary people, is usually an investment in a rasher of bacon or a quarter of a pound of Dorset, which will in all probability be enveloped in a leaf relative to Harbours of Refuge, the Nabob of Oude, Local Taxation, or some other subject which may—or may not—repay perusal.

"THE BAKER."

Who is it, in an idle hour,
Grinds up some beans both cheap and sour,
To mix them with his wheaten flour?
The Baker!

Who if a trifling rise in price
Occurs in corn, will not be nice,
But in the bread will charge it twice?
The Baker!

Who when the corn is "down again,"
Is such a thorough rogue in grain,
The rise in bread still to maintain?
The Baker!

Who is it, when we send a pie,
Will child-like take a straw and try
To suck it of the syrup dry?
The Baker!

Who is it, when we trust some ribs
Of beef to bake, a portion cribs,
And hides the fault by wicked fibs?
The Baker!

Who, if we miss a piece of fat,
Has always got an answer pat,
And lays it on a neighbour's cat?
The Baker!

Who from rice pudding, with a cup,
Extracts the custard—every sup—
And says the fire has dried it up?
The Baker!

Who, the unpleasant truth to state,
Cheats us at such a fearful rate
That every loaf is short in weight?
The Baker!

THE MOST RESPONSIBLE OFFICER OF THE CROWN.

We hope the new CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will mind what he is about; for on the Minister who has conceited the Budget, depends the fate of Millions.

MOTTO FOR A STEP-FATHER.—"C'est le Premier Pa qui coule"

Parliamentary reports are not always very light reading, but there no doubt that, if skilfully edited, they might be made more attractive than they are, and a few illustrations would certainly help them amazingly. For example, the massive report on "The Debts of the Nabob," which led to a commission for the purpose of paying the Nabob running away with all his creditors after him. A report on local taxation would have given fine scope to an artist in depicting still life, and willing to illustrate the book with sketches of tax-gatherers under various circumstances waiting for payment. Of course we do not presume to expect that the course proposed will be adopted; but if the Legislature really wish to get the Blue Books read, we trust a trial will be given to the plan we have recommended.

Mildness of the Season.

SUCH has been the extraordinary mildness of the season, that of our Admirals on active service was enabled to leave his cabin for the open air, in which he remained during a quarter of an hour on deck. The gallant veteran, though a little shaken, was enabled by aid of a respirator to inhale some genuine sea-air; under the invigorating effect of which, he piped all hands in a falsetto of much clearness—all things considered.

THOUGHT FOR THE TRAIN.

ACCORDING to law, the survivors of railway accidents can recover. Their recovery may be safe enough as a matter of law; we wish we were equally sure as a matter of fact.

A QUESTION FOR UNIVERSITY MEN.

WE should be glad if any correspondent, who is "up to speed" would tell us if there is any material difference between that which is commonly called "blackguard" and the "Oxford mixture."



Irritated Swell. "RING! YES, OF COURSE I RUNG! HOW THE DEUCE DO YOU SUPPOSE I'M TO DO MY BACK HAIR WITH ONLY ONE CANDLE!"

THE BLACK JOB OF THE CITY.

WE always begin to burn with indignation, when we think of our coals and the tax we have to pay for them to the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen of London. They frequently tax our patience by their obtuseness, and our gravity by their absurdity, but why they should tax our coals we cannot tell, unless it is that they feel a sort of right to place upon illumination or enlightenment as much restriction as possible. The tax was originally confined to coals coming to London by the Thames, it being thought, probably, that the right of bringing combustibles by the river might interfere with the old privilege of "setting the Thames on fire," which is supposed to be vested in the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen. The subject is now boldly grasped, and coal is being taken in hand, with a view to a thorough sifting. Those who have had the fingering of coal for so many years cannot come out of the affair with clean hands, but the sooner the dirty affair is got rid of, the better it will be for the character of the Corporation, and the pockets of the public.

THE RELEASE OF MADIAI!

ANOTHER brand upon the brow of Rome!
Another murder to the papal score!
Where HUSS and JEROME were inscribed before,
Oh now, Recording Angel! in thy tome
Write MADIAI, though his lips no foam
Of felon's death-pang whitened, and his gore
Made red no scaffold; glowing pincers tore
Not his quick flesh; nor did the martyrdom
Of fiery torment his fell butchers glut.
But him did LEOPOLD, the dastard tool
Of Popery, in a loathsome dungeon shut,
So that he died. "Freedom of Action," Fool,
Would'st thou grant Romish bigots? Freedom, but
Freedom of prate and antics: NONE of RULE.

A SHORT THEATRICAL CATECHISM.

Q. What order do the Press Orders belong to?
A. The Order of the Fleecce.

OUR HONEYMOON.

SUNDAY, MAY 4, 18—

WEATHER beautiful! I may say, quite Sabbath weather. Somehow, afraid to be a little late at church; and so, really, as I told FREDERICK, don't half dress myself, going out *quite a figure*. Wonder what the people will think? In his grave, sly way, FRED. tells me to *calm my anguish*; and that as we're going to church, he has the liveliest hope that the congregation will charitably construe my bonnet, and undergo my gown with Christian resignation. He assures me that people *don't* think; that people don't trouble their heads with people; and that even were I to go to church the *greatest fright* that could be, people would know nothing of the matter; would eat their dinners; and at bedtime positively go to sleep as if *nothing had happened*. And all this long speech he made, looking in my eyes in his sly way—all this long speech, because I merely wondered—when I was putting on my bonnet at the glass, *what* people would think? What an odd *love of a creature he is!*

How lovely the walk to church! The grass and hedges all so fresh, all as if they'd drunk their fill of the rain, that still glitters in *millions of diamond drops!* Such a freshness from the earth, as though it took and breathed a *hearty breath!* And the church-bell rings so cheerfully, as if it called all people to come and hear blessed tidings—as, indeed, it does. And on we walk, and the sheep—those dear sheep—look at us with their meek faces, and there is one dear little lamb that FREDERICK vows has leapt out of the frame and trotted all the way from Rome—where he once saw it, when he travelled—out of the frame of one of RAPHAEL'S pictures—it has such a sweet speaking little face. I tell FREDERICK that I should like so much to take it home with us—(*that word Home!*) if it doesn't seem to get *sweeter and sweeter* every time I speak it!)—it would be so pretty always to have a dear pet lamb. But FREDERICK answers that lambs have a habit of becoming sheep; and he is afraid that sheep, pet them as we may, do awaken in the contemplative mind emotions bordering on turnips. He is an odd creature!

It is beautiful to see the people. The young so fresh and rosy—country girls with such bright blood in their faces, and such brown and white complexion, and such big sloe-black eyes (FREDERICK prefers them blue; but that, I fear—no, I don't *fear* it—that is out of compliment to a *certain person*)—sloe-black and sky blue when bluest and

brightest, and all looking so sweet and fresh as though they'd always been washed in *May morning dew*.

And young and old, we see them *dotting the fields* in all directions, moving towards the church. And it *is* the prettiest of churches. So old! Yet with such a pleasant aspect. A small grey church built of rugged stones—and with such a peaceful, cheerful look; like an old, old man that had lived through a long, long stormy life, and yet in his old age kept a cheerful, hopeful face, as though still looking, not onward, but upward.

We enter the church, and we are shown towards a pew. Of course, I am going in, when FREDERICK takes my arm in his hand, and with a gentle firmness sways me on one side, and passes me by him, seating me—and then seating himself—yes, seating me in the middle of the church, *on the open seats*, and in *no pew at all*. I was astonished. I am afraid I was *more* than astonished. I felt, yes—positively angry: and tried to *give him a look*: but I might just as well have looked at *one of the stone cherubim* on the wall—he *wouldn't* see it.

But I had cause to be angry! For just beside me—yes, positively *next to me*—there was an old dame, I *do* think nothing more than a *labourer's wife*, in a red cloak, and next to her her husband, *quite a peasant*—and I did feel my face as red as that cloak, and was quite in a twitter. I *do* think I should have left the church if I could have gone out—but FREDERICK—the provoking creature—as if he had foreseen *that*, sat like a *rock* before me. Well, to mend the matter, and to put me *almost in a passion*, who should come in—in *such a shawl and bonnet*, yes, a bonnet, too, with staring corn-flowers and poppies in it—as if anybody wore corn-flowers and poppies in *May*—but who should come into the church, and like her impudence! sit herself down immediately behind me but—JOSEPHINE? I nudged FREDERICK—but as if he knew what I was going to say—he took no more notice of me than if I'd been the *strangest stranger*. I nudged him again when—opening his prayer-book—he gave it to me with a manner that seemed to say—*Attend to that*.

Well, the service began—or begins, for my pen will get back to the *present*. The service begins; and by degrees I get calmer, though not so tranquil—I feel *that*—as I ought to be. And I do catch myself looking round at the pews—and positively *do* see in one of them the landlady of our house, of the White Hart; who—and this *does* astonish me—doesn't seem surprised to see *me* where I am. Indeed, *not a single person* in any of the pews appears to think *the least of the matter!*

The service continues, and the clergyman—a mild, sweet-voiced old man!—at length begins the sermon. The text is—“*And when the devil left HIM, angels came and ministered unto HIM.*”

Such a beautiful discourse! The dear good man's words fall like soft, refreshing rain. “And so it is, my brethren”—he says—“so it is with us in the world; with every one of us. We are rewarded for every triumph we make over temptation. I will suppose that there are among us many who have struggled against the vanity of vain pleasures; many who have put down evil thoughts with a strong will; many who, after a long, and it may be, an uncertain conflict with the seduction of the world, at length have triumphed. I will put it to them—to answer in the sanctity of their own consciences—whether, when they have combated and so prevailed against the Evil, compelling and driving it into utter darkness from them—I put it to them, whether their hearts have not softened and melted within them; whether they have not felt in their bosoms a seraphic influence. They have so felt; it cannot be otherwise. And so it will ever be. Yes, my friends; no sooner shall you have driven from you the tempting demon of pride, of vanity, of anger—no sooner shall the devil have left you, than angels will come and minister unto you.”

The tears roll down my face; and I feel so happy and so humbled; and so ashamed that I had shrunk—and couldn't help it—shrunk from the very touch of the dear old soul's scarlet cloak as though there had been the scarlet fever in it. But now, I felt so happy—and the happier the more I wept; and I felt the pressure of FREDERICK'S arm as though his heart was at that moment—hearing me sob—at that moment growing towards me. The service is over, and the people leave the church. Again in the church-yard, it is pretty—beautiful—to see knots of people in threes and fours—married children from distant villages greeting father and mother—grandchildren—here and there the tiniest baby—kissed and danced by granny and grandsire!

Without a word, but with the same consent, we wander about the churchyard, and—in a few minutes—we are alone in it. What a beau-

tiful spot! What a place—as FREDERICK afterwards said—what a place for the inevitable sleep!

We wander about, and without saying a word, read the tomb-stones. “This is very sad; worse than sad!” says FREDERICK. “Here we are required to ponder the vanities of life, remembering that he who lies below—he, who in the fulness of health and hope, was snatched from life at twenty-three—is now a prey to the devouring worm. This is very foolish.”

“Foolish!” I cry, surprised.

“Foolish, my love,” said FREDERICK; “very, very foolish, and very, very untrue. What has the worm to do with him, more than had the moth that may have eaten into his cast-off-coat? What was put here, but his coat of flesh and bone—his garment of earth? No, no; let the cheerful hope that is the vitality of our faith write my epitaph. No worms for me.”

I can't say a word—not a word. “So we pass from grave to grave, and I give a look homewards; and we are about to go thither, when we both together stop at a tombstone. It bears this word—these verses, and no more:—

“Lucy.”

“Poor child of grief, by faithless vows betray'd,
At length from sin and sorrow thou art free;
Thy debt to nature, it is truly paid,
And wounded pity pays her debt to thee.”

“The heart that is now a clod below us”—said FREDERICK, at the same time seating himself upon the grassy grave—“the poor heart, it is plain—bitterly plain—broke in the trial.”

I couldn't say a word. I sat down beside him. I thought of my vanity, my worldliness, my pride in the church. The grave I sat upon seemed to reproach, yet kindly teach me. I gathered a daisy—it was the only one—from LUCY'S grave; and in remembrance of the cheerfulness, the humility, the constancy it should teach me—for is not the daisy an emblem of all these?—marked my first wedded Sabbath.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 3.



BELIEVE I am dreadfully wanting in decision of character. Here is our election going on, and I can't bring myself to join either side. Every one seems to have made up his mind, except myself. Each party is clear that it is the original and only genuine champion of the Protestant Religion and the House of Brunswick, which long live the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT. The other side are Jesuits, Papists in disguise, Dissenters, Absolutists, Radicals, Socialists, unscrupulous place-hunters, disappointed bigots, renegeades and traitors. What nonsense! It isn't so. They know it isn't so. Take BROWN, for instance, who is on the RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN DOE'S Committee. BROWN supports his mother and sisters by hard work at the Bar, and some years ago

gave up a Fellowship because he thought such an endowment unfit for a man who could manage to live without it. And FITCH calls this man dishonest, simply because he is High Church. Why, FITCH himself would trust him with an untold bushel of bank-notes, if he had them, this very day. Then FITCH catches it from the other side. FITCH is an active partisan of MR. ROE, and in consequence no name is bad enough to throw at him. Far-sighted and deliberate schemes of self-aggrandisement are attributed to that honest fellow, worthy of CESAR BORGIA, or LOUIS NAPOLEON. And yet he is a perfect boy. He looks forward to the end of Term and getting a shot at a snipe, or a day or two's salmon-fishing, as eagerly as he did when he was fifteen. But then he has some unintelligible crotchet about the 17th Article, and therefore is capable of any baseness. I hate these religious controversies: they make men so bitter and unreasonable. Here are gentlemen of education and position who talk of each other as if they were so many pickpockets. Pray, my brothers, leave rancour and calumny to more congenial spirits, to Metropolitan Vestry Meetings, and such like. Your learned hands were never made to tear each other's eyes. Let the Morning Cur bark and bite, and the True Blue growl and fight, for 'tis their nature to. If you can't be unanimous, vote in silence, and don't call names.

By Jove! what a lot of the old fellows are up. I have shaken hands with thirty men in five minutes. Every master's gown in the city must have been hired for the occasion. Why there's SCORESBY, of all men in the world, like the priest all shaven and shorn, in the very stiffest white choker, and the highest black silk waistcoat I ever beheld. And did you ever see such an apostolic coat? He might be a dean or an archbishop. I remember SCORESBY with whiskers curling down almost into his lap, a wonderful smoker and whist-player, with an extraordinary talent for drinking beer. He was sent down for painting the Provost's door pea-green; and now he is bringing out an edition of “CYPRIAN,” to be followed by the rest of the African Fathers. Gad, he looks as if he hadn't dined for a week.

Here comes a stately swell with a blond moustache. That's THORNTON; he is in the Heavies, and I should have thought much too great a man to be interested in politics. He seems rather uneasy in his cap and gown. The pale youth with him is his cousin, the HON. AND REV. SPENCER THORNTON, so well known at Exeter Hall in the month of May. He is rather shy of visiting the University, where his particular kind of humbug is at a discount. He has a great flow of words, but a very bad memory, and makes the most tremendous blunders in his historical allusions. So he is never quite comfortable except among women, who idolize him, and are always giving him cambric handkerchiefs.

Here comes a detachment of barristers from London. They all vote for DOE and have a great contempt for the other side, the strength of which lies among the country parsons. It is very amusing in the Common-room after dinner, to hear one of these shrewd, perhaps not over-modest, gentlemen set the mild residents to rights, and explain to them how ignorant they are of the world.

I heard young JAWKINS, who has just got his first brief, chaffing poor BOWSER, the tutor, in the most unmerciful manner about College bigotry and intolerance; and it is barely four years since the boy looked on that venerable man, and heard his words with awe and admiration. BOWSER said privately, afterwards, “When JAWKINS grows older, he will know less.” Here, at all events, is one man who is not changed. How are you, SIDNEY, old boy? He wears the same hunting scarf, neat black riding coat and tight drab trowsers, and has his boots cleaned as incomparably as ever. His face is as weatherbeaten and jolly, and, I doubt not, his heart is as warm as when we were undergraduates together. He is a country gentleman, and, I fear, rather wedded to obsolete economical theories, the abolition of which certainly relieved him of five hundred a-year. He is a great man with the Ditchley hunt, and a dead shot, and keeps up his place in Northamptonshire with traditional state and hospitality. He has come up to vote for ROE, whom he identifies with Protestantism and our ancient institutions. He is never haunted by a doubt or scruple in his politics. He has a maxim which never fails him. “My dear fellow, I always go with my friends.”

THE ACTOR'S ORTHOGRAPHY.



WE have heard that there is a sort of enchantment in the profession of the actor, but whether there is or no, we are quite sure that there is a peculiar spell about the stage, which is only to be met with in the pronunciation of those who appear before a theatrical audience. We should like to ask—and would ask if there were any chance of our getting a satisfactory answer—why it is that the orthography of real life is abandoned on the other side of the foot-lights, which seems to be the boundary of a region where MAJOR is unknown, and where CARPENTER exists in his mechanical form alone, without any of those lexicographical attributes with which his name is identified?

We would ask why the letter *t* can't be followed in the same word by the letter *r* without the intrusion of an impertinent vowel to disturb the union? Why, in fact, is "retribution" always "re-ri-bution" in the mouth of the tragedian? and why cannot he utter the word "truth" without putting into it so many *ee's* as to make it a matter of much difficulty, and no ease at all to follow him? The letter *r* altogether seems to be marked out for persecution on the stage, as even at the beginning or the end of a word it is not allowed to have its natural force, without an attempt to tack something extraneous on to it. For example, "revenge" is sure to become "a-a-revenge" in the ordinary actor's mouth, and "terror" is amplified into "terror-a" by the lips of the "leading man" at a melo-dramatic establishment.

The treatment of the vowels is often no less cruel than that of the consonants, and a system of substitution is practised with no other apparent motive than to make speaking on the stage as unlike speaking anywhere else as possible. The "pestilence" of MAJOR becomes "pest-a-lence," when mentioned by an actor in his part; the "clear sky" is deprived of all its clearness, by being tortured into "skeyie;" and the "transparent blue" is hardly to be seen through from the intensity of the "blee-you" that is thrown into it. "Terrible" is converted into "terra-bul;" a "crime" is rendered far more atrocious by being extended into a "cer-r-r-r-ime;" and the actor generally makes an injudicious display of his love of letters, by dragging as many letters as he can into every syllable he utters. We hear occasionally of youth having been driven to the theatre by certain aspirations, and, indeed, those aspirations have often been manifest to the audience; though they have been sadly misplaced, for what can justify the aspiration which converts "action" into "haction," and treats "every hope of earthly happiness" as nothing better than "hevery ope of hearty appiness." We should be very glad to break the disenchantment of the sort of spell that hovers about the atmosphere of the stage; and, if we have spoken plainly, it is only with the hope that the actors may attempt to follow the example, by trying to speak for the future as plainly as we have done.

TALK OF THE WEATHER.

A LEARNED discussion has lately been going on with reference to the causes of rain; and, really, after the very wet weather we have had during so many months, it is refreshing to get hold of a thoroughly dry subject. We shall be delighted if the gentlemen who have kindly taken the cause of rain in hand will effectually clear it up, to the satisfaction of all parties. One learned writer attributes it to the "rapid union of two or more volumes of air;" and considering the rapidity with which several volumes of airy nothings are continually issuing from the Press, we cannot be surprised at the dampness of the atmosphere. He adds that "winds are the agents by which these volumes are distributed;" an assertion we verily believe, for it is astonishing how many volumes can be carried off by the agency of puffing. Another authority insists that "vapour condenses into rain;" and we ourselves can testify that there is a great deal of mere vapouring, which, when condensed into its due proportions, falls to the ground with amazing rapidity.

With every respect for the elaborate inquiry into the subject of where the rain has come from, we must confess that "where it has all gone to" is a point on which we are quite as much puzzled.

Windfalls for the Church.

THE *Morning Post* states that 291 Clergymen have died during the past year, causing the transference of ecclesiastical revenues to the amount of £101,449; but as several of them were pluralists with two, three, or four appointments, the distinct benefices may be reckoned at about 350; by which computation the Church has gained more in livings than it has lost in deaths.

THE NESTOR OF THE NAVY.

Oh, the days when I was young!
In GEORGE THE THIRD's old precious time,
When, all his jolly dogs among,
The PRINCE OF WALES was in his prime.
I recollect DUNDAS and PITT,
How FOX was famous for his tongue,
And SHERIDAN renowned for wit,
All in the days when I was young.

Oh, the days when I was young!
I oft saw Mrs. JORDAN play,
And rogues and vagabonds were hung,
For petty stealing, every day.
Then men could drink their bottles three;
And then the war with France up sprung;
And then did I first go to sea,
All in the days when I was young.

Oh, the days when I was young!
Beneath old HOWE's and VINCENT's flag,
I often to the topmast clung,—
A thing of which I needn't brag.
And under COLLINGWOOD I served,
Long ere this leg was swathed and slung;
And my promotion I deserved,
All in the days when I was young.

Oh, the days when I was young!
I helped LORD NELSON win the Nile,
Whilst DUNDIN's songs our seamen sung;
And now I am a grey old file!
I also fought at Trafalgar,
Then down my arms in honour flung;
Since then I've seen no more of war—
None, since the days when I was young.

Oh, the days when I was young,
That art and science could restore!
At least this old hulk caulk and hung,
That rates above a Seventy-Four.
For I'm appointed to command,
All battered, shattered, and unstrung;
Oh, gouty foot! oh, shaky hand!
And, oh the days when I was young!

ENGLAND'S BEST DEFENCES.

If the whole length of the coast were defended by a good line of railway, with trains running at all hours, and garrisoned with an efficient corps of signalmen and guardsmen, picked from our worst-managed Railway Companies, we are confident that LOUIS NAPOLEON would at once abandon all ambitious idea of invading England, for to land an army on the coast in the teeth of such strong defences would be only to expose it to certain death. Once set the trains running, and not a Frenchman would be found to face the fearful danger, more especially, if a set of time-tables were published, "by Authority" at the same period. The only difficulty is, with the many contending claims, on what Chairman or Committee-man of our numerous railway companies we should confer the proud honour of being appointed Commander-in-Chief of these most important fortifications. All claims, however, fairly considered, we think the preference should be given to the Oxford and Buckingham Line. Under its signal care, or rather the want of it, England may be safely pronounced to be impregnable!

The destructive powers of railway engines have been sufficiently tried upon Englishmen, and it is time now that those same engines of destruction should be turned a little against our foes. We will pay the damages of the next railway accident, if, with such defences on our coast to receive an invading army, a man of it leaves the island alive!

MAXIM FOR THE ADMIRALTY.—You may take a ship to the water, but you can't make it swim.



PROBABLE RESULT OF THE POULTRY MANIA.

A TRIFLE FROM SCOTLAND TO THE EMPEROR!

In our excellent contemporary, far north, the *Inverness Courier*, we find these glad tidings:

"EAGLE FOR THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.—A fine golden eagle, taken in Strathglass, is at present in this town, with a view to its being sent to Paris as a present to the EMPEROR OF FRANCE. A number of rabbits have been sent as food for the eagle during its journey."

This is very handsome of the good folks—whoever they may be—of Scotland. A golden eagle, too! Truly this makes the offering more magnificent. We are moreover delighted to find that the eagle has been sufficiently provided with food, so that he may appear in the best feather before his new owner. And yet a doubt comes over us. Rabbits! Are they rabbits in the fur, or merely Welsh rabbits?

Any way, it is very charming to know that Scotland has so gracefully renewed her ancient alliance with the kingdom of France. Can she not still further strengthen it? NAPOLEON wants a wife. As Scotland has sent him an eagle, could she not provide him with a dove—a ring-dove?

We are as surprised as charmed with the enthusiasm of even three or four Scotchmen—perhaps, too, the number may swell to half-a-dozen, or it may subside to one—who can thus touchingly illustrate an admiration for patriotism, generosity, munificence and magnanimity, and twenty other virtues, all as resplendent in the EMPEROR as are the golden plumes of the imperial bird. How will the eagle be received? Will all Scotchmen residing in Paris form a tail to "our cousin" the DUKE OF HAMILTON, to be preceded by a piper blowing and screeching, and marching like a lunatic peacock, to the Tuileries? We hope so. When Scotland parts with so much gold as a golden eagle—and to such a man—it is impossible to make too much of the donation.

We would not goad liberality, nevertheless we must suggest an addition to the golden gift. The EMPEROR is about to be crowned and robed. Well, there are, we have heard, sleek, beautiful, wild creatures to be found among the hills of Scotland. We think, if we mistake not, they are called wild-cats. Yes; wild-cats is the name. They are playful and innocent in their habits, never carrying off so much as a head of cattle—not even lifting a single stag. Now and then, it is said, they have been known to sit upon their hind legs, and lick their lips and mew to full-uddered cows for a drop of milk. Well, we propose that a few

of these cats be snared, killed, and skinned,—and their furs, duly prepared, sent to NAPOLEON THE THIRD, to decorate his coronation robe. The nine lives popularly bestowed upon a cat might, in catskin, be interpreted as the aspiration of Scotland—"May the EMPEROR live for ever!"

As we were about to go to press, a letter—of which the following is the postscript—was received by the well-known Scotch house—MAC-THISTLE, MACWHISTLE, and MACBRISTLE:—

"*Inverness, Jan. 19.*

"You will not be surprised to learn that our golden eagle, intended as a present to the EMPEROR OF FRANCE, has not yet quitted us. Some say that the bird is not well enough to take so distant a journey. Some say it has got the pip: but—a word in your lug—I think it's the awful decline in the French funds.

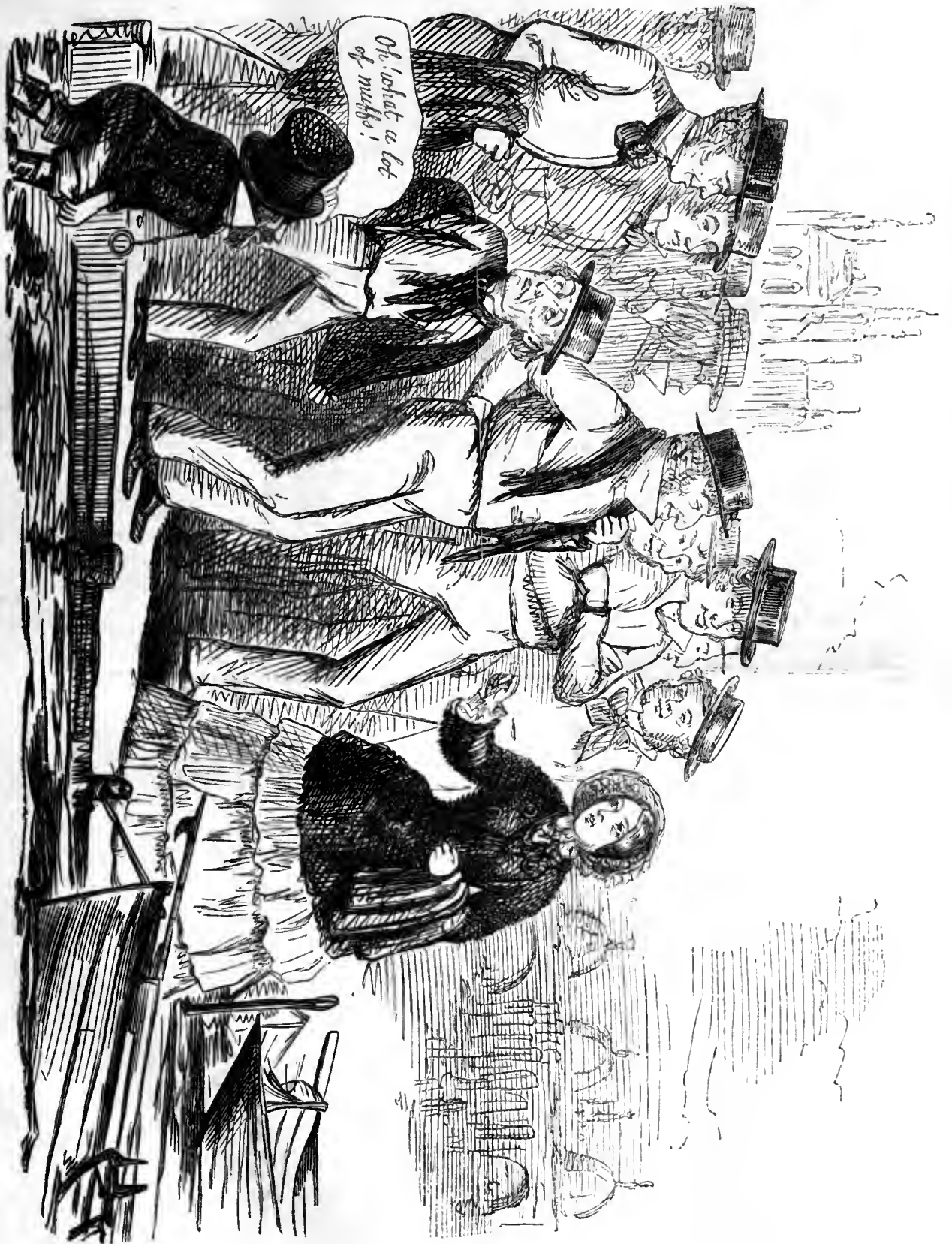
"Yours, ARCHIBALD MACSILLER."

The Reins of Power.

SOME umbrellas are being advertised, of a colour called Napoleon Blue. Napoleon is rather aptly associated with an umbrella just now, for the old saying, "it never rains but it pours," was never more thoroughly illustrated than in the case of LOUIS BONAPARTE. How he may be able to weather the storm, should it really set in, is a rather difficult question, and the umbrella, as well as the EMPEROR, may then find less magic in the name of NAPOLEON than some seem to anticipate.

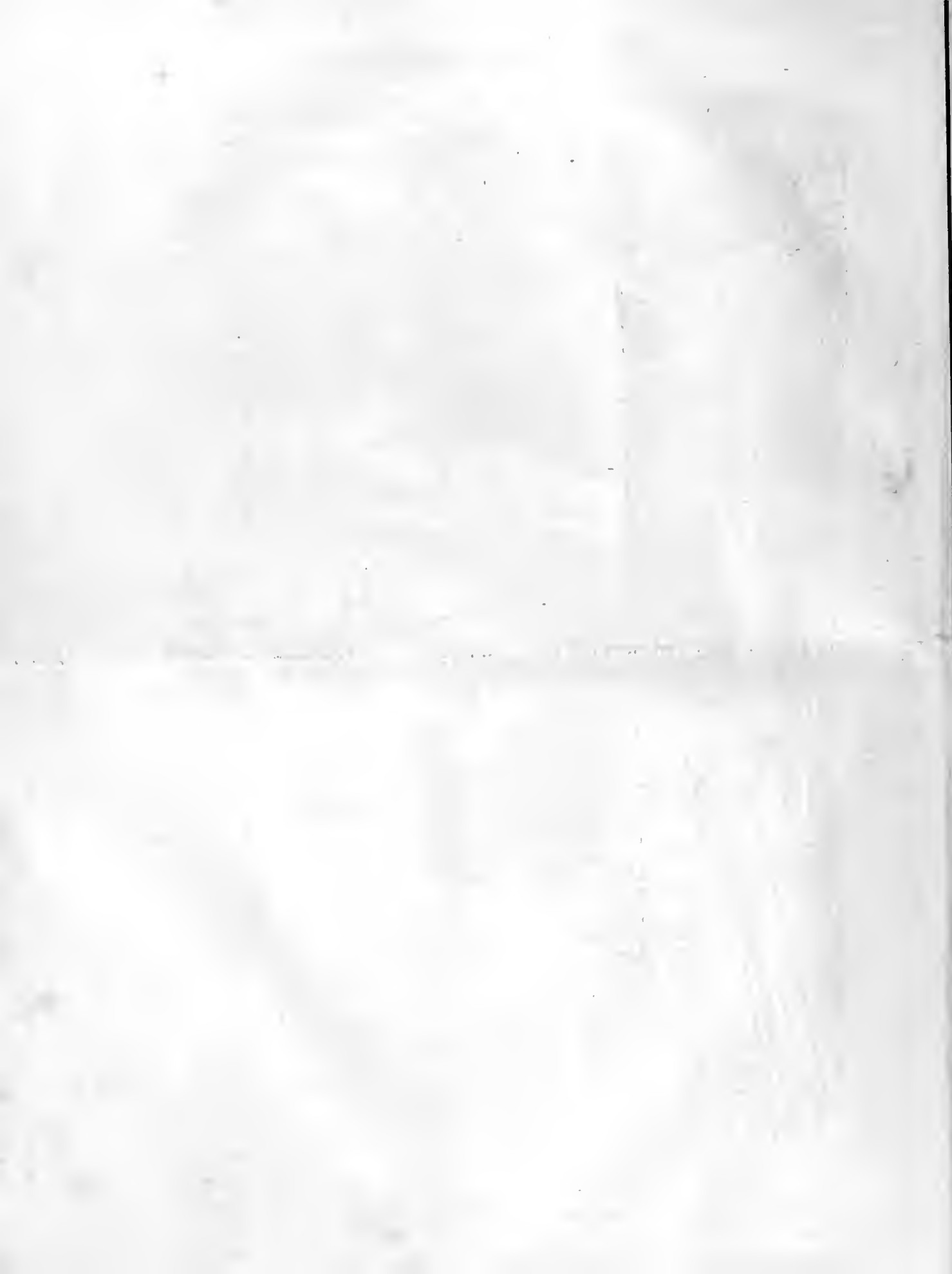
CONSCIENCE MONEY.—MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS begs to acknowledge the receipt of four shillings, being the price of admission to the boxes, which have been sent to him by a most honourable individual, who signs himself (though somewhat at length) as "One of the 100,000 persons who have been the cause, by going in with orders during the last five years, of keeping £25,000 out of the Lyceum Treasury, and who hopes the remaining 99,999 persons will do the same." Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS hopes, in the name of conscience, these honourable gentlemen will do the same, and he doesn't mind on this occasion sinking the manager, and acting for the first time as Money-taker.

A LEGAL CONVEYANCE.—The Prison Van.

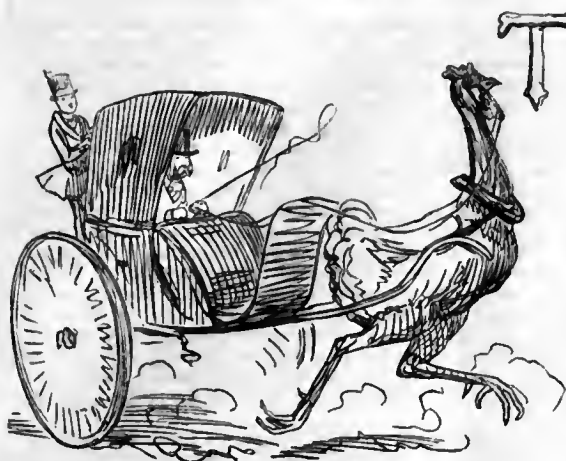


THE NEW CREW.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN—PULL TOGETHER THIS TIME, IF YOU PLEASE."



THE POULTRY EXHIBITION.



THE exhibition of fowls has been drawing such numbers, that the throng in Baker Street has been sufficient to remind one of the crowd in the Poultry. The anxiety to see these animals and their various plumage shows how the public taste can be tickled by a feather, and, indeed, during every day of the exhibition, the place appropriated to the fowl has resembled a fair. The display has somewhat shaken our faith in the old

saying that "birds of a feather flock together," for we have never seen so many birds of different feathers as we have recently found flocking together in Baker Street. The prices fetched at the sale have been almost fabulous, and among others a certain duck—which must have been a regular "duck of ducks"—was valued at one hundred pounds sterling. Two of the pens of Polish fowls are estimated at one thousand pounds—a circumstance which ought to make the literary market look up, for if so much can be obtained by a pen, the author's fortune may be one on which he has a right to plume himself. We are not in the habit of taking our own pen into the market, but we should like to ask, if a pen at Baker Street—Polish though it be—is worth one thousand pounds, what is the value of the pen of *Punch*, which is all polish, and point of the most brilliant order?

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE GRAND UNITED GOLD AND DIAMOND DUST COMPANY.

An Act is already in existence—the Insolvent Act—to limit the liability of the Shareholders.

CAPITAL, £100,000 in Shares of £1.

To show the confidence felt in the undertaking on the spot, it is respectfully announced, that 50,000 Shares are reserved for the locality where the dust exists, or, in other words, for the dusthole.

The names of the Directors, if announced, would be recognised in the market as guarantees for very large amounts, and every one of them is extensively associated with the stamp or stamps of credit.

This Company is formed for the purpose of working the rich deposits supposed to be embedded in the various Banks of an extensive district. The Directors are in treaty for the lease of an extensive river in the Brazils, the tide of which is supposed to lead on to fortune.

They hope, by getting into the right current, to be able to stir up the sources of wealth already alluded to, when they may anticipate that the numerous flats on all sides will yield an abundance of the precious ore they are in search of. Should these means of profit become exhausted, the Directors have the satisfaction of feeling that the adjacent plantations will enable them to take advantage of the numerous plants, and the gold being used up, they can cut their sticks immediately.

The Directors propose to take further powers for pocket-smelting, and otherwise reducing the quantities of auriferous matter that remain unappropriated, on account of the imperfect manner in which the process of extracting gold from any place in which it exists, has been hitherto carried on in this country.

Notwithstanding the numerous arts that have been employed, the Directors flatter themselves they are in possession of a machinery by which gold can be squeezed out from quarters where it has, until now, remained so tightly held as to have been regarded as utterly unattainable. The process is one of refinement, but it would be obviously imprudent to say more on this point in a public advertisement.

The Directors hope that enough money for their purpose will be obtained at once, and they anticipate no further calls, but the Subscribers will have the right of making as many calls as they please—for the recovery of their money—at the office of the Company, should the undertaking be un-remunerative to the Shareholders.

Applications for Shares, in the usual form, may be made forthwith to the Secretary *pro tem.*, who will be happy to throw samples of the Dust immediately into the eye of any applicant.

PRECIOUS POULTRY.—Heus rear ducklings; but the price of Cochin China fowls is so enormous, that their chickens can only be reared by geese.

SISTERS AND SLAVERY.

AFFECTIONATE REPROOF

BY THE LADIES BULL.

DEAREST Sisters, we implore you
To receive our fond caress,
Whilst we meekly lay before you
An affectionate address;
Do not think we mean to blame you
By a single thing we say,
Or desire at all to shame you
In the slightest kind of way.

But by such a sense of duty
To this course we are impelled,
From publicity though Beauty—
We're aware—should keep withheld,
That we must call your attention
To a tender point, we know,
You will guess it when we mention
MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Sisters, daughters, wives, and mothers,
Ah! our feelings how it racks,
That your sons, sires, husbands, brothers,
Should so badly use their blacks!
Oh! we speak with hearts sincere,
All with love and pity rent;
But why don't you, Sisters dearest,
Make your relatives repent?

ENDEARING RECRIMINATION

BY THE LADIES JONATHAN.

Sisters, darlings, sweetest creatures,
Of a common faith and stock,
Not a word to cloud your features,
Or your gentle bosoms' shock,
For a moment would we utter,
For all California's gold,
But now we've churned all that butter,
You must let the truth be told.

You have slaves far worse than niggers,
That in ignorance are sunk,
Who no letters know, nor figures,
Vicious, destitute, and drunk:
Have them taught to read their Bibles,
And repeat their A B C,
Better this than writing libels
On the Nation of the Free.

Go, exhort each male relation,
We would earnestly implore,
To relieve the dire starvation
Which is lying at your door;
'Tis with deepest pain, that others
Of their faults we're forced to tell,
Whilst forbearance gently smothers
Hearts each gushing like a well!

SEASONABLE INTERFERENCE

BY AN IMPARTIAL ARBITRATOR.

Ladies, ladies, soft and fairly
Interchange your loving raps,
Or you'll 'scape a quarrel barely,
If not come to pulling caps.
Both have grounds for accusation,
But on one side there's a flaw:
Slaves for want of Legislation
Are not quite like slaves by Law.

A Dead Certainty.

MR. NASMYTH has been promising to endow England with a new "Destructive Engine." We doubt if it can be half so destructive as the Railway engines England has already got.

THE SWEEP AND MANY FRIENDS.



A SWEEP has just been having what may be called a brush with the Post-Office. The "honest fellow" happens to find the Newcastle mail bag lying in Coppice Row, when instead of sacking the bag, he asks the assistance of a policeman to carry it to the Post-Office. The "honest fellow" naturally expects a reward, and on being offered ten shillings, he writes to the *Times* to say that acting under the advice of "his friends," he has refused the gratuity. We do not exactly understand the principle on which the sweep, as advised by his "friends in council," has declined taking the money. Is it considered that ten shillings is not enough for carrying a bag to the nearest police station—to which the mail was conveyed by the help of a constable—or does "the honest fellow," as advised by his friends, adopt the respectable maxim that "honesty is its own reward," and that any thing extra may therefore be rejected as surplusage? When questioned by the policeman who met him carrying the bag, the sweep certainly appeared to come out of the matter with clean hands, and indeed he only expressed a wish to wash his hands of the bag altogether.

As a remuneration for his labours, we think ten shillings must pay the sweep tolerably well for a short morning's work, but if his friends think he ought to charge for his honesty, we should find it difficult to estimate the value of that article in a man who is induced to haggle about the worth of it. Suppose the sweep were offered five pounds, would his friends advise him to accept that amount as the sum representing the price of his integrity? WALPOLE—not the late Home Secretary—said that "every man has his price." We wish we could see a regular tariff drawn up, as a guide in such cases as that of the sweep, who has evidently consulted his friends for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction.

A Youthful Party.

SIX Admirals dined together last week at Portsmouth, and their united ages amounted to 556 years. The youngest of the party, who was not more than 73, is anxiously waiting for his turn to be called into active exercise. It is strongly feared by his friends, however, that his age will stand materially in his way, as he is considered far too young at present to be appointed to any responsible post. The other Admirals join their ships (gout permitting) in a few days.

Mamma. "MY DEAR FREDERICK, DO, PRAY, TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS!"

Frederick. "COULDN'T DO IT, MAMMA DEAR; ALL OUR MEN AT CAMBRIDGE WEAR THEIR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS, AND I COULDN'T DISGRACE MY COLLEGE BY TAKING MINE OUT!!"

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

"MY DEAREST PUNCH,

"MAMMA is what they call a strong-minded woman. She is always reading books about Progress, and Mind, and the Mission of Women, and all that sort of thing, especially American works. I lately happened to take up one of these; it was an Oration by a kind of clergyman of the name of THEODORE PARKER on the late MR. DANIEL WEBSTER. As it was lying open on mamma's desk, I observed some passages in it which she had marked. They were descriptions of MR. WEBSTER'S features and personal appearance. Mamma, I know, had marked them in admiration; but I am sure her taste is very different from mine, and I think you will agree with me that MR. PARKER'S sketch is the portrait of a very plain man. Allow me, dear Punch, to present you with a few of his remarks on the attractions of the great President or Statesman, or whatever you call him. For instance:—

"He was a great man—a man of the largest mould—a great body and a great brain; he seemed made to last 100 years. Since SOCRATES, there has seldom been a head so massive huge."

"What an advantage to have a massive huge head! How extremely like an elephant. Equally like SOCRATES, no doubt. I have been shown a bust of SOCRATES. The head is certainly a 'massive huge' one; as much so as MAGOG'S; broad enough in front for two, with a wide, thick mouth, and a puggy, snubby nose. It can be no flattering likeness to anybody; and indeed I never saw anything more ugly, except the objects with such horrid faces that are carved in stone about old cathedrals, and which I am told the Puseyites worship.

"I do not wonder at what MR. PARKER says a little farther on:—

"Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through our streets."

I dare say they did. I believe I should have been rude enough to do so too. The boys must have run after him, if the girls did not. Nor am I surprised at who were his principal admirers.

"The coalheavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe; they recognised a native king."

"Such a great, coarse, overgrown creature would naturally be the admired of all coalheavers, as well as the observed of all observers. A giant like that might be looked upon by them as equal to any force in the world—however inferior, in other eyes, to a single officer in a certain regiment. That the porters and coalheavers recognised him for a native king, too, is very likely. I dare say he did very much resemble the Sovereign of the Cannibal Islands. In fact, MR. PARKER says nearly as much:—

"What a mouth he had! *It was a lion's mouth.*"

"However, though MR. WEBSTER had a lion's mouth, there were times, I conclude, when a VAN AMBURGH might have put his head in it. Because MR. PARKER continues:—

"Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's softness when he would."

"But I can't believe that any man could possibly display such softness as *that*—much less a being who, in a finishing touch, is painted as a perfect Ogre:—

"What a brow it was! What eyes! like charcoal fire in the bottom of a deep dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fire, great passions, and great thoughts!"

"Did you ever, Mr. Punch, read anything more terrible? Why, this is the description of a Monster. With two eyes like charcoal fire glaring in the dark, MR. WEBSTER must have been a greater hideosity than the giant I have read about, who had only one—the giant called POLYPHEMUS, although he was a man: but I suppose that POLLY could express a woman's softness, too. And then, only think of a face rugged with volcanic fire! A burning mountain of a man. I should call him VESUVIUS—and I wonder who could ever have married him but ÆTNA: for, besides his face being in a state of fiery eruption, we are told it was inflamed with great passions, which must have proved fatal to domestic bliss. Who would ever dream of such a man?—though I am afraid I shall: and it will be the fault of the REV. MR. PARKER for putting the idea of such a fright into my head.

"ANGELINA."

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER II.

CIGARS.



YOU left me at the theatre, which I had reached before the raising of the curtain, by dint of much hurrying of *Mrs. P.*, who, after all, declared I had brought her out not fit to be seen, and was, I must say, extremely short and disagreeable with me in the cab.

Suppose us, however, arrived and extricated from the pressing but unnecessary attentions of those impudently polite old men, of dilapidated appearance, who haunt the entrances of theatres; to open cab-doors which you have already opened, hand out ladies who jump down unaided, and in other ways make themselves generally useless, and expect to be paid for it. Already, on the threshold of the place, the abominable atmosphere of imposition hangs about one. In the vestibule, round

about the cloak-women's den, it becomes thicker and thicker; till, inside the box-lobbies, "you could cut it with a knife," as the saying is.

It is very trying to the temper to run the gauntlet of linkman, cloak-woman, and box-keeper, and puts one in a frame of mind no way suited to the enjoyment of *MR. BROADGRIN'S* rich humour, or *MR. SWITCHER'S* elegant light comedy.

The insolent servility of those cloak-women! Their manner of hanging *Mrs. P.'s* cloak in one place, and my palmeto in another, that they may secure two fees instead of one! Their brassy way of waiting for the expected coin before they hand you the wraps which *Mrs. P.* is shivering for! Their harpy-like clutch of fourpenny pieces! All this, I must own, inspires me with feelings of positive hatred to the institution. I have no doubt I am extremely uncharitable to these poor women, who probably are very honest, hard-working creatures, very likely with pale-faced, heavy-eyed little children, training for the ballet, ready to be hung up by the waist, or the head, or the heels, as the case may be, to people the realms of bliss in a pantomime, or to heighten the blaze of triumph in the concluding tableau of a fairy piece. I ask your pardon, my good women, but I cannot look upon you in any other light than as robbers and enemies. If I pay your demand, it is with bitterness, and lest I should be accused of meanness, in the presence of the box company; I am sure the money you get does not do you any good. It is given savagely—no grace of kindness or charity sanctifies it.

Let us say no more of this, but pass on—having paid toll to the SCYLLA of the Vestibule—to the CHARYBDIS of the Lobby.

Here comes upon me, heavier and more nauseous still, the same low, creeping, nauseating air of servile insolence, and mercenary civility. These box-keepers, who won't hear my call till they have eyed me and gauged my waistcoat pocket—their manner of fumbling at the door-handle—of obstructing the entrance and of not knowing whether there are places or not—of half entreating half ordering me to "take a bill"—in short, of baffling all my efforts after seats, till they have brought my hand to my pocket, and seen the coin between my fingers; and then, when the fee is pocketed and the bill bestowed, the sudden drop of all that fawning obsequiousness of a moment ago, and their dart away after a fresh "party" and a new prey! I say that all this inspires me with a feeling of hate of my species, of something that is above vexation and below contempt. I long to kick these men. I feel convinced I might kick them for a consideration. They seem to me the very essence of the lowest flunkeyism, the embodiment of civility at per sixpence, of mercenary courtesy, of shuffling, story-telling, hypocrisy and false pretence.

Now, I want to know why all this should be? I know, *MR. PUMPKIN*, you will quote to me the parallel case of waiters and inn-servants. But it is no defence of one abuse to show me another.

What I want to know is, why you do not have decent, sober, clean, and well-conducted servants to do these duties—people paid by you for their work, not paying you for permission to fleece me and make me savage and sulky, and badly disposed for the entertainment you provide me?

What I want is, that I may know the worst that having looked forward

to pay eight shillings for the night's amusement of myself and *Mrs. P.* (cabs exclusive), I may not find myself subjected to an extra plunder of two shillings more.

No doubt you escape the payment of certain salaries by this; you may even put a share of the blackmail levied on your visitor into your own pocket. But I am sure you lose more than this gain by the numbers the present system keeps out of your theatre. The amount I am fleeced of is nothing; it is the temper and spirit that being fleeced at all engenders; it is the "take care of your pockets" frame of mind that is so dangerous to the popularity of your theatre.

But I have digested my wrath—I have reconciled myself to the two seats in the second row, which my sixpence has procured for myself and *Mrs. P.* I have settled down to the enjoyment of this delightful comedy of contemporary manners, in which the pretty waiting maid keeps up that perpetual fire of repartee with her mistress which so enlivens our drawing-rooms at home, while an old gentleman, in an irascible wig and gaiters (perpetually insulted by one of those comic servants who will be found in most families), carries out, through a series of the most probable blunders (as real old gentlemen so often do), his natural desire to marry his niece to a young gentleman he has never seen who turns out to be somebody else—and in which people, by the everyday practice of listening at doors, are perpetually finding out the most important secrets, which other people are constantly letting out by the equally common course of reading their letters aloud as they write them: in which, in short, the stage (as you are fond of quoting) is "holding the mirror up to nature, and showing the age and body of the time its form and pressure," as these have impressed themselves on your popular dramatist, *MR. FIZGIG*.

Great as is my enjoyment of this fine picture of real life, it would not be less had I a *lectle* more room for my legs, and were I not from time to time made aware by *Mrs. P.* that the stout gentleman on the other side will insist upon sitting on her: a practice which (though I cannot as a husband approve of it) I do not wonder at, considering how hard the seats are. Could you not so furnish your boxes, *MR. PUMPKIN*, that I—a man with the usual allowance of limbs, and the average breadth of base—might sit in them, without having my knees screwed into the back of the irritable gentleman in front—a necessity which, I feel, attaches also to the gentleman behind myself?

You will tell me, perhaps, that there are three more individuals in the box—who have paid money too at your door—than can possibly sit at their ease in it, and that you are therefore a gainer of 12s. by our discomfort. But do you think it likely that the irritable gentleman in front of me—I beg your pardon, Sir, but there really is no other place for my knees—will come again to your theatre in a hurry? I myself—strong as is the impression I shall carry away from your charming entertainment—will carry away a much stronger impression of the knees of the gentleman in my rear. I don't think my aching and cramped bones will leave me under a strong inducement to return to your theatre, unless *Mrs. P.* insist upon it, which I do not think her so likely to do as she was before the stout gentleman sat upon her. After all, people are a good deal guided in their choice of amusements by the accommodation secured to them. A tragedy, or a comedy, is not a whit the worse received when the audience is comfortably instead of uncomfortably seated. It seems to me probable that, by insisting on cramming six sitters into the room of four, you may run the risk of only having one to accommodate; and, I really think, matters have in many cases gone a good way towards this.

Ladies accustomed in their drawing-rooms and boudoirs to all the luxury of perfect cleanliness, at least, are apt to complain of unswept private boxes, with their greasy walls, dusty chairs, musty cotton velvet, and the pop visits of that obtrusive female, who cannot be disabused of her fixed idea that refreshments are necessary for your party in the intervals of the performance.

And all this time what a headache I am getting! Ouph! and *Mrs. P.* is growing purple in the face, too. Incipient congestion of the brain, I should think—partial asphyxia! Yes—help! I'm being suffocated! The pit—the hot, happy, merry crowded pit—is doing the work of a pan of lighted charcoal on us unfortunates up here. Where is your ventilation, *MR. PUMPKIN*?—where is your ventilation? Send for *DR. REID*—send for *MR. GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY*—send for *MR. BARRY*—send for somebody, anybody, to pump a supply of breathable air into this carbonic acid gas retort of yours, or I will not answer for the consequences.

At last, thank the fates, the blue and red fires are blazing, the glory of the *Orbs of stalactites in the magic hall of a million mirrors* is revolving, the fairies are standing on their toes, and the poor little children, hung up by wires wreathed with rose garlands—what a picture of life!—are waving their wands, and smiling as pleasantly as their slings and bands and terror will allow them.

The curtain falls. Weary and worn out in body and mind, my legs cramped with your narrow rows, my spine aching with your unbacked chairs, my eyes throbbing with your gas, my brain congested with your carbonic acid, my back sore with knees, my mind soured by fleeing, I drag *Mrs. P.* into your lobby—recover her wraps, pay my last fee to the cloakwoman, accompanied by a most unchristian senti-

ment, and an exclamation I had rather not print—and after a concluding combat with the linkman, find myself in the cab, Mrs. P. by my side, in a state of mind about as unlike what might be looked for in a man who has just come from a place of public entertainment, as can well be imagined.

Is this false? Is this exaggerated? Is it up to the truth, even? Fathers of families, husbands and wives, I appeal to you? And yet, Mr. PUMPKIN, you keep talking about the decline of the drama, and do not see about the reform of any of these things. And as yet we have been before the curtain!



A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

Bootmaker (with great feeling). "OH NO, SIR! DON'T HAVE NAPOLEONS; HAVE TOPS, SIR!—YOURS IS A BEAUTIFUL LEG FOR A TOP BOOT, SIR!—(young Nimrod is immensely pleased).—BEAUTIFUL LEG, SIR! SAME SIZE ALL THE WAY DOWN, SIR! (young Nimrod is immensely disgusted.)"

NO MORE GREY HAIR!

It was remarked that, under the penultimate Administration, among the persons employed in the public service there was a great excess of the GREYS. In one sense the Aberdeen Cabinet will be less Greyish than its Whig predecessor; and let us hope that its proceedings, in another point of view, will cease to be too strongly characterised by the colour alluded to. Extremely grey veterans should not be appointed to important military and naval commands; and common sense requires that the whiteness, of which the Rear-Admiral of the White is the Rear-Admiral, should not necessarily be that of the hair, and suggests that a sufficiently Grey element in the British Army is constituted by the Scotch Greys.

A Harmonious Ambassador.

It is said that the EARL OF WESTMORELAND—our ambassador at Vienna, and Austria's very humble servant—has, at length, proffered his kind offices in satisfaction of the *Morning Chronicle's* correspondent, so grossly outraged by the Austrian police. The noble Earl, to make everything pleasant, and to strike up harmony between the parties, with a full sympathy for the wrongs of the Englishman, has offered to set them to music.

EXPECTED REMOVAL.—It is said that LORD JOHN RUSSELL will shortly give up his rooms at the Foreign Office, it being his wish to leave it for the Clarendon.

WHO'S TO BE "MY BROTHER?"

THE great continental question, is set, and of course for ever, at rest. NAPOLEON THE THIRD at length knows his relatives and friends. Sad is it to think that the estimable creature has been so long in doubt. Perhaps it was somewhat his own fault. Why did he not advertise for his "brothers" in the *Times* or *Punch*? However, the Emperor has now received all the credentials of relationship; and the epithets of endearment that sweetened them have been so many *bon-bons* filled with cordials to the Royal stomach. Our friend the reader knows right well the pretty, the ingenuous, the affectionate phrases with which, in a very contest of tenderness and love, the governesses and nurses of GARGANTUA were wont to address their darling. The epithets are, for one thing, a little too numerous to be repeated in our page—enough is it, we have touched upon them; but merely in illustration of the lavish affection that has been bestowed, in so many different syllables, on the Imperial GARGANTUA at present studying in Paris. For reasons of State these endearing terms have, for the present, been suppressed; and colder and more ceremonial phrases supplied. There is, however, good reason for this. It is well known that NAPOLEON THE THIRD never so much as sneezes without good reason for it. Sagacious as an oyster, he is also—when he wills it—as silent; never blabbing a word of the pearl within him.

Punch, from his triumphant and inapproachable position, is enabled to give the very words—yes, the *ipsissima verba*—addressed to the Emperor by the Ambassadors of foreign Powers

Russia calls him—"My own black bear!"

Austria—"My eagle of the sun of Austerlitz!"

Prussia—"My lad of wax!"

England—"My jolly big nose!"

Bavaria—"My own bottle of beer!"

Holland—"My pickled herring!"

Spain—"My mild eigar!"

Sweden—"My real turnip!"

Turkey—"My sack—my bow-string!"

Naples—"My lueifer!"

Rome—"MY LAMBKIN!"

Here are names to go to bed with; names benign and beautiful. Nevertheless, such is the self-denial of the EMPEROR OF FRANCE, that—as we have said for state reasons—they will not as yet appear in the *Moniteur*. As JOHN MITROX says—"Silence is pleased."

Terms of the Theatre.

PLAYGOERS are recommended to attend to an important distinction between two words that are often confounded. They may pay only five shillings to be *admitted* in the boxes; but what with one shilling for booking, and another for the box-keeper, they will have to pay seven shillings in order to be completely *let in*.

THE MASTER OF THE HOT ROLLS.

THE *Court Circular*, last week, chronicled the first breakfast given, on the opening of Hilary Term, by the new LORD CHANCELLOR to the Judges and others. Our courtly contemporary informs us that the "entertainment" included the MASTER OF THE ROLLS, which, considering that it was a breakfast, we do not much wonder at. We do not know what may be the extent of this officer's jurisdiction at the breakfast-table, but should suppose it probable that the Mastership of the Rolls comprehends the direction and control of the muffins and erumpets.

No more Boiled Fowl.

THE chief merits of the birds at the Fowl Show seemed to consist in being "gold" and "silver pencilled," "white crested," and "double combed" in perfection. We have always preferred the flesh of a fowl to its feathers; but if that bird is to be bred for its plumage, it will soon become a subject for taxidermy instead of being stuffed with sage and parsley.

Missing Old Clothes.

LOST, at various periods within the last few months, in the NATIONAL GALLERY, a Quantity of Apparel, consisting of COATS, the property of Messrs NICHOLAS POUSSIN, RUBENS, CLAUDE, and other ANCIENT ARTISTS of Eminence. Whoever will recover the same and restore them to the "PLAQUE OF ASHOD," the "QUEEN OF SHEBA," and "ST. BAYON," shall receive an UNLIMITED REWARD. If the COATS have been DESTROYED, as there is reason to suspect, any Person or Persons shall be also handsomely REWARDED, who will give such information as shall lead to the CONVICTION and PUNISHMENT of the OFFENDERS.

THE GRANDEUR OF THE GRAND JURY.



NY philosopher who wished for an example of the emptiness of grandeur, and its unsatisfactory effect upon the grand themselves, need look no further than the Grand Jury of Middlesex. This venerable body never assembles without being lectured on its "extreme antiquity," and its "utter uselessness," its "respectability," and its "superfluosity" in fine upon its having attained to such a good old age, as to be of no good at all; its very age having caused it to lapse into surplus-age. "Gentlemen," says the presiding judge at the commencement of every session, "You are a most ancient body;"—by which he means "a very old-fashioned body," and a body that is behind the time, or, rather, should have been left behind long ago, but has been by some mistake brought on like a lot of old lumber, that is by no means worth the carriage.

The Grand Jury then retires to a private room, to look for some bills, which it finds, almost as a matter of course, and frequently very much in the dark; but the truest bill of all is that which the County finds it has to pay for keeping up this ancient institution, long after it has ceased to be comfortable to itself or useful to others. The presiding judge invariably dismisses the Grand Jury, at the close of the sessions, with the observation, "You may now go to your homes, gentlemen, and I am sorry you have been brought here. The County is much obliged to you"—a phrase equivalent to "thank you for nothing." The Grand Jury will usually, through its foreman, express its own sense of its own uselessness, and urge the expediency of its own abolition. Never was grandeur so little coveted as it is by the Grand Jury, whose position appears to be one of splendid misery; and the sooner, therefore, the Legislature interferes to put the complaining body out of its misery, the better it will be for the County rate-payers in particular, and the public in general.

Armour for Veterans.

A REGULATION has just been issued from the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, providing an addition to the uniform of general officers and naval commanders on active service. Over the full dress coat they are in future to wear a spencer. It has been considered that their advanced years render it necessary that they should have a more adequate protection than they have hitherto been furnished with against the enemy—that is to say, Lumbago.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—WE. CLAUDE, RUBENS, REMBRANDT' POUSSIN, and others, appeal to the Charitable Public for a coat or two, or a garment of some sort, to keep us warm at this inclement period of the year, for really, what with scrubbing and overcleaning, and long exposure to ridicule and cold, we have fallen away so dreadfully, that we are ashamed to show ourselves in public. We are so reduced, that we are confident no one would recognise us as the same beautiful pictures, or, in fact, as pictures at all, unless perchance it were "pictures of wretchedness and nakedness." Any charitable individual, doubtful of our statement, may convince himself with his own eyes of the truth of it by looking in at the National Gallery, where, until we drop off the hooks (which, with our shrunken frames, is not unlikely to occur every day), we are at present hanging on. Subscriptions to be sent in to the "Pictorial Baths and Washhouses," Trafalgar Square, addressed to the "Clothing Fund for the Relief of the Old Masters." N.B. A few light coats for the more delicate frames would be, also, extremely serviceable.

SIGNED (for their Fellow-Sufferers), { CLAUDE, SALVATOR ROSA.

APSLEY HOUSE.

THE iron gates set wide, let in the human tide
Of gentle and of simple, of wealthy and of poor,
That in numbers ever swelling it may flood the hero's dwelling,
Sec, it stands not in the court, and it stops not at the door.
Pass along!

It stays not in the hall to look around the wall,
At the range of busts all standing in a still and stately ring,
On—on the tide keeps flowing, nor pauses in its going
For soldier or for statesman, for Kaiser or for King.
Pass along.

Up the staircase let it flow, past that marble bulk below—
A colossus, seeming huger in that twilight dim and dun;
Who seepred thus doth stand, globe and victory in hand?
'Tis the conqueror of all, the conquered but of one!
Pass along!

Through chambers gay and bright, with costly pictures dight,
Where LANDSEER'S strong beast-tamer his fierce creatures doth
subdue,
Where WILKIE'S veterans listen, with cyts that glow and glisten,
To the record of his battle—the Gazette of Waterloo.
Pass along!

From saloon unto saloon let the tide sweep onward soon,
Till suddenly it slackens in a long and narrow hall,
Where MUGILLO'S bright brown faces, and VELASQUEZ' knightly graces
And TITIAN'S golden sunlights are glowing on the wall—
Pass along!

Yet pause awhile—for here he welcomed year by year
The companions of his triumph, the men of Waterloo;
Mark, curious, the space where his chair they used to place:
Enough! it is enough—we have seen it, and swept through—
Pass along!

Through curious treasure-rooms, where are gathered great heir-looms,
The trophies of his triumphs, rich gifts of price untold,
In their cases locked and guarded: so great deeds should be rewarded—
But why dwell on gauds and jewels—on malachite and gold?
Pass along!

What means the sudden hush that has checked the hasty rush
Of the crowd that still pressed onwards, in this chamber low and
bare?
To what poor place have we come in this vast and stately home?
What's that table, and that deal box standing there?
Pass along!

No, linger long, and learn how, Spartan-like and stern,
He wrote at that poor table and sat in that mean chair;
How, with secretary near, in close toil and severe
He laboured, nor his body nor his mind for age would spare.
Pause awhile!

'Twas on the unpolished face of that rough-hewn old deal case
He wrote from all his fields how the fight had chanced to fare,
From Oporto's triumph through to the day of Waterloo
It was with him, and his records of battle still did bear.
Pause awhile

In this room, where none have past since its master left it last—
Nought touched: the book he laid aside to take it up again;
See the letters of the day after reading laid away—
His open inkstand, and the ink scarce dry within his pen.
Pass along!

To where he slept his sleep—not in downy cushions deep—
Such his bed as soldier's bed should be, uncurtained, hard and plain;
Solemn and still we gaze, till the fancy seems to raise,
'Midst these relics of his life, the old warrior up again!
Pass along!

The Imperial Shorts.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* says—
"A grave deliberation yesterday took place in the Senate. The Emperor having expressed a wish that knee-breeches should be generally adopted by the senators on great occasions, it was carried by a majority of 16, so that on the occasion of the next ball to be given to the Emperor on the 25th, all the members of the Senate should appear in shorts."

We are glad to find the Emperor making such a point of wearing the breeches. We hope that the determination which he evinces as a bachelor will be equally exhibited by him when he has become a married man.

A STAINED WINDOW FOR ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

We have been favoured with the inspection of a design for a painted window to be put up in Rochester Cathedral at the expense of the DEAN and CHAPTER.

When we say, at the expense of the DEAN and CHAPTER, we do not mean to insinuate that the DEAN and CHAPTER are going to pay for the window.

The design is divided into compartments, each representing, in the mediæval fashion, a "Fytte," in "Ye Gestes of MAISTER ROBERT WHYSTON ye CONFESSOUR."

In *Compartment 1*, at the left hand corner of the window, the Master of the Cathedral School, WHYSTON, is seen standing beside a lectern or reading desk, whereon lie some scrolls of parchment inscribed with black letter, which he is supposed to be reading; although, in accordance with the principles of ancient art, he is delineated fronting the spectator. His arms are averted sideways, with the hands uplifted, and the palms open. He rests on the points of his toes, and his cap is raised from his head on those of his hair, which is standing on end. The contorted mouth and goggle eyes express horror and astonishment. Beneath is written,



Maister Roberte Whystone Discouerynge How ye Cathedral Statutes were Broke.

"In the next" scene our hero appears pleading the cause of the Cathedral Scholars, in the Chapter-Room, before the DEAN and his associates. With one hand (which is wide open) he extends the Statutes towards the caputular body; the other he stretches over the heads of a party of emaciated youths in academic costume, and angular postures, who are making dolorously wry faces, and have labels issuing from their mouths, inscribed with the legends, "WEE ARE STARVING," "GYV vs OVR STYPPENDES," and other appeals to pity and justice. "Ye Dene" is delineated in the centre of a number of fat fellows, who, seated at a table covered with great loaves of bread and large fishes, are thrusting their tongues out and poking one another in the ribs; whilst the Very Reverend Gentleman himself is responding to the appeal of WHYSTON by taking an energetic sight at him with both hands, the fingers of which are extended like spikes in a lateral direction from the decanal nose. This stage of the history is described, below, as



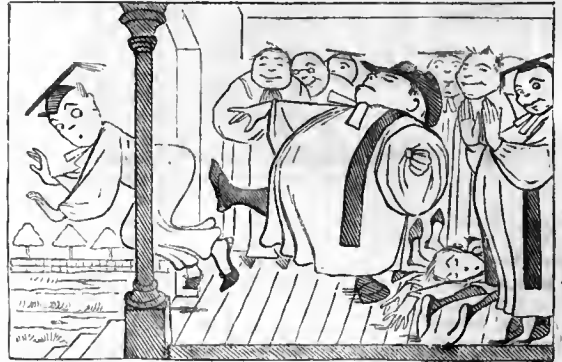
Maister Whystone hys Petrepon to ye Dene and Chapitre.

Division 3 represents the REV. MR. WHYSTON seated in his study, pen in hand, writhing, with dislocated limbs, in the agonies in composition. This effort of genius is described as meant to pourtray



Maistre Whyston wrytinge Cathedrall Trustes and theyr Fulfillmente.

The fourth picture exhibits in one view the interior and exterior of the Cathedral School. In the school-room are a number of figures, who are recognised by their corpulence and shovel hats as identical with the occupants of the Chapter-House before depicted. A figure of superior obesity to the rest, whom, as their CORYPHÆUS, there is no mistaking, is kicking the CONFESSOR WHYSTON out of doors; the others are joining their hands in what seems devotion, but is intended for applause. The emaciated scholars are here introduced as trampled on and sprawling beneath their feet. The title under-written is



Maister Whystone thrust forth of his Schoole by ye Dene and Chapitre.

Compartment Fifth displays the expelled Schoolmaster in his progress through the Courts of Law and Equity; the fat clerical figures already alluded to, aided by sundry monsters with tails and cloven feet, and wigs on their heads through which protrude horns, endeavouring to obstruct his progress with various legal instruments, labelled "Reply-eacyon," "Demourrer," "Byll of Costes," and such like terms of Law. The denomination of this compartment is



Maister Robt. Whyston seekyth Justysse.

The succeeding division discovers our indomitable WHISTON having carried his case before the Bishop of the Diocese, who is pronouncing judgment to the effect of reinstating that ill-used clergyman in the Mastership of the Cathedral School. The mediæval style is here very appropriate, as strikingly expressive of the ill grace with which the prelate performs that act of tardy justice, namely, by thrusting the appellant down in an academic chair with his crozier, held between his wrists, whilst he exchanges mournful grimaces with the DEAN and CHAPTER. This representation is entitled,



De Byschop restorþth Mastere Whiston against ye Grayne.

The crowning scene is



De Bene and Chapter eating Humber Pie.

The defeated dignitaries are seated in the Chapter-House as before; but in lieu of the loaves and fishes, their fare now consists of a large pasty, on which is written the word RESTITUCYON. In the right hand corner stands the REV. MR. WHISTON hugging a folio, indicated as his book on Cathedral Trusts; in the left there is a Cathedral scholar dancing for joy.

In "storied windows richly dight" there are generally too many stories illustrated that are not strictly accurate; but it will be allowed that the paintings in the new window of Rochester Cathedral will embody a true story.

RAPSCALLIONISM.

THE subjoined advertisement from a morning paper might, not very long ago, have procured a very desirable investment in the Stocks—or Pillory:—

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION INVESTIGATED by the celebrated American Professors ROBERTS, at the house of any lady or gentleman, by appointment, at their own residence, daily from 11 to 3, and 6 to 10 o'clock, at &c., &c. Number at each meeting not to exceed 10.

If anybody wants spirits raised, he should have recourse to *Punch*, who will raise his own for him to the highest pitch; and should not go and waste his money on those who will raise no spirits at all, nor anything else, except the wind.

TURNING A PENNY.

AMONG the new inventions of the day is an article called a Revolving Till. We are not fully aware of the advantages of a Revolving Till, but one of its uses may probably be the reception of good round sums.

BOOK-KEEPING TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON.—Don't lend them!

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

FROM OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

(To Mr. Punch. (Private).)

"SIR, — "THERE is nothing to say about the above theatre this week. And if there were—. But I do not want to be disrespectful. But Sir! What about these theatrical orders? Upon my word, Sir, I am placed in a most embarrassing position. What, Sir, is it expected that I am to do, or rather, not to do?"

"There are to be no more theatrical orders, it seems. The *Times* is happy to give them up, and the *Illustrious News* is delighted to give them up, and the *Chronicle* is enchanted to give them up, and quotes your reasons for doing so, and *Mr. Albert de Mont Blanc* justly says that sauce and shirts shall not keep money out of his stalls, and *Mr. Affable Hawk* protests against two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or some such sum—no matter for his figure—being kept away from his Treasury—and we are all to be virtuous and candid, and nothing is to be praised but what deserves it, and, in fact, Slashing Critics is looking up.

"Would you consider it vulgar, or would you think I spoke from rude, and *RULE'S*—talked like *HAMPDEN* to *PIM*—played *KNIGHT'S* gambit, or rather opening, if I ventured the colloquial critique—'very fine oysters!'"

"How, Sir, do you propose that I should get into the above theatre, —that which you have placed under my charge?"

"I am not aware, Sir, that you have ever found me shrink from or shirk my duty. I have been ordered by you to the *Chiswick fête*, when it has been wet, and I have gone. I have been sent when it was dry, and infinitely more dangerous, because eyes are even more fatal than axes, and I have gone. I went for you to *Exeter Hall*, and heard *MR. CANON BOANERGES* denounce the *Crystal Palace* as transparently infidel, and I have been to the same place to a *Temperance Meeting*, and have reported how the *Oracle of the Bottle*—but why should I recapitulate my services? Sir, *Mr. Punch*, you know me, and that I never evade your commands. Nor will I now, but I think you should understand the question.

"There are four ways of getting into this theatre. First, you may get into a sort of 'slips,' by seraping acquaintance with an actor and being brought in by him. Secondly, you may get a ticket from one of the performers, and then you will be placed in a remote gallery. Thirdly, you may obtain an order signed by an official named *CHARLES JAMES FOX RUSSELL*, and then you have a very good place, in virtuous company, and close to the locality allotted to the ladies of the performers and their friends. Fourthly, you may talk to *W. B.*, and his friend *MR. FRAIL*.

"Now, the first course would be degrading to one's dignity, and the last to one's decency. The second involves standing in a crowd, and sitting in a draught. Besides, you would not ask your critic to herd with people who can haunt such performances, unless compelled. The third course used to be a pleasant one. But, if orders are prohibited by you, this course is impracticable.

"The house will not take my money. Now, Sir, if a common minor theatre made this declaration, I would speedily bring the question to an issue. A theatrical manager has no more right to exclude a decently dressed person, who tenders legitimate coin, than the keeper of any other licensed place of entertainment. And after proper and witnessed preliminaries, if the ill-advised servants of such a theatre were to attempt to exclude me by assault, a police magistrate should arbitrate the case. But in the Westminster Theatre, the magistrate's authority is, I am sorry to say, unrespected. Whatever the *Noes* may be, the *Beak* is powerless. If—as I am quite prepared to do—I insist on admission, tendering money, the result will be a cell, and one not to be laughed at. *Mr. Affable Hawk* thinks it a 'privilege' to a critic, to allow him to sit in a vilely ventilated building, read ungrammatical bills, and hear dull jokes: so, exactly, think the Westminster managers, and they call it breach of 'privilege' if you speak out. And I know that if I comply with your instructions, and go in without an order, I shall find myself in the prison of the martyrs *O'BRIEN*, *EDWARDS*, and other victims.

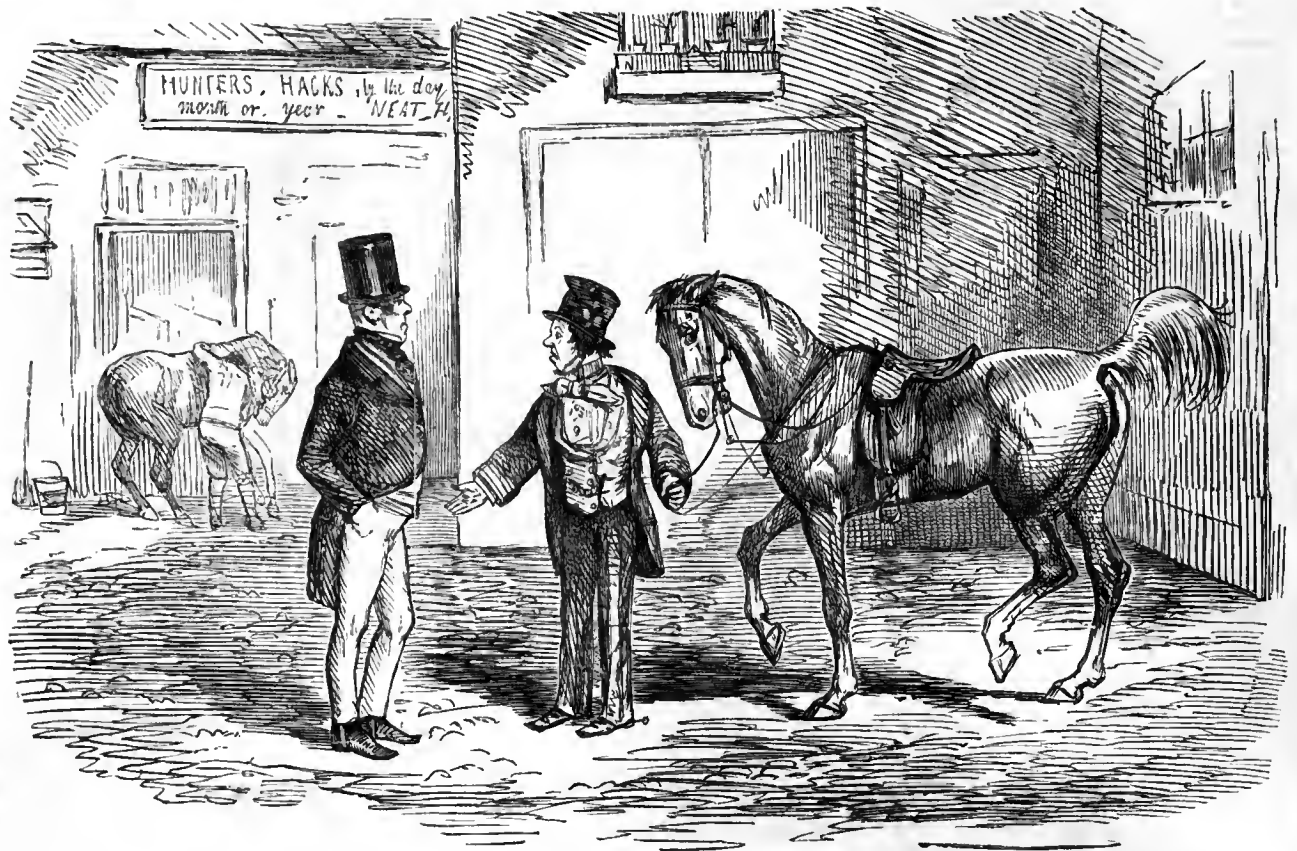
"But I don't care, Sir. You are, I believe, a father—at least I think I have heard you speak furiously against school-bills. I am a father, and have occasion to speak furiously against most bills. I am also a husband. I shall, when the Westminster Theatre opens, force my way in, tendering five shillings at the Crown Office. I shall take the consequences and the Serjeant will take me. My wife—if ever there was an angel! But that has no connexion with the subject. That woman and her nine hopeful, but helpless ones, reside at the address I enclose. The rest is in your hands.

"I am, Sir, your faithful and devoted

"*Hampstead Ponds.*

"SLASHING CRITIC."

"P.S. Should I become a victim, our humble cellar—the top shelf of the broom closet—requires replenishing; it holds three bottles, with management. And my five younger boys' highlows.—But why should I dictate to your generosity?"



Stable-Keeper (to little Gent.) "SET TO KICKING, AND THEN BOLTED INTO A SHOP! DID HE, NOW? AH! HE ALWAYS WAS A LIGHT-ARTED 'OSS."

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

"SIR, "Sikhroom, Jan. 20, 1853.

"I HAVE the honour to inform you of another victory, which has been gained without the loss of a drop of blood.

"An attack was yesterday made on GENERAL FOGAY'S flank by Rhenmatism, in its acute form; but was speedily repulsed by the force which I have the honour to command.

"For this success I have been materially indebted to the activity and energy of Colchicum. I also derived valuable assistance from Blue Pill.

"The Lancets were in readiness, but it was not necessary to bring them into action.

"Should the attack be renewed, it will probably be on the extremities, in which case, I hope to record another triumph of the British arms—and legs.

"I date this letter from head-quarters, being the head of the bed; and from the very spot which may be regarded as the seat of war—the arm-chair.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"ARCHIBALD MAC KILLUMMORE, M.D.

"Acting Assistant Surgeon in Attendance."

"TO MAJ.-GEN. SIR THOMAS PUNCH, K.C.B."

&c. &c. &c.

Gone, but not Going.

It has been denied, "on authority," that there is any truth in the rumour of MR. DISRAELI being about to take a tour on the Continent. We certainly see no necessity for such a step after the tour he has so recently made from Protection to Free Trade. As to his going abroad, the idea is absurd, for he has had quite enough of being abroad during his Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and as he has now returned to opposition, he is sure to be found thoroughly at home.

THE CRY OF THE NEGLECTED HUSBAND.—Woman's affection is best proved by the care she takes of your linen.

A RECEIPT FOR "OXFORD MIXTURE."

(For the use of MR. PERCEVAL'S supporters.)

To some best Roman bitters, stewed under a trencher

For years in a college of celibate rooks,
Add of staunch *statu-quo-ism* all an old Beneher
In an old Inn of Court has condensed from old books;

Squeeze in gall of a seetary culled from the platform
Of Exeter Hall, or the Club (mis)called National;
(Twill be equally potent in this form or that form,
Though the latter, perhaps, is a trifle less rational;)

Beat up with some high-dried Erastianism—

(On the whole you'll find ENGLIS'S strongest and best)—

Then season with all sorts of Anglican schism,
IRVING-ISM, and DENISON-ISM, and the rest.

DR. WYNTER, I'm told, adds of LEMPRIÈRE a spice,

But this is a thing many people can't swallow,
And which must disagree with a stomach that's nice,
Though that *that's* an objection, in this case don't follow.

Dish up with Papistio-Romanist tropes,

And garnish with slices of STOWELL all hot,
(So to suit those who hate and who reverence Popes,
As you never can tell who at table you've got),

Then pour round Carlton sauce—so it's but "safe and good,"

(None is genuine, mind, unless signed "W. B.")

And serve up tied round tight with an old master's hood—
'Tis a dish for an Emperor—not an M.P.

LOVE OF THE SPANISH.—Some doubts have been thrown on the fortune of MADemoiselle DE MONTJOS, the Empress—that is to be—of France. We are enabled to state that the young Spanish lady is in her own right the owner of several *Châteaux en Espagne*.



INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SHOW.

WE HAVE NOTHING OF THAT SORT, MR. PUNCH, BUT IF THERE SHOULD BE A LION SHOW, WE CAN SEND A SPECIMEN.



I
E

VAGARIES UNDER BROAD-BRIMS.



MERRILY danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker;
She had been a preacher all her life,
And her spouse an Under-taker.
He made it his special pride and boast
At war to be a railler,
And couldn't tell which he hated most,
A soldier or a sailor.
Not that old BROADBRIM bore ill-will,
Or was actually malicious,
But anything which re-trench'd his bill
He held inexcusably vicious,
He call'd it the act of ruffian brutes
To die on the field of battle,
And pay no more for pall and mutes
Than so many slaughter'd cattle.

Yet he gave a new half-crown one day
To STEGGARS, the tall policeman,
And said, "Thou worthily earn'st thy pay
In guarding my home and peace, man."
A Quaker's saving instinct 's strong,
Like a snipe's, that lives by suction;
But the bird, it seems, has a head as long
At drawing a clear deduction.

And thus they all are freakish elves,
Doing things out of season,
For which no mortal but themselves
Can ever assign a reason.
On the burial day of our glorious chief
They open'd their shops at Gloucester,
And declared in print for their minds' relief,
The good old Duke an impostor.

They are harmless neighbours, on the whole,
Though rather else and selfish,
And have, I believe, a responsible soul,
Which isn't the case with schil-fish.
But it hurts their creed and pride to pay
Any regular Gospel teachers;
And St. PAUL would be "struck all-a-hcap" with dismay,
If he heard their female preachers.

A Quaker baby never was seen,
Or a Quaker boy a playing;
They never are born till turn'd eighteen,
And whether they snck, there's no saying.
A Ranter can sow, a Baptist mow,
A Romanist build your dwelling,
But a Quaker's forte, as all men know,
Is the knack of buying and selling.

Friend FRY hath a deal of active zeal
As a Peacc Society talker,
But I'd rather consult, on the common weal,
Our old friend, HOOKEY WALKER.
The man who fights for his country's rights
He would coolly dub an unholy one,
And freely abjure, to make trade secure,
VICTORIA for NAPOLEON.

Sure they are the most eccentric race
That ever were born of ADAM;
They would wear their hats to HER MAJESTY's face,
And refuse her the title of Madam.
But the world has room for every one,
And they don't require compassion;
So long may they live to enjoy their fun
In their own remarkable fashion.

"TAKE A RULE."

In the new Rules and Orders in Bankruptcy, which came into operation on the 11th instant, the 41st Rule runs thus:—

"All proceedings in the Court shall be written, or printed, on parchment or paper, of one uniform size, that is to say, on sheets of sixteen inches in length, and ten inches in breadth, without unnecessary alterations or interlineations; and no erasures shall be permitted, except by leave of the Court on special cause shown, in which case any proceedings, though on paper or parchment not of the said size, may be received and filed."

The above Rule may be, for some hidden reasons, a very wise one, but we can imagine cases in which it would be very difficult of application. In fact we have been told of a case which recently occurred at Manchester, in which the difficulty was such that the Bench, at that moment occupied by an elderly Commissioner, was puzzled for a long time to know how to act. The printed forms, which were tendered to him in the usual way for signature before filing, were found to be the eighth of an inch too small, both in breadth and length. The sinning sheets were indignantly sent back to conform to the proper Parliamentary dimensions. With the help of some slips of paper and a little paste, the sheets soon grew to the requisite size, were handed up a second time, and were honoured, without further objection, with the Commissioner's valuable autograph.

But paper and paste are not always procurable! A needle and thread may not, upon all occasions, be at hand! Besides, some fastidious Commissioners may object to receive any such patched-up, or darned documents. They might declare it was a gross contempt of Court, and wreak vengeance upon the offenders. Again, how is a Commissioner to ascertain that the sheets are, to the fraction of an inch, of the proper legal size and stature? Is he to sit with a two-foot rule in his hand? or to have a yard-tape, hanging, tailor-fashion, round his neck, ready to take the measurement of any suit that may be handed up to him? If this be the case, every Commissioner will have to pass an apprenticeship in a linen-draper's shop, in order to learn the art of measuring. The figure of Justice—if justice ever figures in a Bankruptcy Court—will have also to be altered, for, instead of the customary scales, it will be necessary to put in her hand a yard-measure. However, it is so far consolatory to see this change, for whereas formerly they stretched matters as much as they pleased in our law courts, they are now growing particular, it seems, to the quarter of an inch.

METAL MOST ATTRACTIVE.

It is not often that we trouble ourselves about the advertising department of our own work—for we are so absorbed in the higher purposes of *Punch*, that the advertising page is generally treated by us with that contempt which we are always prepared to pay to mere wealth in any shape whatever. Our eye has, however, been caught by an announcement that *Punch* is printed in a "copper-faced type," which may be a very useful sort of article, as far as we know, but to tell us to our face that we are "copper-faced," is so much like accusing us of being brazen-faced, that we cannot allow the imputation to pass without a protest. We may, however, add, that it is not altogether a bad idea to put a metal face of some sort upon that which is perhaps the greatest circulating medium ever known. Need we say that we allude to this periodical?

Fowl Dealings of Foreigners.

THE immense number of eggs imported into England is a great fact for farmers. How much longer will they endure this foreign yolk? There was a time when they defied the Gallic cock—surely they might compete with the Gallic hen. British Industry ought to turn its attention to poultry: and in the preceding remarks about eggs, we think we have said enough to egg it on.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR POCKETS.

SINCE the Government of Portugal has repudiated a portion of its debts, we recommend the well-known establishment in Portugal Street as the most appropriate spot for disposing of its liabilities.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

TWO men exert themselves to no purpose. One is the man who tries to have the last word with his wife; and the other is he who, having had the last word, tries to make her confess she was in the wrong.

QUITE THE REVERSE.—Formerly the fleets of our enemies were destroyed by one DRAKE—but now, if many of our elderly Admirals went to sea, they would play ducks and drakes, not with the enemies' ships, but more likely with our own.



A NEW HUNTING DRESS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

THOUGHTS ABOUT SNUFF.

BY ONE WHO NEVER TAKES IT.

It's curious how one snuff-taker will pick out another. Place two snuff-takers in the most crowded room, and before ten minutes are over they will have found out each other, and be in earnest conversation together.

A snuff-box is an opening for conversation between two persons, who, without it, would not probably have exchanged a single word.

The English, who are generally so punctilious about introductions, cheerfully dispense with the ceremony if a stranger only advances with a snuff-box in hand.

There is a Freemasonry in snuff-taking, not enjoyed by the worshippers of any other social vice. Gamblers are necessarily discontented, scowling, suspicious people. Smokers are generally dreamers, wandering amongst the clouds which they themselves have blown. Drinkers are surly, quarrelsome creatures, who fling insults and bottles about. But snuff-takers are invariably open, communicative souls who associate with one another all over the world. Put two foreigners together, and though they never saw each other before, and cannot speak a word of each other's language, still they become friendly, and bow, and smile, and show each other all manner of little civilities, directly a pinch of snuff has been exchanged between them. Besides, I am confident snuff-takers have signs, known only to themselves—like the Freemasons—or else how can you account for snuff-takers always huddling together in the same circle, exactly like corks in a pail?

A foreigner can travel with no better letter of introduction than a snuff-box.

Snuff, too, encourages liberality. A snuff-box, once opened, becomes at once a general box, into which every snuff-taker has a right to dip his fingers. I should call the snuff-taker who refused another a pinch of snuff "the meanest of mortals." But I doubt very much if such a specimen of meanness was ever known. If he ever did exist, every man's box and heart ought to have been closed against him, and he deserved that every pinch of snuff he took should have given him a conscientious pull of the nose.

Snuff, also, is the breeder of conversation. If you notice, snuff-takers are generally loquacious people, fond of argument, and fond of a joke, and who will go on talking as long as there is any snuff left, in the same way that a drunkard will go on drinking as long as there is anything left in the bottle.

I cannot imagine a silent snuff-taker, excepting he is by himself, and moreover I never knew a deaf and dumb person who took snuff. I never saw, either, two Quakers taking snuff together. All the snuff they take is in the colour of their suits.

Besides, snuff is the source of good feeling. It would be difficult to say how many prejudices and enmities have fallen to the ground with the remains of a pinch of snuff!

I have a belief, also, that many a quarrel might have been prevented, if, when the dispute was at its height, one of the disputants had had the good sense to offer his antagonist a pinch of snuff.

I don't admire or like a woman who takes snuff, any more than I like a woman who smokes, or drinks, or indulges in any other masculine vice. It seems to have a different effect upon her altogether to what it has upon a man; and, besides, she is loquacious enough without it. Moreover, I have remarked, that the woman who takes snuff is generally passionate, and has a red nose, which would seem to suggest drinking. I have a notion that Xantippe took snuff.

What would Kings and Emperors have done if there had been no such invention as snuff? They would have been puzzled what presents to make to singers, ambassadors, and others. Calculate all the snuff-boxes NICHOLAS has given away, and say, what could he have given in their stead? Besides, the snuff-box is an elegant excuse for the royal potentate to smuggle in his own portrait (with a diamond frame, of course) upon the lid. Ask LABLACHE—who, they say, has a different snuff-box for every day in the year—whether he would have liked diamond pins, or rings, in preference to snuff-boxes? He wouldn't have cared "the snuff of a candle" for presents like those, which he would have been obliged to bury in his drawer, and which, if he had carried about with him, could never have yielded him and others a fresh source of delight every time he opened it.

It is a question, however, if the handsome present of a snuff-box has not made many a person take snuff who never took snuff before.

Snuff is a great leveller. The poet who takes snuff out of a prince's snuff-box puts himself, for the moment, on the same footing.

There is a great deal of communism, also, in a snuff-box. I know of no other species of property that undergoes the same equal distribution without being followed by discontent or quarrelling. Snuff-takers seem to have adopted as their motto—"Share and share alike."

In fact, when I consider the good feeling, the perfect freedom and equality, amongst all persons who take snuff, I think there could not be a better inscription for a snuff-box than the oft-abused one of "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*."

The freedom of a town could not be presented, for the above reasons, in a better vehicle than a snuff-box. It says at once, you are free, and, wherever you present it, you will be well received and treated as an equal by all men.

I wonder that no monarch has ever thought of instituting the "Order of the Snuff-box," to which none but distinguished men, great poets, and philanthropists, should be admitted. Perhaps, however, the Order has been thought of, and condemned as being too liberal in its tendencies.

I do not take snuff myself, but I must say I envy those who do, from the never-failing pleasure it seems to yield them. But I suppose I can congratulate myself upon having a vice less than they have.

AGAINST BRIBERY.

How does the busy W. B.
Improve each voting hour,
And bags of money 'mongst the Free
And Independent, shower!

The Carlton Club I never will
Become the cad unto,
For DERBY finds some mischief still
For dirty hands to do.

The Corporation Phoenix.

THAT celebrated bird, the Phoenix, has seldom, if ever, appeared in these pages. He must now, however, make an exhibition or exposure of himself. The City of London is a Phoenix that is renovated by springing out of its ashes—which are our coals.

THE PRINCIPLE OF PROMOTION.

JOHN BULL may boast that he is not to be taken in; yet the age of the general officers appointed to the most important commands sufficiently shows how easy it is to come the old soldier over him.

The Warden of the Cinque Ports.

IF the sinecure of the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is to be filled up, may we suggest that the appointment be conferred upon the QUART BOTTLE, whose services for several years past eminently recommend it, not only to Cinque Ports, but to sink everything else that requires being properly filled up.

THE MEMBER FOR OXFORD.—MR. PERCEVAL had no chance against MR. GLADSTONE. Some bucolic gentleman should have been put up for Oxon.

A SNUG PARTY IN CHANCERY.



Now and then, in the course of the Concert Season, hear of a concerted piece being got up with unusual force for the purpose of bringing as many names as possible into the bill—and this principle seems occasionally to be adopted with regard to a Bill in Chancery. The prayer in *Moise* is frequently the subject selected for the concentration of a galaxy of talent, and oddly enough it is the prayer of a petition before the Lords Justices of Appeal, that has recently been got up with a very powerful forensic cast, embracing a considerable portion of the strength of the Chancery company. We need only call the attention of the reader to the following brief report in order to illustrate our observation.

“(Before the LORDS JUSTICES OF APPEAL.)
“PEACOCK v. STOCKFORD.

“This was an appeal from a decision of VICE CHANCELLOR KINDERSLEY, the question arising upon the words of a very obscurely worded will. The facts are totally devoid of all but professional interest.

“The following counsel were engaged:—MR. SWANSTON, MR. BACON, MR. ROLT, MR. WIGRAM, MR. ELSLEY, MR. BAILY, MR. J. V. PRION, MR. WELFORD, MR. EVANS, MR. BEAVAN, MR. W. W. COOPER, MR. BAGGALAY, MR. GIFFARD, MR. AMYOTT, and MR. HORMAN FISHER.
“Judgment was reserved.”

There is something awfully imposing in the idea of fifteen barristers being engaged in giving further obscurity to the already obscure words of a will, for whatever confusion may have existed in the language of the testator must have been far worse confounded when the fifteen learned gentlemen had had a hand or rather a voice in it. As PEACOCK and STOCKFORD are only two persons, we do not see the necessity of having fifteen counsel—seven and a half each—as their representatives. We dare say, however, that the two parties named are not the only parties to the suit, but that there is an infant or two that must be “before the Court;”—the part of “the infant” being represented by some seedy old junior in a rumpled old wig and a rusty old gown, with a brief endorsed “Two guineas,” by virtue of which he bows a “consent” at the back of the Court to some arrangement that is muttered in the front row by the seniors. No wonder that after fifteen counsel had appeared, “judgment was reserved,” and it will be necessary that, Zamiel-like, they shall all “appear” again and again before the judgment is delivered. Not a step, of course, can be taken without the whole batch of fifteen being dragged in to have a hand in the proceeding, which means nothing but a hand in the suitors’ pockets.

Geology for the City.

AN interesting GRESHAM lecture was delivered the other evening at the Royal Exchange, on the Coal Formation of the City of London Basin. The Basin was shown to consist of porcelain or tureen clay, vitrified by heat, and containing organic remains of gigantic chelonians, or reptiles of the turtle family, supposed to have been left when their more digestible portions were swallowed in an aldermanic convulsion. Abundant fragmentary deposits of the haunch of the *cervus elaphus* were also found in the neighbourhood of the Basin; together with the bones of the capon, turkey, peacock, partridge, pheasant, and cygnet. The City of London Basin was demonstrated to rest on all the coal within twenty miles of London, and to be maintained, in a great measure, on that extremely productive stratum of carboniferous treasure.

The Dictionary at Fault.

ACCORDING to JOHNSON, “Election” is a synonyme for “choice.” But this is clearly not the case with the Oxford Election, for we should hardly think that coming up at your own expense a hundred miles or so to vote, could in any light be viewed as a matter of choice.

TASTE FOR POULTRY.—Cochin China fowls are considered to resemble game. They are certainly very high.

RESTITUTION AT ROCHESTER.

Oh, Rochester’s Chapter! oh, Rochester’s Dean!
What a triumph that wicked Bon WUSTRON’s has been!
Notwithstanding, I hope you are calm and serene.

I trust you feel peaceful, content, and resigned,
In a happy and gentle condition of mind,
And rather to bless Mr. WUSTRON inclined.

Because he has made you disgorge, there’s no doubt,
And you vainly endeavoured to turn the man out,
But his ruin exactly could not bring about.

So your students you’ve now raised to thirty pound ten
Instead of their five pounds, my reverend men,
Twenty scholars from two to sixteen odd, again.

From six pounds some shillings to fourteen or so
You’ve increased your six bedsmen; and now you will go
On paying, I hope, what you lawfully owe.

Precentor and sacrist at ten pound and six
In place of two pounds each, it seems you now fix:
May all Deans and Chapters abandon their tricks!

“THERE’S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.”

SOME Frenchman has been amusing himself in the fabrication of a new Hat, which is made entirely of leather. We don’t know why a hat made of leather should not be as good and as handsome as any other hat, but somehow it would seem strange to us if we had to leave our hat with our boots outside the door to be cleaned every morning, and it would sound equally strange to hear any one calling down the kitchen stairs “Hallo! MARY, haven’t you blacked my hat yet?” One good turn, however, these leather hats would certainly answer: in the event of a fire, every man would be able to convert his hat into a fire-bucket; and in France, where a fire-engine is as little known as at Vesuvius, such an invention may be of great practical benefit, considering that the Frenchmen generally stand in a long line, whenever there is a “Tremendous Conflagration,” and pass the bucket on from one to another. These *chapeaux*, though a little *cuir*, perhaps, on other occasions, would unquestionably come off then with flowing honours, and must effectually swamp the ill-natured joke—supposing any one is weak enough to make it—of calling that nation leather-headed that chooses to wear it.

THE TRADESMEN’S LITTLE WARBLER.

IN these days of universal harmony, when everybody appreciates a song, and nearly everybody can sing one, we think that every class should have a little warbler of its own, instead of having to choose from the general collections of naval, national, sentimental, or comic. We have much pleasure in presenting a specimen, which we offer to any musical butcher who fancies he has a voice, and has no objection to try it on the following ballad to the well-known air of

WOMAN’S HEART.

A hungry wight, whose hopes were beat
Upon a mutton chop,
Put on his coat, and forth he went
To seek a butcher’s shop.
At every stall he made a call,
In every public mart;
But there was nothing left at all,
Excepting—Bullock’s heart!
The hungry youth, still undismayed,
Determined not to flee;
Though, if the truth be told, afraid
That meat-less he might be.
“Oh! never be it said,” he cried,
“I played DUKE HUMPHREY’s part!”
And, casting thoughts of chops aside,
He purchased Bullock’s heart!

Bottled Beer Measure.

Two Sips make one “Pint.”
Six Pints make one “Dozen.”
One Dozen (when you come to pay for it) makes One Swear.

POLITICAL TRUISM.—If the present Ministers do not fall out, it is more than probable that they will keep in.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S COURTSHIP.

AIR—"Barney Bralaghan."

'Twas evening, noon, and night,
 And afternoon and morning,
 The French Imperial wight
 All foreign courts were scorning.
 He begg'd from door to door
 A wife to share his glory,
 His love tale he did pour,
 And this was part of his story.
 Only say,
 You'll your husband make me;
 France shall pay
 Whatever you charge to take me!

Oh, list to what I say,
 Pretty Royal VENUS;
 Name your price you may,
 France we'll share between us.
 The country's gone to sleep,
 Void of sense and feeling,
 Round about I creep,
 All I long'd for stealing.
 Only say, &c.

I've got a set of tools,
 I've got the gold to glut them;
 And if they're obstinate fools,
 In prison I can shut them.
 Men without a coat—
 If truly I describe them—
 A moderate bank-note
 Will any morning bribe them.
 Only say, &c.

I've got a little fame
 By love of peace declaring;
 I've got my uncle's name,
 A little the worse for wearing.
 I've got some gooscherry wine,
 With sausages and pullets,
 To make the soldiers mine
 Whene'er I want their bullets.
 Only say, &c.

I've got a million pound,
 (That's what I'm to be paid is)—
 A sum so very round,
 I'm sure will charm the ladies.
 I've got the crown to wear,
 And robes adorn'd with posies:
 A bed—I've got—to share,
 Of not exactly roses.
 Only say, &c.

I've no one in my eye,
 A wife alone I'm needing;
 Who's got—what have not I—
 The real Royal breeding.
 I've wealth! that all will own,
 No matter how I get it;
 I've got, besides, a throne,
 As long as they don't upset it.
 Only say, &c.

For a wife—till death—
 I'll take the first will prize me;
 But oh! I waste my breath,
 You every one despise me.
 I'm just beginning to reign,
 No wife I can discover
 But that young girl from Spain—
 So I'll be her constant lover.
 Only say, &c.

A Crest for the Carlton.

WE believe that the members of the Carlton Club are about to take the Rose as their crest: that flower, it is urged, being delicately suggestive of their way of doing business under it.

MOTTO FOR ONE-HALF OF OUR OLD ADMIRALS.

"Chacun a son GOUT."



Objectionable Child. "LOR! PA, ARE YOU GOING TO SMOKE? MY EYE! WON'T YOU CATCH IT WHEN MA COMES HOME, FOR MAKING THE CURTAINS SMELL!"

"WHEN FOUND, DON'T MAKE A NOTE OF."

FEARLESSLY *Punch* hurls down the gauntlet of defiance, and challenges the wide universe of his inquiring-minded readers—

To find a third-class railway carriage without at least a dozen babies in it.

To find a Government steamer which will compete in speed with any common coal-barge.

To find a better school for *Accidence* than a Railway.

To find a picture of sufficient vital tenacity to survive the "restoration" process at the National Gallery.

To find the logician (out of Bedlam) who will undertake to prove the justice of the City coal-tax.

To find the philosopher's stone, or its equivalent in rarity—a stone of butcher's meat, which by your own scale weighs fourteen pounds.

To find the centre of a dress circle without a shilling to the boxkeeper.

To find a clairvoyant who, upon his own responsibility, will venture to foretell when the Beer Monopoly will end, or the Amelioration of Ireland begin.

To find a vegetarian so strictly adherent to his principles as to decline eating a kidney potato.

To find the husband who will submit with calmness to cold mutton, in consideration of the promised *sequitur* of "his favourite pudding."

To find the wife who will spontaneously give her husband the latch key, rather than herself sit up for him.

To find a British Admiral whom it is not a mockery to send on "active" service.

To find an individual of sufficiently homœopathic appetite to dine twice off a leg of mutton at a seaside lodging-house.

To find a betting-shop which pays—anybody but the man who keeps it.

To find the infant cockney who expects a sufficient longevity to see the Thames deodorized.

To find a Clapham omnibus that will not put you down within "a underd yards or so" of Kensington.

To find so "plain" a cook that not even a policeman will "make up" to her.

To find the man who ever lent his umbrella "for five minutes," and lived to see it back again.

The Diplomatic Key.

A DIPLOMATIC note, we understand, has been addressed by the EARL OF WESTMORELAND to the Government of Austria, on the subject of the ill usage which British subjects have lately experienced in that country. The note of the musical Ambassador was supposed to be A minor.

A TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED TALENT.

DISRAELI was certainly the head and front of the late Ministry. His colleagues were nothing without him, and if we had been asked to supply him with an appropriate motto, we should at once have exclaimed *Ex uno Dizzy omnes*.



A VERY VULGAR SUBJECT.

William. "HERE'S WISHIN' YOU GOOD 'EALTH, JIM, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

James. "THANK'YE, BILL, THANK'YE. I HAD OUGHT TO BE A HAPPY COVE—FOR I'VE GOT A WIFE AS CAN THRASH ANY MAN OF HER WEIGHT—AND I'VE GOT A CHILD OF TWO YEARS AND A ARF AS CAN EAT TWO POUNDS O' BEEF-STEAK AT A SITTING—LET ALONE OWNIN' THE SMALLEST BLACK AND TAN TARRIER IN THE WORLD!"

OUR HONEYMOON.

MONDAY, MAY 5, 18—.

MORE rain; and JOSEPHINE—with quite a pert manner—wonders if there can be anything like such weather at home! Says, it will be *very dull*—don't I think it will—with such weather, to remain *shut up here*, a month? I make her no answer; but—cannot disguise it from myself that the weather is unpropitious. JOSEPHINE—with real impertinence—hopes when *her* time comes, *she* shall have better honeymoon weather. Nothing to look upon but the wet sea which is always the same. Poor thing! But then as FREDERICK says—we are not to expect to give people *sentiments* and *feelings*, because we give 'em *scages*. "Servants, my dear"—said FRED—*"are not like bride-cakes; do what one will, they are not to be made to order."* I am afraid he is right.

In spite of the rain, and—when I told him, I was sure he would get cold—FREDERICK *would* go out, walking the beach, and climbing the cliffs. I think he *might* have staid at home, when I asked him. There is sense in what JOSEPHINE says—but, then, how does she know that we shall stay here all the month? Why should we? Didn't FREDERICK—in his odd way—tell Mamma that we should take out a *roving commission*? Of course, we shall not *continue* here; I should feel really uncomfortable to think so.

I ought to write home, but somehow I cannot. It *was* hardly thoughtful of FRED to leave me all alone, and to go out in *such weather*, too, and only to pick up pebbles, and knock and chip at the rocks with that hammer which he always carries about with him, and which, as I almost told him this very morning, he seems now and then to think more of than *his own wife*. I felt my tongue *very nearly* saying so—only, somehow, my heart wouldn't let me.

But to be out in *such weather*! How can he escape a cold? If the rain pouring down, and steaming up as it does—if it doesn't positively hide the sea! I begin to feel it to be quite impossible—at least *very uncomfortable*—to have to endure a month of *this*. And at this very minute, he is in some hole of the rocks, some cavern, with that provoking hammer, for all the world like a smuggler or a buccanier, when he might be so warm, and comfortable, with *his own wife*, at *his own fireside*. I am determined—when he comes home—to show that I *think so*. And now, I have nothing to do, and I ought to write home, but I am so restless, and do so feel my temper rising—and yet, by the sudden darkness, I am sure it will thunder. And *he* knows how *fearful*

I am—indeed, it is almost my only weakness—how *really frightened* I am at thunder, and he is not here to *protect me*. Yes: I am determined—I *will* be *very angry*.

And feeling this, I feel a certain sort of satisfaction, that I shall be able to *show a spirit*. It is something to know this, and to do it.

And, at this minute, quite as I may say, *warm* with my temper, JOSEPHINE—a little abruptly, certainly, and I am about to scold her—JOSEPHINE brings in an old woman who, she says, has the privilege of the White Hart—an old woman with a basket full of nosegays. I am really in no humour to think of flowers, or to say a single word to old women.

Poor soul! if it isn't the very old woman whom I sat next to yesterday in the middle of the church! I can't say, if I don't feel humbled to see her. But why should I—when the landlady herself *saw me*, and therefore knows *all about it*. And why can't I feel just as I felt in the *middle of the sermon* yesterday? Why should not Sunday feelings and Monday feelings towards *such people* be just the same? And yet they *are not*. No; I will not hide it from myself. I *don't* feel towards her, in her working-day darned and faded cloak, as I did yesterday, when both of us were *dressed for the Sabbath*. I'm afraid to confess it, but I *do* think FREDERICK's right: we are wont to dress our *hearts* for the Sunday, and undress them again when the *Sunday's over*. "Sunday's heart in church," says FREDERICK, "is, somehow, *not* Monday's heart in business." Why shouldn't it be?

And with this thought I turn to the poor old thing; and if her cloak isn't drenched through and through—and I have been sitting here in the midst of all sorts of comfort; and her basket—poor heart!—with just a few bunches of wall-flowers and polyanthus—such a few!—to buy bread, and clothes, and home. And yet the old soul seems so happy—and the flowers so *bright*, so *balmy* through the rain-drops that hang about them—that they make me feel remorseful, yes, and something more, smiling so cheerfully, so sweetly *through their tears*.

And the poor old soul tells me that she is the grandmother of the pretty girl—the little bride—that FRED and I met coming from church; and she is so good, so industrious, so dutiful. I promise to go and see her—and so, the poor old woman goes her way, leaving me a nosegay, and wishing me *all sorts of things*, that I only hope I may be worthy a *tike* of them.

And—while I have been talking to the old woman—the sky has cleared up, and there has been *no thunder after all*. What a deal of anxiety I have wasted—what a needless flutter I have been in, and *no thunder after all*.

Here is FREDERICK, close below—and walking as leisurely as—well, I *do* feel just a little of the rebel and—no, I'll put the tempter down—I will.

He comes into the room with his glowing, open, happy face, as if no storm had threatened—as if, indeed, nothing had occurred. And then, his coat's as dry, and he seems as comfortable and, if I may use the word, *cozy*, that—in *such weather*, where could he have been?

I do feel a little hot and a little cold, and I can't help it. So without saying a word—but with a smile, though it *cost* me something, and a real smile *never does*—but with a smile, I leave the room—yes; I leave the room, *shutting the door* as I go out. Yes; I believe I *did shut the door*.

Half-an-hour, and I am again looking over FREDERICK, who sits with bits of rock and stones before him, which in his strange way, he calls the *great globe's register*, written in granite.

"I've been thinking"—said I, wanting to say something—"I've been thinking of that epitaph—the epitaph, my love, we read yesterday."

"What, since you left the room? Well, my dear, your manner of leaving it made me think of another epitaph—indeed, quite another sort—written by a loving widower upon his gentle wife—for the epitaph said everything for her—though, as you may think, in an odd fashion."

"What was it?" said I.

"Simply this," said FRED looking—he can't help it—a little mischievous. "After her name, age, and time of decease, there ran these lines: *She lived a wife for five-and-twenty years, and, in all that time, SHE NEVER BANGED THE DOOR!*"

I said nothing, but I felt the reproof. I then remembered how, when I left him, *how* I had shut the door. I wouldn't let him see my face, but *behind his chair*, and with my arms about his neck, I asked as carelessly as I could, "And where, dear FRED, did you see this?"

"Oh, in my travels, LOTTY," said he. "Many strange things I've heard of, seen—you may hear of them some day. But LOTTY, love, there is a world of meaning in that epitaph. A whole history of a life of gentleness. *'She never banged the door!'* Almost pathetic," said FRED, slyly—"affecting, for its household simplicity. *'She never banged the door!'* It ought to be set to music for family voices."

THE THEATRICAL FRANCHISE.

THE registration of a box costs as much as the registration of a vote, which makes the one privilege of a Briton as dear as the other.



Our Artist studies a rare work on "Equitation," and tries to do some "Capriolles sur les voltes, à main gauche" in Hyde Park.

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE we await the raising of the curtain, a polite gentleman near us has handed to *Mrs. P.* one of those very bills so affectionately and politely pressed upon us by the box-keeper. On running my eye over it I am struck by its peculiarities, not less as a literary performance, than as a theatrical announcement. As a literary performance it is remarkable for its enthusiastio tautology; and as an announcement, for its bold defiance of fact. In style and arrangement it has obviously been modelled on the programmes of another class of performances, usually given in yellow caravans, and enlivened by the music of gongs, cymbals, and speaking-trumpets. My early experience has accustomed me to the invitation to "Walk up, walk up, and witness the wonderful exhibition of the Spotted Boy"—and I am equally familiar with the assurance that the said spotted boy is "universally pronounced by the nobility, the faculty, and the public, to be the most wonderful phenomenon now travelling." The summons of the Circus clown to his benefit is also present to my mind, with its judicious hints to "come early;" and so is the condescending advice of the magnificent lord in spangled tunic and yellow boots, who, from the parade of RICHARDSON'S, counsels me to "be in time—be in time!" for "the players, the players—the London performers!"

But it belonged to our own times to transfer these passionate and highly coloured modes of allocation from the caravan, the clown, and the booth platform, to the London theatre.

The bill before me is a rich example of the florid or decorated caravan order. Beginning with an ejaculatory outburst "Enormous Success! Blaze of Triumph!" it proceeds, without stooping to the aid of connectives—"Overflowing Houses! Magnificent Delineations of character!! Glorious scenery!!!"

And all this lavish expenditure of ornamental typography has been indulged in before I get to the name of the first piece, and its list of characters. It is, as it were, a gorgeous vestibule through which one arrives at a second-hand clothes shop.

I look around me, as soon as my mind has recovered itself from this *donche* of managerial exultation, to seek in the fact some illustration of

LOGIC FOR THE LEGREES.

To MRS. LEGREE, MRS. JONATHAN JEFFERSON JACKSON LEGREE, and the MISSES LEGREE.

MY DEAR LADIES,

THE more I think of your retort on our females about Slavery, the more I like it. Some have said it was not yours—no woman's work. But I had no doubt whose it was. Yes, yes: I think, we do know the sweet American hand.

Besides, your logic was too conclusive, your statements were too exact, for mere man.

Crime, poverty, and ignorance are as bad as slavery, of course. Ignorance, poverty, and crime are British institutions, just as slavery is an American one.

We let the Irish starve during the famine, without giving them a cent. In order to keep them in superstitious ignorance, regardless of the wishes of their enlightened priesthood, we established the QUEEN'S Colleges upon a sectarian principle, judiciously condemned by the Synod of Thurles:

The wretchedness, the wickedness, the nescience of our people result from Acts of Parliament to such ends expressly made and provided. It is a legal and a social crime to educate the poor. No attempt is made to ameliorate their condition. We have no hospitals, no ragged schools, no baths and wash-houses.

If they attempt to escape from the slavery of circumstances to a better state—say to Australia—we drag them back again. A fugitive slave law for that very purpose was enacted last session.

My dear Sisters, fulfil your mission. Teach your husbands—fathers—brothers—sweethearts—true Christianity. Their nigger is not their neighbour; they have no duty to him. All argument to the contrary is an attempt to prove black white.

And if that point could be proved, it would follow that if the white Americans were justified in asserting their independence with the sword, the black negroes would be equally right in vindicating their freedom with the knife. That, dear ladies, is doubtless as clear to you as it is to

PUNCH.

THE TETOTALLER'S ADDRESS TO THE PUMP.—"Am I not a Man and a Brother?"

the fancy printing. The "overflow" has not yet succeeded in swamping more than the front rows of the gallery, two-thirds of the pit, and a slender proportion of the boxes. It can't be said to pour yet. It rather dribbles. I suppose it is coming with LORD MAIDSTONE'S Deluge, and MR. DISRAELI'S Future. It is, no doubt, "looming" in the neighbourhood.

As the Free List is entirely suspended, the public press only excepted, I wonder what all those rather seedy-looking parties, with those coloured bits of paper in their hands, could be doing as we came in, round about that pigeon-hole with Free List written over it? I suppose they were the Public Press.

I must own that to pass from the passionate magnificence of the bill to the slender and shabby reality of the house, is a good deal like the transition from the "wild Indian chief" of the show-cloth (who is massacring three of a boat's crew, including a lieutenant in uniform, while other four are flying in a manner unworthy of British seamen,) to the battered, tattered, begrimed, and besotted Lascar, in a chintz tunic, and with a curtain-ring through his nose, inside the ten feet by seven of the caravan. I am used to that contrast by this time—in the case of the caravan; but I must confess it annoys me in the theatre, which you have not yet succeeded in bringing down to the caravan level,—at least in my mind. Besides, I have a preference for fact over fiction, for truth over falsehood, in all announcements of things which I pay money to see. I would rather have the simple name of the play, and list of the characters and actors. I believe the great majority of your audience think as I do. I exceedingly doubt whether all your capitals, italics, notes of exclamation, abuse of superlatives, and mis-statements of fact, draw a single person into your theatre. The trick is so very stale by this time, that, I own, I cannot conceive a goose green enough to be entrapped by it. But if you will insist on this feature of booth and caravan practice, why not go the entire showman? Why not boldly throw out a platform to the street, take your stand on it, and blow your own trumpet? Why not put your hand into beef-eaters' coats, and insist on your actors parading in costume, and executing a country dance before their "all-in-to-begin"? This would at least be new—and might, I have no doubt, collect a crowd outside your theatre.

Honestly now, my dear Sir, what possible good can come of all this puffing and story-telling? Do you not see that it is degrading to

those who do it, to those of whom it is done, and to those for whom (I presume) it is done? Are you aware that this absurd and extravagant falsehood of playbills has become a standing joke, and that the palm of fibbing has been transferred from bulletins and epitaphs to bills of the play? Did I not know the extraordinary ignorance in which you live of all things and thoughts out of the magic ring of your theatre, I should say it is impossible you should be ignorant of this. I own that, for my own part, I shall despair of your awaking to a sense of your true interest, until I see you reform your playbills!

If appeals to your good taste are in vain, only think of the saving on your printing account.

Mind, I am not under-rating the advantage, nay, the indispensableness of publicity. I respect the bill-sticker. I feel what a pleasant branch of street literature he opens to us all. You are welcome to all the hoards and blank walls—I have no objection to your even resorting to the arches of the bridges. I allow you the use of bright colours, monster posters, and gigantic lettering. Nay, I do not even share my friend SIBTHORP'S strong feeling against advertising vans. But do, in the name of good taste, truth, and common sense, confine yourself to simple announcements. Depend upon it that the fate of your theatre depends not on what you say in your bills, but on what your audience says of your performances. The public takes the showman's advice in this, and invariably "inquires the character of the exhibition from those who come out."

But the orchestra is rising in its last grand *crescendo*. The first mystic tap has been given—with the second rises the curtain—and now, having vented my feelings on your bill of fare, let me settle down to a serious judgment of the repast you mean to serve up to me. This, however, I must keep for next week.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 4.



COBLINGS tells me that SCAMP, formerly of his College, is up and winning money of the youngsters. SCAMP was expelled from Margaret's, and migrated to a Hall. No one exactly knows his present address, but he pays periodical visits to our beloved University, and makes an honest penny by billiards, horse-racing, and so on. Now I tell you what, CHARLEY, if I see you speaking to him I'll write home and tell your governor, I will, by JOVE. He is *too clever* for you, and will clean you out, if he gets a chance, as sure as you bear the ancient name of CODLINGS. I recollect the gentleman, perfectly. He can do a good many things, and do them well, too. He invariably wins a game of billiards by *two or three*,

whoever he plays with, and says it was his luck. He can ride a flat race like a professional jock, but, somehow or other, he always drops a stirrup-iron if he is on the favourite. He runs uncommonly well, moreover, although he does look pale and thin; and will spar with any man of his weight—don't you put on the gloves with him. He sculls as well as BOB COOMBES, and men insist upon laying odds on him accordingly; but he is such an unlucky fellow in a race—when he is "rowing within himself," and looks like winning in a canter, he is sure to break his foot-strap, or his left arm "goes," or else he fouls the next boat, or suffers some other unfortunate casualty, which puts him out of it. Yes, and his backers use such dreadful language, and say such unkind things of him, as if he were not mortified enough already, and swear that he stands in with the winner. O SCAMP is a very clever man, indeed.

Then he is such a friendly, easy fellow, he will talk to every one on his own hobby. You might think him quite a saint, and too good for this world if you heard him with his uncle the Dean, but catch him among the watermen (who adore him) or over a pipe with Fibbing BILLY, the pugilist, as he calls himself, and you would form rather a different opinion of his morality. Young fellows, however, are his especial friends, and he delights in teaching them the simple theory of *rouge et noir*, and otherwise enlarging their minds. When he finds one very green indeed, I believe he horrors money of

him as if he were doing him a favour. I don't hear that he ever pays. In fact, no youngster ever got the better of him. CHARLEY CODLINGS, beware of that man; as you say of a horse—he is a "thorough bad 'un." I don't like his ways in London. Nobody knows him, he is always by himself, unless you see him in Jernyn Street talking to an Israelite of fashionable exterior. He is always to be seen late at night, as I am told, in one of those private institutions about St. James's, whose interiors I hope you will never have the curiosity to penetrate. But, he cannot get into a respectable club. He was even blaekballed at the Portico, where they are not generally hard on a man.

Depend upon it he will come to grief before long. He has been hard hit at play lately, and has bought a thorough-bred serew to retrieve his losses. He intends to make a steeplechaser of her, and commit some robbery on the British public on the turf—but I never knew that answer. If he wins he won't be paid, and if he loses he will have to holt. His brother "went" for a large stake last Derby: if *Hobbie Noble* had won, he would have cleared ten thousand; as it is, he is driving a coach in Wales. There's a pretty end for a gentleman "who has had the advantage of a University education." And now don't let me hear of your having anything to do with this man. If the mare does not break his neck when he is teaching her to jump, he will be a billiard-marker at San Francisco, take my word for it.

HUMOURS OF THE CARLOW ELECTION.

BY ONE OF THE CONSTITUENCY.

HEAR my narration of the botheration,
How we the recreant SADLEIR did unsate
At Carlow Election, where he met rejection,
A mighty victory and grand defate.

SADLEIR, the traitor, was the vindicator
Of Irish freedom in the Pope's brigade;
But foes deserting, and to friends reverting,
A base alliance with the Peelites made.

He joined the Cabinet, so mane and shabby,
Of ABERDEEN, with GLADSTONE, HERBERT, GRAHAM,
Tergiversating, and his pledges ating,
To mix himself with them that thinks the same.

Ne'er such a shindy 'mong the wars in Indy,
When our surviving troops was drowned in blood,
Aqual'd in compass the extinsive rumpus
When that true rinegade for Carlow stud.

There was PRIEST MURPHY against FATHER DUFFY,
With both their crowns conspicuous through their hats,
And MICHAEL POWER contending with a shower
Of bad potatoes and departed eats.

MIKE knocked down TERENCE, to the interfarence
Of DENNIS and the other boys which led;
PHELM bate TIM, and BRYAN larrup'd him,
BARNEY kilt DAN, and DAN broke DERMOT'S head.

Then, och, how candid the remarks we bandied!
For SADLER BISHOP HALY durst to vote;
They called him booby—sure the fact is thrue, by
The Powers!—regardless of his holy coat.

But JOHN OF TUAM, that excels LORD BROUGHAM
In mathematics and the gift of spaech,
Made clear to rason MISTER SADLEIR'S trason,
Which is a fact that no one can impache.

So out we kicked him, sound discretion's victim,
Sent him his big diminished head to hide,
And in our glory went and chose a Tory
To take his place upon the other side!

Breeches of Decorum.

WE are surprised at shorts having been adopted as the Court costume of the French Empire, for we always thought that Imperial measure and short measure were very different things.

CAB V. OMNIBUS.

PADDINGTON omnibusses now run nearly two miles for a penny. This fact being known, cab-drivers have determined to charge for every single mile one-and-sixpence.

THE CHAMBER OF MISREPRESENTATIVES.—A patriotic Frenchman (it seems there is one left) calls the French Senate the "*Senatus Insultum*."



A PICTURE.

Show-ing what Mas-ter Tom did af-ter See-ing a Pan-to-mime—But you would not do so—Oh, Dear no!—Be-cause you are a good Boy.

A JUDGE'S JUDGMENT GONE BY DEFAULT.

THE morning papers of Thursday report the following little incident as having "come off" on the preceding day in the Bail Court.

"Mr. Justice CROMPTON, after having disposed of several undefended causes *nisi prius*, proceeded to deliver judgment in a case which had been argued *in banco*, a most unusual proceeding, when, as was the case to-day, *nisi prius* sittings had been specially appointed. The consequence was that none of the officials *in banco* were present, nor even the parties to the cause, and the judgment was allowed to go off unheeded."

We do not quite understand this little matter, which seems to intimate that there has been a case of *quasi* spontaneous combustion, or premature "firing away" on the part of the learned judge alluded to, who appears to have gone off, like a pistol at half cock, before any one was prepared for what has taken place. The newspapers add that there were no officials present to treat the judgment with due respect, and "when found take a note of it;"—the parties concerned in the suit were absent, the reporters were not in their places, and the judgment consequently passed off like a *coup manqué*, or so much judicial firing in the air. It is all very well to say the proceeding was unusual, but, in our eyes, the blame rests rather with the absent officials, the missing parties, and the inattentive reporters, than with the learned judge, who, having a judgment to deliver, proceeded to deliver it when an opportunity offered.

An Electric Lady.

THE German papers give an account of an Austrian lady who is so charged with electricity, that sparks are constantly given out from her fingers' ends. It is seldom that a lady is found sending sparks away from her, though it is a common attribute of the sex to attract sparks, and even to twirl them round the finger with the utmost ease. We suspect that the account in the German papers is—like the electric lady herself—a little over-charged.

A BURNING SHAME.—The City of London Coal-tax.

LONG RANGE FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.

A SCHEME has been submitted to us for the pacific conquest of despotism throughout Europe.

This great victory over persecution and tyranny it is proposed to achieve by means of an intellectual Long Range.

Balloons are to be provided, each carrying a bale of books to be detached and dropped, at a certain distance, by means of a match calculated to burn accordingly. Each mass of information is to be connected with a parachute, that it may fall gently, and not break any of those heads it is destined to benefit.

The books shall consist of various enlightened periodicals—besides the principal one—newspapers, works on natural science, metaphysics, history, moral philosophy, and, in general, such volumes as are interdictioned on the Continent on account of their truth—including Bibles.

To make sure of dropping the books in the right place, an extensive series of meteorological observations will be instituted to ascertain at any given time how the wind blows. The only difficulty likely to be encountered will consist in raising the wind.

It is hoped the Peace Society will patronize this grand project, whereby it is designed to reduce tyrants and bigots to reason, or bring them to hook, by a peaceful bombardment with shells loaded with useful knowledge: exploding only to demolish falsehood and nonsense. If human liberty can be vindicated by such means, we so far agree with our friends above-mentioned, as to be inclined to resort to them in preference to ordinary bombs, and other appliances for sweeping oppressors from the face of the earth.

Appointments and Dis-Appointments.

EVEN the very best friends of LOUIS NAPOLEON are obliged to admit, since the appointment of his Cousin JEROME to the rank of a General of Division, that the EMPEROR shows himself not sufficiently particular when dealing in such Generals as the one lately made.



THE EAGLE IN LOVE.



OUT-HERALDING HERALDRY.



To the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF KINNOUL, Lord Lyon, King of Arms, &c., &c., &c.

"MY LORD, "I ALWAYS thought Edinburgh was the Modern Athens, but it would seem to be the Scotch Gotham. "Five philosophers of that celebrated city have, in a petition to your Lordship, committed a most unwarrantable outrage on your Lordship's humble servant. They have in the most gratuitous and uncalled for manner attacked me, with a view to dislodge me from a position which I have for centuries occupied unmolested in the Royal Arms of the

United Kingdom. It appears to be their wish that I should cede that post of honour to an obsolete quadruped calling itself the Lion of Scotland.

"I am sure your Lordship has never heard of any Scotch Lion worthy of the least notice, since the LION WALLACE; and will admit that one consolidated Lion is sufficient for the heraldry of Great Britain.

"My Lord, it has been erroneously reported that I am defunct. I apprehend that this is the suggestion of 'JOHN GRANT, Esq., accountant;' 'JAMES MACNAB, Esq., writer;' 'STEWART WATSON, Esq., historical painter;' 'PATRICK EDWARD DOVE, Esq.;" and 'JAMES GRANT, Esq., architect.' They imagine me to be dead—and therefore have they lifted their heels against me.

"Will your Lordship have the kindness to inform them that I am alive and—kicking I might say, if I were like one of themselves, but no!—alive and 'passant.'

"Your Lordship will, perhaps, further oblige me by directing the attention of these extremely zealous sticklers for Scottish symbolism, to an emblem of nationality for which they may indulge their preference without objection. I mean the thistle. In conclusion, my Lord, I beg to say, that I hope your Lordship will not lend your ears to those whose own are too long already; and I have the honour to be, &c.,

"Queen's Arms, Jan., 1853.

"THE BRITISH LION."

THE PIG-HEADED PUBLIC.

THE Managers of the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park deserve infinite praise for their energy in providing novelty for the "Zoological Recreations" of the public in general. We have had, in succession, a boa-constrictor—whose blanket-trick rendered him so great a favourite; the hippopotamus—who made a sort of splash for a short time by his well-known feat of the plunge bath; an elephant calf—whose infant elephantine gambols put him into everybody's mouth, and got him universally talked about; and now we have, as the star of the season, a Choitopotamos or river pig. This interesting brute is expected to win all hearts by his superior cleanliness, and by habits altogether unlike the porcine fraternity. We understand the new comer has been secured at considerable cost, for the Managers of the Zoological Society thought it worth while to go the whole hog in securing the river pig for their establishment, which is beginning to take its position as one of the lions of the season.

The Bishop of Cartridge.

THE VLADIKA OF MONTENEGRO, who is now occupying so prominent a position, is an odd fellow. He is a sort of Highland Chief, and also Bishop; a kind of episcopal RODERICK DHU. His mitre is supposed to be sabre-proof. He goes about with a dirk and several braces of pistols stuck in his girdle, and instead of a crosier he carries a rifle, with which he is the best shot in his own diocese. The charges of this prelate are peculiarly impressive, consisting as they do of powder and ball, and being delivered with unerring precision.

AN AFTER-DINNER CONUNDRUM.

Q. If a Frenchman had been promised a Quart Bottle of Port, what would he exclaim when it was brought to him?

A. O! DIS-A-PINT-MEANT!!!! (See "Police Report" next Monday.)

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

(Being the Old Ballad altered to suit the times.)

WOULD you hear a Spanish ladye
How an Emperor she won?
Very marked attentions paid he,
But she was not to be done.
The belle of all the Tuileries balls was she,
And had a gross of titles and a mile of pedigree.

To be mistress of the Master
Of the Frenchie she was too high;
CUPID'S bonds did hold him faster
All the more that she fought shy:
In her charming company was all his joy,
But to favour him in anything he found her coy.

Till at last he gave commandment
At Compiègne a hunt should be;
To chase the dear was his intention—
But not the one spelt double e.
Then said the ladye milde, "His game I see,
But mine is not a heart that's caught so easilie."

"Gentle ladye, show some pitié;
I'm an Emperor—no lesse!"
But the ladye was too wittie
To be caught with chaffe, I guesse;
"There's one way from my chains yourself to free,
My gallant Emperor—that is, to marry me."

"Aught I'll swear, so thou hut love me;
See, on marrow-bones I goe!"
"Sirc, fair words no parsnips butter,
Swearing don't coste much, you knowe.
Some people I have known swear over nighte,
Who all their oaths next morning have forgotten quite."

"The Assemblie saw no reason
'Gainst your treading Gallic grounde;
Then all traitors and all treason
How you swore, Sirc, to confound!
But now the Assemblie you have overthrowne,
And in their place you sit, as Emperor, alone."

"Hold your tongue, free-spoken ladye,
Hold your tongue, you are a bore:
Of fair ladies there are plentie,
France doth yield a wondrous store;
Spaniards to their own fortunes may be blinde,
But the French ladies to my prayer will be more kinde."

"Yet forgive me, lovely Spaniard,
You alone possess my heart;
And with thee, if so it must be,
My Imperial crowne I'll part.
With all the Royal houses to wedde I've done my best,
But all decline the honor—the Coburgs 'mong the rest."

"I have neither golde or silver,
To maintain me in such place;
To be Emprress is great charges,
As you know, in any case."
"My cash and jewels every one shall be thy owne,
The sums I've made by dabbling in the Funds are quite unknowne."

"On French thrones are many changes
Quick they fall who quickly rise:
Then the way you've been behaving—
Prisoning, shooting, telling lies!"
"A better man henceforth I mean to be,
And all the credit of the change they will set down, to thee!"

"Then your friends, Sirc, of both sexes,
Have a reputation sad;
LOUIS QUINCE had his DUBARRYS,
Other LOUIS are as bad."

"I'll set them all a packing, whate'er age, sex, or claims,
Till your Court's dull and decorous as that of sour
St. James."
"Well, Sirc, upon these conditions
I to share your throne consent;
Spanish ladies are no greenhorns,
With bare love to be content;
But Emprress—though of such an Emperor—to be,
Is a chance I can't resist, though a true blue-blood grandee."



X. 42. "DID YOU CALL THE POLICE, SIR?"

Swell (who would perish rather than disturb his shirt-collar). "YA—AS, A—I'VE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO DWOP MY UMBRELLAW, AND THERE ISN'T A BOY WITHIN A MILE TO PICK IT UP—A—WILL YOU HAVE THE GOODNESS?"

ANTI-BIGOTRY UNREPORTED!

It appears that the murder of FRANCESCO MADIAT is not quite accomplished. He still languishes in prison, but is "not dead—not yet quite dead." There is yet hope for the success of the energetic exertions which all denominations are making for the liberation of that poor fellow and his wife.

For are not *all* denominations making these exertions? Which is the exception? Is there one? Can it be possible that echo answers ONE? If so, that heathen nymph—that *lies* unseen—is surely in collusion with our heretical newspapers.

The whole Protestant press has evidently behaved with the most shameful disingenuousness in this matter. It daily relates the meetings of the public at large, at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, for the deliverance of the victims of Tuscan bigotry. But it records not one demonstration on the part of the Roman Catholic section of the community in deprecation of the intolerance which has incarcerated that unoffending pair for reading the Bible. It says not a word of the indignant harangues which, doubtless, are made by them at the Freemason's Tavern, at Highbury Barn, at every available place of meeting throughout the country, denouncing that flagrant violation, in their religion's name, of religious liberty. Not an extract does it quote from the numerous "pastorals" published—of course—by their "venerated prelates," warning the faithful, and all else whom it may concern, that such persecution is not warranted by their Church, but altogether abhorred, detested, condemned; and that they are to let any one who shall affirm otherwise be anathema. It mentions nothing of the requests that—cannot but—lie outside of all the Roman Catholic Chapels, addressed to the POPE, begging him to interfere, and use his influence to abate this scandal to their creed. Nor has it, up to the present time, taken the slightest notice of the novenas, masses, and other services to the same purpose, that—as certainly—are performed within the walls of those edifices. In fine, it has left us bursting in ignorance of the efforts of CARDINAL WISEMAN, DR. NEWMAN, ST. JOHN OF TUAM, and S. S. CAHILL and LUCAS, by sermons, preach-

SHORTS AND SHINS AT THE TULLERIES.

A NOBLEMAN in France
Was invited to a ball;
He was a man of pleasure and a dandy oh!
But though he loved a Polka well,
He wouldn't go at all;
For his legs were most unquestionably handy oh!

Now was this bandy nobleman
Obliged his legs to show?
With DUSAUTOY to make his trousers handy oh!
By the EMPEROR'S high command,
Velvet breeches were the go;
And the fashion did not suit this noble dandy oh!

He observed, 'Tis very jolly
For the fellows that have calves,
But I must have imbibed a deal of brandy oh!
To display such legs as these
Of callipers like halves,
Which—not to mince the matter—are so bandy oh!

Jam for Emigrants.

By an Act to amend the laws respecting the carriage of passengers by sea, passed last year, it is prescribed that if the ship be intended to enter the tropics, 15 clear superficial feet, and a berth 6 feet long and 18 inches wide shall be allotted to each passenger. This Act did not contemplate the emigration of aldermen. Allotting but 18 inches width for a berth, it seems to have been based on the most narrow views. Its framers probably supposed that all emigrants must be starving, to entertain the idea of squeezing them into 18-inch grooves. Or, perhaps they were sleepily confounding the measure before them with an interment bill, and dreamt that they were regulating the dimensions of the "narrow home."

THEY "LIKE TO BE DESPISED."

LOUIS NAPOLEON boasts that all he has done has been sanctioned by the French nation. We must admit, that all his acts of the last year or two have been performed on the authority of what we understand in this country as "French leave."

ings, pamphlets, leading articles, prayers, and fastings on this behalf. In consequence of the insidious reticence of our contemporaries, a very general idea is gaining ground that the liberality of Roman Catholicism is mere humbug; its profession of toleration a sham; its cry of "religious equality" a gross equivocation, meaning nothing more than "Universal Popery."

Accordingly, even the EARL OF CARLISLE, who, in regard to the Roman Church, like the *Mamma* in *Lord Bateman*, "never was heard to speak before," writes a letter to the *Leeds Mercury*, animadverting on the Tuscan persecutions, and declaring:

"I must repeat that upon the mode in which the Roman Catholic body at large treat these contemporary occurrences, their place in the estimation of their sincere well-wishers must depend."

The amiable nobleman whose words have just been quoted is, naturally enough, misled by the suppression of which our journals have been guilty. It is a great pity that the Roman Catholics do not contrive to undeceive the noble lord, and the rest of the nobility, gentry, and people in general, as touching their fancied supineness in regard to the MADIAT, and the other apparent victims of their Church, which, personified as a POPE, may, for aught we know better, be imagined grilling a heretic with one hand and presenting a petition for religious liberty with the other.

A Digested Code

THE *Times* tells us that

"On the re-assembling of the House of Commons, MR. PHILLMORE, M.P., is to move an Address that HER MAJESTY will be pleased to appoint commissioners to digest the law of England into a code."

Remembering the old iron to be found in the laws, we suggest that among the commissioners there be appointed at least half-a-dozen ostriches.

THE GREATEST WORK OF FICTION OF THE DAY.—BRADSHAW'S *Tales of the Trains*.

FRA DIAVOLO IN LONDON.



EAR PUNCH.—GOING recently to the barber, who shares with Father Time the task of thinning my hair, I found that he had been garrotted and robbed on the previous night; and heard from his afflicted wife all the pathetic lamentations which I have interwoven in the enclosed verses."

They say we live in peaceful days, and in a peaceful city, Sir,

But somehow we're surrounded by most bellicose banditti, Sir;

And really it would seem less safe for us to be benighted in

The streets of London than the glens which SCHILLER'S *Moor* delighted in.

I suppose that British industry spurred on by mad ambition, Sir, With SCHINDERHANNES meditates an active competition, Sir; That ladies of romantic minds, no longer forced to travel O, May find the hero they desire in a native *Fra Diavolo*.

He does not wear a high-crowned hat, or live on macaroni, Sir, Or look as WALLACK used to look in playing *Massaroni*, Sir; He's not the stylish sort of thief SALVATOR ROSA painted, man, And as for MRS. RADCLIFFE, if she'd seen him, she'd have fainted, man; But though in shabby corduroys, pea-coat, and Blucher boots he goes, And to a den in Monmouth Street instead of the Abruzzi goes, And though his name is SMITH, or JONES, or BROWN, he takes your money, Sir,

As well as if 't were BRUNO BRUN, or MATTEO FALCONNE, Sir.

When *Massaroni* went abroad to serenade *Zitella*, Sir, He left his wife at home to watch his kitchen and his cellar, Sir, And *Leonora* stayed behind to mind *Rolando's* cookery, But our Brigands have a better use for the ladies of the Rookery. For when from opera or ball you plod along with weary knces, Nor think to find on Holborn Hill the perils of the Pyrenees, Some woman asks you, "What's o'clock?" and while you are replying, Sir,

You find her partner round *your* neck *his* handkerchief is tying, Sir.

The other morning, as my hair to straggle was beginning, Sir, I went to TONGS (a neat *artiste* for trimming or for thinning, Sir), But I had scarcely passed the shop and reached the cutting-room, ere I saw Mrs. TONGS in tears amid the brushes and perfumery. "Where's TONGS?" I said. "Oh, dear!" she sobbed, "As home last night he trotted, Sir,

From a friend's in Hupper Obin, he was robbed, Sir, and garrotted, Sir;

And when I see him brought home bruised and bleeding on a shutter, Sir,

By policemen, Sir, the turn I got no words of mine can utter, Sir.

"And I'm quite without assistance, for it's took us without warning, Sir,

And you're the second cad of air I've turned away this morning, Sir;

And Mrs. TURNER, three doors off, in bed is forced a bit to wait,

As TONGS is quite unable yet her top and front to titivate.

With plaisters and with vinegar I dress his cuts and bruises, Sir,

But who is fit to hold the tongs and seissors as he uses, Sir?

And there's his children (here the dame began to sob and pout again),

He put their air in paper, Sir, BUT *who's* to take it out again?"

I left the weeping Mrs. TONGS, and thought if I had seen her, man, In such a grief, for such a cause, at the inn of Terracina, man, I had not marvelled at the ease; but hearing such a story, Sir, Of briganders living 'neath the nose of good SIR PETER LAURIE, Sir, I'd better hurry home at once, in urgent haste, and write of it To *Punch*, that he may instantly inform the worthy knight of it, And make him "put the fellows down," and use the utmost rigor o' The law 'gainst those who thus have robbed my inoffensive Figaro.

WHY is PALMERSTON like the measles?—Because nearly every Administration has him once.

SCIENCE FOR SOFT HORNS.

WE have had much pleasure in hearing that some attention is about to be given, at Oxford and Cambridge, to the study of plants. Instruction is to be provided in that peculiar branch of botany that has reference to Botany Bay. Professorships are to be appointed at either University in order to teach the anatomy and physiology of the several *genera* of fraud. The lectures will elucidate the forms of swindling, and the classes and orders of roguery. The system of sells, the tissues of deceit, and the ramifications of imposture, will be demonstrated; and the peculiarities of design manifested in each, exposed.

Two experienced barristers of the Central Criminal Court have been selected to fill the respective chairs. They will rejoice in the title of Professors of Modern Hebrew. It is to be hoped that, through the lessons of these learned gentlemen, every young clergyman, however simple, will know better than to accept a bill, and trust an advertising rascal to get it discounted.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH ADMIRAL.

Ans.—"Obvious."

I'LL sing you a new song, on a theme much stirred of late, Of a fine old English Admiral, grown rather out of date, Who, tho' in second childhood and a very helpless state, Is still on "active" service, commanding a "First-rate,"—

Like a fine Old English Admiral, one of the present time.

His cabin is well stored around with powders, draughts, and pills, And pretty nearly half his pay is spent in doctors' bills; Cramp, ague, cough, and rheumatism count among his foes, With now and then a touch of gout, to warm his good old toes—

Like a fine Old English Admiral, one of the present time.

He seldom ventures up on deck, save just to take the air, With a respirator round his chin, and in an easy chair; But o'er his nightly gruel a stave he'll often sing Of battles fought in his hot youth, when GEORGE THE THIRD was King,

Like a fine Old English Admiral, one of the present time.

His good old ship, the *Blunderer*, is quite infirm as he, As shaky in her "upper works," and out of trim for sea; E'en coal-brigs pass her easily, and chippers round her sail, And tho' she's "slow," she's pretty "sure"—of found'ring in a gale, With her fine Old English Admiral, one of the present time.

But tho' the good old ship and he alike are breaking fast, We'll hope he still may live to see her snug in port at last:

And if he's then in favour with the Admiralty Board,

Perhaps, as he's near ninety now, they'll make a Junior Lord

Of our poor Old used-up Admiral, one of the present time.

Now frankly we confess a doubt if any British tar Be the better fit for "service" from his rivaling OLD PARR; Nor put we faith in veterans, tho' doubtless bold and brave, Who have one foot crippled by the gout, and t'other in the grave—

Like our fine Old English Admiral, one of the present time.

A CAPTAIN BOLD.

A CERTAIN CAPTAIN HENRY HUGH CLAYTON has greatly distinguished himself by caning a housemaid; because the aforesaid maid would not listen to the advantageous offers—as no doubt he considered them—of the man of valour. She spurned him, and the warrior caned her. Well, for this caning MR. LONG, the magistrate, fined the captain 50s.: a mere trifle, for the hero—as it appeared—was perfectly ready to pay fifty pounds. We are not aware whether the prowess of the captain will be duly gazetted; but, any way, it ought to be marked in some very especial manner. We suppose he cannot be made a K.C.B.: but, nevertheless, he ought to be distinguished. We think it clear that the warrior who canes an honest housemaid ought himself to receive the Order of the Broomstick.

Our Imperial Arms.

SCOTLAND having complained of the shameful treatment of her lion in the English standard, the complaint will, it is understood, be followed up by Wales,—the English Heralds having entirely ignored the Welsh rabbit.

THE AUSTRALIAN BANKING SYSTEM.—The Banks of the Australian Gold Fields are so constituted, that you draw money out of them with a scoop instead of a cheque.



STUDY OF AN ELDERLY FEMALE HAILING THE LAST OMBLEBUS.

AN "ACKNOWLEDGED" HEROINE.

If we are to believe the anecdotes in the French papers, the new Empress has been reviving in Paris the good old days of the British Drama, by going about with purses in her hand, and distributing them with all the promiscuous liberality that marked the "rich uncle" in a farce, or the "benevolent baron" in a melodrama. Since she has been selected as the wife of LOUIS NAPOLEON, the DUCHESS DE TEBE is discovered to have been for some time past pursuing that brilliant career of reckless liberality, which thrusts a pocket-book filled with bank-notes into the hands of the first mendicant one meets, and wraps up the first half-elad beggar in a satin cloak taken expressly from the shoulders of the donor.

The Duchess has been most conveniently at hand on several recent occasions, when there was an opportunity for acting the part of a "ministering angel;" and, strange to say, her angelic actions have come to light just at the right time to make her popular in her new character of Empress. "Lately," we are told, the Duchess was passing just as a labourer was blown from off a scaffold; a circumstance that proved a regular wind-fall for the poor fellow, who was most liberally assisted by the fair witness of the accident. "Another day," a poor woman half-clothed, carrying two infants—forming a group no doubt very like the well-known "mother and twins" of our own thoroughfares—was met by the Duchess, who "took a wrapper from her carriage, which she threw over the woman and children, and then emptied her purse into the emaciated hand of the poor creature, and disappeared."

We wonder the "disappearance" was not effected through a "trap" or some other stage contrivance, to give due effect to the dramatic incident, and impart to the Duchess as much of the air of a "good genius," as could be attained by the help of regular machinery. Such a character would be invaluable to those ready-made widows in clean white aprons, who lie about on doorsteps, with two great drugged four-year-olders in long clothes on their laps, or who line the New Cut on Saturday nights with a family of seven—in sizes—each member having a tract in one hand, and a box of lucifers in the other. Should the Empress visit England, the fraternity of "eagers" may expect a plentiful harvest, if all we hear be true of her indiscriminate almsgiving in Paris.

THE LAY OF THE ANXIOUS DEBTOR.

(ADDRESSED TO HIS CONFIDING BUTCHER.)

AIR—"Will you love me then as now?"

You have told me that you trust me?
And you prove the words you speak,
As you send the meat in daily,
And the book but once a week!
May I hope your kindly feeling
Nothing ever will estrange,
And this pleasant mode of dealing
Circumstances ne'er will change.
When you send a twelvemonth's bill in,
And to pay I don't know how,
When you hear I've not a shillin',
Will you trust me then as now?

Though a month may pass unclouded,
And you send what's ordered home,
Yet, as week on week advances,
Thoughts across your mind must come.
You will lose your old politeness,
And reluctant fill your tray,
Cheerful looks will lose their lightness
When you find I never pay.
When my debts have pressed upon me,
And my tradesmen make a row,
Will the change find you unchanging—
Will you trust me then as now?

Mistake in the "Moniteur."

WE beg leave to call the attention of our Parisian contemporary, the *Moniteur*, to a mistake in one of its recent numbers, which we take the liberty to correct. Instead of the announcement that "JEROME BONAPARTE has been raised to the rank of General of Division," it should have been stated that "the rank of General of Division has been lowered to JEROME BONAPARTE."

Should the Imperial female philanthropist desire to keep up in this country the habits she is said to have adopted in her own, she will of course make at once for the Surrey side of the water, and run up and down "The Cut"—as it is curiously called by the natives—with as many purses as the "situation" may seem to require.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY MONEY?



Under this head there has been continually appearing for some months past an advertisement, by which we confess to have been fairly puzzled. How any gentleman can feel any difficulty in knowing what to do with his money, amidst the mass of notices "To the benevolent," and others in affluent circumstances, that may be seen side by side with his own inquiry, is a problem we cannot solve. There is generally in the next column an "eligible" opportunity of investing, to pay 200 per cent. or "a fortune to be realised for fifty pounds," which should at once enlighten the gentleman as to what he may do with his money. There is, however, a question which has often seemed to us a really difficult one, and one which we are astonished at not having seen put to a benevolent public through the medium of advertisements, and that question is, "What shall I do without any money at all?"



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Tom, "JACK! WHEREABOUTS IS AMSTID-AM!"

Jack, WELL, I CAN'T SAY EXACKERLY, BUT I KNOW IT'S SOMEWHERE NEAR AMPSTID-EATH!"

OUR HONEYMOON.

TUESDAY, MAY 6, 18--.

THE most lovely of mornings! Such a sky, and such a sea—like a mirror. I ask FRED if it isn't like a looking-glass; and in his strange way, he says he's no judge of such matters. I ought to know best. But, if he must speak, he thinks the sea this morning very like a mirror—not to be always trusted. What does he mean? "Why, LOTTY, love, the sea shining before us is like a looking-glass: it reflects what seems tranquillity and happiness: but the little clouds that, even now, may be gathering, are not shewn there. The morning face may beam in the mirror; with never a coming shade of the noon-day temper." FREDERICK really gets quite like a schoolmaster—and so I almost tell him. "It all looks bright enough just now," he says, looking very wise, "and yet I shouldn't wonder if before the afternoon, we have dirty weather."

"Impossible, my dear; quite impossible." And FREDERICK makes no answer, but stares in my eyes, as though I had uttered something very ridiculous, or very dreadful. But I know what it all means; yes; it was settled that we should make a little voyage to-day if the weather was fine; and here it is the finest, yes, all to nothing—the finest day we have had, and—I'm afraid, just to shew a silly authority; for at any time, and upon any occasion to go out of one's way to shew one's power, when it's never disputed, is foolish at least, if not more—and yet, I must suspect that just for the love of power, FREDERICK will insist that to-day isn't fine enough, and won't go after all. But I've made up my mind.

"And you think it impossible, my love," says FRED, "that—for this day at least—the sea can change?"

"Why, how calm, how bright, how happy it looks!"

"See here, LOTTY,"—and FRED turns me to the chimney mirror—"see, how calm, how bright, how happy it looks!"

"Well?"

"Do you think 'twill last all the day?" says FREDERICK.

"What!"—and I was about to say something angry, for I caught the little storm coming in my features; there it was, in the glass—and I would have no bad weather there, and so I laughed.

"Hm!" said FRED. "I'm afraid, my love"—and he looked very oddly from me to the sea, and from the sea to me again—"I'm afraid there'll be a little storm."

"With such a sky, and such a sea, impossible," I cried.

At this very minute, in comes JOSEPHINE. "If you please, Sir, the

sailor men. In half-an-hour, Sir, they say the boat—the *Clipping Kitty* as they call her, ma'am; and wherever they get such names from nobody knows—the *Clipping Kitty*, that is, the boat"—

"Tell the men we've changed our mind—we won't go to-day," says FREDERICK.

"Not go, FRED!" and I can't help it—I give him a look.

"Oh, very well, be it so," says FRED. "In half-an-hour then; only depend upon it, we shall have a storm."

JOSEPHINE walks very slowly towards the door; stops, and then turns back. "If you please, ma'am, you'll not want me? I'm very fond of the sea, ma'am, but if the weather gets up, I've nothing that will wash." And without waiting for an answer, she trips away.

"I'm sure"—and I go towards the window—"I'm sure, FRED, you only wish to frighten me—for the ocean never looked more calm—like a sleeping beauty." FREDERICK whistles. "That means"—I say to him—"that means, I suppose, we're not to go at all?"

"Go!" If your heart's set upon it, you shall go, LOTTY; yes, to the very bottom."

I make a little bit of a start at FRED's composure; but directly recover myself. "Then I'd better go and get ready?"

"Go," says FRED. I feel almost about to cry, but spirit—it's a great comfort, and a sweet support—spirit comes to my help, and I leave the room with a sort of smile, and already hold the handle of the door, and am about to give it—before I know what I'm doing—such a pull to, when, oddly enough, I shut it so softly, as though it was the door of a jewel cabinet. I could almost vow I heard FRED titter.

That cowardly creature JOSEPHINE comes about me, and begins to say she should be so glad to go, only that what she has won't wash—which I know is not quite true—and moreover she'd an ugly dream last night, how that a mermaid would comb her hair for her with her comb—and how she would make her look into her glass—and how when she saw herself there, she saw nothing but a death's-head, and not a morsel like herself, and how—

But I desire her to hold her tongue and take herself away, and it's wonderful how soon she obeys me. I look out at the window; and I am more convinced of the weather; it couldn't be more auspicious; and FREDERICK shan't frighten me.

"You'll wrap up more than that, LOTTY"—says FRED, as I join him. "Where's your cloak, and your dreadnought hounet?"—as if I had such a thing.

"I'm sure I shall do very well, such weather as this: and why should I make myself a figure?"

FRED is perfectly satisfied. Not another word does he utter. The landlady begs to know what time we shall be back? "To dinner, of course," I say.

"With luck," adds FREDERICK, and not another word. My heart a little misgives me, but FRED offers his arm, and away we go to the beach, that girl JOSEPHINE following with a basket, for the landlady knows we shall want something—people always do at sea. The boat is a beautiful boat; and the men—three of them—such sailor-looking men, I'm sure we could go round the world with them. FREDERICK says something aside to the captain, and he casts his eye up, and says—"Perhaps, a capfull, Sir!" What can he mean by a capfull? However, we are in the boat. "A pleasant sail, ma'am," says somebody—I think JOSEPHINE; for in half-a-minute we seem almost in the middle of the sea, with the sail fluttering, and I never could have thought—looking as I did from the window, and indeed, I may say, from the beach—that the sea could be so rough!

I say nothing, but I cannot help observing that FRED speaks, in a low voice, something to the man who is steering. And the man, with the same cast of the eye at the clouds, again says—"Well, it may be—just a cap-full."

We seem to have been only a few minutes on the water, and already the land so far away! "Charming sail, isn't it, LOTTY?"—says FRED; and I say nothing, but I feel that I am, whether or no, smiling; for really I had no idea that, in so short a time, the sea could have been so very rough.

"What sort of a wind is it?" I ask, with all my best boldness, of the steersman.

"A sojer's wind, my lady," answers the man.

"A soldier's wind! Why, what do soldiers, who are always on shore, what do they?"

"Soger's wind, my lady," replies the man, and FREDERICK's laughing to himself, "sojer's wind, means this; you can sail either one way or 'tother with it; only you must look arter the tide."

"I apprehend," is my remark; and—the feeling is forced upon me—I could not have imagined it was so rough. "What's that?" and I seize hold of FREDERICK.

"Nothing, my lady. Only shipped a bit o' sea. Doesn't do it in common; for *Clipping Kit* 'll go over anything. Like me, my lady, never takes a drop of water." And at the creature's words, a wave as big as a house bursts right upon us! I scream, and dig my fingers in FREDERICK.

"We'd better go about," says FRED, and I follow his eye as it

glances above, and see the clouds black and threatening, and I creep still closer—closer to him.

"Stand in for shore," says FRED, and the sailor shakes his head; and as if at the motion, the rain pours suddenly down upon us, and the wind howls, and the boat is all going over, and my cheek feels the heart of FRED beating, when the sail flutters all loose, and we're tossed up and down—up and down—with the waves like huge monsters, every one of 'em threatening to burst in and devour us, boat and all.

I don't say a word, but creep closer, closer to FRED; because, for a moment, I *did* feel as if it were all my fault, and his life—his precious life—was on my head. And all the time, he is so calm, so gentle—and his lips touch my face, and my heart is melted.

"Stand in for home," cries FRED.

"Not to be done, Sir: all along of the tide. We must put in at Chougheliff," says the steersman.

FREDERICK makes no answer; but I follow his eyes. "I suppose it must be so. LOTTY, love"—and he looks down on me—"LOTTY, we shall be late for dinner; and we must dine, too, in new quarters."

I say nothing—*can* say nothing—but creep closer, closer to him; for it is all my fault.

The wind still rises, and I watch the faces of the sailors, and I think they look serious, anxious. I try to appear confident. I try to smile and speak to one of the men.

"Have you any children?"—"Six," says the man, without looking at me; and peals of thunder break all about us.

Again the wind—and again the boat—

A moment, and I see all—all. The church—our wedding—my mother, father, all—I hear the sound of the bells coming and going—

Three hours only, he tells me, by the clock—but by the heart how long!—and I am safe: I know I am safe. Strange faces are about me; but my hand is in his, his eyes on my eyes, and his breath upon my face.

THE ALARMING SACRIFICERS.



THOROUGHFARES just now are infested by gangs of suspicious looking characters, who go about for the purpose of thrusting into our hands, throwing into the windows of cabs and omnibuses, or impudently leaving at our houses a quantity of printed letters, having the words "From the Commissioners," "Private Issue," and not unfrequently the Royal Arms on the envelope. These things are becoming an intolerable nuisance, not only in London, but in several provincial towns, into which a set of hawkers have intruded themselves, and

getting possession of a room at one of the principal inns, they diffuse their fraudulent announcements among the unsuspecting inhabitants. For the instruction of the public we shall take the liberty of translating one of these swindling circulars into the plain truth, so that people may know what they really have to expect if they visit the "Commission Rooms," "Marts," "Emporiums," "Public Halls," or whatever else these dens of dishonesty may be called in town or country.

Alarming Sacrifice of Truth and Honesty.

The well-known—and much better known than trusted—firm of

SWAG, BRAG, TAG, RAG, AND COMPANY

having purchased, with accommodation bills drawn upon the notorious house of SWINDLE, DWINDLE, AND Co., the whole stock of Damaged Damasks, Rubbishy Stuffs, Short measure Longcloths, and Bad Goods, have determined to get them cleared off in a few days, so that SWAG, BRAG, TAG, RAG, AND Co. may get clear off themselves before they are traced by their dupes and creditors.

The whole must be got rid of without any reserve, but with the usual amount of unblushing impudence, and wholly regardless of cost—to character.

Among the principal bargains will be found—500 Opera mantles, worth 10s.; present price, £1 1s. These elegant articles may be said to be so reduced as to be had for almost nothing, as they are so small that scarcely any use can be made of them.

3000 pieces of Common English Stuff, lately translated into French Merino, and now offered for six times as much as they are worth, as they must be got rid of in order to effect a good riddance.

About 1000 dresses in pieces—every dress being in at least 8 or 9 pieces—but must not be opened before purchase, as time will not allow; at, say 6 and 9 per dress.

Thousands of Lovely Barèges, at a nominal price—the value being literally nominal.

Several Shawls in beautiful designs—the principal design being on the pockets of the public.

170 Dresses at 8 and 6! Very costly—at that price.

1000 Ell Wide Robing silks at 2 guineas, worth at least ten—shillings.

Several pieces of Satin in lengths, greatly reduced—in length, by short measure.

7000 Transparent Eneastic Shawls, at 25 shillings—the transparency being so complete that the imposition may be seen through immediately.

Several thousands of extraordinary Muffs—quite worthy of the purchasers at this establishment.

All goods—and bads—must be paid for before they are taken away, as, if time were allowed for inspection, no one would ever think of paying for them afterwards. Any article complained of will be rectified on inquiring at the other establishment, Number 2400, Regent Street, with back entrance in Cheapside.

THE CONSPIRACY IN THE CELLAR.

A WARNING, IN A TRUE BRITISH BALLAD, TO WALEWSKI.]

It is the First of April, of all days in the year,
LEWIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE should hold in dread and fear;
Thereon it is determined to take the Emperor's life,
By blowing him to smithereens with his young and lovely wife.

Unto the French Ambassador the fact full well is know'd
Of the horrible conspiracy found out in Tibbald's Road;
And there is more French patriots with beards upon their chins!
Concerned in that same job: and so let him repent his sins.

There's scores of bold French exiles as have took their sacrymong,
To strike for LEDRU ROLLING, and also LEWIS BLONG.
A sharp look-out I would advise NAPOLEON for to keep,
Or he'll be served as FISHY meant to serve out old PHILLIPPE.

A hundred musket-barrels all in a bundle joined,
Go search in a certain cellar, and you will surely find;
Oh! ponder well, WALEWSKI, the circumstance I state,
And go and stir up Scotland Yard afore it is too late.

Upon the First of April I do again declare
This tragedy will sure befall, unless you take good care,
And make the Emperor stay at home all in the Tulerec,
And mind he sends for pigeon's milk for breakfast and for tea.

ART-IABILIMENTS AND ART-HIGHLOWS.

FROM the report of the Great Exhibition Commissioners, and from the speech made by MR. GLADSTONE at Oxford the other day, it appears that a feeling is gaining ground in favour of industrial education at the Universities. We hail this indication with delight, for we are sure that we desire nothing so much as that the callings of all those parties with whom we deal should become liberal. We say this, with regard to our butcher, our baker, our grocer in ordinary, and our green one, our bootmaker, and our tailor, in a spirit of sincerity for which, we hope, we shall get credit. At both of our principal seats of learning, we trust we shall shortly witness the establishment of Crispin Professorships, and Chairs of Sartorian Philosophy, whose occupants will deliver transcendental lectures, each in his line, upon the Fit, alike conducive to the improvement of the exterior and the understanding, and tending, practically, to furnish us with better and cheaper clothes and boots.

A Safe Bet.

MR. COBDEN bets £10,000 with LIEUT.-GENERAL BROTHERTON, to be paid him whenever the French shall attempt an invasion of England; the LIEUT.-GENERAL on his part paying a shilling a week to the Manchester Infirmary until such invasion shall be attempted.

This is a safe bet for MR. COBDEN; because there can be no doubt that the EMPEROR OF FRANCE, fully alive to his obligations to the man of peace, will reimburse him in the £10,000 whether the invasion be attempted or effected. If effected, the money may come out of the Bank cellars.

"PORTER'S PROGRESS."—Degenerating gradually from wholesome beer into unwholesome "Cabman's Mixture."

"AS CLEAR AS MUD."



Rome?" and the French Minister, acting in the spirit of mutual provocation, wanted to know the meaning of the "augmentation of the Austrian forces in Lombardy." Of course the whole thing was conducted in the politest manner possible, and the two Ministers wrapped up their bitter insults to each other in the most sugary words; but if it had been JACK STYLES the coalheaver "blackguarding" JEM JONES the sweep, it would only have been in the phraseology, that the affair differed from the altercation between M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS and M. DE HÜBNER. Put into plain English we should find the language by no means choice on either side. The Austrian Minister certainly commenced the conversation by more than insinuating that LOUIS NAPOLEON had told a lie; and the French Minister replied, by intimating—in effect if not in words—that even if a lie had been told, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA might do his best or his worst, for that no explanation would be given.

The whole business seems to have been conducted in the spirit, if not precisely in the language, of a couple of quarrelling costermongers, who, having met to settle one point, set to abusing each other on half-a-dozen others. It is a pity that nations are so often obliged to quarrel and fight, because diplomatists cannot understand each other, and, indeed, it would be strange if they could, for nothing is so unintelligible as the language of diplomacy.

THE ASS AND THE BULL.

A fable.

THERE WAS, once upon a time, an Ass who, from the colour of his coat, had obtained the name of Drab. He was an animal of such extremely mild principles that he would never kick, although under the greatest provocation, and made it a point to forbear from using his heels to repel even an actual assault. In the same pasture with him there grazed a Bull, whose behaviour, whenever he was affronted or attacked, was entirely different. The Bull, indeed, had formerly, to say the truth, been somewhat quarrelsome; and the Ass, who was privileged to address him as a friend, occasionally took the liberty of remonstrating with him on his pugnacious conduct. The Bull, being a not unreasonable beast, received these admonitions in good part, and so far attended to them, that of late years he had successfully endeavoured to restrain his temper, and had desisted wholly from aggressive violence. Not content with having brought him to practise this moderation, the Ass now tried to persuade his neighbour to go the same lengths in following pacific maxims with himself. To that end he pronounced a long discourse, condemning all hostilities, whether offensive or defensive, and concluding with a proposal that the Bull should disarm outright, and allow him, the Jackass, to saw off his horns. Upon this, the Bull lost all patience, and stamping with his feet, bade his long-eared adviser begone to Jericho! "Saw off my horns, indeed!" exclaimed he, "a pretty soft-horn you must take me for. Do you think I am in my second childhood; or do you wish to induce me to make a calf of myself? Shall I reject the weapons with which Nature has furnished me, not only for self-preservation and defence, but also for the protection of the whole herd? Go and try to wheedle the hedgehog into letting you shave him; and when you have done that, whistle jigs to yonder mile-stone, before you again make such a ridiculous suggestion to me. There was some reason in what you used to say about the folly and extravagance of fighting upon every trumpery ground of offence; and then I thought that you were not what you seemed; but now your language is suitable to your looks, and you talk like a regular Ass, as you are. I shall keep the horns with which I have been provided, as long as it shall please Heaven to preserve them on my head; and not only that, but shall show my value of those gifts by maintaining them in the sharpest state of efficiency that ever I can, to let wolves, bears, and all other brutes whom it may concern, see that I mean to stand up nonsense." With that the Bull, foaming with indignation, set himself to whet his horns vehemently against the stump of an oak; and the

Ass, perceiving that his companion was in an ugly humour, was fain to trot off with some rapidity.

MORAL.

We should listen to the exhortations of those who dissuade us from attacking other countries, but turn a deaf ear to the declamations of the parties that desire to prevent us from defending our native land.

THE EMPEROR OF HEARTS.

BY ROSA MATILDA.

THAT charming Emperor! Tell me not
What shocking acts the Dear has done.
The worst is but a little spot,
A tiny speck, upon the sun.
Such sentiment he now evinces,
I'm sure he is the Prince of Princes.

Oh! why upbraid him, that on Rome
He rivetted the tyrant's chain?
Now that his heart is Passion's home,
He won't behave like that again.
To say he shot people is stupid;
He has been shot himself by CUPID.

And don't keep on about the men
Whom from their families he tore,
And then transported to Cayenne;
He'll never do so any more:
He's so romantic, of the banished
That all remembrance now has vanished.

What if he seized upon estates
To other persons that belong?
If on the Bourse he speculates,
So as to do a little wrong?
Love will excuse his confiscations,
And such financial operations.

Happy, I'm certain, he will make
His subjects—if a sovereign can—
So well he knows what course to take,
To be, himself, a happy man,
In marrying from fond affection,
And not for wealth and high connexion.

A pattern as he is to kings
(And others) of attachment true,
You should forgive the little things
That he has done—or yet may do;
And let him upon Freedom trample,
Setting so proper an example!

The Same Toast Differently Buttered.

AT A dinner given in this country by English Authors to MONSIEUR SCRIBE, the celebrated French Dramatist, the first toast of the evening was, "The French Drama and its SCRIBE." As the second toast was the English Drama, there was some difficulty who should propose it. Every one from modesty refused, until a sour-minded critic rose, and gave out the toast loudly, thus: "The English Drama and its—CRIB." There was a dead pause; but, after a few minutes, an eminent translator had the good sense to rise, and returned thanks.

CABMAN'S MIXTURE.

THE publicans keep, it seems, a peculiar beverage which they call "Cabman's Mixture." The only mixture we know of is a peculiar compound of slang, impudence, and extortion; and we must say that that "Cabman's mixture" is so particularly disagreeable that we have no wish to try any other.

A NICE BIT.—On the occasion of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S wedding, it was remarked that his ambition was, probably, now bridal'd.



Individual (who is not over strong in his head, or firm on his legs). "D-D-D-D-OES WALTZING—EVER—MAKE—YOU—GIDDY? BECAUSE, I—SHALL—BE—HAPPY—TO—SIT—DOWN—WHENEVER—YOU'RE—TIRED!"

Girl (who is in high dancing condition). "OH DEAR, NO—I COULD WALTZ ALL NIGHT!"

"THE BEST OF CUT-THROATS."

THE French bully, BILLOT, says he shall not be satisfied till "millions of men with the torch and the sword in hand shall have interred under its own ruins the whole English people." This extensive funeral is rather a more serious undertaking than Bully BILLOT is probably aware of. *Punch* is not very pugnacious, and not at all sanguinary, but he would really like to have the pulling of that fellow's nose. If any of our own countrymen should happen to be passing that way, and will give the proboscis of BILLOT a contemptuous tweak, we think all Englishmen, and a great majority of Frenchmen, would heartily approve of the proceeding.

Landsmen at Sea.

UNDER the head of Naval Intelligence in the *Times*, the other day, it was stated that the *Rodney*, 92, CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAHAM, C.B., had taken on board her powder, and that REAR ADMIRAL CORRY had hoisted his flag on board the *Prince Regent*, 90, at Spithead. This information may be all very satisfactory to nautical gentlemen who are acquainted with ADMIRAL CORRY and CAPTAIN GRAHAM; but we unhappy land-lubbers, who have not that honour, are left in doubt as to whether the 92 of the *Rodney*, and the 90 of the *Prince Regent*, mean the numbers of their guns, or their commanders' ages.

THE KITCHEN FIRE OF THE CITY.—It has long been known that the Corporation of London manages to make the pot boil, but people were not generally aware that it accomplished that object by means of other people's coals.

THE RAINS AND THE RAILWAYS.

AN ingenious writer in the *Suffolk Chronicle*, speaking of the late unusual continuance of wet weather, which he says "is at length beginning to attract the serious attention of the scientific" (himself obviously inclusive), asks with a naïveté which we think is quite refreshing—

"Whether, if Iron be a conductor of electricity, it is not probable that the immense intersections of the country by railroads may have some specific effect on the clouds, while the electricity may keep up the temperature above the point of frost or snow?"

Well, it *may*, certainly; though we own we cannot sufficiently give our imagination the rains to think it "probable." In one sense, we admit, the Railways may be said to have exercised a dampening influence upon the country, inasmuch as they have unquestionably brought many "a rainy day," (as it is termed) to many an unlucky speculator. But although the "atmospheric principle" was once a good deal talked about, we doubt if it was ever found to have that "specific effect on the clouds" which the writer of the above has somewhat cloudily, we think, suggested.

Loyalty of the Rising Generation.

By way of keeping up a wholesome spirit of loyalty in the Rising Generation, it is customary at all our public schools to observe the thirtieth of January, the anniversary of the Martyrdom of CHARLES, by giving the boys a holiday. We have no doubt the intention is to cherish a love for monarchy in the youthful mind, by making a sort of solemnity of the day of the execution of the unfortunate CHARLES; but we fear the purpose is not answered, for the only observation we ever heard made upon the subject was by a youth, who exclaimed, "To-morrow's a holiday for the Martyrdom of CHARLES! Oh! how jolly it would have been if all the kings had been beheaded!"

A Conversion.

THE *Morning Chronicle* informs us that

"The writer BEEA has just been converted at Paris to Catholicism."

Who is BEER? Surely he must have been very small BEER to be turned by the thunder of the Vatican.

FACT FOR IRISH LANDLORDS.—SAINT PATRICK banished all the "varmint" from Ireland—except the slugs.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

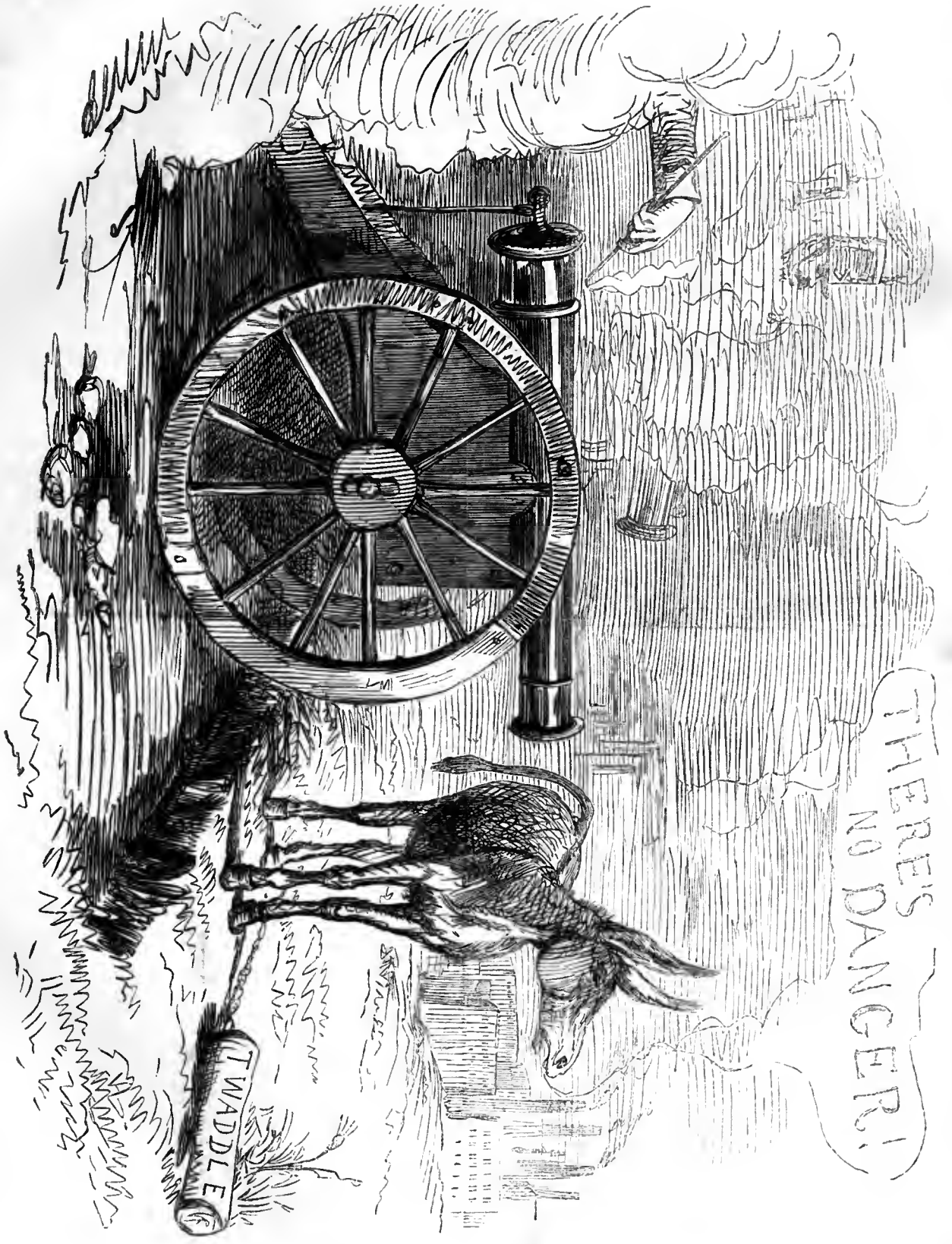
(From a Manchester Correspondent.)



THE Betting-rooms have presented a new aspect since they have been graced by the presence of the Member for the West Riding, whose truly sporting wager of £10,000 to a shilling a week has been taken by a gallant general in Her Majesty's service. The example has been catching, and many new faces have appeared. MR. BRIGHT came in last night, and took the odds against LORD DERBY's Umbriel. He also inquired whether any fights were coming off, and seemed disappointed that he could not get more than 6 to 2 against the Nobby Buster, whose affair with Shambling Billy is fixed for Tuesday. The Peace Conference has backed Billy rather heavily. MR. JOSEPH HUME telegraphed that he was making a book on West Australian, and his agent did a good deal at 12 to 1. MR. BROTHERTON came down by express train, and was busily offering 8 to 3 that the dog Tommy would not kill the 50 rats in five minutes on Thursday, and 6 to 3 that MR. DISRAELI will not sit with the Irish brigade on the same night, and 11 to 1 against the two events. It is thought that a foot-race about to come off between the Flying Butcher and Sam Jones's Bill, will bring down all the Peace Society next week. This is as it should be, and good old English habits and English logic are coming up again.

(VERY DISRESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PEACE SOCIETY.)

NO DANGER!



THERE'S NO DANGER!

1110. 11/11/1911

REAL WHITE SLAVERY.



WE have heard a great deal about White Slavery, but the real White Slaves of the present day are the fair house-keepers of England, who, though nominally mistresses, are in fact the slaves of those who, under the name of domestics, exercise a domestic tyranny over them. The "Servants' Bazaars," as they are called, are daily lined with well-dressed victims, termed by bitter courtesy "mistresses," who are waiting to be "engaged" by a variety of females, who, under the assumed denomination of "servants," are pleased to make choice of the families they will condescend to go into.

The following are a few snatches of conversation picked up in a Domestic Bazaar on a recent occasion.

Lady. You will of course have your own bed to make.

Plain—disgustingly plain—Cook. Make my own bed, Mum! I never heard of such a thing. You won't suit me, Mum.

Second Lady. You would have to answer the door while the man is dressing.

Second Cook. Oh, dear me, Mum! I couldn't think of walking up and down stairs; your place, I see, is not the kind of thing for me, Mum.

Third Lady. I object decidedly to followers.

Third Cook. I've only three cousins in the Police, and a brother-in-law or two at the Barracks, besides some young men who are relations of my sister's husband. You surely would not prevent me from seeing them, Mum.

Third Lady. Oh dear no! When you go out you might see whom you please, but you can't see any male friends at my house.

Third Cook. Then, Mum, it's no use your giving me the trouble to go to the last lady to tell her I shall want her to give me a character.

Fourth Lady. Oh yes, I would try and spare you on Sunday for an hour or two to go to church.

Fourth Cook. Only an hour or two, Mum! Why it would take me that to walk to the church I wish to go to.

Fourth Lady. Would not a church in the neighbourhood suit you?

Fourth Cook. No, Mum, everything in that neighbourhood is too Low Church for me. I'm High Church, Mum; but as you don't allow a grease pot, that's equally objectionable. I go nowhere if I can't have my Puseyism and my perquisites. So I beg to decline your place, Mum. &c., &c., &c.

A Hit in 3 Vols.

WE see there is announced a new Edition of "*The Initials*." Can it be a history of the Derby Committee? Can the "initials" possibly refer to the well-known "W. B.?" The author luckily has not put his name to his work, or else most assuredly he would have heard from the warlike ex-Secretary-at-War, demanding if there was any "important allusion" in the title of his work. In fact, for what we know, a correspondence may already have taken place. If so we hope, for the love of fun, that it will be published.

Query?

To MR. PUNCH.

SIR,—In a letter to the *Post*, MR. CHARLES MATHEWS compares the critics to naughty boys who stand about a confectioner's door, and try to get tarts by surreptitious means—he being the said tradesman. Are they not as much like the Oriental police, who nail an objectionable confectioner's ear to his door-post, as a hint that his puffs are too hollow, and his wares in general want weight?

"Yours affectionately,

"A FORNARINA."

THE ULTIMA RATIO.—As war has been called the "Ultima Ratio of Kings," so a duel may be stigmatised as the "Ultima Ratio of Fools."

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 5.

CODLINGS major (my young friend CHARLEY's brother AUGUSTUS) was distinguished among the wetbobs at Eton. Even at a tender age his name appeared in *Bell's Life*. If you turn over the files of that periodical, you will find how the four oars was won by MOODY, HON.—STANLEY, CUST, and CODLINGS ma. (stroke), LORD PADDINGTON (steerer). He was second for the sculls in BURNABY'S year; and it is said that nothing but an unworthy jealousy prevented his being chosen captain of the eight. The Margaret's men looked with great impatience, I am told, for the arrival at their College of so able an oarsman, and when he came up he was immediately made stroke, to his great delight. He expects to work them up to be head of the river, and meanwhile gives his crew a breathing every day. He grinds away at his oar like a steam-engine, and fancies all other men to have the same exhaustless wind and endurance that he has. There they go hammering along, wearing out the skins of their hands and the seats of their trowsers. "Go it, bow! Now then, number seven; give it her, four and five!" sings out PETER the cad, who is steering; "lift her together, all. That's your long dwelling stroke—very much bravo, indeed, gentlemen!"

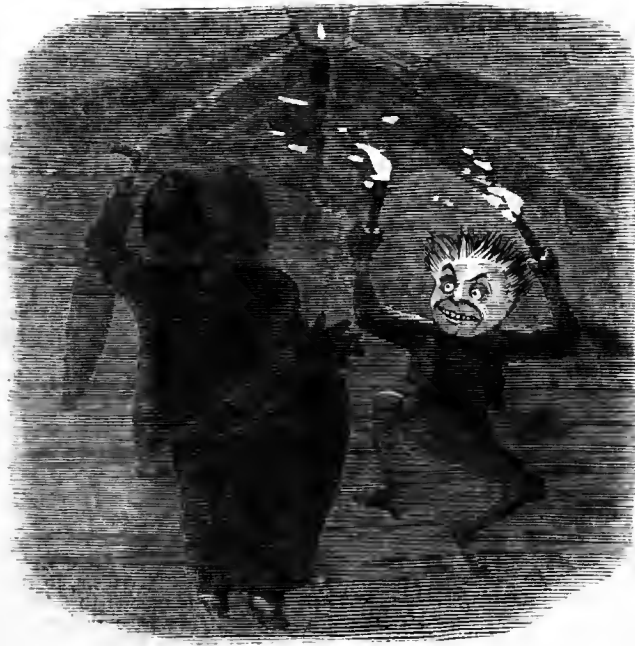
No country but England could show such a sight. Eight young fellows—one a nobleman; the rest with historic names (except BITER, the Bible clerk from Cumberland, a six-foot man of great strength, who sits in the middle of the boat, but, according to PETER, is "grielled the first of the lot")—all bred up in luxury, and with a strong appetite for pleasure, yet agree to live on mutton-chops, stale bread, and bitter beer, to limit themselves to a single weed per diem, to run a mile every morning before breakfast, and every afternoon to take an eight oar down to Gravel Pound loek and back, at a pace that would kill one of their fathers' footmen, and take it out of many a London waterman. Compare the life of young French gentlemen of the same age! Then they come reeking out of the boat, braving the chill air with utter recklessness, their hands perhaps cut to pieces with the oar, but as jolly as possible, and with an appetite that would procure ruin to a navvy, and happiness to an alderman. I can tell you they are a sight worth looking at, when they are at their simple dinner.

CODLINGS plays an uncommonly good knife and fork; so they do all—but that BITER is tremendous. Some fellows say he has not enough to eat when he is at home, and so that he lays in a stock for Vacation. Then there is a good humour and flow of honest conviviality among them that I have often missed at Greenwich and Richmond over whitebait and Champagne. The talk is simple enough, indeed confined to the one favorite topic; but its interest never flags. The improvement of the crew—the merits of other boats—the rumours of trials below the locks—the progress of the new 64-foot "ship" that is being laid down for them by those eminent boat-builders, the MESSRS. SEARLE—complaints that some evergreen Master of Arts of long standing is going to be brought up by the Andrew's men to row stroke for them, and save them from being bumped—such is the staple of conversation. Then perhaps they chaff BITER about the pudding he ate last Sunday, and trace the fatal effects of such licentiousness in his diminished prowess in the boat, digging him playfully in the ribs to ascertain whether he is getting into condition, a process which, though great fun to these athletes, who are like iron all over, would probably produce hours of the most excruciating agony to an ordinary man. They are jolly fellows, these rowing men; and in my dismal chambers in the Temple, after a day's work at FEARNE or STORIE, I often sigh for the happy days when I was one of them, and could myself tackle a pound and a half of steak for dinner, and then have a set to with the gloves, or a bucket down the river without the least inconvenience. And dear old Gussy CODLINGS is a worthy chief among them. It is quite a pleasure to see him, with his brown healthy face and jovial frank laugh, striding down to the boats in flannel trowsers and a pea-jacket. Out of the way, you awful swells in shiny boots and flash ties, take your glossy hats off to your superior. Although he is no dandy, he is a gentleman all over, as any one may see. Look at his manly, erect carriage, his proud mouth and delicate cleanliness. That muscular form enshrines a kind and honourable spirit, like the old Douglas, "tender and true;" and wherever Gussy may go—a farmer in Australia, a soldier in India, a parson in Wales, a barrister in London—he will have friends that would do anything in the world to serve a creature so brave and upright.

The Genuine Article.

LISTEN to a New Orleans man, and he would wish to persuade you that Slavery wasn't Slavery—not a bit of it—it was Liberty itself—at all events, if not Liberty itself, it was so slavish an imitation of it, that you couldn't tell it from the real thing!

INSANE QUERY.—Whether, considering the blackguard way they tax our coals, the Corporation of London may not properly be stigmatised as a Coalition Government?



Horrible Apparition which appeared to a benighted Elderly Female during the Fog of Tuesday, February 1.

A MAN OF METAL FOR THE MILLION.

THE poet HORACE, blowing his own trumpet, boasted, on the publication of the third volume of his poems, that he had completed a monument more durable than brass.

Another poet has done the same thing—though he has not said so. EBENEZER ELLIOTT, bard of the Anti-Corn-Law League, has left us a memorial of a substance as imperishable as the testimonial to QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS contributed by himself.

It is proposed to erect a statue in honour of ELLIOTT; and any monument which the public may award to him ought obviously to be made of as good stuff as that which he has bequeathed to the public.

The acknowledged legislator who repealed the Corn Law—SIR ROBERT PEEL—has had raised to his memory some ten or a dozen statues of bronze. The “unacknowledged” legislator that did the same service is to have one which, for want of metal, threatens to be of Portland stone.

The site intended for ELLIOTT’S statue is Sheffield, the metropolis of hardware, the chief town of workers in brass and iron—how disrespectful to the founder of all foundries, to set up a stone image instead of a metallic one in that place, under the very nose, as it were, of TUBAL-CAIN!

It is well known that Sheffield is a town which does not consume its own smoke. Should the statue of ELLIOTT, which is to adorn it, be made of stone, that work of art, in the first place, during fine weather will have all its hollows and mouldings blackened with soot; in the next place, the rain will come and wash the channels clean, leaving the smooth surfaces dingy. The statue will thus exist alternately in two opposite states of pibald, exposed to the derision of Europe and the little boys.

Perhaps it would so soon become an eyesore, that the next generation would hurl it from its pedestal to Macadamise instead of disgracing the street.

To preserve the memory of ELLIOTT from those relative indignities which it will suffer in his graven image, if of stone; to give him a proper statue of bronze: what is lacking is, as aforesaid, metal. Bronze, as all enlightened members of Mechanics’ Institutes know, is composed partly of copper. The contribution of a certain number of pence would supply the needful. A penny subscription from working men would be precisely the most suitable tribute to ELLIOTT’S merit. It would, moreover, be the discharge of a debt of gratitude, at least; paying him a part of what, but for him, they would owe the baker.

It is needless to remind a scientific public, that silver and even gold may, by a very simple process, be transmuted into bronze; and that the largest as well as the smallest contributions will be thankfully received by the promoters of the design to raise a monument to ELLIOTT, that shall not degenerate and crumble into a laughing-stock.

PEACE ANECDOTES.

To Mr. Punch.

“SIR, “HAVING had the pleasure of hearing one MR. BARCLAY FOX, of Falmouth, narrate to the Manchester Peace Conference a charming anecdote of a French Captain, who having captured a Quaker’s vessel, instantly restored it on finding that the owner would not fight, I have gone through various histories in my possession, and have transcribed a few similar Peace Anecdotes, equally authentic, and equally satisfactory as proofs that we have nothing to fear from LOUIS NAPOLEON. I beg you to accept them. You may rely upon the accuracy of the details, because I got MR. COBDEN to be so kind as to collate them with the very authorities from which he proved that the last war against France was begun by England.

“Your obedient Well-wisher,
“MACAULAY M’ALISON MACKENZIE.”

During the war in Spain (which was caused by the DUKE OF WELLINGTON’S criminal ambition to become MARQUIS OF DOURO) a native family was peacefully sitting down to its *sies(a)*, or mid-day meal, which consisted of Spanish onions and Spanish liquorice, when a savage-looking French dragoon (not that he really was savage, none of them are, like our own brutal soldiery) entered. “Sob!” he exclaimed, drawing his sabre, “PALAFOX proclaims ‘War to the knife.’ Ha! And doubtless *you cry ‘War to the knife,’* also. Eh?” “*And fork,*” replied the father of the family, mildly, and pointing to a chair at the table. The brave Frenchman paused a moment, burst into tears, ate up all the onions, and departed, saying, “*C’est different. Dieu vous bénisse!*”

At the storming of San Sebastian (where the British army’s wickedness so unfavourably contrasted with the conduct of the French, who only set the town on fire by accident, and treated the women and prisoners so humanely) a British grenadier, who was in one of the forlorn hopes, was rushing furiously—with levelled bayonet and dreadful execrations—upon the gallant defenders, when his foot slipped, and he fell at the feet of a young French officer, who, sword in hand, was directing the defence. Instead of passing his weapon through the Englishman’s body, the noble-minded young hero picked him up, restored to him his gun, which had slipped from his fingers, and said, “Now, *mon ami*, at it again.” The grenadier again fell—this time on his knees—and registered a solemn oath never to shed another drop of blood. Will it be believed that when PICRON heard this, instead of being affected at the anecdote, he flogged the man?

After the storming of Seringapatam, while the British soldiers were scattered over the town—killing, robbing, and debauching—a private in the 19th Dragoons strayed into a garden, and suddenly found himself surrounded by ten or twelve armed followers of TIPPOO SAIB, who were about to cut him to pieces. Happening, fortunately, to speak their language, he exclaimed, “*Tuta ko-harnee panah-be-khodah kondapilly puggee bundy,*” that is, “The object of the English here is simply the liberation of the prisoners so improperly incarcerated by your inconsiderate master, now no more, and the general adjustment of the fiscal and financial arrangements of the country.” He had hardly said the words when they all threw down their arms, and saluted him, saying, “*Mozuffernuggar yerwaddy boquewitter bung gong?*” or “Why was not this explained to us by arbitrators, and it should have been done without bloodshed?” Why, indeed?

As the great NAPOLEON dashed triumphantly into Lodi, in pursuit of the Austrian BEAULIEU, his eye fell upon a pretty little girl at a window, who, scarcely heeding the military clamour, was tranquilly singing a song. The conqueror, arrested by the spectacle, checked his horse and said, “*Que chantez-vous, petite?*” “I sing the ‘Maid of Lodi,’” replied the child innocently. “*Tu as raison,*” replied NAPOLEON, mournfully, “and I too would sing, if my enemies would give me time, and if I had a voice.” And that day he would not attack. Yet it was a man with these amiable feelings whom the Allied Armies hunted to his grave.

While, at Trafalgar, the French vessel *V’Indomitable*, and the English *Thunderbomb* were lying yard-arm and yard-arm, a French and an English sailor, each armed with a blunderbuss, climbed into the tops of their respective ships, and each took aim at an officer of the enemy. While their fingers were on the triggers their eyes happened to meet, and the common-sense which nature has implanted in all of us came to their aid. They both laughed. JACK was the first to speak, “Why, *mon bo,*” he said, “if so be as I kills that cove of yourn in the spangles, and you kills our fust luff down here, what’s the odds? We’re just where we was. Let’s save powder, and have a quid.” “*C’est juste,*” said the Frenchman, and the friendly enemies, having arrived at the real state of the case, held a peace conference of their own until both ships blew up.

THE LITERATURE OF FLUNKEYISM.

NOTHING marks so much the Flunkeyism of the age, as the demand for books of information as to the Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, or any other age to which the intense Snobage of the present day attaches an interest. Such is the morbid curiosity about anything with even the meanest pretension to rank, that we should not be surprised if the cab-rank were made the subject of a work that might appropriately be called a Cab-age, as a companion to the Peer, Baron, Knight, and other ages, which are published with periodical regularity. We have had the Romance of the Peerage, and we may therefore expect shortly to be favoured with the Romance of the Knight-age, which would be perhaps better, in many respects, than its reality.

If the literature of Flunkeyism continues to expand as it has done recently, it will probably soon embrace not only the Knightage, but the Broughamage, and we shall be favoured with the biographies of all who keep a carriage. Such a work might not be devoid of interest, and we will give a sketch of the career of our friend—or anybody's and everybody's friend—SMITH, as an illustration of the way in which such a work might be edited.

SMITH, JOHN, born in Carnaby Market, son of old Smith. Lineage: the last line but one, of several hundred lines of SMITHS, in an old Directory. Mother, JONES: daughter of old MOTHER JONES. The subject of our present sketch was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary, who, finding young SMITH with a taste for drawing, entrusted him to draw several teeth, in which, notwithstanding his poor extraction, he soon began to distinguish himself. Time and the hour, which run through the longest apprenticeship, brought SMITH to the end of his term, when he at once passed the Hall and the College; but he did not go in, as he had not the means of paying the fees that were required. Having served as an assistant he learned to help himself; and by habits of prudence he ultimately accumulated sufficient to make himself a legally qualified practitioner. Having taken a shop he advertised his readiness to prepare prescriptions, but for some time he was chiefly occupied in prescribing for himself a course of the most rigid economy. A piece of orange peel, accidentally thrown before his door, introduced him to the wealthy BROWN (see *Broughamage*, vol. iv. *Title*, BROWN), whose fall was SMITH's rise; for in lifting the former off the pavement, the latter picked up a patient. SMITH, who had hitherto been confined to that humblest walk of life—his own legs—was now to be seen occasionally in the higher position of a seat on an omnibus. A few years later we find him in a cab, and then, losing sight of him for some time we meet with him in a hired Clarence. An envious neighbour having sneered at the turn-out as a shabby job, SMITH feeling uneasy in a vehicle which was used by the ill-natured as a vehicle of satire, resolved on the purchase of a second-hand Brougham, and he stepped at once into the right to assume his place in the Broughamage of his native country. He at present drives only one horse, but he is in treaty for another, which he hopes to get on his own terms; and he purposes driving two, if he succeeds in driving a bargain.

Very Proper.

OUT of respect to the infirmity of so many of our naval veterans, we believe that the hackneyed simile of "As deaf as a Post," will very shortly be altered into "As deaf as a Post-Captain."

THEORY OF TREATING.

It may be stated, on authority no less trustworthy than that of W. B., that the drunkenness at contested elections is occasioned, in a great measure, by party spirit.

A COURT CARD.

Now that the British dominions include the Australian 'Diggings, HER MAJESTY can add to her present titles that of the Queen of Spades.

From Gay to Grave.

As the advices from Liverpool announce "a tone of great steadiness in the Yarn market," we may look for more gravity than usual in the speeches in the House of Commons when the session is resumed.

THE WHOLE HOG (and something more).—An incurable Punster declares, that the new kind of paper made out of straw will, doubtlessly, lay the foundation of a new *litter-ature*!!!

SADDLING THE WRONG BACK. Among the entries for the Liverpool Steeplechase occurs "SIR PETER LAURIE." Fancy such a name for a horse!

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S GOOD GENIUS—EC-GENIE.—It is not often we are so complimentary! Hem!—Ed.

FANCY BIPEDS WITHOUT FEATHERS.

SUPPOSE there were a race of Genii or beings superior to ourselves, as much so as we are to poultry, and having the same power of controlling our physical development as we have of modifying that of cocks and hens.

And suppose this higher order of creatures took it into their heads to become Humankind Fanciers, and to cultivate our species in a manner corresponding to that in which it is now the fashion to grow fowls.

Man is a strange animal as it is; but he would become a still stranger one in the case supposed. Imagine the influence of food, temperature, and other circumstances, being brought to bear by the eccentric Genii on the different races of men, so as to exaggerate the features that are specifically distinctive of each to the very utmost.

Conceive the natural width of face of the Mongolian tribes increased to five or six times its present average, and the obliquity of their eyes augmented to within a few degrees of the perpendicular. Fancy the legs of the negro enlarged to the dimensions of those of the hippopotamus, the bridge of his nose altogether obliterated, his jaws brought to project as much as an orang-outang's, and his woolly crop expanded into an excrescence ten times as big as his head.

Sufficiently singular specimens of humanity, however, would be produced by educating its indigenous and domestic peculiarities. A judicious system of diet, administered by the Genii with a genius for that sort of thing, might produce a cavalry officer with moustaches long enough to entangle the legs of his horse; or so extend the legs of a grenadier as to render him unable to stand upright in any sentry-box. On the other hand it might raise a sort of "dumplings" or "bakies" of aldermen, with lower extremities of the size of skittles. It might impart indefinite length to the nose of a Hebrew, and unlimited magnitude to a footman's calves.

For professions, trades, and the various uses of society, there would be provided individuals, whose recommendations would consist in golden-pencilled, chesnut-pencilled, auburn-pencilled, or sable-pencilled eyebrows. Young ladies would be rendered inestimable by the qualifications of pink eyes and white hair, extreme emaciation, enormous obesity, long necks, hour-glass waists, Chinese feet, and the superfluity of figure which characterised the Hottentot VENUS.

How should we like to have all our personal oddities aggravated, and to be made objects and figures of, like those we make of the unhappy fowls?



The Lion Brothers.

THE controversy about the Scotch and English Lions might be easily settled. Why not have them represented on the British flag as fraternising; one taking the other lovingly around the neck, "embrassant" instead of "passant" like the Lion of England in sulky grandeur, and "rampant" like the Scotch Lion, furiously clawing and scratching?

NEW NAME FOR A "PARLIAMENTARY."—The *Slow* of Despond.



Railway Porter. "FIRST CLASS, SIR?"
Unfortunate Oxonian. "No! PLUCKED!"

HE MUST HAVE BLOOD!

A FRENCH Legitimist writer talking of the treaties of 1815, describes them elegantly as "a page of mud," and he adds with a true sanguinary gusto, that "there is not sufficient blood in the veins of 10,000,000 of men to wash out that immense stain." Whether the treaties were written in mud, we can't say. But this Legitimist notion of washing out "mud" with "blood," is remarkable alike for its folly and ferocity. To our own eyes, "blood" is a far more sorry sight than "mud," and the lasting stain left by the former is much more revolting than the temporary blot caused by the latter. Unfortunately, however, for France, there are some Frenchmen—happily a minority, we hope, of the nation—to whom Gory and Glory are alike in sense as well as in sound, and who go about howling "Death to the English!" like this murderous maniac, who couples his amiable watchword with the assertion that "the French carry life throughout all the countries where they penetrate."

Mr. Cobden in Error.

MR. COBDEN, in his recent "Letters," takes occasion to remark, with a considerable amount of emphasis for so pacific a writer, that notwithstanding, in the last fifteen years or so, there have been added upwards of 100,000 men to our naval and military establishments, the public press is still continually to be found complaining of their "great deficiency." Now, if this be the rule with our contemporaries, we certainly must plead ourselves complete exceptions to it. For, considering what a number of supernumerary veterans are kept on what of course to them is nominally "active" service, we cannot think we have to complain so much of the "deficiency" of our forces, as of their surplus-age.

A TEMPERANCE FROLIC.

WE lately saw, in a paper, an announcement of the promotion of the "Assistant Engineer of the first class of the *Devastation*," by name "MR. R. GROG." We suspect that the paragraph thus connecting GROG with *Devastation* must have been concocted by some teetotal wag.

PRESENTATION OF NUGGETS TO THE QUEEN AND PUNCH.

HER MAJESTY and ourselves have been selected as the recipients of two fine specimens of Australian gold, one having been forwarded to VICTORIA as the Queen of these realms, and the other to *Punch*, as the Prince of Periodicals. We have seen no official report of the presentation of the nugget at the Palace; but our own specimen has been received with a solemnity almost equalling, in imposing pomp, the ceremonials observed at LOUIS NAPOLEON'S marriage.

The precious treasure having been shipped under a salute of sixteen sons of guns, in the service of MR. DAVID BARCLAY of Hobart Town, was, during the whole of the voyage, guarded by a lollolli-boy; and on its arrival in London, was received at Austin Friars by a representative of the highly respectable house of KENNARD & COMPANY, who had caused the entire right-hand pocket of a velvet waistcoat to be set apart for its reception.

Its arrival having been notified to us, preparations were made at our Office on an extensive scale, and the publisher wore all his orders—including the most recent order in black and white of a set of our work from the commencement—in honour of the occasion. An extra boy had been laid on in addition to our ordinary staff, and on the arrival of the eab containing the precious relic, the boy walked forward at a slow pace towards the assistant publisher, who proceeded a few steps towards the publisher-in-chief, when the whole of the officials formed into line, and advancing towards the eab, received the golden tribute from the hands of the eab-driver, into which it had been placed by the representative of the house entrusted with its delivery. After an exchange of mutual courtesies, the treasure was carried slowly into the Office, and deposited with the other tributes received from all quarters of the world, including the celebrated lobster's claw portrait of *Punch* from the United States, the plaster of Paris cast from Germany, the statue of *Toby* in Roman cement, and the vast collection of complimentary curiosities which have converted one of our shelves into a British Museum in miniature.

The piece of gold bears a striking resemblance to the figure of *Punch*, and has been moulded by nature to add the conclusive evidence of the

voice of Nature to the fact that *Punch* is worth his weight in gold—a fact our modesty might never have allowed us to proclaim, had not the admission been, as it were, wrested from us by the incident which has given rise to these observations.



THE GREAT PUNCH NUGGET.

Egging them on.

A COUNTRY Barrister in France, named BILLIOT—and a most tempestuous frothy Billot he seems to be—has published a pamphlet, in which he humanely announces that we English must all be massacred, and England herself destroyed "in its egg." When this ranting would-be cut-throat talks of destroying England in its egg, he seems to forget that there is something in the shape of shell to be met before the egg is to undergo the process of batter.

AN EDITORIAL CRY.

Overheard in the Counting-house of a Shabby Newspaper Office.

"GIVE your Orders, gentlemen—give your Orders for the Theatres, gentlemen—the Advertisers are in the room."

POLITICAL BETTING-OFFICES.



OW natural it is that the representative of a Riding should know something of horses, and there is nothing strange in such a person's coming forward as a "betting man." As the sagacious COBDEN has commenced betting on the invasion question, it is not unlikely that he will make a book on the great event; and if he is as clever as we think him, he will probably "hedge" in such a manner that he would stand to win either way. We do not fear that he will lose much in any event; and indeed he will be perfectly safe unless "The EMPEROR" is allowed to "walk over."

Since the example has been set by MR. COBDEN of betting on public events, we should not be surprised if Political Betting-Offices were to be established—or rather started, for they never get established—in all parts of the town, for the purpose of enabling the shopmen, apprentices, and other speculators, with money not their own, to take an interest in the chances of politics. The "prophets" may also be expected to reap the benefit of this new field for gambling, so considerably opened for them by MR. COBDEN; and genuine information on "the Budget," "the New Reform Bill," and other great events of the political year, will furnish a series of excellent prettexts for recommending "tips" to the green geese of the community.

THE PATRIARCH OF THE PLAYHOUSE.

ALAS, alas—how old I am!
How old?—oh! ask me not to say.
But that my soul abhors a sham,
I'd get a wig—I am so grey.
My reminiscence of the stage
Too plainly will betray my age.

I recollect the elder KEAN—
And then I was a fine young man—
MISS INVERARITY I've seen,
Also MISS SHIRREFF; and I can—
Cold is the bosom that forgets—
Distinctly call to mind MISS BETTS.

My sides have ached with LISTON'S fun,
JACK REEVE has often made me split;
And I remember how begun
With him that favourite piece of wit,
Of shouting, in a tuneful key,
The simple word "Va-ri-cy-ty!"

And then the kidneys, rabbits, stouts,
And subsequent cigars and goes,
Of twenty-one or thereabouts!
Ah!—still young fellows, I suppose,
Rejoice in luxuries like these,
Accompanied by songs and glances.

Now give me what I can digest,
The plainest dinner—nightly till
The cup prescribed to give me rest;
And let me take my morning pill.
Had I been bred up to the sea,
An Admiral they'd now make me!

OUR HONEYMOON.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 18—.

DID I ever think I should sleep in such a bed-room! And could I ever believe I should be so grateful—so full, so overflowing with thanksgiving for such a bed! Why, it isn't above half the size of a ship's cabin—and the bed itself—(but then, as FREDERICK says, *he* can always make himself small; can sleep upon a boot-jack! I'm sure there's not much more room for *two*)—the bed hardly wider than a bolster! But oh, what it might have been! Two or three times I woke, with the bed like a boat, and the sea gurgling in my ears; and then again I fell asleep, so thankful, so happy! I was preserved—*he* was saved; and with such tranquillity, such goodness in his sleeping face, how I blessed him—how I blamed myself—for it was my fault, all my fault. What an early lesson—and let me cherish, love it, as a most dear and valued one—but what an early lesson for a Honeymoon.

And now FREDERICK is gone out—and why did he leave me in such a hurry?—let me look about me. Last night, I could scarcely see or know anything. All I remember was being dashed in the boat upon the beach, with twenty people shouting and crowding about me—and, wet to the skin, being carried up and up some rocks, and—after a time—finding myself at the fireside with FREDERICK, and two or three kind women—all such eager, anxious, yet gentle creatures about me! But *he* was safe—*he* was preserved; and with that big blessing at my heart I went to sleep, and woke—and was again and again thankful, and with the thought again and again blessed, and again slept!

And what a strange, odd, pretty little place! The room as modest, as humble, but as sweet as a daisy. A brick floor—what would mamma say? positively a brick floor—with surely a bit of sail-cloth by the bed-side! And everything so clean and neat! And there is art, I declare, art upon the mantel-piece. Two plaster parrots, greener than ever yet were feathers; and a demure white cat with round black spots, as if cut out of court-plaster, sitting with her tail curled round her fore-legs, on the chest of drawers. And there are shells upon the mantel-piece; and dried sea-weed (a piece of it, I shall beg to mark yesterday with; a piece to look at, in future days, if ever peevish, discontented thoughts arise, to look at and learn from its patience and thankfulness); and the model of a little boat—perhaps the boat of the poor thing's husband.

And here, more dead than alive, they brought me last night. Here, making the bed as hot as an oven, they laid my storm-tossed limbs—here they would nurse and wait upon my little wayward self that *would* go upon the sea, if only to *show* my spirit, and to have almost my little life (and *his* life; ah, that was the wrong—the wickedness) washed out of me. And I deserved it, I did; but *he*? I could weep again to think of my stubbornness.

And the old woman of the house—the cabin, I mean—has been with me. And so thankful, so kind, and so full of excuses for the place that "is not for the likes of me"—("the likes of me," indeed! when I might have been in some deep sea-cave, or flung like so much seaweed upon the beach; a dead thing, that makes all *unlikes* so *very* like)—and so she tells me that the messenger can't be long before he comes back from the White Hart; for though it's a good twelve miles from Chougheliff, he'd a good horse, and would ride his fastest, and they'd send back a post-chaise with a change of clothes, and I should only laugh some day at the bedroom with the brick floor; though, after all, she must say—with such weather, and with such a coast; she knew it well; she had—God help her! and here with her apron she wiped her eyes—she had good cause to know it—with such weather, we had been lucky as all turned out. Poor soul! Her husband, with one of her sons, had been drowned—drowned just off the shore—she might have heard 'em cry. But she wouldn't talk of that now; but it was a blessed Providence that with such a wind, and such a tide, we had ever made the land as we did. We'd driven at least fifteen miles by sea; and oh! the poor souls that had gone down just off the Point!

And at this time, I hear the cry of a baby. Yes; that is her daughter's baby—that is the young woman who had married her son. Her son is a fisherman, and—would I like to see the baby?

What a dear little rose-bud! Just two months old—well, I never did see such a beautiful baby! And so strong, and so fresh; as if it had been born and rocked at sea.

And the mother—a buxom, charming young woman—comes to hope that baby does n't tease me. She has not been so much herself, she says, as she might have been—and the baby's hardly so tidy as she'd like. And—I can't but see it—there's something strange and restless in the young woman's manner. She says, it was a dreadful night last night—but then, people who get their living out of the sea must make their minds up to bad weather.—It's nothing, when Providence is above all. Still, they've had their trials in that house; but still they must hope for the best—it's their duty and—and shall she take baby from me,—for he's fallen asleep in my lap!

Oh no! Let him be just a few minutes; only a few. For I can't help thinking how I should like FREDERICK to come just now and look at the dear little fellow fast asleep in my lap. And he looks so happy, too; so composed, and so much *at home*!

What a beautiful, solemn, mysterious thing is a baby's face! I don't know why I should think in this manner now! I never thought so before. Yes; such a pretty mystery! Such an unopened book!

Well, mamma *would* laugh to see me now. In this place; and *such* a figure as I am—but JOSEPHINE can't be long with my things, if the man rides fast—but mamma would laugh to see me with a baby on my knees. She would—

Heaven bless us! FREDERICK comes in, and he looks—no, not angry, not vexed; but pale and—and though I smile at him, and then down at the baby, he takes no notice of the little sleeping cherub. What is the matter?

A wreck—at least, the fear, the all but horrid certainty of a wreck. "My love," says FREDERICK, "we have solemn reason to be thankful."

"I am thankful—ever, ever shall be. But look at baby—it's the child of the old woman's daughter!"

And FREDERICK looks at it: and all his dear, good heart breaks in a smile in his face, as he stoops, and pressing me, kisses the little darling in my lap. If I don't feel that I love the dear little angel all the more!

"Poor little thing," says FRED with such a mournful look.

"Dear heart! Isn't it beautiful? And I never looked on one so innocent."

"Poor little soul," says FRED again, and shakes his head: and I am sure something has happened—*must* have happened.

"There's had news, LOTTY, down on the beach."

"Bad news?" and I press the baby.—

"Very bad. Hush! I have been among the men; have sent out far and wide upon the shore—but can learn nothing. It is thought—it is believed—it is almost certain—that they have all gone down."

"All? Who?"

"God help it," says FRED, looking sadly at the infant—"God help the poor thing! For, I take it, God alone will be its father."

"You never mean that—oh, that poor dear woman—the young wife—the mother!—Oh, FREDERICK, is there no hope?"

"Along the beach spars and boards, and kegs belonging to the poor fellows' vessel, have been flung ashore. The oldest, roughest sailors, shake their heads—no doubt of it—that's the general belief—that all have perished."

"And the poor, dear, wretched woman?"

"As yet, she knows nothing of her loss," answers FREDERICK.

He has scarcely uttered the last word, than a fierce, wild shriek as of a broken heart pierces me like a sword: a shriek, and then a fall as of some one, falling dead.

The scream awakes the baby; it suddenly cries, as though, poor thing, it answered to the misery it was, in some way, to share. It cries, and violently stirs; when I raise it to my bosom, and with a sob or two, and putting its little hand upon my neck, it subsides again to sleep.

PARLIAMENT MADE EASY.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS,

As performed by HER MAJESTY'S Servants and Opposition, at the Theatre Royal, Westminster, on Thursday, February 10th, 1853.

ACT I.

SCENE—*The House of Lords.*

PRESENT—*The LORD CHANCELLOR, on woolsack, C. The EARL OF ABERDEEN and "his accomplices in conspiracy," L. The EARL OF DERBY and his band of patriots, R. Lights up.*

Chorus L.

With joy let us hasten our CRANWORTH to greet,
Who to-night on the Woolsack has taken his seat.
May his labours be light, and his duties be clear,
Till he comes to his pension, five thousand a year.

Lord Cranworth. I thank you all. I'm sure you're most polite,
Now let us take the business of the night.

Lord St. Leonards. Behold these bills! Nay, never look so scared—
With skill and caution have they been prepared.
They're all on Law Reform.

Several young Lords (yawning). A precious treat.

Lord Cranworth (aside). He cuts the ground from underneath my feet;
But I'll dissemble. Lay them on the board:
I'll read them over when I've time, my Lord.
I, too, shall have some bills to introduce
On the same subject—till which time, a truce.

Lord Aberdeen. I beg to move this house do now adjourn.

Lord Derby. Not quite so fast, my Lords. I wish to learn

What our new Government intends to do.

Will they oblige us with a word or two?

I want no vague, indefinite harangue,

No speeches charged with diplomatic slang,

But a specific statement of each measure

On which they mean to ask your Lordships' pleasure.

Lord Fitzwilliam (interposing). My Lord of ABERDEEN, I pray be shy

Of humouring DERNY's curiosity.

What right on earth has he to put a series

Of such uncalled for and unusual queries?

Lord Aberdeen. Nay, fear me not. At Christmas I explained,
What we should do, if we in place remained.

I'll say no more. I cannot quit regard

The claims of custom and of etiquette.

We must not talk, as DERBY ought to know,

On Bills they're framing in the House below.

Lord Derby. Come, that's all *boosh*. Now, ABERDEEN, speak out,

And let the country know what you're about.

Lord Aberdeen. They publish (near where Paul's big belfry chimes)

An unpretending trifle called *The Times*;

Over your toast and eggs, my Lord, at eight

To-morrow, study *that*. Till then, you'll wait.

Lord Derby. But you'll say something?

Lord Aberdeen. Saying what I've said,

I've said my say; so no more on that head.

Lord Derby. Then, I conclude, you've nothing to reveal.

Lord Aberdeen. Stop till you see our cards. It's RUSSELL's deal.

Lord Derby. Ah! Tell us *one*.

Lord Aberdeen. Well, is it any use

To say we shan't, as you did, play the deuce?

Lord Derby. Thou mock'st me, Scotchman. Dost thou seek a row? [LORD ABERDEEN bows.]

Ha! never think to answer with a bow.

Am I to understand you'll say no more? [LORD ABERDEEN bows.]

I say, don't bow. I told you that before.

You've got no measures, that's what I conclude?

[LORD ABERDEEN bows.]

You're so polite, that it's uncommon rude.

Well, silence gives consent. What! silent still?

[LORD ABERDEEN bows.]

Then I'll be off to dinner, that I will:

To a right pretty pass have matters come,

When England's Crown's First Minister is dumb.

It was not so with me. When in your station,

I spoke upon the slightest provocation.

An Unknown Figure rises.

Figure. I beg to move this House adjourn.

Lord Cranworth. 'Tis done.

Reporters. Up, by SAINT STENOGRAPH! What blessed fun.

[*Their Lordships disperse.*]

Chorus of Reporters.

The Ins and Outs to dine are gone,

Or, perhaps, to get some tea;

The messenger is left alone

To lock our gallery.

Away with note-book, pencil, pen,—

One's night's not thrown away!—

Uprouse ye then, my gallery gallery men,

And use it as ye may,

And use it as ye may.

Tableau of exulting Reporters, and Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The House of Commons.*

PRESENT.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL, LORD PALMERSTON, MR. GLADSTONE, SIR A. COCKBURN, and other Ministers, R. A CAUCASIAN ARAB, L. A large table, C. The Speaker seated above it. Clerks below him.

Speaker. Up with you all, you Ministerial band,
And in a circle round my table stand! [*The Ministers rush to the table.*]

Speaker. Now all of you take books. All ready there?

Sir James Graham (speaking nautically as First Lord of the Admiralty). Ay, ay, Sir.

Speaker. Silence, JAMES. NOW, SWEAR!

All. We swear!

Speaker. Then sign that book, and to your various places.

Now cut away with public work like blazes.

Lord John Russell (advances to table). It seems convenient, Sir, that

I should mention

What measures 'tis the Government's intention

To introduce this session, for no doubt,

A maddened Reporter who vainly strives to catch what LORD J. R. is murmuring confidentially. Why doesn't some one ask him to

speak out? [*The Serjeant-at-Arms looks up awfully.*]

Another Reporter. I say, he heard you.

First Reporter (wittily). Bless me, I don't care.

Who's to report while he keeps mumbling there?

Lord John Russell. Ahem! The Estimates will first be taken,

We wish to save—I mean to save our bacon.

The men we have suffice us for the present,

But we require more money.

Mr. Hume. Come, that's pleasant.
Lord John Russell. Well, then we think that Canada—
Dandy M. P. (languidly.) Who cares
 For Canada?

Lord John Russell. Must mind her own affairs,
 And pay the preachers whom she likes the most,
 It's not for Downing Street to rule her roast;
 (That's MOLESWORTH'S doctrine, and I deem it sound).
 Well, next, you see, we come on ticklish ground,
 But we're resolved. The legislative pike
 The Jews shall pay in any coin they like.

Sir R. H. Inglis (groans). The country's ruined, and you've brought
 her to it. [Falls against the CAUCASIAN ARAB.

Arab (aside). Despite my books, I'd not the pluck to do it.
 Puffing the Jews is one thing—it's another
 To act as if you thought a Jew your brother.

Lord John Russell (continuing). We'll send out no more convicts to
 Australia,

Seeing that system has turned out a failure.
 And as regards the rising generation,
 We'll have a bill promoting education.
 The law, we mean, shall be reformed, at least a
 Portion thereof. The Budget comes at Easter.
 I'm shocked to hear complaints, from Hull to Highbury,
 That at elections there is so much bribery.
 We must administer some awful doses
 To sicken FRAILS of that atrocious process.
 I don't desire to say a thing to hurt you,
 But bribery don't combine with public virtue.
 The Courts Ecclesiastic must come down,
 Though Mr. MOORE and his allies may frown,
 And, lastly, we'll put everything to rights
 About the pilots, harbour dues, and lights.
 As for Reform, I think it's pretty clear,
 That should stand over till—let's say next year,
 When, having sought all kinds of information,
 We'll frame a bill to satisfy the nation.

[LORD JOHN RUSSELL sits down.

Arab. On all these topics, on a proper day,
 I shall, no doubt, have several things to say.

Treasury Whip. Adjourn. Come, Mr. SPEAKER, put the question.
 I've fasted till I fear an indigestion.

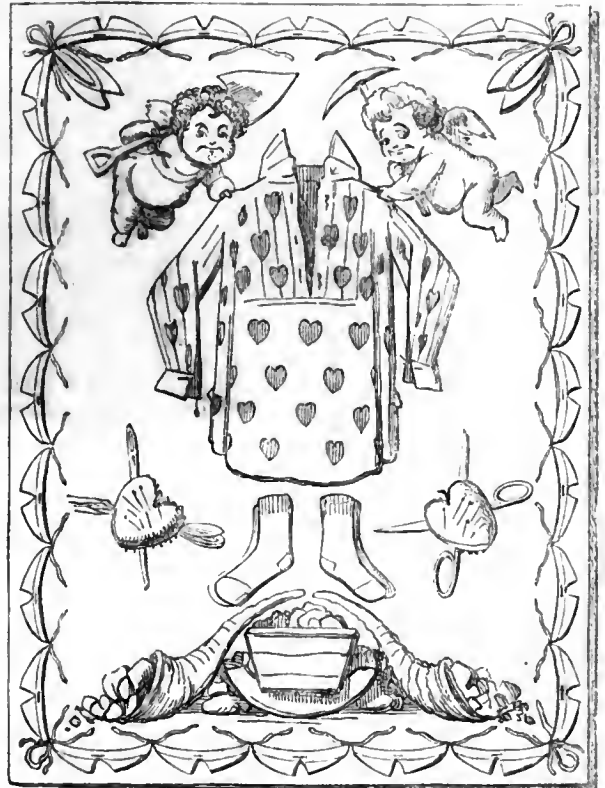
[The SPEAKER declares the House adjourned.

First Reporter. Adjourned, by JOVE! These chaps are really bricks.
Second Reporter. Say the House rose a quarter after six.

As the Serjeant-at-Arms seizes the Mace, the Curtain falls.

Then fly with me! My bark is on the shore,
 (Her mark A I, her size eight hundred tons),
 And though she's nearly full, can take some more
 Dry goods, by measurement—say GREEN and SONS.

Yes, fly with me! Had all our friends been blind,
 We might have married, and been happy here;
 But since young married folks the means must find
 The eyes of stern society to cheer,
 And satisfy its numerous demands,
 I think 'twill save us many a vain expense,
 If on our wedding cards this Notice stands,
 "At Home, at Ballarat, just three months hence!"



THE FIRST SENSIBLE VALENTINE.

(One of the most astonishing fruits of the Emigration Mania.)

LET other swains, upon the best cream-laid
 Or wire-wove note, their amorous strains indite;
 Or, in despair, invoke the limner's aid
 To paint the sufferings they cannot write:
 Upon their page, transixed with numerous darts,
 Let slender youths in agony expire;
 Or, on one spit, let two pale pink calves' hearts
 Roast at some fierce imaginary fire.

Let ANGELINA, there, as in a bower
 Of shrubs, unknown to LINDLEY, she reposes,
 See her own ALFRED to the old church tower
 Led on by CUPID, in a chain of roses;
 Or let the wreath, when raised, a cage reveal,
 Wherein two doves their little bills entwine;
 (A vile device, which always makes me feel
 Marriage would only add your bills to mine).

For arts like these I've neither skill nor time;
 But if you'll seek the Diggings, dearest maid,
 And share my fortune in that happier clime,
 Your berth is taken, and your passage paid.
 For reading, lately, in my list of things,
 "Twelve dozen shirts! twelve dozen collars," too!
 The horrid host of buttons and of strings
 Flashed on my spirit, and I thought—of you.

"Surely," I said, as in my chest I dived—
 That vast receptacle of all things known—
 "To teach this truth my outfit was contrived,
 It is not good for man to be alone!"

ANYTHING BUT A BILLOT-DOUX.

WE have just read M. BILLOT'S *Lettres Franques*, in which he
 proves clearly that it is as much the duty as the desire of France to
 "walk into" England, first in the literal, and afterwards in the pug-
 listic sense of the word.

Our hair stands on end, and our hand trembles as we lay down the
 explosive volume! A sulphurous odour exhales from its pages, which
 must have been manufactured of "gun cotton."

"Every bullet has its billet," says the olden proverb. If the con-
 verse hold true, and "Every BILLOT has his bullet," what a bombarding
 France will give us! As it is, luckily, the pellets are of paper instead
 of lead, though from their heaviness this might not be suspected.

A Rehearsing Clergy.

It seems that in Boston, the American public do not countenance
 the clergy if they attend concerts. Now, many of the clergy wanted to
 hear MADAME SONTAG; and MADAME SONTAG, like a good lady-like
 creature as she is, wanted to be heard by the clergy. How was this to
 be managed? How should the German nightingale trill, and jug-jug
 to the Church blackbirds? Why, Madame invited them all to a
 "rehearsal;" and the casuists went. The iniquity, it seems, is in the
 real concert; but there can be no sin in the rehearsal of the wickedness.

A KNOT TO BE UNTIED.

It was hoped that LOUIS NAPOLEON, after his marriage, would
 abandon his despotic policy, for having got an amiable wife, it was
 reasonably expected that he would no longer be wedded to anything
 objectionable.



THE GHOSTS OF GUILDHALL!

MANY of our readers, doubtless, on visiting Guildhall, have felt as though they were breathing a sort of supernatural atmosphere; a sensation which they probably have referred to the mysterious presence of GOG and MAGOG.

It appears, however, that Guildhall is really haunted. This startling but undeniable fact formed the subject of a discussion at a Committee of Aldermen reported last week in the *Morning Post*. It thence appears that, for many years, quite notoriously among the Members of the Corporation, the nooks and crannies of the great Civic edifice have been inhabited by a multitude of strange beings in the shape of pigeons. So numerous had these creatures lately become, that MR. TEMPLE, the Hall-keeper, believing them to be what they seemed, issued orders for their destruction. Therefore he was called to account by the Aldermen, who regard the winged denizens of Guildhall with the same veneration that the old priests of Egypt entertained for the hawk and the ibis. This sentiment on the part of their worshippers may seem strange, as they have not hitherto been conceived to care about any such things as pigeons except in a pie.

When, however, MR. TEMPLE alleged that these Guildhall pigeons were a nuisance to the neighbourhood by injuring the dresses of ladies

"Who happened to sit under the elevations on which they perched themselves in swarms,"

and by flying

"In at windows and down chimneys, to the great annoyance of families (*Laughter*),"

MR. ALDERMAN WILSON, we are informed, said—

"I should wish to hear some instances in which the poor pigeons' have given such mortal offence. (*Hear, hear.*) SIR JAMES SNAW, our old Chamberlain, with whose kindness of heart we are all acquainted, took great delight in supplying them with food, considering that it was essential to the character of Guildhall for hospitality, that such harmless tenants should receive a little of the bounty of the Corporation."

It is all very well for ALDERMAN WILSON to talk in this way; but who will believe that an old gentleman, however kind-hearted, would, unless equally soft-headed, have gone feeding pigeons as a child feeds cock-robins? There is a deeper significance in the act of a City Chamberlain scattering civic crumbs to civic pigeons. That these are no common pigeons is clear from the farther statement of the Hall-keeper:—

"About three or four years ago the splendid dress of a lady, who sat at the Lord Mayor's Dinner in the Hall, was completely destroyed by the unceremonious conduct of some of the pigeons above her head. (*Laughter.*) Two years ago, when his servant girl went into one of the bedrooms, she was terrified by a noise in the chimney, and immediately afterwards down tumbled a quantity of soot, and a pigeon in the midst of it.

But that was not the only disagreeable consequence of the unwelcome visit, for the bird in its fright fluttered, not only against the walls of the room, but against the curtains of the bed, and did a great deal of damage, very much to the annoyance of his wife and the terror of his children. (*Laughter.*)"

This was evidently a supernatural visitant. See the well-known story of the LYTTELTON apparition. Read GLANVILLE'S "*Sadducismus Triumphatus*," and the "*Miscellanies of AUBREY*," *Conf. WIERUS de Præstigiis Dæmonum*;" but we will cut short our learning with proof more to the purpose:—

"ALDERMAN LAWRENCE. How much soot came down the chimney?"

"THE HALL-KEEPER. The room was covered with it."

"ALDERMAN LAWRENCE. It seems, then, that the pigeon saved you the expense of employing a chimney-sweeper."

How strongly this reminds us of the old story that

"Tells how the drudging goblin sweat!"

But this spirit did mischief, and caused terror and annoyance, by means of soot and coming out of the chimney; which MR. LAWRENCE did not remark, but which is very remarkable. The Committee was evidently determined to take the part of the supposed pigeons.

ALDERMAN HUMPHREY recommended the Hall-keeper to dispose of the litter made by them, which he complained of, to advantage, by selling it for guano. We also find that

"ALDERMAN CURTIS said, at Venice pigeons were so much respected, that they were maintained at the public expense, and nobody was permitted to molest them. He could not see why the Guildhall pigeons, which had, as it were, become part and parcel of the Corporation, should be disturbed, except, indeed, it was intended to make pies of them for the use of the Corporation. (*Great laughter.*)"

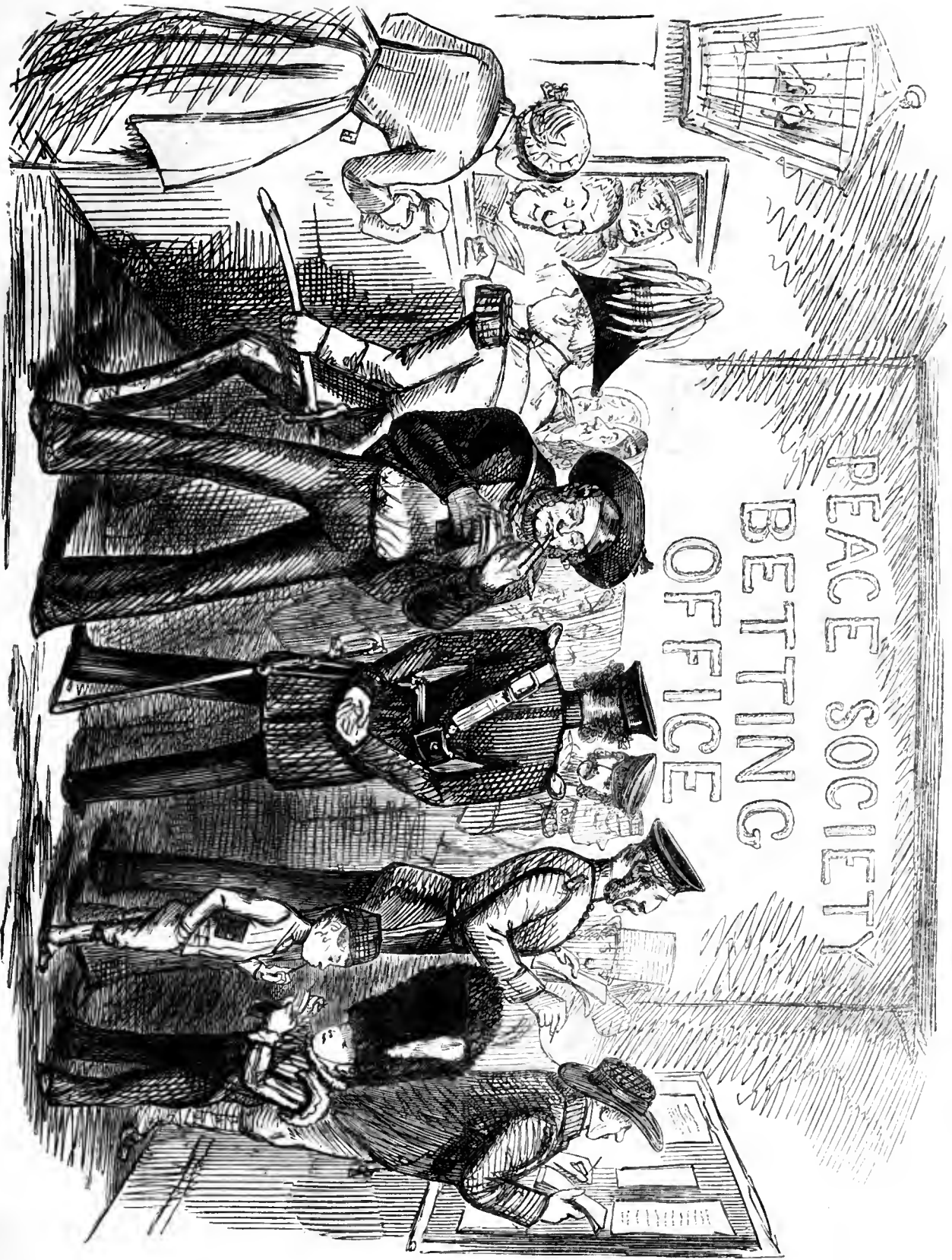
The worthy Aldermen might well laugh at the idea of making a pie of such materials. "When the pie was opened," the birds would probably begin to coo, and the contents of the pasty would fly away—whereby, however, little laughter, and not great, would be occasioned. The Hall-keeper declared, in answer to ALDERMAN HUMPHREY—

"I assure you, Sir, that I never tasted one of them in all my life."

Of course not. He might as well have attempted to eat the White Dove in *Der Freischütz*, or the White Doe (if a Hall-keeper of Guildhall could think of eating doe-venison) of Rylstone. The only question is, what may be the nature and quality of these "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," that "mingle, mingle, mingle," in civic banquets, and flutter and fit about Guildhall?

Some may imagine that they are the ghosts of defunct Aldermen; others, that they belong more decidedly to the goblin order. But the

PEACE SOCIETY BETTING OFFICE

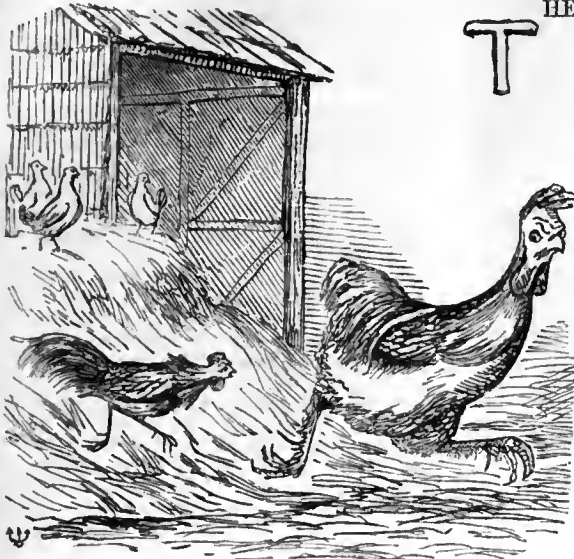


THE INVASION STAKES-LAYING THE ODDS.



more prevalent opinion is, that they are the spirits of those deceased parties who ought to have benefited by the various charitable funds which the Corporation of London has eaten up. The magnitude of their number tends strongly to confirm this supposition. So does the peculiar denomination of the bird whose semblance they present. It is suspected that they also include the discontented shades of late inhabitants of the surrounding twenty miles, who, during life, were the victims of the Civic coal-exaction; and altogether, these mysterious birds may be considered to be the ghosts of all the pigeons that have been plucked by the City. It would be better if that Municipality would desist from imposing upon the living, without pretending to make restitution to the departed whom it has diddled, by petting their *manes* in the likeness of pouters and fantails.

MINISTERIAL BYE-PLAY.



THE Parliamentary Report of Friday's *Morning Herald* says of LORDS JOHN RUSSELL and PALMERSTON, that they "entered into what seemed to be a very friendly and familiar conversation." Surely our contemporary does not mean to insinuate that their Lordships were putting on the gestures, and using the mere bye-play of friendship, as we have sometimes seen two chorus-singers on the Stage, who though cordially shaking hands as members of the same hunting party, or clinking their tin cups in amity, as part of the same band of robbers, are in reality at daggers drawn, and are muttering to each other in words of bitter enmity. We recollect to have seen a couple of supernumerary Druids in *Norma*, with the most benevolent smiles on their countenances; but one of them appearing rather

uncomfortable, with a druidical nightgown far above his knees, and the other with the same stage sacerdotal piece of wearing apparel trailing on the ground. Happening to be near enough, we caught the following snatch of a conversation between the intervals of those interjectional shouts of "Yes!" "Ah!" "Sacred grove!" "Pious love!" and other little tit-bits of sympathy with *Oroveso*, that come in by way of chorus to the recitative of that most white-worsted-headed of patriarchs:—

First Druid in Short Petticoats. You've got on my things again to-night. (*Singing.*) "This sacred grove!"

Second Druid in Long Petticoats. Why don't you look after your own things—how am I to know? (*Singing.*) "Ah! pious love."

First Druid. You're an impertinent humbug. (*Singing.*) "These peaceful shades!"

Second Druid. If you say that again, I'll knock you down when I get you off to the wing. (*Singing.*) "Yes, these tranquil glades!"

and so on, until *Oroveso* marched off with his venerable party, the First Druid giving the Second Druid a most ill-natured "shove" towards the prompter's box, behind which we lost sight of the bed-gowned disputants.

We cannot for one moment imagine that LORDS JOHN RUSSELL and PALMERSTON, while externally all smiles, were inwardly all bitterness; and that while their faces wore the aspect of good will, their tongues were full of ill-nature.

A NEW MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

ONE of the most popular musical speculations of the day has been the idea of publishing "songs without words;" and this has suggested to us the notion of a rival to HANSARD under the very taking title of "Speeches without Language." We are sure the columns devoted to the debates by the newspapers would be far more agreeably occupied by the numerous "unutterable things" that are either looked or thought by Honourable Members, than by the mass of spoken stuff that fills the daily prints during the Session of Parliament. As specimen of a series of speeches without language, we give the following, which consist of what certain Honourable Members "said to themselves," and which will be found much better than a great deal of what certain other Members said to the House, as far at least as the printed debates allow us an opportunity of judging. In reply to a remark of LORD JOHN RUSSELL about a Pilotage Bill and Light Dues,

COLONEL SIBTHORP said (*to himself*) that there could be no necessity for legislation on the subject of light dues, as no one could say that light dues were heavy.

In the House of Lords the EARL OF DERBY twice asked, "What are the measures which the Noble Earl intends to submit to the House in the present Session?"

The EARL OF ABERDEEN made no reply—in words—but he said to himself, that if the Noble Earl thought he, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, was going to be such a fool as to tell him, the Noble Earl, what he, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, intended doing, so that he, the EARL OF DERBY, might begin to take measures, and form plans to frustrate the plans of him,

the EARL OF ABERDEEN, he, the EARL OF DERBY, must take him, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, for a greater flat than he, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, really was; and that he, the EARL OF DERBY, would get nothing out of him, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, he, the EARL OF DERBY, might be quite certain of.

CONSEQUENCES FOR CANTERS.

THE holier any place is, the greater is any sin committed in it.

Suppose it is wrong to derive pleasure from looking at works of Art on a Sunday.

In that case, anybody who goes, on a Sunday, to church, and experiences gratification from the view of any statues that may be contained in the sacred edifice, is evidently guilty of a greater transgression than he would be, if he enjoyed the same kind of spectacle in the Crystal Palace.

If, then, the people are to be forbidden to rejoice in the contemplation of sculpture at Sydenham on the Sunday, they ought also to be debarred from the more heinous indulgence of gazing on the like objects in church.

Accordingly, if the Crystal Palace is shut up on Sundays, all the monuments in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey ought to be veiled, in order that the public may not incur the guilt of looking round at them.

The necessity for this precaution will be more manifest when it is considered that many, and indeed most, of those particular monuments are of an entirely secular character, as the images of the British Lion, and BRITANNIA, or heathen emblems, and even idols; for instance, the figures of FAME and of NEPTUNE; that several of them represent charges of grenadiers and other transactions which are not edifying: finally, that by far the greater portion of them are calculated to excite emotions of levity, being extremely ludicrous.

The Sabbatarians should consider that to cover up these objects would in one sense be a real charity, which is an additional reason why they should try to get it done, before they seek to close against the working people a more innocent exhibition on their only holiday.

SAUVE QUI PEUT.

AMONG those whom it was necessary, "for the safety of society," to imprison without law, on the 2nd of December, 1851, in Paris, was a certain "child, 10 years old, the son of a saddler." What LOUIS NAPOLEON could have apprehended from this unhappy juvenile it is difficult to guess, and as the EMPEROR gives no reasons for anything he chooses to do, it would be a waste of time to inquire. We have all heard of the *Enfants Terribles* of Paris, and we presume it was to this dangerous class the unfortunate ten-year-old saddler was supposed to belong, when he was incarcerated fourteen months ago, in order to "save society" on the other side of the water.

"Love in the Moon."

WE see a little work advertised, called *Love in the Moon*. We cannot speak of its contents, for we have not yet looked into it. But we confess we think the title is a decidedly well-chosen one. Love in the Moon seems to us quite in its proper sphere, seeing what decided lunatics it makes of all who come within its influence.

THE LARGEST COAL-SACK IN THE WORLD.

THE Penny a Ton sacked by the City Corporation upon all coals within twenty miles round London!

PUNCH, THE CITY GIANT-KILLER.



ONCE upon a time, during the reign of the good QUEEN VICTORIA, there lived in Fleet Street an honest fellow called *Punch*, who had an only dog named *Toby*, who was by no means a dull dog. In those days the City was infested by the great giants, named GOG and MAGOG, who were the terror of the place, and in whose name toll was levied upon every cart that entered the City with merchandise. These giants were such selfish monsters, that they would not allow the inhabitants to warm themselves, but made a claim on all the coals that were brought into the neighbourhood for several miles round. These giants made nothing of carrying off half-a-dozen tons at a time, and, indeed, many a poor family would often be left without firing in the coldest weather, on account of the coals being forced to a high price by the rapacity of GOG and MAGOG, who would always take a large slice out of them. This course had been followed for many years, when *Punch* resolved to kill the monsters, whose exactions were felt to be almost unendurable. Taking with him a lance of sharpness in the shape of his pen, and the cap of knowledge which he always wears on his head, he went forth accompanied by his faithful dog *Toby*, with the nose of sagacity for scenting out an abuse, and the teeth of fierceness to snap at it.

Punch, preceded by his dog *Toby*, soon found himself at the entrance of the cave of the two giants, GOG and MAGOG, in a place called Guildhall, where great feasting was often carried on with part of the plunder, taken from the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. *Punch* saw the two giants standing on high pedestals, as if they were ready to pounce down upon a victim, with large clubs in their hands. At first *Punch* could not reach the giants, on account of the height at which they stood, but *Toby*, climbing up cleverly, snapped at their heels, which caused them to tumble, when *Punch* went boldly up with his pen, and sticking it into them, made an end of them in a very short time. Then the people, being able to get their coals at a reasonable price, made bonfires in honour of *Punch*, and showed the warmth of their gratitude.

Punch then went up to the QUEEN and gave HER MAJESTY an account of his exploits, and presented his faithful dog *Toby*, who was invested with the collar of his own order by an order of a new collar; and *Punch* lived happy and respected with his wife *Judy* for the remainder of their days.

Progress of Poultry.

SHOULD poultry breeders continue increasing the size of their stock at the present rate, the housekeeper will have occasionally to choose between a leg of fowl and a leg of mutton; we shall have chicken cutlets and capon steaks: and as to the merrythought, it will become so heavy as to be no joke.

"THE TUG OF WAR."—The *Megara*, or any one of our Government Steamers.

THE OXFORD MIXTURE AND THE MONS. JULLIEN.

As Oxford cannot come to JULLIEN to take a farewell of the Mons, the MONS. has condescendingly gone to take a farewell of Oxford. We are afraid that we cannot altogether trust the quotation which asserts that—

"— didieisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse ferus"—

for the arts of which men become Bachelors and Masters do not act always as an emollient of the manners, nor do they prevent certain members of the University from becoming somewhat wild. We are strengthened in this opinion by the following extract from a bill which JULLIEN thought it necessary to issue to the University and Town, forming the compound to which we have given the name of the Oxford Mixture:—

"It is also respectfully requested that, out of consideration to the Ladies present, Gentlemen will abstain from smoking, and permit the performance to be carried on without interruption."

If this request has been rendered necessary by the conduct of any of the graduates, we are compelled to say that gentlemanly manners appear to become "small by degrees and beautifully less." Oxford must really be in a semi-barbarous state, if it is necessary to call on the gown and town to permit a public entertainment to be carried through—"out of consideration to the ladies"—without puffing the smoke of cigars into the ladies' faces, and with a sufficient avoidance of riot and confusion to allow the performance to proceed. We should be almost afraid that this concession to the comfort of ladies could hardly be expected from those who appear to have so little of the manners of gentlemen as to have rendered necessary the above appeal. We do not wonder that JULLIEN, whose air is elegance itself, should object to the odour of tobacco, and that the greatest master of the art of puffing should be sensitive to the smoking of an ill-timed cigar.

The Dear Little Cherubs.

A LADY, who writes to us under the signature of "Materfamilias," declares that the Box-keepers at all the English Theatres must be "dear little Cherubs" in their way, for ask them when you will they "never have a seat."

THE REIGN OF ACCIDENTS.

THE *Times* says, "France is no longer governed by established laws or institutions, but by the accidents thrown in her way." In other words, France is governed precisely as if it were an English Railway.

Different Grades of Punishment.

IF a boy steals a shilling, or a pocket-handkerchief, he is transported; but if a Railway King helps himself to hundreds of shares, or thousands of pounds, he is simply called upon to refund them.

THE PRESS AND THE EMPRESS.

SEVERAL of our Contemporaries appear to question the felicity of the EMPEROR'S marriage. For ourselves, however, we confess we cannot regard them otherwise than as quite a Nappy couple.

PRIZE (FIGHTING) JOKE.

A DISTINGUISHED Pugilist hearing that there had been some fighting at Milan, said he didn't see how there could be millin' without.

HINT TO MISCHIEF-MAKERS.—Every medal has its reverse—and every meddler deserves to meet with one.

PEACE AND WAR.

(BEING A DUET BETWEEN RICHARD COBDEN AND THE BRITISH LION.)



SAYS R. COBDEN to the Lion, "French assurances rely on, Never mind their Minié rifles and their sabres; It's all a vile invention to assert they've the intention Of doing any mischief to their neighbours."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "My house I won't be robbed in; Nor have it broken into or bombarded; And I'm very glad to say, I can quite afford to pay The constables to keep it safely guarded."

Says R. COBDEN to the Lion, "NAPOLEON's noble scion Will feel hurt at all your warlike preparation; So your claws put in their sheath, let the Quakers draw your teeth, And trust, instead of Arms, to Arbitration."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "In France I've seen a job done By that very noble scion you refer to, Which assures me there's no harm in a little quiet arming, If the Arbitrator's finding he demur to."

Says R. COBDEN to the Lion, "I assure you I've my eye on The French nation, and I'm not the least afraid, Sir; For, throughout their vast dominion, the popular opinion Is that war would play the devil with their trade, Sir."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "What might be by French mob done Matters little; though they're friends from north to south, man; Be the general voice unwarlike, the General's voice is more like To be talking to us through the cannon's mouth, man."

Says R. COBDEN to the Lion, "Army estimates look shy on; To your soldiers pray give neither love nor money; Land forces or aquatic—they're a swarm aristocratic Of drones, who fatten idle on your honey."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "Ordnance charges may be jobbed in; But if folks have foes, they must have men to face 'em; History teaches us (we'll tell 'em) 'Si vis pacem para bellum:' Not (as you say) 'Si vis bellum para pacem.'"

Says R. COBDEN to the Lion, "'Twas the Press set this mad cry on; Talk of gun-boats, praams, flotillas—why not 'coracles?' If a man would live in quiet, he should join the Peace Society, And take my friend JOHN BRIGHT and me for oracles."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "The papers you've been snubbed in, And critics arn't so pleasant as reverers: And we know that there are leaders, which produce upon their readers More effect than other leaders on their hearers."

Says R. COBDEN to the Lion, "I beg you'll cast your eye on The Pamphlet I've produced on Peace and Warfare, Where I've made it clear that we caused the War of ninety-three, And have set distorted facts in aspects more fair."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "Your pamphlet I've just bobbed in; And if ninety-three were only eighteen two, Sir: Had NAP. ne'er mounted throne, or ne'er camped beside Boulogne. I won't say but your conclusions might be true, Sir."

"But unhappily, you see, Eighteen two's not ninety-three; NAP.'s a fact, and so's his muster at Boulogne, Sir; But all talk's not worth a tittle: I tell all NAPS—great and little— That the British Lion will be let alone, Sir."

"He begs to state most fully he don't intend to bully, (Wrong he knows, although triumphant, brings its Nemesis); But waiving brag and bounce, one thing he does announce, HE WILL NOT STAND AN INTRUSION ON HIS PREMISES!"

A JOKE FOR THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION.

A YOUNG friend of ours who is being brought up as a punster, and has been serving an apprenticeship of some years to an experienced joker, is very desirous of "coming out" in the arduous and unprofitable profession he has chosen. He has sent us a specimen of an article he has manufactured during his over-hours—a pun made at home, which may be termed home's-pun work—and the only fault of which appears to be, that the subject being out of season just now, there is no demand for it. The joke would be an excellent joke at the time of a general election, and the only question was, whether it should be kept standing over until then, running the risk of getting damaged by time—for nothing spoils so soon as a joke—or be put at once into circulation. Our young friend acting upon the advice of one who has several hundreds of jokes thrown useless upon his hands, in consequence of his having overstood the market, has adopted the latter course, and we have been entrusted with the delivery of the article. It has been consigned to the *Punch* Office, with directions to "keep the point downwards"—that is to say, to let the point come at the end of the paragraph. In pursuance of our instructions, here it is:—"A candidate, who had been pelted with mud on the hustings, declared that his audience agreed in all he said. 'True,' replied a wag, pointing to the stains of dirt still adhering to the candidate's coat, 'for here are plenty of—marks of adhesion.'"

EXTRACTION OF SCOTCH ROOT;

OR, THE GENEALOGY OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

"PUNCHIE,

"GIF ye see the papers, ye'll hae kent that the EMPRESS O' THE FRENCH is, as ye might have expectit, a Scotch lassie, for a' she just happened to be born in Spain, being a KIRKPATRICK by the mither's side.

A chiel that ca's himsel SCOTUS, in the *Morning Post*, and ither loons, hae been fashin' their thumbs to expound and mak oot, and set forth the ledly's pedigree; aboot whilk they're a' wrang. They ken naething ava o' the subject; and gin ye wad wush to hae the true history o' her forbears, 'tis just this:—

"Auld MR. KIRKPATRICK's dochter, that married the COUNT DE THÉBA, and is noo the mither o' the present Empress, was ane o' four bairns, a' dochters, forbye ony sons with whom a'm not acquaint; so ye ken she was the third dochter o' KIRKPATRICK o' that ilk; wha was first cousin to COSPATRICK o' Dunbar: that married a FORBES, that was niece by the mither's side to a MACKENZIE, wha was ane o' the MACKENZIES o' Glenbrunstone, whose father's third wife, and his ain mither, was sister o' the second cousin of DONALD FRAZER o' Toddywhosky, ALISTER MAC ALISTER; descended in a direct line from ADAM MAC ADAM; wha, by a collateral branch, was the ancestor o' the present LAIRD O' CLANNAGGIS, cousin—some degrees, but I dinna weel ken hoo mony, removed—to LORD ABERDEEN, and aiblins a few mair to the DUKE OF ARGYLE.

"Should ye ever be tauld that Scotland's nae a gude lan' for timber, *Punchie*, just show the abune skatch o' a family tree, and gif ony one speers what's your authority, use the name o' your correspondent,

"Drumpibroch, Feb. 1853."

"HOOT AWA!"

The Force of Habit.

A BUSINESS Man of our acquaintance is so serupulously exact in all his doings, that whenever he pays a visit he always will insist upon taking a receipt.

VARIETY IS CHARMING.—A Theatre, the other day, advertised the "Last Week of 'Gold.'" That meant, we suppose, that they intended to give the public change.



MUCH EXCITED, BUT MISTAKEN WOULD-BE NIMROD, WHO, HAVING BEEN THROWN OUT, IS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE HAS COME UP WITH SOME OF THE TAIL HOUNDS.—“HUIC FOR-R-A-D-E—FOR-R-A-A-D THEN!”

[Great Demonstration of Disgust on the part of Old Gentleman out Shooting.]

SCIENCE AND THE POPE.

DOCTOR WISEMAN—in flaming red; red as a flamingo—has lately addressed a crowd of Catholics at Leeds, on the intimate connexion between science and Catholicism. They are as intimate, yet as distinct, we should imagine, as the mouse and the bird that, incorporated, make up a bat. The DOCTOR proved to his satisfaction, and doubtless to the instruction of his hearers, that the Catholic Church had always been the patroness of science, whatever vulgar scandal might avouch to the contrary. One ALEXANDER POPE, a Catholic, by the way, has written of Rome—

“Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore;
Her grey-hatred synods damning books unread,
And BACON trembling for his brazen head.”

But this is merely the gall of an undutiful satirist. Rome never *did* persecute GALILEO; the Church never did oppose the theory of COLUMBUS that the earth was spherical, quoting in triumphant confutation of the navigator the words of Holy Writ, that figuratively say the heavens are spread over the earth even as a tent. Therefore, good CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, supposing that you sail a certain distance over the earth, how—in the name of all the saints!—how will you ever get back again? To be sure, even as DOCTOR WISEMAN is illuminating the easy ones of Leeds with new scientific light, the Bishop of Besançon is declaring unto the innkeepers of his diocese, in his Lenten charge, that they have brought upon themselves the unprofitable abomination of railways, because they have supplied to their customers—the carnal ones!—meat on Wednesdays, and meat on Fridays. Hence, railways. Beef and mutton have gone into the stomachs of the customers, and thereupon has railway iron entered the souls of the publicans!

Nevertheless, it must be conceded to DOCTOR WISEMAN that the intimacy between science and Catholicism is wondrously close. For instance, on the Saint's day, does not the blood of ST. JANUARIUS—blood, hard as a pebble—thaw and dissolve in the bottle shewn at Naples? There must be some science among the monks to manage that. Again; have we not winking Madonnas? Now, if it demands

some science to cause a doll to open and shut its eyes—how much greater the art to make a Madonna wink, and all for the glory of the Roman Catholic Church? DOCTOR WISEMAN—it must be allowed—has made good his case.

Newton at Sea.

THE French have in their navy a steam sloop of war named *Le Newton*. The French certainly beat us in their acknowledgment of the claims of art, literature, and science. We have no *Newton* in our navy. As soon would the Lords of the Admiralty christen a ship after the astronomer, as after the astronomer's apple that aroused him to ponder gravitation. Yes, when we have *Newton* as a seventy-four, then may apples swim; then and not until then, may we have *The Golden Pippin* gun-brig.

A GRATEFUL EMPEROR.

WE understand that, in obedience to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON's orders, MR. COBDEN will be regularly prayed for in all French churches. *Pax saluam Riccardum Cobden!* Further than this, the EMPEROR has presented MR. COBDEN with a forty-two pounder cast in Normandy sugar! *Bon bon!*

Reasonable Enough.

THE REVEREND MR. STOWELL announces that he will engage no curate who is guilty of the unpardonable crime of smoking a cigar. The reverend gentleman fairly says, that he does all his own puffing, and that if the curate wants a narcotic, he has only to read one of his rector's sermons. This seems all right enough.

THE PEACE-MAKER'S PREMISES.—The logic of the Peace Society will always be imperfect, so long as they object indiscriminately to every Major.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.—MR. COBDEN backs Manchester against the Field.



SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 1.

Street Boy (to his natural enemy the Policeman). "SNOWBALLS, SIR! NO, SIR! I HAVEN'T SEEN NO ONE THROW NO SNOWBALLS, SIR!"

LYNCH LAW AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE papers informed us the other day of a practical joke—which for one of the parties concerned, was no joke at all—having been played off upon a parson on the Stock Exchange. This Reverend Gent in Holy Orders had been giving a series of most unholy orders to a variety of Stockbrokers, who had been "let in" to a serious amount by the speculating clergyman. Having been persuaded to visit the Stock Exchange, the parson was suddenly surrounded and punished, without the slightest benefit of clergy being allowed to him. His coat was covered with flour thrown from bags, without the smallest respect for his cloth, and he was pelted with eggs, of which there was an ample supply in readiness to make—as was remarked by an unhappy punster on the spot—a terrible eggs-ample of the defaulting clergyman. The Reverend Gent's white choker was so besmeared with batter, that he was obliged to rush from the Stock Exchange to exchange his stock at the nearest hosier's. The affair, happening as it did on or about Shrove Tuesday, caused some who saw the parson covered with eggs and flour, to suppose that he had fallen into a quantity of batter prepared for the manufacture of pan-eakes.

We are no admirers of Lynch law in any shape; but if parsons will throw a stain on their characters, they must be prepared to have the stain made manifest on their clothes, in the way adopted the other day by the members of the Stock Exchange.

WRECK OF A PAPAL BRIG.

WE have to record the wreck of HIS HOLINESS'S Brig, *Torquemada*, F. LUCAS, Commander, which on Thursday night, during a brisk gale off the Tuscan coast, broke loose from her moorings at St. Stephen's, and drifted away so far out of her course as the Society Islands in the South Pacific, when she ran ashore on the coast of Tahiti, between 17° 28' and 17° 53' S. lat., and 149° 11' and 149° 39' W. long. The mate, BOWYER, made the best exertions he could for the preservation of the vessel; but she has been so much damaged that it is believed she must go to pieces in the event of her ever getting afloat again; so that the probability is, that she will be condemned: in which case, her timbers will make capital firewood.

PROBLEM FOR A PLACE-HUNTER.—Is the situation of the Groom in Waiting a stable one?

REPRESENTATIVE MEN IN CHANCERY.

IF "all the world's a stage," and, the Court of Chancery being a portion of the world, if we are to look upon the scenes enacted there as dramatic scenes, we must be struck by the number of performers that their representations seem to require. The most unimportant act that is gone through in a Court of Equity combines as many persons in the representation as would be ordinarily included in a play-bill announcement of "the whole strength of the company." The following extract from the report of a little Equity interlude, enacted before VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR W. P. WOOD, will give a notion of our meaning:—

"MR. BACON and MR. DART, for the legatees of the stock in trade and leasehold property, claimed the benefit of the proceeds arising from the sale, as if it had remained unchanged in its character at the time of the testator's death.

"MR. ELDERTON and MR. W. FORSTER, for the other parties, contended that the legacy had fallen by the sale and conversion of the property.

"MR. CAMPBELL and MR. CRACKNELL appeared for the purchaser of the lunatic's property, and MR. TEED and MR. HETHERINGTON for the executors."

We do not quite understand the plot of this little affair, which is probably intricate enough, but we cannot withhold our admiration from the immense amount of forensic talent employed in representing the characters. We have no doubt that MR. BACON and MR. DART threw into their representation of the legatees of the stock, all that unction and point for which the names of BACON and DART are guarantees, while MR. ELDERTON and MR. W. FORSTER, as "the other parties," would in all probability invest the "other parties" with that shadowy and mysterious vagueness which is so "telling" on the stage of Equity. One would have imagined that the whole cast of the little piece would have been complete when the legatees and the "other parties" were in the hands of fitting representatives; but the strength of the performance is further enhanced by the abilities of MR. CAMPBELL and MR. CRACKNELL, who appear upon the scene in the little parts of "purchasers of the lunatic's property." We can fancy the broad effects that might be produced by these gentlemen in the perplexing position of the buyers of goods from a lunatic, who seems, by

the way, to be a very favourite portion of the *dramatis persone* in numerous Chancery performances. The two remaining parts of the executors, which were represented by MR. TEED and MR. HETHERINGTON, could not have been in abler hands, and we are certain that these accomplished equity actors would make the most of anything that might be entrusted to them. We presume the lunatic himself is only spoken of in the course of the performance, and does not on this occasion appear, for we see the name of no one as his representative. This gives novelty to the whole affair, for a lunatic is so frequently dragged upon the scene of Chancery, that the character is becoming rather monotonous. It is not an uncommon thing for one of the parties in a Chancery Drama to appear as an infant in the earlier scenes, and to become an aged lunatic towards the *dénouement*; but the performance before SIR W. P. WOOD is evidently a mere bagatelle, without those melodramatic lapses of ten or twenty years between each act, which are so common to the stage of Chancery.

OUR SAVAGE CUSTOMS.

To ensure Peace with our French neighbours we should not only mend our manners, but reform our customs.

How absurd, as well as impolitic, it is of us to interpose a duty which is nearly prohibitive between their clarets and our ports!

To be linked with any foreign nation in the bonds of amity, we must hook the padlock of peace to the staple of production.

Our harbours would be in small danger of French round shot, if we allowed them to throw in their grape.

England is right in requiring Englishmen to do their duty in time of war: but it is quite another policy to make Frenchmen pay it in time of peace.

If it were generally known how good *Challis* is with oysters, the force of the above considerations would be so apparent, that the Peace Society would transfer their present exertions to the abatement of the duty on light wines; and that the motion to that end, about to be proposed in the House of Commons, would be carried by acclamation.



What the Acrobats will probably do next for the gratification of an
"enlightened British public."

Fine Weather for the Country!

DURING the late inclement weather the sliding scale has been partially renewed; but no rise in the price of bread appears to have resulted from its seasonable restoration. The scale of the slide has been extensive, including all the ornamental water in the Parks; and Protection has experienced a revival in the exertions of the Humane Society. All this corroborates the generally expressed opinion of the farmers that we wanted frost.

A KNOTTY POINT.—A young lady says, that in a yachting match the vessels run so many knots that she should think that the results of the race must be all ties.

COALS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCE.—If the Corporation of London will persist in its claim to our coals, let it take care it doesn't get the sack as well.

THE MEMBER FOR TOLERATION.

THE *Times*, in its summary of Thursday night's debate on the subject of papistical persecution in Tuscany, records that

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL professed himself totally at a loss to know whether MR. LUCAS approved or not of persecution for religious opinions."

We are quite sure that MR. LUCAS does not approve of persecution for opinions that he considers religious. The Honourable Member for Meath, we are convinced, would be the last man to defend the persecution of anybody for the opinion that ST. SCHOLASTICA shone in the dark; that ST. ANTHONY preached to the fishes; that ST. DENIS held his own deorparated head in his hands; that the House at Loretto flew through the air; that the blood of ST. JANUARIUS melts from a supernatural cause; or, that the Rimini Picture cocked its eye from ditto. Because all these things are, in the eyes of MR. LUCAS, really matters of religious opinion; that is to say, you are not absolutely required to believe them by MR. LUCAS'S Church; but allowed to believe them if you like.

Whether MR. LUCAS approves of the toleration of irreligious opinions is another matter. Perhaps he might not be quite inclined to tolerate the opinion—of THOMAS CARLYLE we think—that what he, FREDERICK LUCAS, considers to be his holy Father, is a "triple-hatted Chimera, calling itself Pope." Nor is it certain that he would desire the toleration of the several other opinions which follow from this one—and are entertained by the majority of the British public.

It is, however, our firm conviction, that the liberal Member for Meath is decidedly opposed to all persecution for religious opinions, and religious belief properly—as he thinks—so called: that is to say, for the opinions that Rome permits, and the creed that Rome enjoins.

No Protestant, of course, can, in the view of MR. LUCAS, have any religious opinions at all, unless he happens to be of opinion that any of the Roman Catholic legends are true. His Protestantism is an aggregate of opinions which are not religious; but just the reverse. He is of no religion: what he calls such is heresy. It is impossible to persecute anybody for religion, except a Roman Catholic; because nobody else has any religion for which he can be persecuted: and the persuasions of all other people, in that regard, are scandalous, wicked, odious, pernicious, blasphemous, detestable, and—we suppose—roastable.

CATECHISM FOR MAJOR CANONS.

THE newspapers have published a long string of questions, addressed by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, on behalf of the Commissioners for inquiring into the state of Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, to the various Deans and Chapters, respecting the constitution, arrangements, and economy of their several establishments.

From this list of interrogatories, however, the following are omitted—notwithstanding their importance.

CONCERNING WINE.

1. How many courses does the dinner of a prebend usually include; and what provision is there for the meals of minor canons?
2. To what sum does your expenditure on port amount for a term of—say, five years?
3. Please to state the age of your port, according to the best of your judgment; and mention whether it abounds in any great measure with beeswing, and whether it is a dry or a fruity wine?
4. What is the smallest quantity of port you ever reduce yourself to after dinner?
5. How much port do you consider yourself competent to dispose of at a sitting?
6. Is your butler careful to burn your port-wine corks, or does he throw them into any river or other place where their numbers would be likely to attract public attention?
7. What particular port do you recommend?

ABOUT THE HEALTH AND CONDITION OF THE CAPITULAR BODY.

1. How many of you are subject to gout?
2. What is the weight of the Dean and Chapter, individually and collectively, and by how much does it exceed that of an equal number of curates? What are your circumferences respectively about the waist, and by what magnitude are they superior to those of the inferior clergy?
3. Have any of you got red noses?

Warm Fowls.

THE eggs of some of the fancy fowls recently exhibited fetched enormous prices. These hens must have pretty well feathered their nests.

GREAT ANTI-POLICE DEMONSTRATION.



THE Olive Green Association, for establishing the principle of non-resistance, held a Meeting yesterday for the assertion of their views, in reference to the precautions which have been adopted by the State to secure persons and property from criminal invasion. The platform was crowded by the advocates of total abstinence from war. MR. MOONHEAD took the chair amid an immense hum of applause.

The CHAIRMAN, after having briefly complimented the assembly before him on their vast intelligence and high morality, and devoted a few additional hours to an expression of the diffidence which he felt in the presence of so imposing an assembly, stated, in a speech that lasted full two minutes longer, the object of the Meeting; which was to protest against the maintenance of the Police force as useless and wrong.

THE REVEREND MR. BALDERDASH, of Salt Lake Chapel, proposed a resolution accordingly, which he said he believed would express the sense of the Meeting; although interested parties might stigmatize it as nonsense. Their doctrines had been denounced as humbug; he himself might be called a humbug; and if he were, his reply would be, "You're another." Gaols were humbug; bridewells were humbug; bolts, bars, shackles, fetters, were all humbug; the whole system of incarceration was humbug; and if he were asked for logical proof of that position, he would answer, "*Quod erat demonstrandum.*" The greatest humbug of all was the Police force; for it pretended to keep the peace by acts of violent interference, which would only render any breach of it wider, whereas they all knew that policemen were never within call: and the fact was notorious, that their sole employment consisted in patrolling at the areas of the great mansions to prevent the people from disturbing, by their indignant outcries, the slumbers of a bloated oligarchy.

MR. COLNEY HATCH rose to second the resolution. He said, those who proposed to abolish the Police, no doubt, would be called mad. So had all great Reformers been—(here the well-meaning gentleman quoted the usual examples)—but it would be found there was a method in their madness. The test of principles was in their extremes. He would go all lengths—he could stretch indefinitely: he was made of Vulcanized Indian Rubber. All war was unjustifiable. If international war was bad, civil war was worse. The service of the Police force was civil war; it was forcible opposition to a native foe. Acknowledge the duty of non-resistance, and you abolish constables, as a matter of course. Granted the obligation of submitting to spoliation, surely we should sooner submit to domestic robbery than foreign—although, of course, it was incumbent on us to acquiesce in both. There was once a man at an ancient city, whom he highly respected. That gentleman believed that all the vessels in a certain harbour were his property, which was a mistake; but he respected the gentleman's belief: and when he calculated the value of those vessels, with their cargoes, and inferred the amount to belong to himself, he was consistent. In like manner, consistency was his (MR. COLNEY HATCH'S) motto, and, therefore, when he shouted "No Militia!" with all his soul, he would also shout "No Police!" with all his strength.

MR. BOSU said it was a libel on human nature, to assert that there was any necessity for a police. One of our greatest poets had demanded—

"Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?"

There was no reason for such an act. It was absurd. Theft and robbery were a species of invasion provoked by the insult of establishing a police. A very unjust opinion prevailed with regard to our neighbours over the water. The most injurious suspicions had been excited against the inhabitants of the New Cut. You had been told that the population of Lambeth Marsh were only awaiting an opportunity to cross the Thames and plunder the Strand and Cheapside. It was by these and such like monstrous alarm cries, that the requisition of a Police Force was supported. Across the river, and everywhere else, people now simply minded their own business. Covetousness was obsolete: there were no rogues any longer, or at least very few; and if you wanted to put thieves down, you must try some better plan than taking them up. He had calculated the cost of our Constabulary, and found it to exceed, very far, the loss which could possibly be sustained from robbers and thieves. The treadmill revolved a certain number of times in one hour. He had computed that each revolution of every treadmill cost sixpence. Here were revolutions that might well astound us. The revolutions of the treadmill, at a moderate estimate, had cost us £2,000,000,000 since its first establishment. Would all the burglaries, highway robberies, felonies, and larcenies of all kinds that could possibly have been committed during that time, have occasioned the loss of half so great a sum? No one at that time of day thought of robbing us; minds that once, perhaps, may have been possessed with such an idea, were now intent upon the Australian Diggings. He hoped to see the whole body of the Police disbanded; but for the present would be content with their reduction by one half, which would render them inefficient, and thus pave the way to their ultimate abolition. Policemen were only a militia in a different cloth, arrayed against domestic instead of foreign depredators, and he was happy to say he had that faith in human nature, that he as much believed in the existence of one set of villains as in the other.

The addresses of the various speakers were accompanied by and concluded with tremendous cheers.

A gentleman who gave as his address 85, Fleet Street, here obtained permission to speak, and indulged in a glowing description of our domestic comforts, and our national riches: the wealth contained in the Bank, the Docks, and our other great public establishments, which was received with vociferous acclamation. He then begged to ask what would be the consequence if all these treasures were abandoned to the rapaciousness of unopposed rascality: but this question excited a violent uproar, in the midst of which the resolution condemnatory of the Police was put and carried; and the Meeting terminated in great disorder.

THE LADIES' BATTLE.

It is fortunate, just now, that the ocean divides the ladies of England from the ladies of America; for, if they were in closer contact, they might forget the touching theory, too often violated in practice, that

"Their little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

Throwing stones is not a pretty pastime for the gentler sex; and we regret to find our favourite, the British female, engaged in pelting—even with philanthropic missiles—our fair friend, the American lady, who, if the stone has been thrown at her, has certainly pitched it uncommonly strong in casting it back again. Perhaps there is much truth in what has been written by one to the other; but the very fact that there is a great deal to be said on both sides renders it advisable for females not to interfere, since, however much there may be to be said, it is certain that a great deal more will be said than necessary, if the female tongue has anything to do with it.

If our advice could be taken, we should recommend the parties to "make it up" at once; and if they would only consent to "kiss and be friends," as the operation cannot be performed in person, we should be most happy to accept the proxy of the American ladies, empowering us to imprint on the lips of our fair countrywomen the kiss of peace from their sisters across the Atlantic. Should the arrangement be carried out, we shall take measures for issuing orders, payable at sight, which will entitle the female holder to the enviable privilege.

Difficulty of the Stomach.

THE noble Lord on the Woolsack has introduced a measure for the digestion of the statute law. The material is so tough that it will task the Peers' stomachs, and we fear trouble them dreadfully with dyspepsia: although, in the meanwhile, they will be engaged in wholesome legislation.

IRISH TRIMMING.

A YOUNG lady who thinks more about her clothes than her country, says, it must be delightful to live in Ireland, because there is so much Ribbonism there; and she understands it is very killing.



SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 2.

Street Boy. "HOH! SOOSANNER! DON'T YER CRY FOR ME! FOL DE ROL DE RIDDLE LOL. HERE'S A JOLLY SLIDE. CUT AWAY, YOUNG 'UN. IT'S ALL SERENE!"

TORTURE OF THE ENGLISH ACCORDING TO LAW!



I have been told that torture is foreign to the law of England, but this must be a mistake, for the English law is full of the most affecting examples of the cruel torture of the English language. If we look through the statute-book we shall feel a thrill of horror at the wretched straining of words, the frightful dislocation of common sense, the fearful fracture of

all the parts of speech, and the general ill-treatment to which the English language is subjected. So awful is the plight of an unhappy word in an Act of Parliament, that it is at once presumed to have been driven mad, or, at all events, to have lost its common sense, and the Judges in Westminster Hall immediately begin to inquire what is its "statutable meaning?"—it being, as the lawyers say, "settled" that "statutable meaning" and "plain ordinary meaning" are things altogether different.

There is certainly often an air of insanity in the language of an Act of Parliament which justifies the Courts in doubting whether words mean what they say, when different words are used to say the same thing over and over again with a sort of "damnable iteration," which is enough to try the patience of any but the legal mind, which is accustomed to these cumulative absurdities.

As an instance of the justice of our accusation against the wild eccentricity of the language of an "Act," we take at random from a recent statute the description of a Justice of the Peace for England and Wales. One would think such an individual might be described as we have described him, but we find him in the statute amplified into "Any one of HER MAJESTY'S Justices of the Peace for any county,

riding, division, liberty, city, borough, or place within England or Wales." Now, the only object of this definition seems to be, that if some hole or corner can possibly be ferreted out, within England or Wales, that is neither "a county, riding, division, liberty, city or borough," there may be opportunity for "learned counsel"—fee ten guineas—"with" whom may be other not quite so "learned counsel"—fee three guineas—to argue that some other place is not a place at all—within the statute. This necessitates other "learned counsel," with other not quite so "learned counsel," to argue on the other side, at commensurate fees, that "a place is a place," and then comes the elaborate delivery of "most learned" judgment by the Court, in which the discovery is made that "HOLT laid down" this, "KENYON held" the other, "LORD MANSFIELD let drop" something else, "BAYLEY threw out" so-and-so, "HULLOCK would go the length," of this, that, and the other, "GASELEE was quite willing to let in," and all the rest of it. Upon a most careful consideration of all these different and frequently conflicting "layings down," "holdings," "lettings drop," "throwings out," "lengthenings or shortcomings," and "lettings in," the Court possibly comes to the conclusion that the law does mean what it says, or does not mean what it says, or means a great deal more than it says, or has said a great deal and means nothing.

Hence the "glorious uncertainty" of the law, hence the horror of the public at going to law at all, hence the utter lack of business in Westminster Hall, and hence, in a word, what so many lawyers are now complaining of—the ruin of the profession. When the Legislature will be content to use only the necessary words to express its meaning, "learned counsel" cannot differ about the meaning or no meaning of surplus verbiage; learned Judges will not be called upon to "settle," "unsettle," and "re-settle" the law, which will then speak for itself; and suitors—knowing that the language of the law is interpreted according to common sense—will feel some confidence in the certainty of the law, and resort to it much more frequently than they do now, when they had rather endure a wrong than enter into the expensive lottery of seeking a remedy.

THE CABS OF LONDON.

The dirty Cabs of London!

How lazily they stand!
About the public thoroughfares,
Or crawl along the Strand;
The omnibuses pass them by
With a contempt supreme;
E'en the coalcart overtakes them
With slow and heavy team.

The crazy Cabs of London!

How wretched is the sight
Of one of those old vehicles
That ply for hire by night!
There, cracked is every window-pane,
The door is weak and old;
The former lets in all the rain,
The latter all the cold.

The shakey Cabs of London!

How impotent the powers
Of one poor nervous female fare,
When fierce the driver lowers,
Swearing, with impudence sublime
And ruffianly frown,
He can't afford to lose his time;
"His fare will be a crown."

The dear, bad Cabs of London!

In vain the public call
For a better class of vehicles
That can't be got at all.
Extortion must for ever thrive,
Cabs must be bad and dear,
Till Legislation looks alive,
And deigns to interfere.

Definitions for Country Gentlemen.

A LANDLORD is one who has a share in the soil.

A TENANT Farmer is a person who has only a ploughshare.



STRAIT WAISTCOAT.

WORKED BY THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND FOR THE OPPONENTS OF NATIONAL DEFENCES.



MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER IV.



THE entertainment provided for us—which my last chapter left myself and Mrs. P. just sitting down to—is abundant in quantity, if the quality be not perfectly satisfactory. The first dish having been put on the table at seven, I see at once, from the bill, that we are in for five hours of it. It is as bad as a German *table d'hôte*, where one has time to elaborate and appease three distinct and successive appetites. I shall be tired to death long before it is over. The boxes will be half deserted, and even the staunch and much enduring pit will show many gaps ere the facetious MR. BROADGRIN steps on to fillip our jaded eyes and ears with his natural humour and easy pleasantry, in the aftermost piece. Why do you give us so much of it, MR. PUMPKIN? Why not allow us to rise with some remains of appetite, instead of driving us away, worn out, before the last course announced in your bill of fare comes to table? I hear everybody everywhere complaining of the length of your entertainment, which seems calculated to match its breadth—it's as broad as it's long, and as long as it's broad—and, in my honest judgment, it's a great deal too broad, and a great deal too long for the taste of most of your audience.

Your first piece is, perhaps, a play of SHAKESPEARE'S—a great poem and a great play it is sure to be. But you will excuse my suggesting that, till your actors and actresses have learnt the art of speaking in their natural voices, their mere utterance of these exquisite lines mars the music in them just as much as their apparent ignorance (in most cases) of the meaning of the words they are speaking deprives those words of sense and significance to the audience. I say nothing of suppressed or supererogatory "H's," of "sk-e-y-cs" and "k-y-inds"—of "d-e-r-r-eads" and "scar-r-rs"—of "ye's" where grammar requires "you's"—and the other cacophonous and ungrammatical tricks which the stage is heir to.

I am astonished to find that among a profession whose livelihood is obtained by declamation, the elementary principles of the declamatory art seem unknown. There is that long-limbed gentleman, now—in the yellow boots, and plumed toque—why is he wasting all that valuable breath, and risking serious injury to his bronchial tubes, by swallowing his words, in the attempt to be guttural and impressive, instead of propelling them out of his mouth, in the humbler effort to be intelligible? When the secret of all clear delivery of metre is to keep the voice sustained at the end of the line, why this perseverance in so dropping the final syllables as to keep my ear on an agonized stretch to catch a meaning, which is perpetually left half-expressed?

And why will that meritorious and hard-working and pretty little lady—your juvenile tragedian—why will she not be content with the sweet voice Nature has given her—but she must pitch it into a key, where, from a warble, it becomes a scream? Why will your *contraltos* insist on being a *soprano*, and your *soprano* smother herself into a *contralto*?

Is there no one to point out these matters to your company?—no "veteran" (to use a word you are fond of, MR. PUMPKIN) to take in hand these eager youths and willing young ladies, and show them how they are throwing away good gifts, and becoming peacocks when they might be nightingales? Oh, that it were the fashion that actors, before being permitted to play, were required to be able to read—I don't mean to make out printed or written character—but to read from the book, with proper intonation, and so as to convey the author's meaning. Had I the misfortune to be a manager, my first rehearsals should be reading lessons—at which I would allow the author to be present. I would even listen to his views upon the meaning of his own words. I do not know that I would not give him a voice in explaining his conception of the characters he had drawn. It is possible—indeed, I may say probable—that he knows this better than you do, MR. PUMPKIN.

I say nothing about graceless action, coarse exaggerations, unmeaning noise, the substitution of stiltedness for solemnity, the misplacing of "points"—like a tipsy station-man—and the utter smashing of long trains of meaning thereby.

All these faults are invisible—so to speak—in the glare of that great master-vice, of not conveying by the voice the meaning of the words uttered. Possibly this meaning is often a mystery to the

speaker, but I am sure for once that it is missed, it is mis-spoken a hundred times.

All this offends me—though I am not a fastidious listener. Persons of refined taste it disgusts, and drives from your theatre. They cease to resort to it, as a source of refined pleasure, and if they go at all, only go to laugh at MR. BROADGRIN—as they might at a clown grimacing through a horse-collar.

I am bound to admit, however, that your play has been beautifully dressed, and its scenery consummately painted. My complaint is merely that of ESOP'S FOX over the Vizard, "What a fair face: only it wants brains."

I own, moreover, to a hankering after something like a representation on the stage of the manners of my own time. I see tragedy enough going on about me, Heaven knows! Few houses I know but have their heroic struggles—their great crimes—their sublime self-devotions. Why, in the theatre, am I never to get at these but in the dress of SHAKESPEARE'S time, with all the sacred accompaniments of blank verse, old-fashioned language, and five acts? If you were painting old times only, something might be said for this; but when it comes to footmen announcing the carriage in rhythmical iambs, and gay men about town being light and airy in regular lengths of ten syllables, and so forth, I am seriously bored at the incongruity—and long for even the humblest prose, in the comparison.

I am not one of the "Fast" School who run a ruck against something they call the "legitimate drama"—an expression the meaning of which, in their minds, I have never been able to discover, though, as far as I can make out, it comprehends every play in five acts with a serious thought at the bottom of it.

But I do object to this imitation-Elizabethan—this stucco of "by'r ladies" and "gallants," and "rapiers," and "doublets," with which a certain class of play-writers will insist upon beplastering their works. Believing there is a dramatic side to the times I live in, I wish to see that side reflected on the Stage—whose aim should still be "to show the age and body of the time, his form and pressure," as *Hamlet* tells the players. In fact, MR. PUMPKIN, all the advice in that scene may still be studied with much profit by your actors and actresses.

What their faults were in SHAKESPEARE'S time their faults are still. If I wanted proof of what reverent holders by the old ways you players are, I should find it in the great dramatist's enumeration of the actor's vices of art in his own day. You are like the BOURBONS, MA. PUMPKIN. You have learnt nothing, and you have forgotten nothing. But I feel I am getting stupidly serious. Excuse me, I will be livelier next week.

WHAT AN INVADING ARMY MIGHT DESTROY IN LONDON.

WE rejoice in the pacific assurances of LOUIS NAPOLEON. We trust that the foot of an invader will never profane these shores—Puddle-dock and the contiguous embankments more particularly to wit. Yet, if ever the French do come to London, there are several bits of mischief which they might do for our great advantage in the end.

They might, perhaps, blow up Temple Bar.

They might certainly demolish the iron railings around St. Paul's.

It would be a good job if they were to raze the Court of Chancery to its foundations, and annihilate the whole of Doctors' Commons.

If they were to burn the National Gallery—saving the pictures—it would be no very great harm: and, considering the present state of the river, they certainly would abate a very nasty nuisance if they could manage to set the Thames on fire.

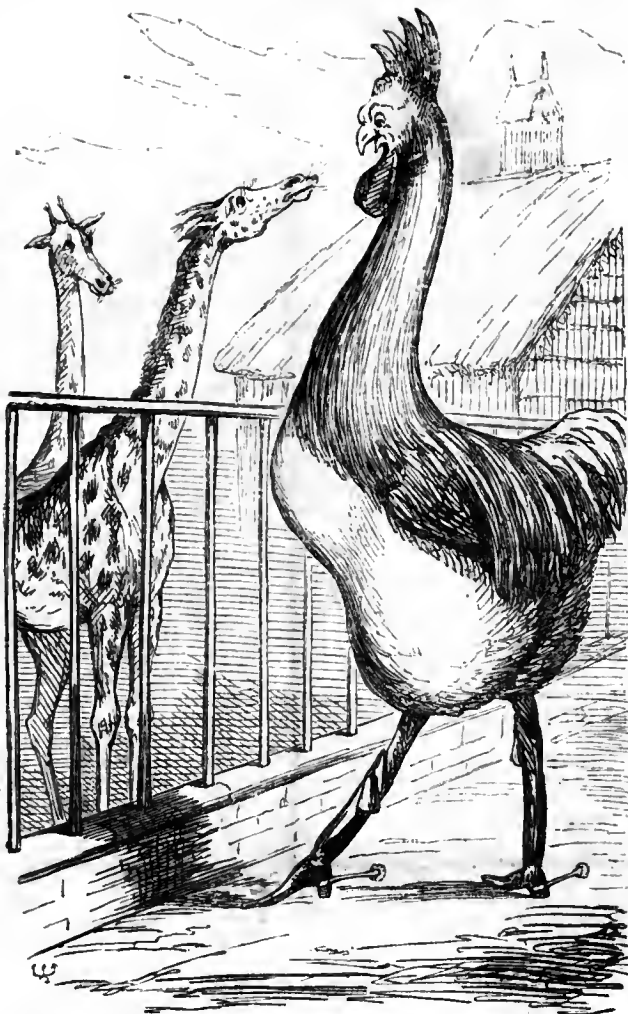
Ammunition Flung Away.

GOLDNER'S Preserves have again been brought under the public nose; and it appears that several more pots of them have been cast into the sea. This is a grievous waste; they should have been resold, and kept for ammunition. Their contents, if unfit for our seamens' food, would give their antagonists a good bellyfull. Discharged upon the deck of an enemy these tins would be more destructive than any other canister; and, upon bursting, would scatter their deadly contents around with overpowering effect: indeed, we will venture to say, that CAPTAIN WARNER himself has never invented any shell or other projectile that would constitute such offensive weapons.

AN EXTREME CASE OF CONSCIENCE MONEY.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received a cheque for £0 0s. 0d. from M. R. C. S., the amount due for arrears of Income-Tax.

AN UNWHOLESOME TRUTH.—However brisk the demand may be for beer, it is pretty certain that a large proportion of it is a perfect drug.



A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

LORD CRANWORTH, LAW, AND PHYSIC.

In the House of Lords, the other evening, LORD CRANWORTH is reported to have expressed an apprehension in which few will participate. He intimated that there was some fear that a Lord Chancellor might get on too fast with Chancery Reform. This extremely improbable contingency his Lordship illustrated by what he imagined to be a parallel case:—

"There might be, in short, a little danger lest the holder of the Great Seal should fall into a course something like that occasionally pursued by inferior medical practitioners, who prescribe for their patients doses of physic, when the best thing would have been, probably, to let them alone."

It is the best thing to let patients alone under one of two opposite conditions—and those two only. 1. When it is clear that no medicine will expedite the patient's recovery. 2. When it is manifest that no medicine will save him.

Does LORD CRANWORTH think that Chancery will reform itself without legislation? Or, does he consider it to be in so bad a state that there is no hope of its amendment?

An Emperor's Joke.

LOUIS NAPOLEON justifies the fact of his not permitting the Legislative Assembly or the Senators to say a word by the good old English joke, that "It is necessary and proper to have plenty of Mutes at his great undertaking."

A LARCENOUS IMPOST.

It is strange that MR. FREWEN's resolution tending to the repeal of the Hop Duty should have been rejected, when it is manifest that every shilling of tax levied on a pocket of hops is picking the pocket.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A RAILWAY STATION.

THE Station clock proclaims the close of day;
The hard-worked clerks drop gladly off to tea;
The last train out starts on its dangerous way,
And leaves the place to darkness and to me.

Now fades the panting engine's red tail-light,
And all the platform solemn stillness holds,
Save where the watchmen, pacing for the night,
By smothered coughs announce their several colds.

Behind that door of three-inch planking made,
Those frosted panes placed too high up to peep,
All in their iron sates securely laid,
The cooked account-books of the Railway sleep.

The Debts to credit side so neatly borne,
What should he losses, profits proved instead;
The Dividends those pages that adorn
No more shall turn the fond Shareholder's head.

Oft did the doubtful to their balance yield,
Their evidence arithmetic could choke:
How jocund were they that to them appealed!
How many votes of thanks did they provoke!

Let not Derision mock KING HUDSON's toil,
Who made things pleasant greenhorns to allure;
Nor prudery give hard names to the spoil
'Twas glad to share—while it could share secure.

All know the way that he his fortune made,
How he bought votes and consciences did hire;
How hands that Gold and Silver-sticks have swayed
To grasp his dirty palm would oft aspire,
Till these accounts at last their doctored page,
Thanks to mischance and panic, did unroll,
When virtue suddenly became the rage,
And wiped GEORGE HUDSON out of fashion's scroll.

Full many a noble Lord who once serene
The feasts at Albert Gate was glad to share,
For tricks he blushed not at, or blushed unseen,
Now cuts the Iron King with vacant stare.

For those who, mindful of their money fled,
Rejoice in retribution, sure though late—
Should they, by ruin to reflection led,
Ask *Punch* to point the moral of his fate,

Haply that wooden-headed sage may say,
"Oft have I seen him, in his fortune's dawn,
When at his levees elbowing their way,
Peer's ermine might be seen and Bishop's lawn."

"There the great man vouchsafed in turn to each
Advice, what scrip or shares 'twas best to buy,
There his own arts his favourites he would teach,
And put them up to good things on the sly.

"Till to the House by his admirers borne,
Warmed with Champagne in flustered speech he strove,
And on through commerce, colonies, and corn,
Like engine, without break or driver, drove.

"Till when he ceased to dip in fortune's till,
Out came one cooked account—of our M.P.;
Another came—yet men scarce ventured, still,
To think their idol such a rogue could be.

"Until those figures set in sad array
Proved how his victims he had fleeced and shorn—
Approach and read (if thou canst read) my lay,
Write on him more in sadness than in scorn."

THE EPITAPH.

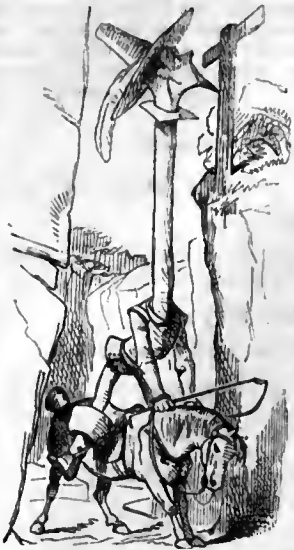
Here lies, the gilt rubbed off his sordid earth,
A man whom Fortune made to Fashion known;
Though void alike of breeding, parts, or birth,
God Mammon early marked him for his own.

Large was his fortune, but he bought it dear;
What he won foully he did freely spend.
He plundered no one knows how much a year,
But Chancery o'ertook him in the end.

No further seek his frailties to disclose:

For many of his sins should share the load:
While he kept rising, who asked how he rose?
While we could reap, what cared we how he sowed?

A BATCH OF CORRESPONDENCE.



HAT a frightful amount of correspondence is one of the penalties we have to pay for our popularity, anybody may understand; but no one can judge how severe that penalty is, unless we publish some specimens of the oppressive heap of dry rubbish thrown upon us by those who continually keep up a paper war upon our peace and our patience. If any one should be inclined to charge us with want of courtesy in not replying to our correspondents, we would answer the charge by calling attention to the following samples of the sort of stuff that we get daily and hourly in such quantities, that an ingenious calculator would probably find out how many times the interior of St. Paul's could be papered with the letters we receive in a month, and how many millions of QUEEN'S Heads have been sacrificed by those who would seem to have hardly a head of their own, if we may judge by the insane stuff they transmit to us through the Post-Office.

It would form a very curious section of the Statistics of Insanity—and we recommend the subject to the able Editor of the *Psychological Review*—if a calculation were to be made of the number of madmen who are continually suggesting "cuts" for our periodical. There is generally a wild impossibility, or a hopeless platitude, about the ideas, which renders their realisation equally out of the question in either case.

There is one now before us proposing "a Drawing of a country station, with a train just gone and another not yet in sight from a siding on the same line, with DISRAELI in the former, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL in the latter." How an artist is to embody the idea of two trains both out of sight, together with the portraits of two statesmen, neither of them visible, does not seem to have occurred to our suggestive friend, who is, no doubt, expecting every week to find his "idea" developed in our front page, and who, of course, wonders at our blindness to our own interest in not making more speedy use of the hint that has been given us.

Another of our pictorial tormenters writes to say that a Railway train by which she travelled was detained longer than usual at a Station, and she forwards an elaborate drawing of a long line of railway carriages, from one of which the lady herself is looking, with what is artistically termed a "balloon" proceeding from her mouth, and encircling the interesting words "Guard! Guard! What are we waiting for?" We dare say we shall soon get an angry letter from the fair "suggester" of this "cut," complaining that we have "fallen off fearfully," particularly in "the humour and richness of our engravings," because we have not adopted her lively *tableau* as the principal illustration of one of our recent numbers.

Somebody else writes all the way from Manchester to tell us that he saw an old lady leaving a pair of spectacles to be mended, and he places "the fact at our disposal to make such use of it as we think fit." He concludes thus: "It occurred to me that with a good illustration, and garnished with your usual good taste, it might be made into a good story." Given—an old woman and a pair of spectacles out of repair; to find—an illustration for *Punch*! We confidently ask if there is anything in EUCLID, WALKINGAME, BONNYCASTLE, or anybody else, to equal the unfathomable mystery of this problem.

Another individual, addressing us from Liverpool, is so excited by reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that he suggests, as a nice little subject for our artist, "The United States as they are," and "The United States as they ought to be." Our correspondent says he has already "pictured them in his mind," where there must have been a considerable extent of blank space to have afforded room for America under two different aspects,—one showing what it really is, and the other representing "all his fancy painted it."

Somebody else has favoured us with a series of hieroglyphical scratches on several strips of paper wafered together, accompanied by a note commencing jauntily by saying, "Perhaps you can make something of the enclosed." After inspecting it for some time, we think we succeeded in tracing out something like the outline of a human being and a carpet bag; but we could get no further. The accompanying note concludes thus:—"The engine may resemble a hearse." As we can see nothing in the hieroglyphies that resembles an engine, and as we must "first catch" our engine, we do not see where the hearse is to come from.

We think we need go no further—for the present—in justification of our practice of leaving unnoticed many of the "ideas" that are poured

in upon us through the Post-Office. We have this week confined ourselves to "subjects for cuts," but we shall probably be goaded into an exposure of some of the stuff that is sent to us for insertion, in a written form, and which would degrade our work to the dingy level of the "Dry Goods Reporter," were we to admit even an occasional sample of an article which would lie no less heavily upon our conscience than on our columns.

A TALK WITH MRS. TYLER.

OH, MRS. EX-PRESIDENT JULIA G. TYLER!
You are pretty, they say—you're a pretty reviler—
You *do* pitch it awfully into poor Motherland
In that same reply to the DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND!

Your epistle's so trenchant, I look on it, Ma'am, as on
The defiance, in fact, of a genuine Amazon,
And you show such a spirit against Anti-slavery,
That her Grace, one might fancy, had questioned your bravery.

You lay on the lash with excessive severity,
And do you on niggers evince like dexterity,
Upon your tobacco-plantation when resident
Of blackamoors, Mrs., without the Ex-President?

You say that your ladies avoid all conventions,
Save those held with purely religious intentions,
In order to propagate true Christianity—
A creed not exclusive of sable humanity?

Ah!—there you, of course, are taught love to the neighbour,
Which cannot permit us his back to belabour,
Because it is black—or the faith is prodigious
Of that kind of people that you call religious.

You tell us of fashions you have a variety,
The vestments of charity, meekness, and piety,
Instead of our vanities aristocratical:
I hope your costumes are by no means fanatical.

But surely you joke, when you say our nobility
Incited their wives—out of hate and hostility
To America, wishing her ruin to compass—
To send you their letter to kick up a rumpus.

If seriously any such notion possesses you,
The natural question with which one addresses you
Is, had poor MR. TYLER the irrationality
To put into your head such a wild unreality?

If you've slaves, we have paupers, you say, in our nation,
But that's a more angry than wise observation,
Unequal among us are wealth's distributions,
But poverty's not one of our "Institutions."

The DUCHESS you'd have to mend Fortune's disparity
By giving her gems and her jewels in charity;
In her hair, or her dress, whilst a brilliant will glisten,
To her plea for the slave you'll, of course, never listen.

Well clothed and well fed are your negroes you tell us;
But I fancy that won't make our poor people jealous,
We use dogs and horses as well as you treat them,
We keep them in decent condition—and beat them.

With Ireland's unhappy condition you twit us,
But there wisest miss, where you hardest might hit us,
By saying she's ruined by rule Anglo-Saxon,
Requiring a yoke such as you lay your blacks on.

You write in such ire as to raise the suggestion,
That your style would have better become the Fish Question,
Not that to the Bay named of Fundy related,
But one in a market by Thames Street debated.

The Empire of Jack Ketch.

ITALY has sometimes been called the Garden of Europe. In so far as it is under Austrian domination, it resembles a curiosity of ancient eastern horticulture—being a Hanging Garden.

HINT FOR THE SERVANTS' HALL.

WHY does not the Livery of the metropolis establish a United Domestic Service Club? The idea looks promising on the first plush of it.



SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 3.

Playful Youth. "PLEASE, SIR, I WASN'T A HEAVIN' AT YOU—I WAS HEAVIN' AT BILLY JONES."

A RAP ON THE KNUCKLES FOR THE BRITISH FEMALE.

If the ladies of America really wished to take advantage of a weak point in the ladies of England, there could not have been a finer subject for the former than the readiness of the latter to rush to an Alarming Sacrifice, when invited by a gang of sharpers who haunt London and other large towns, with a lot of linen-draperly rubbish, which is advertised as the stock of some notorious bankrupt. If we analyse the feeling that prompts the women of England to resort to these swindling concerns, we regret to say that the fair sex seems to have lost all its pretensions to fairness, and we come to the melancholy conclusion that the British female is half knave and half fool—the only doubt in our minds being, whether dishonesty or stupidity predominates. We regret to make this avowal, but love of truth overcomes our gallantry, and our very regard for the ladies of England induces us to tell them, pretty plainly, what we think of those who respond to the swindling circulars of the Alarming Sacrificers who traffic in trashery, haberdashery, and smashery.

We have before us at this moment an envelope to a beggarly bill or circular, commencing in the usual form; while, to crown the impertinence of the imposture, the transaction is said to be "patronised" by a couple of Duchesses, whose names are libellously inserted at the head of the "catalogue."

The avowed "attraction" of this affair is an intimation that the goods have been obtained by "meretricious over-trading," or, in other words, by fraud, and the ladies of England are asked to present themselves as the receivers of stolen goods—for assuredly such is the real character of those who willingly participate in the plunder obtained by fraudulent bankruptcies. It is difficult to say in which category to place the "ladies" who are lured by these promises of a dishonest advantage, and we know not whether to regard them as fools for believing the patent falsehoods that are told, or as knaves for wishing to obtain at an unfair price those goods which have been procured by defrauding creditors.

We are afraid that we cannot allow the female purchaser at these marts of roguery to escape from either dilemma, for she must be at the same time a knave and a fool; inasmuch as nothing but knavery would seek to buy at a low price goods got by fraud, and nothing but the sheerest folly could give credit to the absurd statements issued by the Alarming Sacrificers to their soft-headed customers.

We regret the necessity of speaking with more candour than courtesy of any portion of that sex with whom we know we are an especial favourite, but it is quite necessary that we should put down a rampant species of imposture, which threatens to undermine the morality of our wives and daughters, by turning them into a sort of genteel marine store dealers, for the purchase of unlawfully obtained property.

PARLIAMENTARY POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS.

Slightly varied from the favourite "originals" and respectfully offered to the Mammæ of England.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE Whig must come when he is called,
The Tory walk away,
The PALMERSTON is slightly bald,
The WOOD admires the GREY.
The ABERDEEN's a statesman ripe,
The DERBY is not wise,
The RUSSELL's speech reads well in type,
The HUME for papers cries.

The Irish vote that white is black
Their priesthood to obey,
The CRANWORTH sits on SUGDEN's sack,
The ROEBUCK likes a fray.
The GLADSTONE is a speaker nice,
'Tis bad to be his butt,
The DRUMMOND gives you quaint advice,
The HUDSON's mouth is shut.

The bold ARGYLL has golden hair,
But white the LOWE and SHEE,
The BRIGHT he is a foeman fair,
And who so loud as he?
O yes, the CHRISTOPHER's more loud
By reason of his size,
The DIZZY loves a listening crowd
To dazzle and surprise.

The CORDEN was a downy bird,
But now his eyes are dun,
The CARTER rails in speech absurd,
But no one cares for him.
The COCKBURN fights in dashing style,
The BETHEL lisps and drawls,
The GRAHAM is the deepest file
You'll meet all round St. Paul's.

The COLONEL is a pratè-apace,
We heed not what he says,
The STONEY-HERBERT loves his race,
The BULWER writes good plays.
The BROTHERTON at twelve must flit,
(So ought all other folk,)
The OSBORNE has a biting wit,
The WALPOLE hates a joke.

The kind CARLISLE can write good verse,
The MALMESBURY had prose,
The INGLIS thinks the world grows worse,
He always wears a rose.
The child who does not these things know
Must be a little dunce,
But you, my love, I'm sure will go,
And learn this song at once.

SCHOOL FOR CHANCERY REFORM.

THE great obstacle to Reform in Chancery is, that the persons promoted to the Woolsack are deficient in experience of the Court over which they have to preside. They know nothing of it except as practitioners, whereas, to understand it thoroughly, they ought to have been concerned in it as suitors. In that case they would no longer speak of Chancery as Equity, but give it the right and proper name of Iniquity—as let it ever be called. If, instead of making their fortunes, they had lost their property by it, they would find themselves considerably more able, because more willing, to abolish its atrocities.

PROTECTION AGAINST THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE SWELL MOB.



CERTAIN gentlemen, practising as conveyancers in a peculiar line at races, public meetings, reviews, exhibitions, sights, and theatres, or otherwise interested in the irregular and clandestine transfer of property, many of whom were attired in the extreme style of fashion, assembled yesterday evening in a private room of the Old Shop, to consider what steps to take in consequence of the arrangements now in course of being made to connect all the Police Offices with the Electric Telegraph.

The worthy host, MR.

KEY SLOMANS, who occupied the chair, said he felt himself much honoured by the werry respectable body as had come forrads in defence of their common interests on that occasion, and begged to express his sympathy with them as a landlord. (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. MONTGOMERY MORTIMER said, that they had a new and terrible foe to contend with. To the Beak—to the Claw of the Lobster—the Law had now added the Lightning. (*Oh!*) They were to be nabbed through electricity; they were to be collared by the agency of magnetism. Science had enlisted the Levin Brand as a Crusher. (*Shame!*) In the exercise of the arduous profession in which they (himself, and his friends now present) were engaged, the climate of this country often became too warm for their health. (*Hear.*) A brief retirement to Boulogne, or tour on the Continent—perhaps a trip to America—was then necessary. The connexion of the Police Offices with the Electric Telegraph would operate as a most injurious check upon that temporary emigration which was an essential refuge to gentlemen who followed an avocation so extremely trying. (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. BOB SMITHERS, *alias* JONES, understood the gen'l'm'n as had just spoke, to mean that this here 'lectric Telegraph bisnis would hinder hisself and his pals from cuttin' and runnin', by makin' of 'em safe to be lagged.

MR. MORTIMER said the drift of his observations had been correctly appreciated by his honourable friend.

MR. BOB SMITHERS continued. There was no chance for a cove now. The detectives was bad enough; but this here scientific dodge would be a reglar flabbergaster. (*Hear.*) Your mechanical inventions was spifflicatin' manival dexterity. (*Hear.*) They had long hindered a poor feller from turnin' an honest penny (*Oh!*); and now they wouldn't let him turn a penny nohow. (*Hear, hear.*) He agreed with them werry respeckble old gen'l'm'n as held that machinery and all that sort o' thing was the cuss o' the country. (*Cheers.*)

THE REVEREND MR. CAVENDISH BELGRAVE, from his observation of fashionable society, and especially from what he had heard at genteel places of worship (*Ironic Cheers*)—he might, perhaps, be better understood if he said swell churches—(*Laughter*)—was happy in being enabled to state, for the comfort of the assembly, that there was a clerical party—not a party in an individual sense, but a party of clerical gents—in fact, of parsons—highly influential in the Legislature, who were all for going back to the Middle Ages—the good old times—when no Electric Telegraphs, or Police Offices either, existed to restrict ingenuity and limit enterprise. (*Loud Cheers.*)

MR. BILL SNIGG, surnamed The Downy, asked, vos there no ope in a appeal to Gov'm't? In connection with Ministers he had heard mention of Thimblorig. (*Hear.*) Was there no sitch a thing as feller feelin'? Wasn't there no sort of honour, accordin' to the sayin', among certain persons? Wouldn't the Protectionists old out to 'em no elpin' and, that and as they had often met in the pocket o' the people. (*Hear, hear.*) They might at all events try it on; and he proposed that a petition should be sent to the EARL OF DERBY, prayin' for Protection agin competition with the 'lectric Telegraph on be-arr of that important branch of British industry—

MR. BELGRAVE.—Of which, in point of fact, we are the *Chevaliers*. The honourable gentleman added that he should have much pleasure in seconding MR. SNIGG's suggestion; but he was afraid the hope of sympathy in the Ministerial quarter was the dream of a too confiding mind. The Cabinet would never legislate against electric wires, unless those wires were used to catch bares. (*Hear.*) All the Government could do for them, he had reason to apprehend, would be to substitute for that temporary emigration alluded to by MR. MORTIMER, an emigration that would afford them an asylum more or less permanent, (*Oh!*)

but also more or less disagreeable (*Ah!*) and inconvenient (*Hisses*): a sort of emigration, in short, of which the only advantage was that of being gratuitous. (*Loud groans.*)

MR. CHIZZELL said he feared they must trust to their personal resources. For his own part, if science was sharp, he hoped to prove sharper. (*Hear.*) In the meantime, he would propose "Down with the Electric Telegraph!" (*Cheers.*)

The toast having been drunk with acclamation, three groans were given for PROFESSOR WHEATSTONS; and the time of opening the theatres approaching, the assembly dispersed itself.

ONE OF OUR WOODEN WALLS.

(To the Admiralty.)

HER boilers unsafe—overloaded with coals—
About the Atlantic the poor *Happy* rolls:
Used up all her fuel, the vessel they strip,
And burn every rag, stick, and chip in the ship;
Scarce able to steam, quite unable to sail,
She fares like a loose buoy afloat in the gale;
She tumbles and wanders amid the sea-foam
A hundred and ten days—at last she gets home,
Her crew nearly starved—out of water and grub—
And don't you call this a true Tale of a Tub?

ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.



MR. BRODERIP has written a very amusing book on the subject of Zoological Recreations, but he has left out a few of the most popular recreations in zoology, which are known to and indulged in by the inhabitants of the Metropolis. A recent visit to the Surrey Zoological Gardens has introduced us to several recreations which seem to be the most popular with the frequenters, and which MR. BRODERIP takes no notice of.

1. There is the zoological recreation of riding on the elephant's back for twopence.

2. There is the zoological recreation of throwing bits of stale bun to the bear.

3. There is the zoological recreation—po-

pular among the ladies—of poking at the monkeys with the points of parasols.

4. There is the zoological recreation of pelting the ducks at night-fall, when the police are in the dark, in consequence of the forges of the Cyclops being not yet lighted.

5. There is the zoological recreation of seeing the Carnivora dine at five, and the more fashionable pelicans at half-past, in consequence of there being two sets of animals to feed, like two dinners to be got in one lodging-house.

6, and last. There is the zoological recreation of making a donkey of one's self, a recreation which is much indulged in by certain persons at all places of public amusement.

The Queen of the Sea.

THE Royal yacht was somewhat unceremoniously treated by FATHER NEPTUNE last week, and the attempts of some of the lords and ladies in ordinary to stand upon Court etiquette were cut short by their inability to stand upon anything. The functionary most in request was the Lord Steward, who had exchanged his wand of office for an ordinary basin. HER MAJESTY happily has no occasion for the services of this great officer at sea, and the High Steward was therefore free to attend upon himself, or upon any other portion of the suite to whom he might be disposed to extend his good offices.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.—CAUTION!



THE sweet little 'cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch for the welfare of JOHN BULL, has for some time past been continually sweeping the horizon with his telescope to see if he can make out the possibility looming in the distance, that the agriculturists were told to look out for by MR. DISRAELI. It is the cherub's strong suspicion that he now discerns the possibility alluded to, in a shape very much resembling a kettle—which he conjectures to be that pretty kettle of fish likely to accrue to the nation in consequence of the abrupt and unseasonable mission on the part of the Government of a warlike squadron against the American fishermen. The elevated cherub considers that America is one of the chief sources of our supply of bread-

stuffs; and that since the possibility of famine by means of a Corn Law looms in the past, the only possibility of ditto that can loom in the future, is contingent on a quarrel with our corn-merchant—in other words, with our bread-and-butter; in which quarrel, the cherub in the high position hopes the people of England will not back the Protectionists.

A PLEASANT WAY HOME.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WHEN you requested me to act as your own correspondent during my fortnight's tour in North Wales, you could not have been aware of the utter impossibility of my writing you any letters, under the excitement of new scenes, the inconveniences of travelling, and the remoteness from all ordinary means of communication of the district in question. I assure you I have not seen a *Times* during the whole fortnight less than two days old. The staleness of the news, in fact, in these pastoral regions, can only be equalled by the freshness of the eggs. I therefore conceived that I should best act up to the spirit of my instructions by not writing at all. I should have carried out this intention fully, but the circumstances under which I have returned to London appear to me to deserve mention. I write, therefore, from my residence at Paddington, and shall be obliged by your remitting in return my fortnight's salary.

I do not know, sir, if you know North Wales, but if not, as is probable, I have to inform you, that near Llanrwst (you will please put in the vowels *ad libitum*), is a romantic village called Be Hws-y-Coëd, (you will please to repeat the process with the vowels,) which is a headquarters of artists during the summer and autumn. MR. DAVID COX has frequented the place for half a century, and MR. CRESWICK'S umbrella is a conspicuous landmark in most years. Among many other charming pictures of the latter artist, you may remember one, exhibited some three or four years ago, called "A Pleasant Way Home." That picture, sir, represents a landscape near Be Hws-y-Coëd. The same locality has furnished me too with a picture on the same subject, which I propose to present to you in this letter. By my "pleasant way home" I mean the route from the said Be Hws-y-Coëd to London.

If you had seen my fruitless efforts, on several mornings during my stay, to discover by means of *Bradshaw* the route back to town, you would have pitied me, in common with all travellers in these romantic regions. I knew the way to the Llangollen Road Station. This was by coach: for there are still four-horse coaches in this primitive quarter of the island; but here all distinct conception of progress ended, and the struggle with *Bradshaw* began.

I despair of describing the manner in which I floundered through the mazes of that periodical; the wild way in which I plunged from Llangollen Road (p. 64) to Shrewsbury (pp. 43 to 47, 64, 67), thence to Wolverhampton (pp. 42 to 47, 60 to 65), and to Stafford (pp. 42 to 47, 60 to 63), not to speak of mad diversions to Chester (pp. 42 to 47,

49, 50, 60 to 63). I found myself sometimes brought up in a *cul-de-sac* at some remote place, entirely unknown to the civilised world; or more frequently, after a tangled navigation of many hundred miles, succeeded in finding my way back to my starting point at the Llangollen Road. In short, after a series of mental efforts, which left me in a painful state of incipient imbecility, I flung *Bradshaw* on one side, and in a rash hour determined to commit myself to the information of the railway officials, and started, in that resigned frame of mind which, I fancy, characterises the Arctic navigator.

I arrived at the Llangollen Road Station at seven o'clock, and was assured I could reach town *via* Wolverhampton and Birmingham the same night, or rather, next morning, at 4 or 5 o'clock. I felt grateful to the station-master, and started. I pass briefly over the incidents of my journey to Wolverhampton *via* Shrewsbury. Anxious to study the native manners, and attentive to your recommendation not to spend more money than I could help, I took a second-class ticket to this point. It was the day of Oswestry fair, and the train appeared to be an excursion one provided for the accommodation of the "pleasure-seekers;" and, therefore, extremely overcrowded, drawn by a very wheezy and feeble-bodied engine, and invariably arriving everywhere half an hour after its time: thus providing to passengers the additional excitement arising from the probability of being run into by the next express; which, conveying wealthy people on business cannot, of course, be retarded by any paltry consideration for the lives and limbs of poor people on pleasure.

I may mention incidentally, that during that part of my ride I was a good deal gnawed about the legs by a pig, which travelled with us in a sack, under the restraint of which garment it seemed not unnaturally impatient. Its companion and proprietor seemed highly to enjoy the little diversion afforded by his four-legged friend. I was also much poked in the face by the umbrellas and parasols of unprotected females tumbling into the carriage in a state of excitement, and armed with sheaves of these weapons, which they protruded recklessly. Nor was my enjoyment materially heightened by the playful humour of several large and energetic young gentlemen, whom I found to be iron-workers in various ways, and who, no doubt from habitually talking against the roar of blast furnaces and the clang of steam hammers, had acquired the practice of invariably roaring at the top of their voices, and who made me an involuntary confidant of their amours, adventures, and achievements during the fair, which did not appear to be relished by the unprotected females of whom I have spoken.

We reached Wolverhampton at last, about an hour after our time, but fortunately uninjured. I had anxiously repeated my inquiries at all the stations along the road, as to the possibility of my getting on to town. I had been invariably assured by the station-masters and others high in office on the different platforms, that this was practicable. On making the same inquiry at Wolverhampton of a porter, he was just informing me that I was in error and could not get further than Birmingham, when he was checked by a gentleman very tightly buttoned up in authority and a blue coat, who assured me that it was all right, and that I should find myself at Euston Square at six, A.M. "Take this gentleman's luggage to a cab," he added, authoritatively, in conclusion.—"Don't I go on from here?" "No, Sir. You leave this line here and catch the Birmingham train at Willenhall Heath" (I think this was the name, but I am not sure). I felt awkward, but was re-assured by the porter, who informed me cheerfully that "he supposed the trains was changed, for he knowed I couldn't a' got on last week."

"It's only a mile and an arf," he said, by way of cheering me up, as he turned the handle of my cab door. The night was squally and dismal. Wolverhampton is not, I believe, a cheerful place at any time, to persons unaccustomed to breathe carbonic acid gas instead of the usual quality of atmospheric air. I was trundled along, I think, for some three-quarters of an hour through miry and plashy roads, lit up by blazing chimneys and lurid furnace-mouths, which filled the air with a red lowering light, as if there was an extensive fire going on everywhere at the same time. We stopped.

I found myself opposite a yawning cavern. "Down there, Sir," said my driver, cheerfully.—"Where?" "I asked?" "The station, Sir," he replied, nodding with his chin towards the cavern.—I walked down. He followed me, bearing the luggage. I found myself on a narrow deserted platform, flanked by a small two-roomed station, with a large board informing me I was 14 miles from Birmingham, 126 from London, and some distance I forget from Liverpool. The information might have been interesting under other circumstances, but here it rather depressed me. I was roused by my driver's cry of "porter," which rang through the cavern we had come through, and along the solitary platform; a railway lamp burnt in a melancholy manner under a bench—but no living soul except our two selves was to be seen. "There aint nobody 'ere," said the driver, putting down my modest baggage. I felt the truth of his remark, forcibly, and proceeded at his request to pay him his fare. It was 1s. 6d. All my silver was a half-crown: of course he had no change. At this moment a step rang through the cavern. Oh joy! it was a railway policeman, of staid appearance and dignified demeanour. "Can you give me change for

half-a-crown?" I asked him eagerly. "Sir, I've only got three 'apence in the world," was his discouraging reply.

I gave my driver the half-crown helplessly. I heard him drive off. I stood alone with the dignified policeman. He looked vacantly at my luggage. "Where are the porters?" "They've gone to bed."—"Where is the station-master?" "He've gone to bed."—"Where's the refreshment room?" (I had eaten nothing since three.) "There ain't none."—"Where's the waiting room?" "It's shut up."—"When will the train to Birmingham be by?" "Aft arter twelve."—"Does it go on to London?" "No."—"Then I can't get on to town to-night?" "No."—"They told me I could at the other station." "Ah—they allus' does; but you can't."—"The devil I can't!" "No."

Here I omit a scene of expletives on my part, of impassive silence on that of the staid policeman. "But what's to be done?" "I don't know."—"Can I get a cab back to Wolverhampton?" "There aint no cabs here."—"Can I get a bed here?" "I don't know. You may try at the Hotel up yonder."—"Oh! there is a Hotel." "Yes."—"Then I'd better sleep there, and go on by the first train to-morrow morning?" "Well, I don't know—pr'aps you may get a bed—but I think they're shut up."—"Shut up at half-past ten o'clock!" "Well—they're rayther unregular people, and sometimes shuts up early."—"At least I can try—" "Yes, you can try."—"Will you carry my luggage up?" "Well, I don't mind."

The staid man took up my luggage and preceded me, wheezing painfully. Porterage was evidently not his forte. We reached the Hotel, a building, as well as the darkness enabled me to make it out, of highly decorated Elizabethan architecture. My conductor knocked at the front door. No answer. We walked round the house and knocked and rang at all the doors we came to. At last, a window on the first floor was cautiously opened—"Who's there?" asked a female voice. "It's me, m'm," answered the policeman respectfully.—"Oh, it's you, MR. MOULDY, is it?" "Yes, m'm, it's me."—"Well, MR. MOULDY, what is it?" "It's a gent, m'm, as wants a bed."—"Oh, a gent as wants a bed?" "Yes, m'm."—"Well, we're shut up—but I'll see." Hereupon the head was withdrawn, and an animated conversation appeared to be proceeding within. Lights moved slowly from window to window. I filled up the time with a few more expletives: the staid policeman remained calm and impassive. At last the female head reappeared. "He *can* have a bed, MR. MOULDY." I felt, then, how entirely I owed this favour to MR. MOULDY. In about five minutes a door was lingeringly unbolting by a slipshod maid-servant, carrying a small but powerfully smelling dip, apparently swooning away in a dirty brass candlestick. MR. MOULDY carried in my luggage and deposited it solemnly on the passage mat.

The slipshod maid looked at me uncomfortably and questioningly. "Well, *can* I have a bed?" I asked rather savagely. "I think so." "No supper, I suppose?"—"Well, they're all in bed." MR. MOULDY touched his hat and left me alone with the slatternly maid-servant. "You are not going to give me that candle, I hope?" She looked at me wonderingly, then at the candle, and at last slowly moved away with her dip, leaving me in darkness on the door-mat.

She returned in a few minutes with another dip, even more powerfully smelling, and more helplessly inclined to one side, with a more flaring fungus of a wick, and in a more offensive brass candlestick than the other.

"At least you can give me a pair of snuffers?" She gazed at me again with the same wondering expression, and retired, carrying both dips with her.

I stood again in darkness on the door-mat.

She returned, bringing with her a tiny pair of brass snuffers, weak in the joint, with one finger-ring gone, and with a box of insufficient capacity to accommodate half the fungus already accumulated on that atrocious dip.

"I go by the first train at seven in the morning: may I rely on being called?" "Well, they're mostly up in the mornings."—"Can I have any breakfast before starting?" "They'll have to get up earlier to git you breakfast."—I felt it was hopeless. "Never mind, I won't take breakfast."

She seemed relieved by this, and preceded me slowly upstairs into a fusty little room. I found the sheets tolerably clean, and resigned myself to my fate. I need not attempt to describe the night I spent. My room-window opened on to the railway station; sleep-walking engines were wandering uncomfortably up and down all night, sighing, squealing, fizzing, and growling, in the usual depressive manner of these overworked machines. I felt sure no one would be awake to call me, and, of course, counted the clock all night till I heard six strike.

I aprung out of bed joyfully, and began to dress. I pass by the toilet-table. The soap was of the flinty description one might expect in such a place. I had one small and very limp towel, and the wash-stand was one of those inaccessible triangular arrangements, over which washing consists in knocking your head against the wall in the abortive attempt to get it over the basin.

At last I concluded my apology for a wash, and going to the door for my boots, found them absent. I rang. Ten minutes elapsed. The engines appeared to me now to be wide awake, and I inferred the speedy starting of the train. I rang more wildly. The slipshod maid-servant appeared. "My boots!" I exclaimed. She disappeared. Ten minutes more elapsed. I rang furiously. She reappeared with my boots, which she put down with the simple words: "They ain't cleaned 'em."

By heavens—my boots were there, dusty and dirty, as I had put them off on arriving! It was perfect: I felt grateful they had not cleaned them, for then I should not have enjoyed my night fully—and one thing would have been done at this mysterious hotel, as it is done in other places of public entertainment. I paid for my bed; nobody was up in the house but the slipshod maid.

I felt a grim sort of cheerfulness, as I walked to the station, at the thought that I had passed the most uncomfortable night in the world.

If any *blasé* traveller desire to try this pleasure, he has only to follow my example, to go to North Wales, and take "the pleasant way home," viz Wolverhampton.



2 A. M.

Domestic. "PLEASE, SIR, THE GUIDE SAYS YOU TOLD HIM TO TAKE YOU UP SNOWDOWN TO SEE THE SUN RISE."

Enthusiastic Tourist. "OH! AH! YEES! YOU WILL TELL THE GUIDE THAT I HAVE BEEN THINKING THE SUNSET WILL BE MUCH BETTER WORTH SEEING; SO I SHALL NOT WANT HIM JUST YET."

A MASTER WHO KNOWS HIS WORKMEN.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has been giving a grand dinner at St. Cloud, to all the generals of the army of Paris. They were all as jolly as school-boys on a half-holiday. There was plenty of drinking, of course, for what would officers do without drinking? and in the course of the fun, the Prince said to his comrades—

"I think you do not regret having followed me in my policy on December 2, and since that period." The Generals were unanimous in their approbation; and some exclaimed, "To you, Prince, the initiative—to us, the *unhesitating execution!*"

Execution is just the word for such services. When we recollect the butcheries that took place in December, the Prince may well be proud of having such "*unhesitating executioners.*"

Much of a Muchness.

THE parties indicted for the Stockport Riots were stated in the papers as seven Protestants and eight Papists; but we are enabled to affirm that these figures convey an erroneous impression, the fact being that the rioters were precisely six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

THE SAME THING.

SMITH. "Did you ever look for a needle in a bottle of hay?" JONES. "No; but I have searched for a book in the Catalogue of the British Museum."



EFFECTS OF SALT WATER AS OBSERVED AT THE REGATTA BALL.

— *Weatherspoon, Esq. (of the Oriana, R.Y.S.)* "I SAY, TON, WHAT'S THAT LITTLE CRAFT WITH THE BLACK VELVET FLYING AT THE FORE, CLOSE UNDER THE LEE SCOPPERS OF THE MAN OF WAR?"

Honourable Binnacle (of the Matilda, R.V.Y.C.) "WHY, FROM HER FORE AND AFT RIG, AND THE CUT OF HER MAINSAIL, I SHOULD SAY SHE'S DOWN FROM THE PORT OF LONDON; BUT I'LL SIGNAL THE COMMODORE TO COME AND INTRODUCE US!"

THE LAST KICKS OF PUFFERY.

MAD attempts are being continually made to give to even the air an air of novelty. A few days ago an individual to whom it is immaterial whether he stands on his head or his heels, lowered himself by going up in a balloon, from which he was suspended so fearfully that it was a moment of horrid suspense to all who looked on, as well as to the aeronaut. He, however, seemed to be quite at home, and neither to care where he happened to hang out, or to feel the inconvenience of being completely tied by the leg, for the time being. It is true that he did it as easily as if he had been "native and to the manner born," for the operation; but a man who is "born to be hanged," even by the leg, is scarcely a desirable person for the public to make acquaintance with.

This, however, is nothing to the ascent of *MONSIEUR POITEVIN* with a carriage and four—a feat that might terminate rather awkwardly for those on *terra firma*, inasmuch as if the exhibitor were to throw himself on the public, or to tumble on the public, which would be much the same thing, the effect would be far from agreeable. As to science being aided by these pieces of fool-hardiness, the idea is absurd, and we think *M. POITEVIN* himself, with his carriage and four in the air, would be puzzled to tell us what he is driving at.

No Getting Out of It.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY can get nothing out of *LOUIS NAPOLEON* respecting the liberation of *ABD-EL-KADER*; his HIGHNESS having seemingly condemned himself to the silent system for his breach of promise sooner or later to set the Emir at liberty. The PRESIDENT is unable to get out of his unenviable position; but the person most to be sympathised with (not most to be pitied) who can't get out, is the captive chief.

A KIND WORD WITH JONATHAN.

PERISH all the cod and mackerel in the Ocean—fine eating as they are—before we go to war with brother *JONATHAN* for a cause as scaly as any fish can be that have no scales. We can't think of quarrelling with *JONATHAN* about fish at a time when our general enemy is plotting everywhere to reduce us, in a greater measure than we like, to a fish diet; and would, if possible, move all the nations, and Heaven and Earth, and another place also, even worse than Ireland, against us for that end. We must recollect that *JONATHAN* is now the only national creature of any importance, except ourself, that is not priest-ridden and soldier-ridden; the Soldier in the saddle, and the Jack-Priest on the crupper. Our natural relation to *JONATHAN* at present should be that of a league, offensive and defensive, against despotism and papal petticoat government all over the world. We may, however, remonstrate with *JONATHAN* in a brotherly way on occasion; and we do so remonstrate with him respecting the following passage from the *New York Herald*, on the supposition that it correctly expresses his mind as to the matter between us:

"It is a shame that the great expedition to Japan, for a hydrographical survey of those islands, and the conversion of the heathen therein to Commerce and Christianity—it is a burning shame that the expedition for these great objects should be broken up, from the necessity of detailing the flag-ship of the Commodore to the protection of our Yankee fishermen in the Bay of Fundy."

Now, *JONATHAN*, are you not taking this querulous—and audibly nasal—tone rather inconsiderately? Does it not occur to you that you are a little inconsistent in setting out to convert the heathen to "Commerce and Christianity" in one quarter of the globe, and going a-poaching in the other?

Never mind your collocation of "Commerce and Christianity." Success to you in your endeavour to convert the Japanese to both your religions.

How to Make One Dizzy.

TAKE one half Protection, and one half Free Trade, and pour from one Conservative measure to another, until you get a fine head with plenty of froth. It is this mixture of half-and-half, smartly combined, that makes one DIZZY.

WANTED A DIPLOMATIST.

WHERE is the celebrated statesman, *M. PISCATORY*? He would be the man to negotiate for us with the Americans the settlement of our dispute about fishing.

A GOLD MINE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.



THE venerable old proverb tells us that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," but with regard to the strychnine, we think we can alter the proverb to "What is one man's poison is another man's meat," considering the source of profit it has been to the brewers. Never did any body of tradesmen derive so much benefit from a libel as our Bitter Ale manufacturers. They have advertised their innocence far and wide, with testimonials of the purity of their beer, and the price of each barrel. Thousands have been spent in proving that this strychnine was the most bitter calumny that was ever invented to poison honest men's characters. One brewer, we are told, is prepared to spend £5000 in advertisements in order to wash himself as clean as his rivals in the

estimation of the public. We are not at liberty to mention his name, but we can safely say that, in this instance, Bass is not "the Slave that pays."



A DIP IN THE FREE TRADE SEA.

"THERE, TAKE OFF HIS COAT LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BEN, AND COME TO HIS COBDEN."

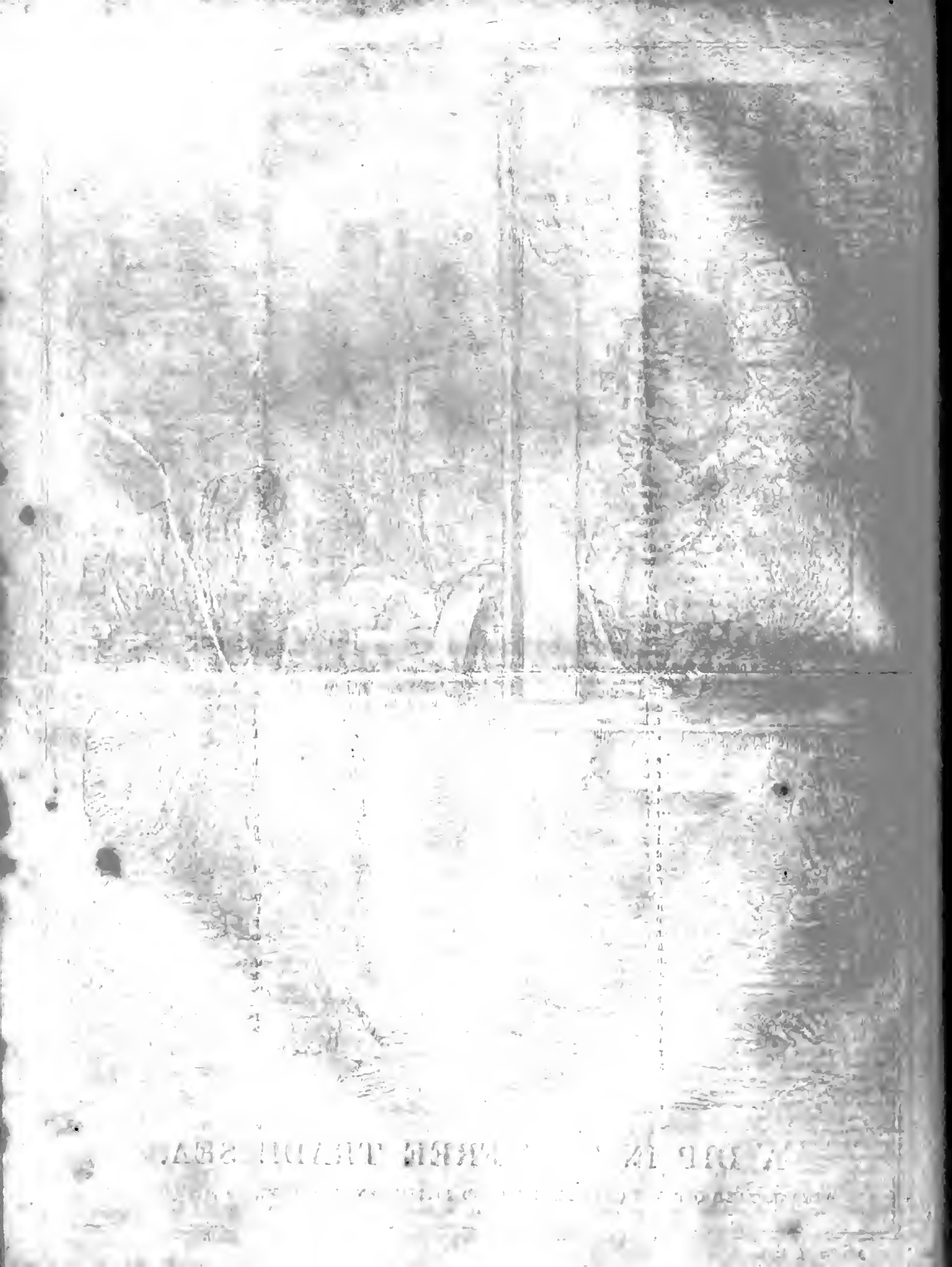


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HINTS TO YOUNG YACHTSMEN.



He will resume our pleasant colloquial advice. You observe, that it was "all PLEBSON'S fault," that the *Parvenu* and *Bubble* fouled each other in the race for the crown. Very possibly. I really must decline going into the inquiry; and had I been at your dinner at the George the day after, I should have been ineffably bored by the discussion. Having seen fifteen sail of the line come into Malta Harbour without an atom of disturbance, I cannot be expected to sympathise with any such bungling. But why would PLEBSON sail her, himself, just at the most critical period of the race? Ah, that's the rub! Why does BUNGLERTON "accept office," and throw his family into agonies

of apprehension? Why did JONES write a tragedy on the subject of MONTEZUMA? The truth is, that PLEBSON falls into a not uncommon error. He is not content to be a yachtsman, but must needs be a naval man—must mount a couple of brass guns, and give his poor little *Parvenu* the airs of a man-of-war. By Jove! everything goes on, on board that cutter, as if she was commanded by COLLINGWOOD, or that ever-to-be-lamented hero on whom all our youth model themselves, in the service—of course I mean BENBOW.

There are two extremes which often meet in harbours—I mean the man-of-war that apes the yacht, and the yacht that apes the man-of-war. Sometimes a line-of-battle ship is seen where everything is paint and polish—where the tompions in the mouths of the guns look so deuced neat, that it would be a pity to take them out to fire. The *Parvenu*, again, is the extreme that meets this; and PLEBSON half fancies that he bears the Queen's commission. You must have heard, I suppose, of one gallant yachtsman who wanted to have power to flog his men. This may be a piece of scandal; but I can fancy the morbid appetite. I believe, indeed, that he formed a contract to that effect with one or two of his crew, and paid them extra wages, accordingly. It seems odd, certainly, to pay for the whistle—of the lash. Keep your eye on your friend PLEBSON, or he will be imitating this great man, and turning the hands up "to punishment," with all the gravity of the genuine performer.

And consider how naval men would necessarily laugh at your friend PLEBSON'S affectation. A better-natured set of fellows as a body doesn't exist—but perhaps their one weakness is a tendency to laugh at any absurdity which sins against orthodox nauticality. To be sure, I don't see how a "tinker" is necessarily, as the naval mind would seem to suppose, a supremely contemptible person,—much less a "cobbler." But they are right in laughing at pretenders in their own line. They most cordially enjoy, I assure you, the beautiful little eccentricities of LORD MUDDLER, when he comes down from the Admiralty to "inspect" a ship, and walks slap towards the stern, instead of the gangway, &c. So, be sure, friend PLEBSON will come in for his share of chaff if this advice does not make him amend his ways.

I am afraid you suffer a good deal from the predatory incursions of "youngsters" from men-of-war. A greater set of vultures than these fellows it would be difficult to find. And the worst of it is, that they look on a "T. G." or travelling gentleman, as they call a civilian, as their legitimate prey. The pompous old proprietor of that big yacht, the *Lumberer*, mistook one of these precocious cubs for a matured tar, when he saw him knocking about in a white jacket in summer. He engaged him to sail the *Lumberer* somewhere, and the fellow (who was indignant at being taken for a "plebeian," as he afterwards said,) took the old gentleman a cruise which he won't forget in a hurry, I know.

I have no objection to a certain moderate luxury in the fitting up of your yacht—all within reasonable bounds. I know that the *Diddler* has the armorial bearings of FITZ-OFFAL on the stern—which is clearly intended for the benefit of his creditors, who find that portion of the vessel the one oftenest presented to them.

An Orange Pip.

We are glad to find that an attempted Orange Procession at Liverpool the other day was suppressed. An Orange Procession is the march of a very forlorn hope, only calculated to lead to a breach—of the peace.

A SQUEAK FOR THE BRITISH DRAMA.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I am one of the swinish multitude. Understand me; I intend no figure of speech: my meaning runs upon four legs; I am in fact, the entire animal; and send you this, writ with one of my own bristles in rose-pink, from the Haymarket Theatre. I am descended in a right line—and no gammon—from *Toby* the learned pig, which may account for my letters. However, what's birth? When one comes to be cut into rashers or put in a playbill, quarterings go for nothing. For here I am in a playhouse! Here I am, as sure as eggs are eggs, and as I myself may be bacon and bacon.

"This, *Mr. Punch*, is a free country; and I do not feel disposed—I never did—to submit to any violence, without having a good squawk for it. I ask it—is my arena the stage? Is my forte, eccentric comedy? When nature gave me four legs—(that is, two hands and two hams)—did she intend that they should run in a drama of grilling—I mean, of thrilling—interest? What have I to do with any *Writing on the Wall*; especially when such writing on a wall is only a play-bill poster.

"My business in life is to do nothing but quietly, soberly, to become pork. Bacon may be my mission. But, certainly, I was never intended to shine in the British drama. Besides, when that drama has all the brutes of the field and all the birds of the air open to it—when your legitimate dramatist may go, so to speak, into the Zoological Gardens, and take his pick and choose of animals, why should he stick his goose-quill into a pig? Why not take an elephant? the more especially as I have heard that elephants and pigs are proved by MR. BUFFON to be of the same family; though, if so, I must say it, the elephants have always treated the hogs as Christians treat their poor relations. But why take a pig? I repeat—I again scream that question—why, in a drama, take a live pig? But I will answer the question, as—yes—as I have already heard it answered on these boards.

"Why a live pig? Oh, it gives a reality to the scene: makes the thing real, you know."

"Well, then, why not a real blind beggar—why not a real felon—why have any acting—illusion, I believe it's called—at all? Bother art! Let's have real, naked nature.

"*Mr. Punch*, pigs have been greatly honoured in their day. There was MORLAND, the painter, painted pigs that you might almost nose 'em, almost hear 'em grunt. But then this was art, Sir. Yes; but art thrown away. If the real thing is the thing, have a real hog in your parlour, and don't hang him on your walls. The stage—I give you what I heard our prompter say—the stage, Sir, should be illusion; not a real pig-stye: if real pigs, why not, in the farm-yard, a real dung-cart with everything to match?"

"And you will perceive, *Mr. Punch*, that we—I mean myself and my two brothers, who, I'm ashamed to say, not being literary, do not feel as I do the degradation of their present state, making as free with all the actors as if they'd known pork all their days—you will, I say, perceive, that the weight of the play unfairly rests upon us. Now, Sir, it's all very well with horses, or even dogs, but pigs were never made to draw. However, to give you what some of the critics say of us. (I heard one of our brother actors read it from a newspaper, and here it is.)

"When MR. WRIGHT begins to flag, there are some quadrupeds. Three piglits are introduced in the model farm; and they do wonders in escaping pursuit, consenting to a recall before the curtain, and finally leaping into the orchestra, where they contributed an adagio movement of squeak, which brought the house down."

"Now, I ask in the language of the theatre, why should pigs hold up MR. WRIGHT'S train? We can't gag: no, we can simply grunt and squeak the author!"

"I'm ashamed to say it of my two brothers, they were as happy and as proud as real players; giving themselves no end of airs at the applause, and specially when called for. But for myself, I felt so ashamed when among the fiddlers, that I'd sooner been hissed with eggs in a frying-pan than applauded in the orchestra.

"And, *Mr. Punch*, to end it all—I protest against being used upon the stage. As a pig, I am the born servant of man, to play, I own, many parts. Serious hams—eccentric sausages—light rashers—heavy sides of bacon—tragedy black puddings! Any and many of these parts I am born to act and double—but, I repeat it, I was not intended to be dragged upon the stage, and as a free pig in a free country, I raise my voice against it.

"Yours, *Mr. Punch*,

"ONE OF THE PIGS OF THE HAYMARKET."

"*Post-Squeak*.—Understand, I don't complain of salary; pollard's fine and peace in plenty. I also hear that we're to have—the actors we've supported could do no less, not that I care about it—we're to have, at the end of the run real silver rings put in our noses (which are to be bored for the benefit night of the authors)—as affectionate testimonials. Well, we've brought a good deal of silver, and we ought to have a little of it."

DEFINITION OF ETERNITY.—"Just lend me your Umbrella for five minutes."

SPECIMENS OF THE DELUGE.

A PROPHECY; BY LORD MUDSTONE.

IN LEAVES FROM THE LOG.



WATHER hazy in the bay. Wind: Downing Street by Somerset House. Took soundings in the hold.* No water; or should have sent HERRIES to the pumps. Ordered MALMESBURY aloft to look out: reported that he could see nothing before him: didn't expect he would. Ship rides like a duck—sounded again, and not a drop of water; but then, as PAKINGTON says, we pitched it so very strong.

Hazy weather, with scudding fogs. At 12 P.M. bumped against something: took soundings, with a piece of butter at the end of lead: brought up a bit of stone, which, the B—P of L—N—N, hursting into tears, identified as a piece of Fulham Palace. Fog very thick indeed. At noon, DIZZY takes an observation. Swears he sees &c. &c. &c.

in distance: nobody believes him—laughs, and says he doesn't believe himself.

Wind, the Bank by Exchange-Change East. Noon: DIZZY protests that, &c., &c., &c. This time, others protest so, too—somebody floating in the distance. We put up the helm, and shake out all red tape—I mean all reefs. Approach the man in the water. Make him out with our glasses—and so he proves to be—PALMERSTON in his Windsor uniform, with his hair curled. What can he float on? We put the helm up again and near him. The B—P insists we shall take him aboard; MALMESBURY opposea, swearing he'd take the ship from us. We hail him through speaking-trumpet. "PAM, will you come aboard?" "See you drowned first." "But, PAM, what do you float on?" Whereupon, PAM held up for a minute the cork—the single one cork—of the bottle which, before the Deluge, he judiciously held. We put up the helm and run afore the wind, PAM singing the "Bay of Biscay," and floating towards Windsor.

Wind variable, in all places at once. Dreadful to see everywhere the bodies of Free-Traders—even DIZZY nearly wept! COLONEL SIBTHORP counted two hundred, entering their names in his own pocket-book of ass's skin. Again put the helm up to get rid of the spectacle. Wind light. Called upon WALPOLE to make a joke; and mast-headed him for disobeying orders.

Wind anyhow. Free-traders' bodies still float by our gallant craft. WALPOLE swears he sees a man alive. Boatswain BERESFORD declares he's only one of the rabble. Man nears us, and proves to be the venerable and veracious editor of the *Standard*. He calls for a life-buoy, when DIZZY—(that Chancellor in the human shape)—throws him over, but he declares in mistake,—a file of the sinking man's own paper: both instantly disappear.

Wind gone to bed. Ship answers everything but her rudder; DIZZY says he's ready to answer for even that. What a fellow he is! Swears he sees next week in the distance. Took an observation: found we were just over Manchester. At 1 P.M. JOHN BRIGHT, floating in his own hat, passed us. SIBTHORP wanted to bring a howitzer to bear upon him, but B—P interposed. Again called upon WALPOLE for a joke: still obstinate, and threatened him with irons.

Wind, worst and by worst. Found we were directly over Free-Trade Hall. Saw the top of one chimney at least, with COBDEN distinctly upon it, waving a flag of distress, a Manchester bird's-eye. Saw the Agitator through telescope; but remembered NELSON's blind eye and the signal, and—though the B—P suggested something—would not see him.

Wind, squally.—Passed GLADSTONE on a cotton-bag.—

Light airs.—Saw MANNERS, whom we forgot to take up when the deluge began, astride a dolphin.

Blowing a gale. Passed JOE HUME in a patent life-belt. Going straight for the Exchequer. DIZZY wanted to have a shot at him: B—P benevolently interfered.

Wind gone down. Took soundings. Found we were just over

the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. Thought we were sinking; to lighten the ship threw MALMESBURY overboard.

— Foundered on the House of Commons.—

(Here log becomes broken and fragmentary.)

— "Only a shower," and no deluge after all!

KITCHEN CAPERS.

BARON NATHAN will go down to posterity on a shilling's worth of eggs; but we have lately performed a feat which even his feet might fail to execute. The nature of our achievement may be better understood when we recommend it as the subject of a new *Pas*, which will rival that of *L'Ombre* in mysterious darkness—literally throw the Shadow Dance into the shade, and supersede the *Pas des Patineurs*, or Dance of Skaters, which was popular on an extensive scale, though there is not a stronger instance of a sliding scale than that of public favour.

The *Pas* we propose wherewith to finish the season, is a grand *Pas des Blackbeetles* and *Quadrille des Cockroaches*. We have had recent opportunities of practising this dance in our own kitchen, and we can answer for the extreme difficulty of the steps, and the necessity for a nicety of coming down on the points of the toes which TAGLIONI, in her best days, could scarcely parallel. Accompanied as this dance has been in the obscurity of the night by a sort of Cricket Polka coming from the hearth, the effect has been very striking, and we have felt ourselves as critically situated among the blackbeetles, as ever NATHAN was among the eggs in the brightest day of Tivoli.



FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE INDIVIDUAL WHO SENDS A FIFTY POUND NOTE FOR UNPAID INCOME-TAX TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Table-Talk for the Times.

PERSONS in a small way of business are hereby informed that the commodities cut of which a penny may be made most easily are bottled fruits and pickles, on account of the quantity of copper which those articles contain.

It has long been familiar to most of our readers that a devilled kidney is a kidney sprinkled with Cayenne pepper; but till the *Lancet* showed that the spice so called is mainly composed of red lead, sulphuret of mercury, red ochre, and brick dust, few perhaps knew how diabolical a thing a kidney devilled is.

MINISTERIALISTS SHOWING THEIR AIRS.

PROTECTION has been at length abandoned by its once staunchest adherents, who have finally given it to the winds. We think it rather unnecessary to give it to the winds, considering how much it has been already blown upon.

SUFFRAGE EXTENSION.

THE Railways ought to return members to Parliament, if limbs continue to be lost, at the present rate, on the linea.

* Mr. Punch need not observe even to the most ladylike readers of even nautical novels, that the ship-knowledge of the keeper of the log seems a good deal at sea.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 6.



YESTERDAY assisted at an entertainment that I shall not readily forget. GURGOYLE took me with him to an "aesthetic tea" given at his College by REREDOS, the distinguished member of the University Antiquarian Society. We went early and found a circle of mild enthusiasts over some prints. An etching by REMBRANDT as large as a crown-piece was just then the subject of conversation. "It is certainly worth five pounds," said BUREN of Catherine's (the authority on these points), "but if there is a mark on it, which is wanting in the STOWE copy, but can only be discovered by the microscope, it is cheap at fifty." BUREN, as I understood, did not know where to look for this important serateh, so the question remained an open one; but it

was 'easy to see what veneration his audience yielded to a lore so much beyond them.

As the visitors entered they were pointed out to me by GURGOYLE. "That is STONEHENGE, so well known in connection with the supposed Druidical remains on Salisbury Plain: he has proved they were built by the Pelasgi (by Jove!); the little fellow with him has published a sheet of designs for hatpegs, ornamentally treated in the style of the 14th and 15th centuries (don't you think he would be the better for a little ornamental treatment himself in the style of the 19th?); here is CANTOWE FERMOWE of this College, a leading member of the Motett and Madrigal, a very good fellow, only he plays Gregorian chants with one finger on a seraphine till two o'clock in the morning. (Poor GURGOYLE! this was evidently a sore point with him, but he did not dare to express his private feelings with respect to those cheerful melodies, or he might have been turned out of the Antiquarian Society for unsoundness in his theological opinions.) Those two men talking in the corner are HOBBLE of Margaret's, and GOBBLE of Boriel. Yes—their tongues will rattle on till we separate. HOBBLE is enlarging on the beauties of the second order of English Pointed Architecture, and GOBBLE is sticking up for the Veneto-Byzantine style: they both know a great deal about it. CRUSTY, the eminent critic (author of 'New Lamps for Old Ones'), was to have been here and given us a lecture on the Bricks of Bologna, but as SANKEY is come without him, I suppose we shall not see him. Of course you have heard of SANKEY? No? Dear me! why, he wrote the celebrated paper read before our Society on 'Platonic Idealism, the true Foundation for Beauty in Design.' I thought every one knew that."

The conversation by this time had waxed very animated. Each little group was mounted on its own special hobby: each leader of opinion was delighting a select audience with his latest views: coffee and muffins were disregarded. I was surrounded by a buzzing atmosphere of architecture, painting, stained glass, brasses, heraldry, wood carving, madrigals, chants, motetts, mysticism, theology. The scraps of talk one heard on all sides showed what depths were touched, if not explored, by the enthusiastic party. It quite made me dizzy; and when the faithless GURGOYLE left me eagerly, to floor CINQUEFOIL who had made some unguarded statement about a painted window in St. Jacques, at Liège, I felt as if I had strayed into the very middle of a great complicated machine, whose wheels, cranks, and pistons, all at their noisy work together, seemed to threaten destruction to the ignorant intruder.

"Oh, CRUSTY quite put down CLAUDE, you know, nobody thinks anything of him now—no, excuse me, Norman pillars in the nave; clerestory, Early English; transitional arcade in—nothing like a good persecution, the writ *de hæretico combu*—nonsense, really much finer than RAPHAEL, only look at the *Dolicopteros Mangifolia* in the foreground; quite a botanical study, and—KANT lays down in his Critic of pure—images of saints in silver all stored away and will be replaced above the altar when the times—aumbrye and piscina in Purbeck marble—well, quite right, if the toes are not turned in, in nature, they ought to be, and the head is put on a little sideways in order to chasten him *pro salute*—on a chief gules five pellets argent (this came from SALTIRE, of the Heraldic section), a bend wavy of the first—then came the canons in copes and alms two and two, and boys in chimeres—the identity of the sentient subject being proved if not constituted

by successive acts of—Manichean heresy among the Waldenses—subjective certainty of objective"—Gracious Heavens! what is that? What is FERMOWE doing? Oh, it makes me ill; take him away, somebody, knock him down, burke him! MR. GURGOYLE, how could you expose me in my delicate health to this? There was that monster in human form yelling, at the top of a cracked but piercing alto voice, something about our "all going a maying" (it should have been a raving) in his company. There was no tune in particular discoverable, but a great deal of time, for he was sawing away with his hand in the way practised by Mr. HULLAN's pupils and coming down with a bang every now and then on his music-book.

After a few seconds of this solo entertainment, another gentleman with a different kind of voice did substantially the same thing, only lower down; and then a very gruff bass voice followed his example; then they all did a bit together to the suggestive words "with a fal, la, la." The fal, la, las, however, grew a little vague and timid, and by degrees, to my inexpressible joy, flickered and went out. CANTOWE was explaining the errors committed by his two friends (it appears he had himself done all that could be expected of man under the circumstances), and was clearing his voice for a new yell, when I availed myself of the interval to slink out of the room.

I found old RAILTON over a pipe and a tankard of beer, and told him my adventures. He quite agreed with me in deprecating CANTOWE FERMOWE's vocal exhibitions, and favoured me with a bacchanalian invitation to drown care in the bo-o-owl by way of restoring my complacency. He hated metaphysics and all that gammon about the Fine Arts, he said. "Gad—old fellow, I should like to see FERMOWE try to go across country, or drive a team with a bolting leader, the dimmed humbug." "So should I, Jor."

THE LAMENT OF THE UNSEATED.

Do you ask me why I whistle such a melancholy tune?
I'm a target for the jester; I'm a butt for the buffoon.
When I contended Knaveston I was swindled out of pounds,
And now I have to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

How the money could have gone, I'm quite unable to conceive,
For the free and independent, as I verily believe,
Polled for me from purest motive—to their credit which redounds—
But yet I have to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

Lots of rough but honest fellows, I am told, my colours wore,
Three hundred stalwart fighting men that staves and bludgeons bore;
And since I was thus popular, my reason it confounds
To think I have to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

Every street on my behalf with bands of brazen music rang,
Ballads to my praise and glory friends at every corner sang;
Easy triumph I expected from these very cheering sounds,
And not to have to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

Multitudes of boon companions with continual hooray,
Sat from morn till evening, drinking my success from day to day
At the Green Man, and the Dolphin, and the Sun, and Hare and Hounds,
Whereas I have to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

The electors must among them have a deal of money spent,
But I don't know where it came from, and I can't think how mine went:
One signs the lawyer's cheque, of course, and questions ne'er propounds,
And I have just to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

For although I won the battle, the opponent whom I beat
Petitioned; and the consequence is, I have lost my seat,
Of bribery and treating, by my agent, on the grounds;
And so am left to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

Fun for Quadrupeds.

The following seasonable paragraph was quoted from the *Manchester Guardian* by various other newspapers during the late frost:—

"SLIDING AND SKATING.—It ought to be generally known, and especially at the present season, that any man may, on his hands and knees, safely traverse ice which would scarcely bear his weight when on his feet."

In other words, to venture upon ice that is dangerous, you should go on all fours. No doubt; and, moreover, you ought also to have a very long pair of ears and a tail.

A CONSIDERABLE RISE IN HOUSE PROPERTY.

As the houses, which are now being built near Albert Gate, in the Hyde Park, are as yet unchristened, might we be allowed, in consideration of their right-in-the-middle-of-the-next-week elevation, to call them, after MRS. AUSTIN's work; "*Stories without an End.*"



SCENE.—WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—TIME, TWO ON A
FOGGY MORNING.

*Reduced Tradesman (to little party returning home). "DID YOU WANT
TO BUY A GOOD RAZOR!"*

SCIENCES FOR SOLDIERS.



THE army has generally been considered an indifferent school, but the militia seems likely to be such a good one that a poor parent might be glad to send a boy there. Even in Wiltshire, where, according to tradition, the standard of intelligence was once so low, that the people tried to rake the moor out of a pond, the soldiers of that constitutional force are receiving an education which is inclusive of accomplishments. *The Times* says :

"We have already noticed that the Wiltshire Militia, a remarkably fine body of young men, has been called out for a drill at Devizes. We may now observe, that arrange-

ments of a very complete character have been made by the inhabitants for providing the men with rational amusements during their leisure hours. Yesterday week there was a concert at the Town Hall, under the direction of MR. C. CLARKE; and on the following evening reading and writing classes were formed; on Friday, DA. FOOTR delivered a lecture, introductory to a course; on Monday, MR. R. W. BIGGS delivered a lecture on Astronomy; on Tuesday, MR. G. FALKNER another, on galvanism and the Electric Telegraph; and on Wednesday evening there was a record concert. This day (Friday) there will be a lecture on Chemistry, by MR. T. B. ANSTIE, M.R.C.S.; next Tuesday a lecture on the History of the Militia, by MR. S. WITTEY; on Wednesday a third concert; and on Friday, the 11th inst., a concluding address will be delivered by the REV. B. C. DOWDING, M.A. In all these cases the Militiamen have been admitted free of charge."

There are certain majors and other veterans, who, on reading the above will fling the newspaper across the room, and exclaim that they never read such a pack of nonsense in their life, Sir! Concerts—fiddlestick! music for the militia? what should soldiers have to do with music beyond the drums and fifes? Reading and writing be hanged! we don't want our troops to be lawyers. Where's the use of astronomy and star-gazing to fellows that have quite enough employment with their eyes right? As to electricity and galvanism—egad! a soldier had better a deuced deal learn how to stand the shock of an enemy, and to charge his musket, or to charge a battalion of vile foreign blackguards, than to charge a battery of Leyden vial bottles. Chemistry?—they'll be sufficient chemists if they can physic the French.

Teach them the History of the Militia?—tell them what the Militia has done? You'll find it as much as you will manage to make them understand what the Militia has to do. Drill the fellows thoroughly; learn them to march; but don't—for confound it, Sir, that's what you are coming to!—don't teach them dancing and deportment. Bosh! Fudge! Moonshine! Twaddle! Humbug!

So far from agreeing with the majority—of old majors—in such sentiments as those expressed above, we of course only hope that the Wilts Militiamen have really been entertained with good music, and have received serious and solid instruction in military history, astronomy, chemistry, galvanism, and electro-magnetism. We shall rejoice to learn that the endeavours to teach them those sciences have been made in earnest, and not in a mawkish and maudlin spirit of patronizing and playing pretty.

OUR "HONOURABLE MEN."

HERE'S to the "House of Commons!" long may its Members stand; A shining light of honour bright—a beacon to the land. Long may their sterling qualities employ the honest pen In heralding the virtues of our "Honourable Men."

'Tis true, they bribe the voters—the truth we must not blink— And steal away their consciences when laid asleep by drink; 'Tis true, some teach them perjury—and huy their souls—but then, The Legislative body, all—are "Honourable Men!"

'Tis true, the public service is made the means to bribe The abject, the incompetent, the base and worthless tribe: True, our departments may be filled with vile Corruption's clan, But what of that?—It helps to make an "Honourable Man!"

'Tis true, the conscience-stricken knave may feel a little loath— After the perjurer's pay is spent—to take the perjurer's oath; The candidate may put him up to some evasive plan, But an M. P. is none the less an "Honourable Man!"

'Tis true that money may be found in overwhelming sums; The givers dream not where it goes, though from themselves it comes; They know not why in drawing cheques they ply the willing pen, They'll swear 'twas not for bribery—these "Honourable Men!"

'Tis true, in Public Offices the chiefs their trust betray, In giving situations for purchased votes to pay: A Government supporter will have his price—but then, Officials, Candidates, and all, are "Honourable Men!"

But now, enough of banter! 'Tis indignation's task To tear from roguery and fraud relentlessly the mask, And place the culprit, high or low, under the self-same ban, Denying him the title of an "Honourable Man!"

Though base the bribe's recipient—not less degraded he Who profits by the crime, and pays the malefactor's fee; Let us impale together, on our steel-pointed pen, Rich knaves and poor, as all alike, dis—"Honourable Men!"

The Best Lord Mayor's Screened.

WE do not know whether the above title, which we have seen over many a coal-shed, is applied to the coals which have to pay the City toll, but we should say they would require a great deal of screening, under the "best LORD MAYOR," to hide the injustice of the tax which is levied upon them.

TOAST WITH A TANKARD OF ALE.—Measures, not men.

THE DELUSION OF THE DAY.—The poultry-mania may be defined—a species of insanity, which is evinced in brooding over chickens.

NEW DANCE.—As a companion to the popular dance, "Pop Goes the Weasel," shortly will be published "POP GOES THE TICKER," the favourite step of Medical Students, when—wishing to "go it rather" at the Casino, or any of the Mobility's Shilling Balls.—Published by BOOZEY and Co.

HOW MR. PETER PIPER ENJOYED A DAY'S "PIG-STICKING,"

NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.—PART 2.



AFTER A TREMENDOUS RUN FOR HIS LIFE, MR. PETER PIPER MEETS A TRUSTY SYCE, WHO, TO THE INTENSE DELIGHT OF MR. PETER PIPER HAS BROUGHT HIS HORSE.



ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNOLE, MR. PETER PIPER ENCOUNTERS A "SOUNDER," AND DISPATCHES THREE "HOGS" IN GALLANT STYLE.



HE PURSUES HIS WAY IN A TRIUMPHANT MANNER—



—AND ULTIMATELY REJOINS HIS FRIENDS AT "TIFFIN," WHERE HE AFFIRMS THAT A DAY'S "PIG-STICKING" IS THE HEIGHT OF ALL HUMAN ENJOYMENT AND BENGAL RATHER A JOLLY PLACE THAN OTHERWISE.

OUR HONEYMOON.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 18—.

WHAT a silent, heavy grief seems to lie upon the house! The poor old mother—long since widowed by the sea; and then one son taken, and now made ehldless!—poor creature; it is wonderful—a lesson for life—to see her patience, her resignation. She goes about the house, and without a word—the tears trickling down her pale, quiet face, when she is out of sight of her daughter—without a word *setting things to rights*, and now and then trying good-naturedly, affectionately, to scold the young wife for making *sure of the worst*. "If she loses a husband, doesn't *she* lose a son?—a last, and only son, too, God help her! There has been worse weather than last night, and folks still alive and stout who was out in it." And then the old woman catches up the baby, and stifling her sobs, kisses it, and then away again, *making* household work that she may seem to keep her heart up.

Poor souls! Just as the news came of the loss of the boat—for all the things of the boat were washed ashore, and after that, a piece of the boat itself—though that's not so certain, for some of the fishermen dispute it—just as the news came, and the poor young wife was struck down by her sorrow, like a dead thing—comes JOSEPHINE from the White Hart with my *things*.

JOSEPHINE—but I believe it is only her care for me—wants me to "come away directly from such a dismal place; enough to kill anybody

to see such trouble, 'specially, too, when they can't help it; and besides they're expecting us with such a dinner at the White Hart, and what's the use of staying?" And still the little baby nestles close, and still its little hand presses my neck, as though it heard and understood her. And all this while its poor mother lies like one dead—and I *can't* and *won't* put it from me.

FREDERICK says nothing; but—I can see it—looks at JOSEPHINE, and then at me, for my answer. Not a word does he utter: but his looks ask, "Well, LORTY, do you go or stay?"

"There may yet be hope, FRED; and it would be so sad to leave the poor things in their trouble; especially, too, when they gave us, with such a hearty welcome, such homely kindness, the best they had. Two or three hours, at least, we may stay; and it will be such a reward if good news should come, and after all, poor little baby here had still a father."

"Just so, LORTY; to be sure—quite right, love," says FRED, and with a look that tells me how rightly I have determined; and more than that, how *very much* he's pleased.

And now the little cottage fills with people; and in the midst of the trouble, how, I may say, it chastens the grief, and gives a beauty to sorrow, to see the simple kindness—the real, earnest help, that—in the hour of trouble—the dear souls come to offer. I never knew, never could have thought, there had been such feeling with such poverty. I used to hear that poverty *deadened the heart*—that poverty was selfish—that misery taught the poor to think only of themselves. And here everybody seems to feel the loss of the poor young wife and mother, as

though they had a large share of the calamity. "Ha! Miss"—said an old man, not knowing me—"Ha! Miss, 'tisn't in fine weather that Christians learn to know one another."

FRED goes to the beach, beckoned out by a neighbour. I waited and saw him, with two or three fishermen, below: it was plain, they were debating something about the lost boat.

In a few minutes FRED returns. "LOTTY, love, you can keep watch for an hour to-night?"

"Watch! what—alone, FRED? Alone?"—I couldn't help saying it.

"Alone! Haven't you JOSEPHINE? Look here, love," and FRED dropt into a chair, and took my hand. "See here, LORRY. I am told by the men that there is yet hope of the brave fellows. They may have been driven by the gale to a rock off the coast—a solitary rock that—as explained to me—may give them safety until the tide rises: but, if the boat shall have foundered, they must perish with the flood. The men are determined to make for th's point and—and, LORRY, love, I have a favour to ask of you. Let me go?"

"Oh yes!"

And at the words, FRED caught me in his arms. "We may be late, a little late; but there's no danger, now; none; the wind's gone down, and we shall be back by early morning"

"Early morning, FRED!" and I know, I looked.

"So make yourself easy, and only think what a happiness for both of us—for all of us—if we save the brave fellows, and leave the house to-morrow—the poor young wife—the baby that you've made so much of—and there, make yourself comfortable—and be a good girl and—and—"

And much more of the same comforting kind, that I couldn't and wouldn't at the time make out. All I know is, that FRED—and with such a happy, glowing face too—tore himself away, and I—I couldn't help it—sat down and just a little cried.

How long I might have given way, I don't know, if JOSEPHINE hadn't come in, and asked me—for she couldn't and wouldn't believe it—if FRED (not that she called him FRED) had really gone out for the night?

What was that to her?—

"It was quite the talk of the place. Everybody thought it so strange; and for her part she had never heard of such—no, it was not for her to call it neglect—still she must say, and she hoped I'd excuse her, if she was in my place—"

"But as you're not in my place, JOSEPHINE, pray remember and keep your own." This I said as spitefully as I could; for I did feel hurt; and what right had she to interfere—yes, I was angry, hurt—to interfere between me and FREDERICK?

"How did she know her master—yes, her master—would be out for the night?"

"Why, the folks said so; said it was impossible with the tide that they could get back before early morning, if then. All the sailor-men said that?"

"Was she certain?" and I know I looked vexed, frightened, pale.

"Quite certain; and though the sailor-men said it was very kind of master to go, for all that some of 'em asked what good he could do—his money was enough."

And so it was: I felt JOSEPHINE was right. It was ridiculous—more than that—to leave me in a strange place, and all alone. I was wrong—very wrong not to go back to the White Hart: and here I was left all alone. JOSEPHINE is a girl of sense.

"Of course, ma'am, you'll never think of sitting up?"

"Sitting up, JOSEPHINE?"

"Not but what if I was you, ma'am—though there's not a bit of use in it—still for all that, and taking things as they are, I wouldn't think of going to bed."

"If it's idle to sit up, why not go to bed, JOSEPHINE?"

"Why, ma'am, because if you go to bed—not but what you might just as well, for they'll not be home till morning; no chances of it with the tide, ma'am,—still, if you go in earnest to-bed, and go to sleep—"

"But suppose I don't go to sleep?"

"It'll be all the same, ma'am; if you go to bed, you'll never persuade master you didn't go to sleep; whereas, if you sit up, and he finds you sitting up, never having taken a thread of your clothes off, and never having taken so much as a single wink, why then, ma'am, don't you see—"

"No, JOSEPHINE. What ought I to see?"

"Why, don't you see that then you'll have such a right to worry and complain, which you couldn't have had if you'd gone, as I may say, between the sheets. Now a right—that is, a just right—to worry and complain, is what no woman ought ever to think of giving up. For when we do, ain't we put upon directly?"

I knew it was wrong to listen to JOSEPHINE, but I couldn't help it: more than that, I'm afraid to say I felt a sort of satisfaction in listening to her. I ought not to have been left alone: it was absurd, and more, it was very neglectful of FREDERICK, and—

And so I sat, my blood getting warmer and warmer with my injuries, and I was fairly getting into a passion, when I heard the baby cry, and heard the mother sobbing, and I trying to hush it.

I felt humiliated, ashamed of my temper. I immediately sent

JOSEPHINE to bed, wherever she could find it, and sought the poor old woman, and the wretched mother.

"Baby's fractious, ma'am," said the old woman, "and poor heart—it's no wonder."

I staid awhile with them; and was schooled—I felt it, solemnly schooled—by the sweet patience, the resignation, with which they seemed resolved to await the morning.

"We're in God's hands, my lady," said the old woman.

And the young pale mother kissed her child, and her lips moved—"In God's hands."

I returned to my room humbled, and rebuked. I sat, looking out upon the sea; so calm—so beautiful; with a pathway of moonlight fading far, far away.

It struck twelve. Again I thought of my husband's kind, good, generous heart; and again upon my knees I prayed for him; for all; and most for those who—if it should seem good in His sight—might not be of the widowed and the fatherless.

And so ended the eighth day of Our Honeymoon.

CHEAP HOME.

To live with economy, don't go to Rome, Vienna, or Paris—no places like home! You can purchase a lot of commodities there, Which all the world over you won't meet elsewhere. Home, home! cheap, cheap home! For cheapness there almost is no place like home!

But cheaper would be many things we consume, By adopting the plan recommended by HUME; And taking off duties on all that we use, From glass to Gruyère, and from butter to shoes. Home, home! cheap, cheap home! For cheapness there then will be no place like home!

Sagacious Austrians.

AFTER the late revolt at Milan, and a few were hanged—an innocent, lame old schoolmaster among the number—the "authorities" in search of the patriots had, it is said, even the coffins opened that passed through the gates. Very natural, this; for where would Austria like to find the remains of Italian liberty so well as in a coffin?

ADVERTISEMENTS FROM THE "OXONIAN'S LIFE AND FAST MAN'S GUIDE."—A JOURNAL OF 1870.



THE REGIUS PROFESSOR OF VETERINARIAN PHILOSOPHY will begin a series of lectures at the Taylor Buildings, on Friday next. All applications to be made at his private residence; where a good stock of steeple-chasers and hacks is always on view.

TO PIGEON-FANCIERS

AND OTHERS.—WANTED, a professor in a large establishment near the river Isis. He will have to undertake the spiritual and general conduct of a good many pupils, and is expected to teach riding, driving, the art of self-defence, and the use of the cue, besides giving lessons on the horn (tandem of course). He must be a proficient in the arts of horse-racing, jockeyship and book-making; and have a knowledge of cards and sleight of hand, as applied to them in the games of hazard, roulette, &c. A fashionable exterior and persuasive manner are indispensable. As the professor will have many opportunities of making money

among his pupils, no salary will be given. All applications and testimonials to be sent post-paid to MR. HERODMAGAL BOARD, Post Office, Oxford.

ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY!!!—On Wednesday, a Grand Exhibition of dogs will take place in the Sheldonian Theatre; rattling in the pit to commence at 8 o'clock. The S-N-R-P-C—a has kindly promised to show his unique stud of bull-dogs.

ABSCONDED.—A young man aged Twenty, thin, with fair hair and moustachios, with a slight lisp in his speech and a careless style of walk, last seen on the Woodstock Road; had on one of the new fashionable terrier overcoats, a four black and tan with large chin buttons, white trousers with a broad green stripe, blue neckcloth and waistcoat, and a shovel hat. Whoever will give information that will lead to the discovery of his residence to the V-R-C—a will be amply remunerated.

SUBJECT FOR A STAINED WINDOW.



BISHOP OF EXETER is reported to have used the following language, in allusion to his RIGHT REVEREND BROTHER OF OXFORD:—

"THE BISHOP OF EXETER said, that what his Right Reverend friend had said of his (the Bishop of EXETER's) having supported the measure of 1840, was not only not true, but was the very contrary of truth."

Now, it is needless to observe that this is a kind of remark, which, amongst laymen, is apt to induce serious consequences; a stand-up fight in a common public house, where it would be least unbecoming: a "hostile meeting," if uttered in a genteel one. Thus, such an observation made in the British Senate by one temporal Peer concerning another, would be in danger of leading to an adjournment at an early hour to Wimbledon Common. The Bishop of OXFORD, in the present instance, might, were these the Middle Ages, have demanded of the Bishop of EXETER that satisfaction which was usual amongst gentlemen, and not very unusual among Bishops. Instead of that, we have the pleasure to see, that

"THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, for his part, had to call upon his RIGHT REVEREND BROTHER OF EXETER for an explanation (*Laughter*). Their Lordships need not apprehend that this demand for an explanation would involve a hostile meeting (*laughter*), but, all a Churchman's humility or mind, all a Bishop's meekness of spirit made allowance for (*laughter*), he must really put it to his Right Reverend Brother, that it was not agreeable to hear it roundly stated, that what one had said was not only not true, but was wholly contradictory to truth (*Hear, hear!*)"

Of course, this matter will go no farther; and we shall not even be called upon by CAPTAIN DE POPPS to publish any correspondence respecting it on behalf of DR. WILBERFORCE. But imagine how it might have ended in the days of pointed architecture and blunt behaviour, of heraldic splendour and optional orthography. As the canons of the Church interdicted the clergy from bloodshed, the two Bishops could not have broken a lance on their respective cohs, nor have fought *cominus ense*. They would, therefore, perhaps, have decided their wager of battle in the lists, a-foot, with staves and sand-bags; the crozier of each of the mitred belligerents serving for his staff. Fancy the unedifying spectacle exhibited in Hyde Park, before the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, of the BISHOP OF EXETER being flung and thrashed in that ridiculous manner by the BISHOP OF OXFORD. Such a scene might, peradventure, have been witnessed if we were, unhappily, living in those days of which Tractarian prelates desire the restoration. Contemporary art, perhaps, would have recorded the duel between the two holy men in the style of the period, when the times, by history, and the saints, by painting, are represented as equally out of joint.

It must, however, be hoped that HENRY OF EXETER will henceforth keep a polite tongue in his head, albeit that head, through an opposite line of conduct, may not be likely now-a-days to incur concussion. He will do well to consider that the flat imputation of untruthfulness is unworthy of the name of PHILPOTTS, unless spelt with an F, two Ls, and one T; and unaccustomed to proceed from the occupant of a seat on any bench that is not situated in a very inferior tap-room.

"She never told her Love."

ONE of the female chimpanzees died last week at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens. It is believed—although she never breathed a word of her sorrow—that a hopeless passion for a young gentleman, a constant visitor, with a very promising moustache was the cause of her early decease. A warning this, for young gentlemen with goose-down moustachios.

LAMENT OF FOP'S ALLEY.

(As dictated by a frequenter of that Thoroughfare)

I sign like a delicate Faiauw,
Ovacam by the bweath of a wosew,
Which she—of its stwength not awayaw—
Has applied to haw beautiful nose.
Shall I ted you the cause of my woe?
Haw Majesty's Theataw—Fane
Of Fashion—is shut up, and oh!
I'm afwaid it won't open again.

How pleasing the show of kid gloves
In the Pit by the fellas displayed!
In the Boxes how charming the Loves
In the sweetest of dwesscs awayed!
There aw sam things one neva fawgetts;
What bliss those decaw eweechaws to see!
As they kept looking through their *borgnettes*,
And waw, sam of them, looking at Me.

Oh, moments too wapidly spent!
Oh, pleasyaws too speedily flown!
In an aiaw full of melody, blent
With the pawfume of Eau-de-Cologne!
When the hawt so deliciously leapt
To the chorwus of "Twa la la la!"
Or the stwain was pwolonged, till we wept,
Of *Amore*, or *Felicità*.

And then, on that exquisite sight
It was Pawadise, weally, to gaze,
When the Sylph from her lovaw took flight
In the Ballet's enwaphawing maze.
My twanspawts waw satch, I am shaw,
As no vauhal expwessions can paint;
They waw almost too gweat to endyaw,
And at times made me weady to faint.

This scene of enchantment, why changed?
What sawcamstance have we to thank
Fwom the Op'wa faw having estwanged
The affection of Fashion and Wank?
Faw my pawt I think it's Fwee Twade,
Which the whole Awistocwacy quite
Will have wuined, I'm sadly afwaid,
Through those diin fellows, COBDEN and BWIGHT.

It can't be because the Select
Have acquaiw'd a difawent taste,
And their leisawy and money object
Upon fwivolous pleasyaws to waste:
But whatever the weason may be,
The wesult is a tewible haw,
And I ewy when I think I shall see
The delightful old Op'wa na maw.

Unintentional Calumny.

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS"—never mind who—"was in the chair, supported by HIS EXCELLENCY THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN, HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE WEIMAR, COUNT KIEMANSEGG, LORD W. PAULET, MR. T. JAMES NELSON, DR. STURO, physician, and DR. STRAUBE, surgeon to the hospital." This statement is taken from the newspaper account of a public dinner. How very incautions it is! On the face of it, the sentence appears to imply that the PRINCE was tipsy at the head of the table, and required seven men to hold him up!

What shall I do with my Money?

A very Simple Question answered by an old Money-lender.

In all money matters never do things by halves—excepting in lending it—and then never lend more than one half the sum that is asked of you; for you may be sure that the person who is borrowing has asked for twice as much as he wants, in the full consciousness that he is not likely to get more than one half.

THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.—An alderman being asked about the spread of education said, extremely perplexed, "I can't tell you what it is, unless it's 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'"



SERVANTGALISM ;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 2.

Servant Gal. "WELL, MAM—HEVERYTHINK CONSIDERED—I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T SUDIT ME. I'VE ALWAYS BIN BROUGHT UP GENTEEL; AND I COULDN'T GO NOWHERES WHERE THERE AIN'T NO FOOTMAN KEP'."

VOTE BY AUCTION.

It is easy to see what bribery at Borough elections will come to. You can't prevent it; so you had better permit it. Open dealing in votes is better than clandestine corruption. Englishmen hate all underhand transactions; and the spirit of frankness that reigns in British boroughs will, if unrestricted, very soon assert itself in the sale of electors without reserve or secrecy, by public auction. We foresee the scene which will ere long be exhibited before the polling-booth at Bribery. That respectable borough is in course of discharging the electoral trust which has been confided to it; which it does by an arrangement analogous to MESSRS. TATTERSALLS. Mounted in a pulpit, hammer in hand, behold MR. EDWARDES COPPOCKS, the constituency's auctioneer; below him stand the candidates, their agents and the multitude. On the end of a barrel, set upright before the assembly, is stationed the Lot to be disposed of, consisting of a ten-pound householder, not a little incriminated. The crown of this gentleman's hat has been knocked in, and his coat has been torn in a constitutional struggle; his knees bend a little under him; and he blinks and grins, with a pot of beer in one hand, and a pipe in the other. MR. COPPOCKS proceeds to appraise the valuable commodity in an oration of this kind:—

Lot One-hundred-and-one. A free and independent Elector, inhabiting a house rated at Ten Pounds per Annum; Plumber and Glazier. What shall we say for this free and independent Elector? Renting a house at Ten Pounds per Annum, and paying Rates and Taxes. Plumber and Glazier. Shall we say One Thousand Pounds for this free and independent Elector? A free Plumber. How much for the free Plumber? An independent Glazier. Nobody say One Thousand Pounds for this independent Glazier? An unbought Elector. Five hundred pounds for this Elector unbought. An intelligent Elector at Five hundred Pounds. Four Hundred?—Three?—Two?—One?—An

ILLUSTRATED PASSPORTS.

SOME ingenious individual has proposed that every foreign passport shall be stamped with a daguerreotype likeness of the bearer. This project is intended to aid in the detection of what may be termed the ugly customers who travel abroad; but it would perhaps be easy to put another and a false face upon the matter by a few touches of the pencil. One great objection to the plan seems to be, that the artists who get their living by daguerreotype portraits would be ruined, if the Governments abroad should commence the practice of issuing a passport with a correct likeness included, for a few francs, to every traveller.

This is no doubt the age of Illustration; and the idea of bringing out passports with cuts may possibly tend to give some little popularity to a system which has, hitherto, been altogether unpopular. As nobody remains the same for any length of time, and as illness may frequently alter the features, it would be hardly fair to subject a traveller to suspicion, because the light happens to have gone out of his laughing eye, or the cheek that was plump when his portrait was taken, may have sunk so low as to have destroyed all resemblance. Should any case of the kind occur, the Passport System will begin to assume a new series of alarming features.

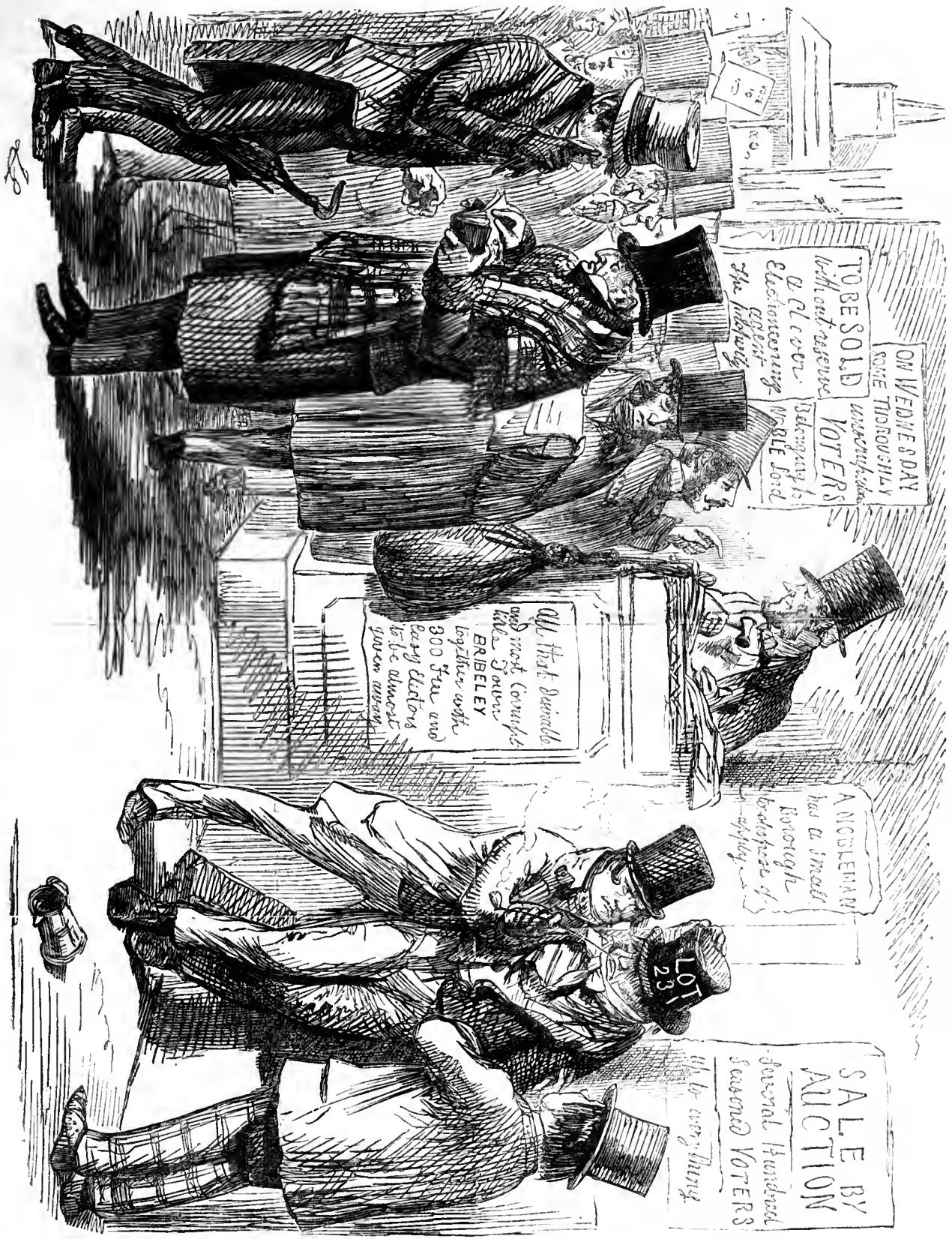
Training for the Church of Oxford.

EXERCISES for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity have been announced as about to be held at Oxford. As that semi Roman Catholic seat of learning must of course desire to encourage clerical celibacy, it may be presumed that these exercises are, in part at least, intended to adapt the Bachelors to continue such. Accordingly, the Oxford exercises for Bachelors of Divinity ought to include practice in sewing on buttons, mending surplices, starching cravats, and ironing out bands; operations which they may have to perform for themselves whilst they remain Bachelors: and which they may not always be able to get properly done for them if ever they marry.

An Old Romance in a New Channel.

WE hope we need not inform our intelligent readers that St. George's Channel is called by the French "La Manche." However, we take the liberty of reminding them of this little fact for the pleasure of convincing them how literally MONSIEUR BILLOT, by the publication of his *Lettres Franques*, has entitled himself to be called, "LE DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHE."

intelligent Elector and only one hundred pounds. Walk the intelligent Elector down a few paces—and back. One Hundred pounds only is asked for this intelligent, unbought, free and independent Elector! His principles are more straightforward than his steps. Only One Hundred Pounds—and nobody bids; and his principles straightforward. Set him up again—if he can't stand, let him sit. Fifty?—Thirty?—Twenty?—Ten?—Five? One! Thank you, Sir. One Pound is bid for this incorrupt Elector. Only One Pound for this Elector, and incorrupt. Replenish the incorrupt Elector's tankard. Going at One Pound. Two! Two Pounds offered for this incorrupt Elector—a British Freeman. Going at Two Pounds. At Two Pounds, and a British Freeman. A British Freeman for whom SIDNEY bled—at two pounds—and HAMPDEN fought, going at Two Pounds. At Two Pounds only and—Three! For whom HAMPDEN fought and SIDNEY bled, at Three Pounds. And Ten! Three Pounds Ten. And HAMPDEN and SIDNEY—only Three Pounds Ten—HAMPDEN, SIDNEY and RUSSELL—going at Three Pounds Ten Shillings—bled—Three Pounds Ten! Four! Going at Four. Assist the British Freeman to hold up his head. And his birthright is Magna Charta—and going at Four Pounds! Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights—and—Five Pounds! At Five Pounds going!—this incorrupt, intelligent, unbought, free, and independent Elector, incorrupt and Five Pounds only—and intelligent and only Five—and unbought—for Five only; and free and independent, and going at Five Pounds. Six! Seven! Going at Seven. And his birthright Magna Charta. At Seven Pounds! And his inheritance the Bill of Rights. Supply the inheritor of Magna Charta with another Pipe. And Seven Pounds. Eight! Nine! Nine Pounds for this unbought Elector. Going at Nine—going—going! Ten Pounds! Ten Pounds for this incorrupt Elector! Going at Ten Pounds. For whom RUSSELL, SIDNEY, and HAMPDEN bled—at Ten Pounds. Going!—and his inheritance the Bill of Rights. Going! And his birthright Magna Charta. And Ten Pounds. And Habeas Corpus. Going! Habeas Corpus and Magna Charta! Habeas Corpus and the Bill of



ON WEDNESDAY
SOME THOROUGHLY
UNCONSCIOUS
VOTERS

TO BE SOLD
with out reserve
at 12 o'clock
Electing the
the following
Bidding to
The Noble Lord

All that remains
and most corrupt
will follow
BRIBE
together with
300 free and
easy voters
to be almost
given away

A NOBLEMAN
has a small
borough
to dispose of
if apply

SALE BY
AUCTION
Several hundred
Seasoned VOTERS
to be every thing

THE VOTE AUCTION!



Rights! Going at Ten Pounds. Going. Bill of Rights! Going. Magna Charta! Going!—going—going—going—Habeas Corpus!—Gone!

And MR. EDWARDS COPPOCKS knocks down the precious Lot, who, thereupon, rolls off his barrel amid the cheers and laughter of the spectators.



NOT A BAD CUSTOMER.

Fortunate Digger (log.) "Half a hoghead of Port, waiter, and a ton or two of your best Cigars." [See Times, "Australian Intelligence," Feb. 9.]

SHORT PLEA FOR SHORT-HAND.

WE observe, with sympathy, that the poor reporters in the House of Commons have been making new appeals to the Ventilators, as the officials facetiously call themselves—though, by the way, as *ventilator*, according to the Latin Dictionary, means, secondarily, "a juggler, a hocus-pocus man," the name may not be so unsuitable as it appears. The gentlemen in the gallery speak of "ice-cold air, suddenly forced down upon their heads, when the chamber is at its hottest," to the rapid propagation of colds, coughs, deafnesses, rheumatisms, and all sorts of afflictions, from a sneeze to an influenza. It seems, too, that the ladies are the proximate causes of this. The statement is shocking, but true, as in order to keep their brass-grated gallery cool and comfortable, doors are set open, and the unhappy reporters below—not sufficiently distracted by the charming chatter and laughter of their fair neighbours—are thus cruelly "ventilated" for their benefit.

Now, of course, it is of the utmost importance that LADY ADELINE AMUNDEVILLE and her girls should be able to hear LORD HENRY'S speech without having to wait for the *Times* in the morning; that MRS. RABBI and her black-eyed party, including the rich young Jewess from Frankfort, should see Parliament, among the other sights of London; and that good-natured MRS. GUY FLOUNCEY should bring in her bevy of laughing young friends to hear MR. DISRAELI scorch SIR JAMES with his sarcasms, and to giggle at COLONEL SIBTHORP'S volcanic bursts of political virtue. But whether these important objects might not be obtained without a holocaust of reporters (many of whom have families) is a consideration worthy of a humane Senate.

Why, we would ask, are the ladies to be thrust out of sight at all, and obliged to reverse the rule given to little boys, by being heard and not seen? Why, gentlemen Commons, do you not admit them into the chamber? Your betters do it, in the House of Lords, which is also a much finer house than your big box, with its roof like the bottom of a barge, its Catherine-wheels and inverted parasols for lights, and its foolish monsters grinning in the vulgar windows. Why not put the ladies in that comfortable gallery over the clock, usually empty, except when a Peer looks in to hear whether his nominee can speak, or when RAM CHUNDER BUNG JOWL, and his interpreter DR. MC. CUTTYSARK are brought that the Mofussilite may comprehend the working of the British Constitution by seeing how the attorneys can "whip" against a law reform bill, or how speedily fifty members can vote away five millions of taxes. Give that pleasant gallery to the ladies, and let the MARQUIS OF STEYNE and RAM BUNG sit in the pews below. Are you ashamed of being seen lounging and yawning? Is it that the Brigade is hardly the thing you like to be seen fraternizing with? Do you ever

pretend to your wives that you have been at the House when you have actually been at play or at the play, and you fear being bowled out by a sudden visit and an Opera glass. *Speramus meliora*, yes, and will even believe better of you, despite the Election Committees.

So, gentlemen, be good enough to provide for the ladies in the House, shut up their present gallery, and do shew a little gratitude to those who Murrayfy your grammar, and transmute your stammering and floundering speeches into Ciceronian eloquence.

As for the reporters, if the Ventilators, or "hocus-pocus men," will do nothing for them, why do they not put their hats on? By a transcendent fiction of the House, strangers are invisible, and who shall arraign them, moreover, for imitating the habits of those whose words they are bound to copy? And if LORD CHARLES RUSSELL (a civil man enough) sends up a polite message on the subject, let him, with equal politeness, be asked to change his arm-chair for a gallery stall for an hour, and so comprehend the position. His Lordship's health might suffer, but there would be a large balance in his favour, on account of the improvement of his company.

DEATH IN THE JAM-POT.

THE Analytical Commissioners of the *Lancet* have been dipping their fingers lately into the preserve-pots of the Metropolis, and "*Ohe, jam satis!*" must, we fancy, be the exclamation of everybody who reads their Report. For, among other pleasant discoveries, we find it stated,

"That the raspberry jam analysed contained a very considerable quantity of copper. That the four samples of gooseberry jam examined all contained copper. That copper, sometimes in large amount, was detected in 12 of the 14 samples of orange marmalade analysed. That the nine samples of green-gage jam were all more or less impregnated with copper, it being present in considerable amount in five of the samples. That the green-gages contained in three different boxes of crystallised fruits all owed their deep green colour to the presence of copper. That the limes and green-gage present in a little glass jar of fruit preserved in jelly also owed their brilliant colour to a salt of copper. That copper was detected in no less than 31 of the 35 samples of different preserves analysed; three contained traces only; in 11 the metal was present in small quantity; and in 19, either in considerable or even very large amount."

Preserve us from preserves, say we, in future! Even as it is, we own an introspection makes us anything but comfortable, and we tremble to think of how many internal coats of copper we may incautiously have given ourselves. In our fondness for the jam, we fear indeed we have been playing "old gooseberry" with our constitution; and we should certainly be making very decided gooseberry fools of ourselves if we were any longer to partake of it.

Before the *Lancet's* searching fingers

Had found the limes where copper lingers,

that fruit, we confess, was a confirmed weakness of ours: but the "little glass jar," which was analysed as above, has proved quite a jar of electricity to us, such a shock has it imparted to our nervous system. Nor have we any longer an appetite for crystallised green-gages: for, knowing now to what they owe their colour, we should be "deep green" ourselves if we ventured any more to taste them.

With the above appalling facts before them, we would seriously recommend any of our readers who may have a "sweet tooth" in their heads, to go immediately to the dentist's, and have it out. There is no telling how soon it may eat them into danger.

Railway Assurance.

WE understand it is in contemplation, by some of the principal Railway Companies, to try the experiment of starting, daily, a guaranteed train, for the accommodation of those who are desirous of being secured against accidents. There will be no difficulty in carrying out this arrangement, as it has been proved that caution is the only thing wanting to prevent the sacrifice of life; and preference tickets may be easily issued at an advanced price, entitling the holder to safe conduct to the end of his journey.

ANALYSIS OF THE DELUGE.

WE have inflicted upon ourselves the punishment (which, we hope, will be looked upon as more than ample penance for all our literary sins) of wading through LORD MAIDSTONE'S *Deluge*, and have found at the bottom of it nothing but what MONS. BILLOT would call "a page of mud."

Prince Albert's Band.

FOR some time past the papers have resounded with the harmonious intentions of PRINCE ALBERT, to make one of his regimental bands the most perfect combination of military music. Seeing that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS is appointed (over the heads of veterans) to the Grenadier Guards at £3000, if he had foregone the band it would certainly not have been for want of brass.

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE "WASHED AND DONE FOR."

We understand that the Post Office authorities intend shortly adding to their establishment an extensive drying ground. This has become necessary in consequence of the mail-bags being liable to saturation in leaky vessels, especially on their passage by steamer to Australia. It appears that in despatching a letter to a Colony through the Post Office we are in fact sending it to the wash, for the probability is that the communication, whatever it may be, will remain in soak, till the vessel that is charged with it gets to its journey's end, or what is more likely, puts back again.

The newspapers have lately given an account of a scene at the General Post Office, where the correspondence forwarded by the Australian mail steamer was hung out to dry, after the ducking it had experienced. Of course a great portion of it was wholly illegible, as ordinary ink will easily wash out, and common writing paper is soon reduced by moisture to a pulp, but those persons writing to the Colonies will in future do wisely to write their letters on prepared linen, with indelible marking ink. We purpose carrying on our own communications with Australia through the medium of a few pairs of old stockings, which we happen to have on hand, as they are no longer fit to go on foot; and merchants will do well to draw their bills of exchange on their worn-out shirt-collars. We trust that every mail steamer going to Australia will be compelled to carry a mangle and a good supply of starch, so that the correspondence may be "got up" from time to time, in a fit state to be sent home after the process of washing. The whole of the letters should be hung up occasionally in the rigging to dry during the voyage, and a few active hands should be taken on board to do the necessary ironing. The letters—such of them at least as survive the soaking process—will probably be delivered in clothes baskets, should they ever reach their destination; and washing-hooks will, we hope, be immediately supplied for keeping the Colonial accounts of the General Post Office.

THE POSTMAN'S PROVERB.—The extreme stinginess evinced by the salaries of the Letter-Carriers may explain the saying that it is a hard job to get blood out of a post.



A PRUDENT RESOLVE.

'Ousemaid. "WELL, MR. ROBERT, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE OFF TO THE DIGGINGS ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE GENTLEMEN!"

Flunkey. "NOT IF I KNOWS IT, MARY, MY DEAR. I AIN'T BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO FIZZICAL EXERTION; AND I DON'T INTEND TO BEGIN HARD WORK AT MY TIME OF LIFE."

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE FREE—OF THE CITY?

We can all of us appreciate the blessings of freedom; but even freedom may be purchased too dear, when the invitation to be free reaches us in the shape of a threatening letter, demanding a sum of money, and menacing us with an action for penalties if we will not appreciate the blessings of freedom, by accepting it at the price which the City authorities attach to it. We have now before us a printed letter, signed by the City Solicitor, who exclaims, in effect, though rather in prosaic terms,

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
Who would be free themselves must—"

pay the sum of £6 5s. 4d., or show cause to ANTHONY BROWN at Guildhall, why an action should not be commenced for penalties incurred by the crime of keeping a shop in the City of London without having obtained the "freedom of the said City." We were not aware until now, or, at least, the thought never came across us before, that London proper is inhabited by a large slave population, whose emancipation may, nevertheless, be had from the great London Liberator—whoever he may be—at the moderate price of £6 5s. 4d., which is not above one quarter of the value of an inferior or damaged nigger. We must admire the moderation shown by the City in its mode of dealing with its slaves, for, though the traffic might be made the source of large profits in the way of pains and penalties, the City Solicitor is only desired to demand £6 5s. 4d. per head of his un-emancipated fellow creatures as the price of their freedom. As a further mitigation of the horrors of Cockney slavery, the Committee desire the City Solicitor to say, "that the heavy fines formerly payable, and the objectionable oath formerly taken, are now no longer required." We trust the captives of Cornhill, the fettered ones of Fetter Lane, and the whole slave population of the City will appreciate this humane relaxation of the rigours to which they were formerly liable. We may possibly attribute this amelioration of the condition of the London slaves to the circulation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* within the Metropolis. We suspect, however, that there is no great desire on the part of the bondsmen of the City to purchase their freedom at the price proposed; and we would warn

the authorities against the contingency of a Cockney civil war, which might end in the emancipation of the City slaves, without the payment of the £6 5s. 4d., which the threatening communication of the City Solicitor has demanded.

THE LETTER OF THE REFORM BILL.

In this great commercial country, human value is estimated by the pound. A man is described to be worth so many pounds a year. The Reform Bill made the qualification for the elective franchise in boroughs consist in being rated at ten pounds—and some members of the constituency thus created have, it seems, been very precisely appreciated accordingly. A gentleman, one MR. JOHN MILLS, plasterer, resident in Sun Street, Cambridge, stated in evidence before the Cambridge Election Committee, that

"There was a little window near, and £10 was handed out to each. Witness got £10 At the last election it was notorious that £10 was the price of a vote; that was the 'general figure.'"

MR. MILLS and the majority of his fellow electors, being of the same "general figure," we suppose, may be said to vote as ten pound householders.

Black Art in America.

AMONG a lot of slaves of different vocations advertised for sale in the *New Orleans Picayune*, is a "fine painter." We have heard of a RAPHAEL or a CORREGGIO being sold for thousands: how much did this fine painter fetch?

INDICATIONS OF OPULENCE.

THE enormous wealth of the English gentry may be inferred not only from their mansions in the counties, but also from their seats in the boroughs.

A BLUNT REQUEST.—"Your Money, or your Life."

THE LITERATURE OF THE PLAY-BILL.



THE public have been somewhat amused lately by the use or abuse to which the play-bills of certain theatres have been put by a couple of managers, one of whom has been seized with a desire to show his wit, while the other has made an astounding display of his learning. We hear that the example is likely to be followed by some of the smaller fry of dramatic potentates, one of whom is preparing to place on the boards of his establishment one of our fine old ballad-operas, with an attention to costume, and other details that will be best explained by the following copy of a "fly leaf" it is in contemplation to issue with the play-bill.

THE WATERMAN.

"The success which attended the production of *Raising the Wind* last season at this establishment has encouraged me to attempt another revival on the same scale, and a long course of reading during the summer has directed my attention to *The Waterman*. The very uncertain and doubtful position 'The Waterman' now holds on the river has rendered my task one of the greatest difficulty, and I have therefore felt it necessary to explain the authorities which have guided me on this occasion.

"The continual inroads of steam have enveloped the character of the waterman in such obscurity that *Tom Tug* is almost lost in the mist of the Steam Tug, and imagination may thus be justified in clothing him in any garb, from the coat and badge to the striped and chequered shirt of a much older era. I have retained the oilskin hat out of deference to an old stage tradition of which I cannot learn the date; and a perusal of an old black-letter M.S. addressed by INCLEDON to some person unknown, requesting 'that his white stockings may be sent home as he has to wear them in *The Waterman*,' has settled conclusively in my mind the question of knee breeches or trowsers. It will be seen that I have adopted the former, and I am supported in my theory by GEOFFREY of Monmouth Street, who recollects making a purchase of an ancient pair of shorts as far back as the year 1836 from a retired sculler.

"In an old coloured frontispiece to the ancient ballad of the Fireman Waterman in the CATNACH collection (and here let me say how much I am indebted to CATNACH on this and all other occasions) I find the Fireman Waterman represented wearing a tunic to the knee, holding in one hand a scull, and in the other the lobster spoken of by the poet, which the heroine had received from a rival—

'Who sent it wrapped up to her by a man,
When what did she do but invite
To eat it the Waterman Fireman.'

"*Bundle* and his associates I have equipped in the brown coats, red waistcoats, and brown breeches, which were introduced upon the stage during the last century. In the wardrobe of the MESSRS. NATHAN, to which I have been allowed access, I have seen several of these suits, some of the coats of which are made of serge, and indeed I have met with breeches of the same rude material. BLANCHARD, of Covent Garden, is spoken of as early as 1829 by a contemporary critic, as having dressed the character of *Bundle* to perfection, and by the kindness of an old dresser, for some time laid upon the shelf, I have been presented with a plate from which the costume of *Bundle* has been carefully copied.

"The scenery has been the subject of much research, and the exterior of *Bundle's* house, with its old cottage architecture, its rude verandah, its wild appurtenances of chimney-pot, gable-end, and doorway could only have been thus faithfully rendered by an artist, who, during the summer and autumn paid repeated visits to the shore for the purpose of filling his whole imagination with the associations of Battersea.

"The scenery of Act 2 commences with the scene of Act 1—a fine stroke of dramatic unity which we meet with in TERENCE, DIMOND, PLAUTUS, REYNOLDS, SOPHOCLES, CENLIVRE, EURIPIDES, HOLCROFT, VOLTAIRE, HAYNES BAXLEY, DIODORUS SICULUS, PARVUS RIDICULUS, and a great many others.

"In the quarter of a century which has nearly passed since the retirement of INCLEDON, much has been done, but more has been neglected,

and we owe much to ourselves, in addition to what we owe our ancestors. If my humble efforts contribute to the payment of the smallest instalment of either of these debts, my ambition will be more than satisfied."

(Signed) "THE MANAGER."

ENCOURAGEMENT OF ROBBERY.

WE think we can find for MR. PANIZZI a subject which will probably occupy a little of that spare time, which he is always spending for his own amusement—really because he has got nothing to do—in our Police Courts.

The subject in question is for him to look through that part of the British Museum catalogue which is already finished—the labour of perhaps half an hour—and to see how many of the recent works of the best French authors are the *Brussels* editions. We fancy he will be rather surprised at the considerable number which will reward his laborious investigation. We then beg of him to put to himself the question—providing always he has not an engagement at Bow Street—whether, by keeping these pirated copies in the national library, he is not directly offering an encouragement to robbery? He must know that the Belgian *contrefaçons* are to the French press what the American reprints are to English literature, and he might as well have the latter in his collection (for we have often thought that the library was much more MR. PANIZZI'S collection than the Nation's) as retain copies of the former on his book-shelves. It would be a fine taunt for the American minister to throw in our teeth, when the subject of International Copyright comes again under discussion, to hand in a list of these Brussels robberies, as an earnest of our sincerity in the good cause; and if we were told "You see—you don't like being robbed yourselves, but don't mind robbing others," we do not see how, with these thefts in our hands, MR. PANIZZI could, with all his talent, get us honourably out of the accusation.

Now we wish MR. PANIZZI, as soon as he has collected all these damning volumes together, to make a regular bonfire of them before the accusation of encouragement of literary robbery is really made against us; and we are sure it will be an afternoon's work which will redound infinitely more to his credit than any he could spend in a magistrate's office, busying himself over the infliction of angry fines upon poor neglectful publishers.

CAUTION IN SHOPPING!

At a meeting held the other evening at Exeter Hall, for the promotion of Early Closing, DR. PETTIGREW is reported to have advocated the necessity of that practice, on medical grounds, and for the sake of health.

Air, in which a lot of human beings have been breathing and perspiring, and gas has been flaring, all day and half the night, must be not only nasty, but really poisonous.

That it is so is apparent from the sallow unwholesome complexions and debilitated frames of the young men who constantly live in it.

They, however, are used to it, of course, poor wretches; never mind them. But only think what a dreadful thing it must be for a young lady, in the bloom of health and beauty, to get her blood infected with fever or consumption, or goodness knows what, and fall sick, and very likely become disfigured, or perhaps die, by venturing, incautiously, into the tainted atmosphere of a late closing linen-draper's horrid shop!

Speculation Baffled.

THE Jewish Relief Bill provides, amongst other things, that Jews shall not be eligible to any office in the Church. This provision will defeat a very rational curiosity; to know whether a Jew would make more money out of a bishopric than has been made by some Christian Prelates.

LATEST FROM THE DIGGINGS.—This is a prosy country. In fact, you never hear the name of any poet mentioned—except GOLDSMITH.

A Humdrum Conundrum?

WE are not much addicted to the practice of wandering to a great distance for a joke, which is an article that may be too "far-fetched;" but we fancy the following is rather "neat"—as imported from the Celestial Empire:—

Q. When or where or what sort of fowl is not a fowl?

A. A Pekin fowl is the bird alluded to, for though he is a cock in this country, he is a Co(a)ch-in China.*

* There may be some doubt whether this should not have been a prohibited article, but we have admitted it, subject to the usual tax—on the patience of the reader.—ED.



GOOD SECURITY.

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, GIVE ME A BROWN!"

Swell. "SIXPENCE IS THE SMALLEST MONEY I HAVE, MY LITTLE LAD."

Boy. "VEL, SIR, I'LL OET YER CHANGE; AND IF YER DOUBTS MY HONOUR—
HOLD MY BROOM!"

ART WAITING ROOMS.

In very commendably bringing the subject of railway accidents before the House of Peers, LORD MALMESBURY remarked the grave fact that when, on entering a railway office,

"The passenger looked round, he saw the bill announcing the arrival and departure of the trains, and by its side was posted—he must say, with most ingenious candour on the part of the directors—another bill, advising him, in the most seductive terms, to insure his life."

Railway Companies might improve on this system of starting trains of serious thought. They should illuminate the walls of their waiting rooms with moral sentences, expressive of the uncertainty of human existence, such as MEMENTO MORI, MORS JANUA VITAE, &c.; which, executed in the old English character, would have a picturesque, if not a pleasing effect. The intermixture with these legends of tombstone cherubs, skulls, and femoral bones, and views in cemeteries, well painted, would be very suitable: and to these æsthetic decorations might be added the figure of old TIME with his scythe and hour-glass. Whilst the former of those instruments would suggest a warning to the passengers, the latter might convey a lesson to the directors themselves, if anything whatever, except pecuniary loss, could teach them the necessity of being punctual.

The Rookery near St. Paul's.

GREAT satisfaction will have been given by the statement of LORD PALMERSTON, that Government seriously contemplates the abatement of those pestilent nuisances, the dirty Courts situated in Doctors' Commons. The public have been too long subject to be dragged into these dens of infamy, and plundered, besides being eaten up with a parcel of vermin, who devour from £3,000 and £4,000 to upwards of £8,000 a year.

No MEDIUM.—There is no medium in a moustache:—it is the type of either the Guard, or the Blackguard.

DYING BY DIET.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"I SAW such a funny thing in the paper the other day—it was headed 'Curious Physiological (I hope I have spelt the word right) Discovery.' It said that a MONSIEUR ROULIN had been feeding silkworms with food of different colours, and by that means making them spin silk of the same colour as the food. And it also mentioned that the very bones of animals may be tinged with what they eat. Law! I wonder if it is the same with a human being—and if so, whether it would be possible to affect the complexion by food. It would be so nice to be able to obtain a clear delicate colour that would wash, without being obliged to resort to any of those preparations. And then how funny to have it in one's power to be either a blonde or a brunette, according to one's fancy, or as might be found convenient—and perhaps to change from one to the other if desired, or advisable. Can you, dear Punch, or any of your scientific friends tell me if there are any articles of diet which have the power to make these alterations and what they are? for I should so like to know. I should not mind their taste very much—though, of course, I should rather they were nice: only fancy how delightful to realise a beautiful white neck, hand, and arm, by a course of open jam tarts! A word in answer to your

"JULIA."

*. * JULIA must not think about open jam tarts. The effect of such delicacies in a complexional point of view may be called simplific. JULIA is probably not disposed to be blue; but that is the only tint which it is possible to acquire by such means as those to which she alludes: it may be obtained by perseverance in small doses of nitrate of silver, at the risk simply of being poisoned. Plain living and plenty of exercise will effect the greatest alteration in respect of hue that the cheek of a young lady can undergo: namely, to fresh, pure, and glowing, from dull, spotty, and sallow. JULIA is recommended to try oatmeal porridge. She should not eat too much bread and butter.

Dramatic Reformation.

MIDDLE LUTHER is performing with great success at the French Plays. We wish a LUTHER would appear on the English stage—for it is in great want of one.

A CABINET CONTRAST.

You may know a man, according to an old saying, by the way he answers a question. Would anybody like to know two of the cleverest men of the day? Punch is happy to effect the introduction, by presenting the following extract from the note-book of his own special reporter in the House of Commons:—

"MR. SHORT asked MR. GLANSTONE which day he should bring in the Budget?"

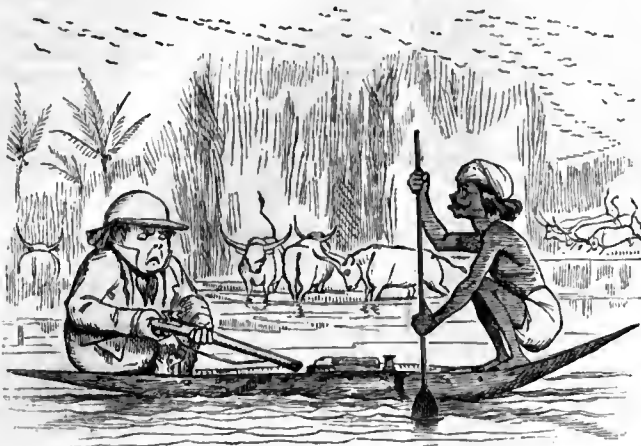
"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said, that he would endeavour to reply to the Honourable Member's question in as complete a manner as it was possible for him to do, consistently with his obligations to the administration with which he had the honour of being connected. The Honourable Member's question naturally divided itself into three parts, and it might, perhaps, be most convenient to the House, if he disposed, in the first place, of the last. This was the financial portion of the question. In so far as the term Budget was understood to imply the usual statement of the finances of the country, he was prepared, unhesitatingly, to accept the Honourable Member's language, and to recognize the phrase as equivalent to such statement. Then, in the next, that was to say, in, really, the first place, the Honourable Member, in addressing the question to himself, rather lost sight of the fact, that the constitutional leader of the House of Commons, and, therefore, the manager of the business of the House, was his noble friend on his right (LORD JOHN RUSSELL). But wailing, as he might perhaps be justified in doing, this consideration, and applying himself to the third division of the Honourable Member's question, that relating to the date or time of an intended ministerial act, he was prepared to say, that he should introduce the Budget upon the first Monday after Easter (Hear, hear)."

"LORD DRAWLEY STUMBLE, in a statement of half-an-hour's duration, called the HOME SECRETARY'S attention to an alleged insurrection, which had, he said, broken out in the workhouse of Skillygelee, and he demanded, first, whether a tin dish-cover had, as was reported, been clapped upon the matron's head; next, whether the master had been pelted at dinner time with potato parings; thirdly, whether, in consequence, the Eleventh Dragoon Guards had been called out; fourthly, whether any of the paupers had lost their lives in the affray; fifthly, whether the clergy, or Romish priests, had been mixed up in the affair; and sixthly, under what circumstances the disturbances had taken place, and whether his Lordship had any objection to lay the papers on the table of the House."

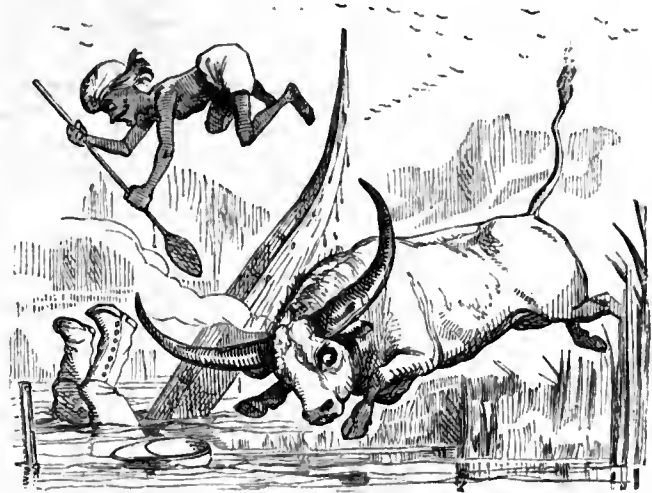
"LORD PALMERSTON (rises). Sir, it's all bosh, cooked up by some penny-a-line. (Sits down amid cheering and laughter)."

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE FROM AUSTRALIA.—A Surgeon writes from the Gold Fields to say that he has now quite discarded the lancet; and opens the vein with a pickaxe.

HOW MR. PETER PIPER TRIED HIS HAND AT BUFFALO-SHOOTING,
NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.—PART I.



MR. PETER PIPER IS MORALLY CERTAIN THAT HE CAN'T POSSIBLY FIER WITHOUT UPSATING THE CANOE



MOMENT OF INTENSE ANXIETY—MR. PETER PIPER FIRES AND HIS PREDICTION IS FULFILLED.



THE SHOT, HOWEVER, TAKES EFFECT—THE BUFFALO BECOMES A CORPSE, BUT MR. PETER PIPER THINKS IT HARDLY WORTH WHILE "SECURING" THE BODY.



MR. PETER PIPER HAS NO FAITH WHATSOEVER IN "THOSE GIMCRACK CANOES," AND BEGINS TO THINK BUFFALO-SHOOTING "VERY POOR FUN" AS COMPARED WITH "PIG-STICKING." HE TAKES A LITTLE REFRESHMENT.

OUR HONEYMOON.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 18—.

I was sure I should not sleep; so took a book, and making myself comfortable for the night, I resolved to read away the time, for morning would come, though never so slowly.

Yes: I knew I should not sleep a wink and then—how far I read I have no recollection—and then fell into a deep slumber, and dreamt of FREDERICK. Such a terrible dream! He was struggling, drowning, and—I awoke with the terror, when it was broad daylight. How gloriously the sun rose from the sea! What tranquillity was on the waters! I opened the window, and the sweet breath of the morning brought a sudden comfort to my heart.

It was impossible—I tried to think—that any evil could have befallen him. Impossible, with such beauty in the sky and on the sea—such sweetness, breathing of happiness from all around. Everything seemed full of hope. The soft, musical plash of the small waves said hope—and hope rose in a hymn from the lark, a fluttering speck in the blue heaven.

I felt soothed, comforted. There was silence throughout the house. Not a sound. Poor souls! They doubtless slept: utter weariness had brought that comfort.

Wrapping myself up, I stole on tiptoe from my room, and left the

house. How beautiful was the morning! What a pity, and what a reproach that bed should ever cheat us of such sights—such purifying, strengthening influences! I almost vowed that, for the rest of my life, I'd rise only a little after the sun. On second thoughts, remembered that hasty vows were very, very rash.

I took the path down the cliff to the beach. I turned the point of rock that gave me a wide, wide view. There was not an object on the sea. All was blank; and I felt, on the sudden, chilled and sad. But still the beauty of the morning deepened—still the waves gently murmured—still the birds louder and louder poured forth their songs—and with new hope, new strength, I walked on and on.

And now, in the far, far distance, a boat appears. It must be *that*: I am convinced—certain. And now, another and another—and each and all alike, and I am again disheartened, perplexed. After all, it was hazardous and foolish in FREDERICK to go himself. JOSEPHINE was right: his money would have been sufficient.

I felt my temper rising. I was beginning to be very angry; and then the thought rebuked me—the thought that some danger, some mischance might have happened—

No; I would not think so—I would control such idle fancies: and I would wait patiently, hopefully. And so I went straying onward and onward; now picking up a shell, and now—with straining looks—gazing over the sea: and still other boats and vessels arose, and passed away—and with every one a new hope, another disappointment.

Then I sat down, and as the ships sailed onward, to cheat the time, I tried to fancy the history of some vessel. Where was she going? What were the hopes, the anxieties of those on board? What a world of feelings—a world of faith and love!

And so, in utter vacancy of heart, I tried to while away the time. And still the sun rose, and the morning was arrayed in the fulness of its beauty. I had gathered a few shells. In idleness I had placed one to my ear, and was listening to its sounds. What—a little sea wizard—what did it prophesy? What did it say? I could make out the name of FREDERICK—that seemed with rising, falling sound, to whisper to me. Yes; my fancy put a tongue into that shell, gave it a voice, and made it sing, gently sing the word that was *my music*.

And so sitting, so listening, I heard myself loudly called and there, having followed me, and crying and waving her hands, was JOSEPHINE. We flew to one another.

"Oh, ma'am, all's safe—all's saved—so happy, so—"

"All!"

"Yes, ma'am. All the men, and the poor wife and mother—oh, I never knew such weeping, and such thanksgiving—now with their arms about his neck, and now upon their knees. Quite touching, ma'am—but quite beautiful."

"And, I suppose, your master was too fatigued to seek me himself?" and I knew I hit my lip.

"Master, ma'am; we haven't see nothing of him as yet. I was only talking of the crew of the boat, and all of 'em safe and sound—though they've lost every stitch, and the boat besides."

"And your master! No news—no tidings of him—"

"Can't get back, they say, ma'am, with the wind as it is, till the afternoon; perhaps not till night; perhaps not then. I heard one of the men say, in his own words, there wasn't such another bit of sea in the 'versal world. But only to think how the poor things escaped; for it's quite a miracle—quite a wonder."

"Indeed. Poor souls! How?"

"Why, ma'am, they were what they call run down in the storm by a bigger boat—but they all got aboard, and was carried a long way on the other side of the coast,—whilst their bits of things, as we already know, with a piece of the boat, was flung upon the beach, just, as one may say, at the poor souls' door-step to make us all miserable—and to take away master on a wild-goose chase; not but what, of course, it's very kind of him—nevertheless, to keep you out of your bed all night for nothing—when his money, as I said before, would have done quite as well or better than him; and in such a case, when money does as well, my maxim is to let well alone."

Now, I knew, I felt it was wrong to let JOSEPHINE go upon such a rambling talk; nevertheless, I could not but think that the girl had some reason in what she said. FREDERICK—he cannot, with any justice, deny it—FREDERICK need not have left me all alone; sitting up all night—watching in the morning; besides being terrified by so dreadful a dream. When money would have done, why not have spared my feelings? I *would* be very angry. "Surely," said I, with a shiver I wouldn't repress, "surely, the morning's turned very cold."

"To be sure it has, ma'am; and if it hadn't, it couldn't be otherwise with folks who, without wrapping themselves up, will go wandering out on the wet beach, without any breakfast, picking up shells, and thinking nothing of their own health, when they *ought*, for there's not many like 'em in this world, I'm sure."

And still I let her talk. "We'll breakfast directly your master comes back," I said, trying to smile.

"I'm afeard, ma'am, you'll be pretty hungry if you wait till then. I wouldn't frighten you for the world; but it isn't so sure—the sailor men all say so, and they must know—not so sure that he'll be home much afore bedtime."

My heart seemed to shrink at the words. I hurried on. Now and then, I turned to gaze across the sea: looking in silence, JOSEPHINE still interpreted my thoughts.

"No, ma'am, no; there isn't a boat a bit like master's boat—not a bit; and so, ma'am, as what's done can't be undone—that is, as master can't be here for breakfast, and breakfast *is* here for you—"

"Hold your tongue, JOSEPHINE; I shall wait for your master. But here we are at the house." And before we could half-way ascend the cliff, the wife and old mother, with the husband and son snatched from the sea, all came to meet me. What thankful words! What looks of happiness!

"We've lost all—all," said the wife, with a heaving face; "but we've lost nothing—nothing; for haven't we saved *him*," and she grasped her husband's arm.

The man was full of thanks. Was sorry that the gentleman had been put to such trouble on his account. He was afraid I had taken on upon it; afraid I had got cold, sitting up; and he should be so glad when he could thank the gentleman face to face, if he might be so bold.

"And when," I asked, "when might I expect the return of—"

"Well, it might not be until the afternoon; indeed, not before—and perhaps—"

My heart was too full to hear more: to answer a syllable. I went

to my room. Hour after hour passed. I walked on the cliff—and still the day went on. I returned to my room: again and again returned—again and again quitted it. The good people were frightened at my looks; and JOSEPHINE watched me—I saw that—with a strange anxiety.

The sun set: and as it sank beneath the sea, and the wind rose—I felt as though I stood alone—friendless, hopeless. All—all gone, sunk with the sun, and the wind moaning above the wreck.

Night came. Ten o'clock—eleven—and still the wind rose with every minute; still the sea roared and dashed beneath my window.

If that day passed—if that one hour elapsed—and he came not back, I felt I was alone for ever—for ever alone.

My watch lay before me. Each sound seemed, like a needle's point, to enter my brain. Half-past eleven—

There is a shout from below, and in an instant, FREDERICK holds me in his arms.

OUR NAVAL VETERANS.



HEAR that in consequence of the remarks that have been made on the inconveniently advanced age of some of our Admirals and Captains in the Navy, it is in contemplation to issue an Admiralty order, prohibiting any one in command from hoisting his flag, until he can produce three juvenile wigs, and two entire sets of teeth, as a qualification for his position. Every Admiral on active service will be expected to sleep in his wig, and to have his teeth at hand during the night in case of a surprise, so that he may be enabled to place them in his mouth at a minute's notice, and give distinct directions to the officers under him. Any departure from this rule will subject the offender, whatever his rank, to be superseded during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure.

The messman on board any of HER MAJESTY'S ships will not be permitted to serve out to any Admiral or Captain more than a single "go" of

gruel at bed-time, on any foreign station. The senior officer only will be allowed to put his feet in hot water, in any friendly port, and this indulgence elsewhere is strictly prohibited.

A Public Servant who really deserves a Warning.

THE *Courrier de l'Europe*, in reporting the debates of the House of Lords, writes most impudently

"Séance du 1er Mars.—Sans intérêt."

Now this is too bad! It is lucky our clever French contemporary does not pass his literary existence at Paris—or else, as sure as dungeons and despotism go together, he would soon receive a warning for writing these shameful insults, as they happen to be unfortunately but too true. And besides, if carried away by his love of the truth, he says these things of the House of Lords, we wonder what, in the name of impudence, he will be saying next of the House of Commons!

A Puff for Austria.

THE latest news from Vienna puts us in possession of the important fact that "the Emperor has at length been allowed by his physicians to indulge his intense longing for a cigar." We trust we shall not be thought to have abandoned our abhorrence of the Emperor's policy, if we say that we are glad to learn from the incident of the cigar that the recent attempt at assassination has ended in smoke. We wish he would learn from the Havana what an excellent quality it is to be "mild."

HEAD WINS.—The greatest attraction of the present season at Drury Lane Theatre has been an individual who walks with his heels up and his head down, and who has furnished, perhaps, the climax to the ups and downs of this "great national establishment."

ST. STEPHEN AND HIS CHERUBS.

ST. STEPHEN sat late at his new chapel gate
In a state of resigned expectation
Of the winding up of a lengthy debate,
Not the least affecting the nation.

When, up in the air, the Saint is aware
Of a sound as of wings and of voices,
And he lifts up his eyes in pious surprise,
To see what the cause of the noise is.

It comes from a rout of cherubim stout—
Parliamentary apotheoses—
Their cheeks once so chubby, beslobbered and grabby
With the tears that have run down their noses.

With agonised swings of their poor little wings
They try vainly to wipe their fat faces,
With bitter complaint, o'er the head of the Saint,
Flying out from their late pleasant places.

"What means this wild grieving?" said holy ST. STEPHEN.
Quoth they, "We are victims to law, Sir."
"Won't you sit and explain?" But they answered again,
"How sit? when we hav'n't *de quoi*, Sir!"

"The seats are all gone that we late sat upon—
Ta'en away by our hard-hearted brothers;—
And the worst of the ill is, that, do what we will,
There's no chance of our meeting with others.

"Here's the Cherub of Clitheroe, whither, oh whither, oh,
Is he to go look for a borough?
Here's the Cherub of Chatham, they all went in at him,
Though they'd play just the same tricks to-morrow.

"And the Lancaster Cherub 'll feel his loss terrible,
As his seat to get warm was beginnin';
And the Hull Cherubs 'twain must go canvass again,
With the Cherub of Rye, young MACKINNON.

"They who over the same bridge of gold in for Cambridge
Walked triumphant—one rich and one clever,
Before they can meet with as cozy a seat,
May go wand'ring the kingdom for ever!"

"And what adds aggravation to our sad situation,
Is the fact—which all folks must admit, Sir—
That the few thus ill-treated by being unseated,
Are no worse than the many who sit, Sir!"

Then the Saint with a grin stroked the beard on his chin,
And with voice, than which none could be blander,
Said, "In my house, you see, the proverb should be,
'Sauce for goose is *not quite* sauce for gander.'"

NAPOLEON'S ENTIRE.

ONE of the new French senators is a sea-captain, whose claim to senatorial dignity is said to consist in his having proposed to effect the escape of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, by enclosing him in a beer-barrel. The Emperor however could not be persuaded to think sufficiently small beer of himself to remain for a time in cask; and the Imperial one was unwilling to pass for 18 imperial gallons. We can scarcely blame the decision of NAPOLEON on this occasion; for he had become so decidedly stout, that his weight—in a barrel—would have baffled the strongest porter. It must be remembered, also, that if a search had been made by the British, and the cask had been subjected to a tap, the truth would have probably burst forth; and what might have been intended to pass for a barrel of beer would have become a butt of ridicule.

"There's the Rub."

WHILE estimating the strength at our disposal in the event of an invasion, we seem to have lost sight of a most respectable body of artisans who would be invaluable as auxiliaries to our regular army. We allude to the French polishers, who might be most beneficially employed in polishing off the French.

HIGH SKY HIGH.

THE experiment of MR. SANDS at Drury Lane, who traverses a ceiling with his head suspended in the air, has been defended against some attacks on the illegitimacy of the entertainment by the assertion that the feat belongs to the very highest walk of the drama.

A VALUABLE HEAD OF HAIR!

THE Paris ladies are wearing gold and silver dust in their hair. Their heads, so dressed, must be worth a mint of money. We have heard of damsels being so distressed as to be compelled to cut off their hair and sell it; but these ladies would command a large price for theirs, or probably they would keep it themselves, and coin their own silver or gold, by simply cutting off a curl, or as much as they wanted, for their immediate necessities. Perhaps they pay their bills in this way? Perhaps, if a *lionne* is hard pressed for cash by some inexorable diamond merchant, or has not wherewith to discharge her debts at lansquenet, she unfastens her head-dress and pays her creditor in gold-dust by putting into his hands an immense tuft of false hair, with a request "that he will oblige her with the difference." With this expensive fashion, a "Rape of the Lock" might become a very dangerous felony, and there's no doubt a hair-brained lover, if detected in the act of cutting an amiferous ringlet off the head of his beloved mistress, would be carried off to the *Bureau de Police*, and treated no better than a *chevalier d'industrie*, who had been caught picking her pocket. For ourselves, we do not much admire young ladies whose heads are full of nothing but gold and silver, though the *femmes-de-chambres*, who, of course, claim the washing of their hair-brushes as their perquisites, must be of a very different way of thinking.

Then, again, we always entertained an absurd notion that a woman, let her be ever so old, invariably looked upon the appearance of silver in her hair with the greatest horror; but fashion, it seems, will reconde the fair sex almost to anything. However this practice, if it spreads, of carrying your purse in your hair, will have the one great effect, before long, of altering the distribution of wealth upon the stage: and instead of an old gentleman pulling out of his breast-coat a pocket-book plethoric with bank-notes, we shall quietly see him bare his bald head to the audience, and hear him exclaim "Here, young man, take this wig; it contains three ounces of gold-dust—take it, and be happy!" In the meantime, we are afraid that poor lovers will find the fashion quite turning the ladies' heads, for with their beautiful tresses powdered with five-franc pieces and Napoleons, it is but natural to suppose they will look at nothing short of a gold, or at least a silver key to open such very expensive locks!

THE BELLE SAUVAGE AT COURT.

AMONG the orders for Court mourning published the other day, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN directs the ladies to wear "white gloves, necklaces, and *ear-rings*." Can it be that our countrywomen of the aristocracy appear at the British Court with foreign bodies stuck through their ears? Such decorations might be expected to be met with at the Palace of HIS MAJESTY OF DAHOMEY, but an intelligent Public must regard with surprise their exhibition at that of QUEEN VICTORIA. It is quite obvious, whatever may be said to the contrary, that rings in the ears are only less incongruous with civilization than the like ornaments in the nose or lips. Ladies who go to Court may consider themselves as belonging to the superior classes; but in wearing pieces of metal in perforations drilled through portions of their skin, they assimilate themselves to creatures the lowest in the scale of humanity; nay, lower than that. They not only assume a resemblance to savages, but also to pigs; moreover the pig does not wear rings by choice, but on compulsion, to prevent him from rooting with his snout, whereas there is no use whatever in their being worn by the lady.

A SAFE SPECULATION.

SOME years ago a publication was issued at Paris, which had an immense success. The title of it was "*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*." As a companion to the above, and one which would meet, we think, with an equal success, as it would have the advantage of showing a totally different side of the picture, might we suggest to some enterprising Parisian publisher to start a new serial under the title of "*Les Français peints par Monsieur Cobden*." We are positive the series would have all the interest of a romance, and would not require the help of any coloured illustrations, as the facts would be sufficiently coloured in themselves. Moreover the charm of novelty would be as great to the English as to the French themselves. Here is a certain fortune to any publisher who has the energy to grasp it. All we ask in return for the suggestion is a copy of the work when published. The amusement we are sure to derive from it will be more than ample repayment for our liberality.

EXTREME SENSITIVENESS.—The man who has once been kicked imagines that every man's leg is raised against him.

A VEIL.—A Lace Blind, worn by a woman, not to hide her blushes, but to save her complexion.



Omnibus Driver (addressing another). "YOU'RE A PRETTY FELLOW, YOU ARE. YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN? WHY, I'VE SEEN A BETTER MAN THAN YOU MADE OUT OF TEA LEAVES."

THE MEN OF LAW.

AN attempt is made every year to get the tax taken off attorneys, but these unfortunates having "no friends," the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER always feels pretty safe in hitting them. There seems a sort of rude injustice in subjecting a particular class to a heavy duty, and a motion gets carried every now and then to exempt the victims from the burden, but on further reflection the feeling seems to relapse into an opinion that "it serves them perfectly right," and the attorneys go groaning on from year to year, under the infliction of a heavy charge on their certificates. For our own parts we feel it to be a mercy to all parties concerned, to continue a tax calculated to diminish the number of those who are eager to prey on the public, and who, in the event of a falling off in the number of clients, are ready to prey savagely on one another.

Some people are of opinion that a tax on attorneys keeps a certain disreputable class out of the profession, but we cannot believe that anything lower than some of those who manage to get in can be kept out, by any possibility whatever. There are, no doubt, many unfortunate attorneys who are obliged to offer "pledges to prosecute," and are compelled to part with one suit before they are in a position to commence another. The fact is, however, that

"They care for nobody,
Since nobody cares for them,"

and we leave their fate therefore entirely in the hands of Parliament.

PUZZLES IN COURT PLUSH.

THE titles of some of the grand menials who dance attendance at Court are calculated to mislead unsophisticated foreigners. For instance, in the account of the Levee the other day, we find mentioned not only Gold Stick in Waiting and Silver Stick, but the Gentlemen Ushers of the Black and of the Green Rod. An enlightened Bosjesman, reading this intelligence, would never dream that these great officials were what, by leave of CARLYLE, may be called transcendental flunkies. He would conclude not only that two of the high domesticities at Saint James's Palace were mere Sticks; but also that the barbarism of flogging was maintained in the education of the Royal Family. It would further appear to the intelligent native that there was a peculiar cruelty in that system as administered to the illustrious children—there being provided for their punishment, not only an ordinary black or dry rod, but they also having another rod, green and griding, kept in pickle for them to inflict aggravated pain.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MAY the Austrian Scaffold that has been raised in Italy be preparatory to the erection of the constitutional Building.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO WOMEN.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"Looking into the paper the other day, I saw a speech about 'Assaults upon Women and Children,' which I read. It was by MR. FITZROY, in the House of Commons, proposing to have a severer punishment for the wretches who beat their wives. I admired it very much, all but *one* passage, which I consider *satirical*: it is this—

'He was only asking them to extend the same protection to defenceless women, as they already extended to poodle dogs and donkeys.'

"If we are to share the protection of *poodle dogs and donkeys*, I suppose they will put *collars* round our necks, to prevent our being lost, and *saddles* to support our *burdens*, when we are put upon. But what we want is *proper* protection. Fining a brute of a husband is worse than no use, because the money comes out of the *keep*; and so, in the end, the punishment falls on the wife. No, *Mr. Punch*; what the law should be is, that every wretch who is guilty of cruelty to a woman should be well flogged: that is how the *QUEEN* has been protected; and the same protection ought to be given to every other woman in England. I am sure I speak the sentiments, as I bear the name of

"Your own JUDITH."

"P.S. The man who would lay his hand upon a woman—save in the way of kindness—deserves to have a whip laid upon himself." "J."

THE NEW WALK OF THE DRAMA.

THE New Walk of the Drama seems to be the ceiling, for a person is advertised to walk across the proscenium of Drury Lane with his head downwards, just as if he were a human fly going to scrape acquaintance with the other Flies of the theatre. This exhibition is typical, however, of the state of theatrical matters—brute force being in the ascendant, and the head so rarely appealed to that no wonder it droops with shame at being introduced at all into the entertainment. Intellect is evidently considered the lowest part of the performances, and it is but right that this position should be illustrated, in the person of a mountebank, by the feet being kept uppermost. But, to complete the *bouleversement*, the statue of SHAKESPEARE should be turned upside down, and if the ludicrous three-footed headless figure which is generally stamped on a Manx halfpenny could be put up in its stead, it would do for a capital booth advertisement, as it would tell the public better than any picture outside a caravan that the management of Drury Lane was at present all legs and no brains.

UNE IDÉE NAPOLÉONNIENNE.

THE former Kings of France were fond of boasting that "*L'état, c'est moi*." We suppose we shall soon be hearing LOUIS NAPOLÉON bragging in a somewhat similar spirit:—" *Le coup d'état, c'est moi*."



THE PARTY WHO, ETC.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT, ETC.

THE ORDINARY LEGAL EXPENSES OF AN ELECTION.



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MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. PUNCH ATTENDS THE READING OF A NEW PIECE.



MY friend RAPID was much stung at my last chapter. He declared that I had been unjust alike to dramatic critics and dramatic writers, from not knowing enough of the inner life of the theatre: "You should come with me, my dear *Punch*," he said, "to a reading and a rehearsal, and then you will see how things are managed!" I asked no better, I told him. And accordingly, since we spoke, he has managed that I should be present at the reading of one of his pieces, by the innocent device of assigning to me the honours (without the emoluments, I am bound to add) of a *collaborateur*. As the piece was what he called an adaptation, or what I should call a translation, from the French, I did not feel that I was trenching

seriously on RAPID's credit by winking at this little fraud. I have just come from the reading of *our* piece, and I write while the impression it has left is fresh, but without any conscious bitterness. Poor RAPID is in a great state of indignation, but he is at least a kind of step-father to his bantling, while I, being at most only its godfather, and having given it my countenance or "mug," feel no other responsibility, and can record its treatment in the Green-room with perfect equanimity.

The reading was fixed at twelve, and the time was kept by most of the company with fair punctuality—allowing for the ten minutes grace which RAPID informs me is traditional, and therefore of course sacred in the theatre. It is true that MISS FLITTER, the "principal lady," did not make her appearance till after a delay of twice ten minutes, when all had long been ready to begin, and after RAPID had already swallowed two tumblers of vapid water from the Green-room filter in his nervous anxiety for her arrival. And when she did come, as the east of the piece included most of the company, and the Green-room was small, considerable derangement and re-arrangement were necessary before she could be accommodated as comfortably as became her position in the theatre; and her temper was not improved in consequence.

The delay, however, gave me an opportunity of being introduced to the principal members of the company present, who received me with the greatest affability. MR. PUMPKIN himself was as cordial as could be expected from one in so high a position. HULKER, stage-manager, and what RAPID calls "leading man," STILTS, the celebrated performer of what is known as "heavy business," which I find includes a wide range of parts, from virtuous and reduced fathers in comedies, to moody ruffians in melodramas; CYRIL, the elegant walking gentleman; SWELLINGTON, the light comedian—who I was glad to find did *not* wear canary trousers and chocolate coats in private life; BROADGRIN, the low comedian—a nervous and melancholy looking person by daylight; with black-eyed MISS SHADRACH, the singing lady, and little MISS PUDSEY, who does the smart chambermaids, together with others of the T. R. Long Acrc *troupe*, less known to fame—were all in the highest degree pleasant with RAPID, and civil to myself. Even a fagged and distemper-splashed gentleman, introduced to me as MR. SIZE, the eminent scene-painter—who crept into the room as timidly as if he were a mere painter-stainer, instead of (what he is) a great artist in conception, and a very LEONARDO DA VINCI for ingenuity of contrivance, mechanical, and pictorial—had a pleasant word and a greeting for us. Altogether I was agreeably surprised at the brotherhood and good nature which prevailed among the society. Surely, I thought, actors are not the jealous, intriguing, slanderous beings they have been represented to be. What equal number of barristers practising in the same court, or doctors physicking the same quarter of the town, would be as companionable and as good-humoured with each other as these children of THESPIS?—a phrase often used by PUMPKIN at the dinners of the T. R. L. A. Theatrical Fund, of which he is a prominent member and committee man.

MISS FLITTER being at last settled to her taste, the reading began. Not being particularly interested in the piece, I occupied myself in watching the company. I was struck with the singular alternation among them of absolute inattention, and close attention. I observed that HULKER was all ears for the scenes where the leading man was prominent; but that he closed his eyes, and seemed asleep or lost in reverie during the comic portions of the piece, in which BROADGRIN was to be allowed to give the rein to his chaste humour. The case was the same with the rest. I perceived that each came not to hear the piece as a whole, but only those parts of it which were to be intrusted to him or herself—so that RAPID had seldom more than two listeners at a time, while the rest yawned, or whispered their neighbours, or fidgetted, or dozed, or flirted, or played little practical jokes (out of sight of

MR. HULKER and MR. PUMPKIN, I am bound to say), or otherwise passed the time as they best might. The most attentive person I saw was a respectable man in a fustian coat, whom I afterwards found out to be the master carpenter—admitted to the reading, as the piece involved "startling effects" in which his skill was much required.

The reading concluded, PUMPKIN and HULKER took RAPID and myself aside, with the manuscript, and began what they called "getting it closer"—that is, cutting out all of RAPID's dialogue which was not necessary to carry on the action, and a good deal, incidentally, which was. In vain RAPID begged to be allowed to perform this delicate operation for himself. PUMPKIN assured him it would "go" much the better for his cuts, and promised him, if he would submit quietly, permission to solder and piece up the gashed and severed portions afterwards. It struck me that though the quality of RAPID's dialogue was not such as to inspire much regret for these curtailments, still this process of cutting was one which ought to be entrusted to the author—particularly as I saw that neither PUMPKIN nor HULKER were at all solicitous about coherence or connexion, and that their notions of Grammar were large and loose. Poor RAPID winced and fought occasionally for a favorite bit; but he was borne down, and in a quarter of an hour his poor production was returned to him, much in the condition that a macaw in the Zoological Gardens, too far gone for biting, might be expected to present if left for the same time in the principal monkey-house of that establishment. I could not, in my heart, say that anything was gone the least worth retaining, but I repeat that this unpluming ought to be confided to the author, that he may at least so manage matters as not to leave his work in bald and absolutely featherless patches.

But this was nothing to what followed after the pencils of PUMPKIN and HULKER had done their work. That, after all, was only a sort of Nemesis of the scissars. Those useful implements had figured so largely in the production of the piece in RAPID's room, that they had a sort of right to assist in its final shaping for MR. PUMPKIN's stage. Besides, how often had RAPID commended the "judicious application of the pruning-knife" to pieces of his brethren? Here was a retribution, I felt, not altogether undeserved.

But after PUMPKIN and HULKER, BROADGRIN took up his tale, and insisted that STILTS had it all his own way in the comic scenes, and quite "killed" him, BROADGRIN, and that either STILTS must be "cut down to lengths," or he, BROADGRIN, couldn't undertake the part of *Tom Trol*. Besides, whatever was done, he wanted more jokes—didn't comprehend the fun of the part—didn't feel himself in it at all—he might be very stupid—he no doubt was very stupid—but he didn't *see* it; not that he wanted anything done for *him*—oh, no—it was the piece he was anxious for—of course. And after BROADGRIN came STILTS, to tell us *he* couldn't be a mere "feeder" (lion's provider of good things) to BROADGRIN, he hated buffoonery, and would rather be out of the piece altogether than play in *those* scenes, unless BROADGRIN's part was "kept down"—not that he cared, for his own part—but the piece would suffer, we might depend upon it. And then came stately MISS FLITTER, with an air of mock humility, to know which part we meant for her—the chambermaid or the walking lady?—for, of course, she supposed, we didn't think of *her* for *Arabella*, who comes on just after *Cecilia's* song, and hasn't a single good exit from first to last. And MR. HULKER himself—who had, all this while, been conferring privately with the prompter, scene-painter, and master carpenter—now came with *his* few suggestions (suggestions from a stage-manager are like invitations from the QUEEN): that the second

scene of the first act, in which he had his strong bit, should be transferred to the third scene of the fifth act, where he was weak and wanted "bringing up;" and CYFER thought the piece would go better if SWELLINGTON's part were "cut down to cues;" and SWELLINGTON privately hinted, that there was too much "bricks and mortar," and that if he was us, he'd be somethinged before he'd have the play swamped by all that infernal heavy business of CYFER's; not that he cared particularly—RAPID knew he'd do anything for him and for the theatre; he was always glad to put his shoulder to the wheel, that was well known—but still CYFER was heavy, infernally heavy, and the public thought so. Had we seen that notice of his *Wildblood* in the *Spittoon* of last Sunday? He'd advise us to read it;—and so forth.

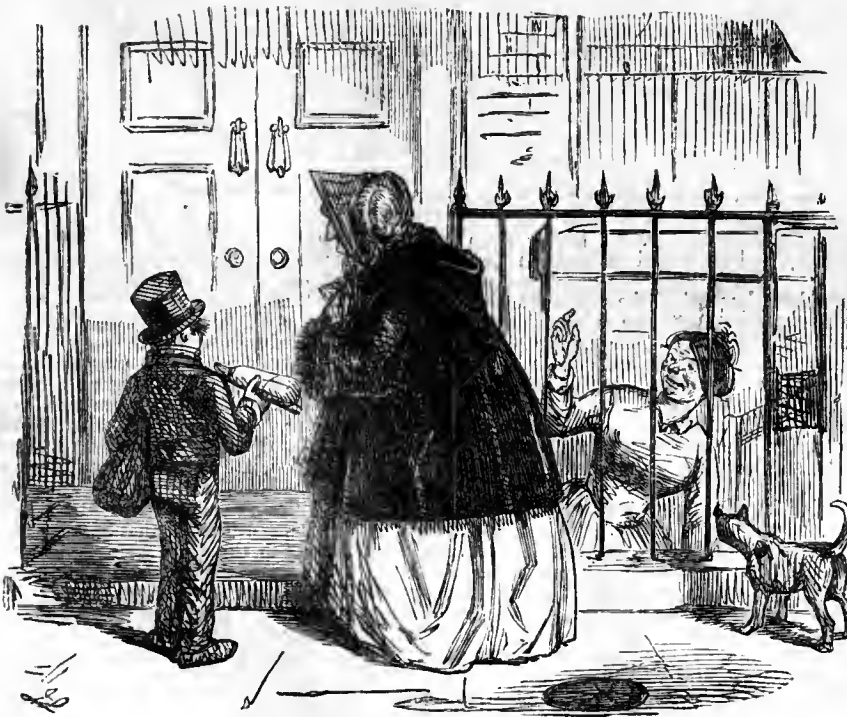
In short, there was not a soul in the cast of the piece, down to STRUGGLES (who plays "little bits" of servants, and waiters, and fifth-rate countrymen, and so forth), who had not his suggestion to offer; beginning and ending invariably with his own part, and as completely ignoring the existence of anything else in the play, any general aim it might have had, its proportions, the growth of its interest, the natural sequence of incidents, the relative importance of the different characters, as though no such things existed; and I am bound in truth to state they were not apparent in our piece. It was a swarm of pent-up vanities let loose, a cloud of mosquito-like jealousies and rivalries and hates and fears, buzzing round the head of the unhappy RAPID, and threatening alike the fate of the play and the author's peace of mind. All partook in it, from the great PUMPKIN himself down to the humblest deliverer of a message. Indeed, as PUMPKIN set the example, no wonder it was generally followed. Only the scene-painter and the

master carpenter seemed satisfied and serene. It is true they were both undisputed masters in their own domains.

At last we extricated ourselves from this seething flood of selfishnesses, this Maelstrom of conflicting eddies of conceit, self-will, passion, ignorance and imbecility.

"There!" said RAPID, as we blundered from the hall into the street, "what do you think of a play-writer's chance now?"

I did not answer him; but it occurred to me that, after all, considering the quality of the ware dealt with, no great harm had been done by all the chopping and changing, the doctoring, transposing, and interpolating his production had undergone. Works of Art only have a right to the immunities and respects due to Art. I felt that the remedy for what RAPID complains of must lie in the hands of the RAPIDS themselves, quite as much as of the PUMPKINS. While the former produce pieces with so little of the character of true works of dramatic art that they can be thus handled, without falling to pieces altogether, and while they themselves are so dependent on the latter as to be unable to maintain their own rights and position, as inventors and creators—so long will the actor rule the author, or, in other words, so long will the model school the artist, and the tool give the law to the workman. While RAPIDS only write, PUMPKINS will rule—nay, I am not sure if their rule be not salutary, so far as RAPID's success is concerned, for at least they have experience and familiarity with the sources of routine effect, while he has less than they have of this, and little or nothing that they have not. Of course I didn't hint anything of this kind to RAPID. But it is a comfort to me to think he will read it. I have not the least expectation it will do him any good.



SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSES?—No. 3.

Old Lady. "WHAT IS IT, BOY?"

Boy. "PLEASE 'M—IT'S A PAIR OF WHITE SATING SHOES, AND THE LADY'S FAN WOT'S BIN MENDED—NAME OF MISS JULIER PEARLASH!"

Old Lady. "MISS!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Voice from Area. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, MUM. IT'S ME!"

Superfluously Strong Language.

MR. PELLATT, the other evening, mooted the question of substituting declarations for oaths. As anybody who believes in Christianity may reasonably object to do what it apparently forbids in black-or-white, the removal of all compulsion to swear is obviously requisite for liberty of conscience.

INSANE QUERY.

"A VOICE from Hanwell" asks, Why is a Thunderstorm in top-boots like a roasted Snowball? As orators say, we "pause for a reply."

COLLOQUY ON A CAB-STAND.

(Adapted for the Boudoir.)

"OH! WILLIAM," JAMES was heard to say—
JAMES drove a hackney cabriolet:
WILLIAM, the horses of his friend,
With hay and water used to teud.

"Now, tell me, WILLIAM, can it be,
That MAYNE has issued a decree,
Severe and stern, against us, planned
Of comfort to deprive our Stand?"

"I fear the tale is all too true,"
Said WILLIAM, "on my word I do,"
Are we restricted to the Row
And from the footpath?" "Even so."

"Must our companions be resigned,
We to the Rank alone confined?"
"Yes; or they apprehend the lads
Denominated Bucks and Cads."

"Dear me!" cried JAMES, "how very hard!
And are we, too, from beer debarred?"
Said WILLIAM, "Whilst remaining here
We also are forbidden beer."

"Nor may we breathe the fragrant weed?"
"That's interdicted too." "Indeed!"

"Nor in the purifying wave
Must we our steeds or chariots lave."

"For private drivers, at request,
It is SIR RICHARD MAYNE'S behest
That we shall move, I understand?"
"Such, I believe, is the command."

"Of all remains of food and drink
Left by our animals, I think,
We are required to clear the ground?"
"Yes: to remove them we are bound."

"These mandates should we disobey—"
"They take our licenses away."

"That were unkind. How harsh our lot!"
"It is indeed." "Now is it not?"

"Thus strictly why are we pursued?"
"It is alleged that we are rude;
The people opposite complain,
Our lips that coarse expressions stain."

"Law, how absurd!" "And then, they say
We smoke and tipple all the day,
Are oft in an excited state,
Disturbance, noise, and dirt create."

"What shocking stories people tell!
I never! Did you ever?—Well—
Bless them!" the Cabman mildly sighed.
"May they be blest!" his Friend replied.

THE HUMOURS OF CHANCERY.



UCH fun!" seems still to be the order of the day in the Courts of Equity. The sport is rather killing, perhaps; and though it is a joke to one set of parties (the lawyers), it may be death to another set (the suitors); but nevertheless we cannot resist the opportunity of calling attention, from time to time, to the humours of Chancery. Here, for instance, is a funny affair, the fun of which all but those who pay will perhaps be able to appreciate—

"ATTORNEY-GENERAL B. BLACKBURN.

The relator took these proceedings in consequence of a dissension between the congregation of a chapel and the Trustees; in consequence of which various Meetings had been held, and a person who had been chosen as Chairman was forcibly ejected from his seat, and another placed therein."

There does not seem a great deal to go to law about in a parish squabble; and one would think that the calling in of a single policeman might have preserved the peace; but No! for the report goes on to state that—

"MR. GLASSE and MR. DICKES appeared for the relator; MR. WIGRAM and MR. PEARSON for one set of Trustees, MR. TEED and MR. KYLE for the other set; MR. COLE for another party."

The "relator" must be a singular, or rather a dual personage, if it requires two counsel to represent him; and as he seems to have set the game going by rushing into Chancery, we should be inclined to regard him as an individual "divided against himself," and thus explaining the necessity for a couple of learned gents to embody him.

The Trustees, it seems, go in sets; and we should like to know which is the more precious set of the two—the "one set" represented by MESSRS. WIGRAM and PEARSON, or the "other set," for whom MESSRS. TEED and KYLE have consented to abandon their individuality. The cast of characters comprises also a kind of *persona muta*, under the rather indefinite appellation of "another party," of whom MR. COLE has kindly consented to take the part, though the name does not even appear in the Bill—an act of condescension on the part of MR. COLE, which is rarely found among performers of his great ability.

The whole affair seems to be one of those humorous *imbroglios* which are constantly got up, without regard to expense, in our Chancery Courts; and we cannot too much admire the liberality of those who are willing to pay a strong body of first-rate forensic talent, for the purpose of making themselves appear ridiculous in the eyes of the public in general.

JUSTICE FOR WOMEN.

MR. FITZROY deserves eternal honour for having taken up the cause of the ill-used Women, and asked, at the hands of Parliament, some of that protection for the weaker sex which is not denied to the brute species. Undoubtedly all who can feel for the "poor dumb animals" should sympathise with an ill-treated wife, who becomes too often "a poor dumb animal" in a Court of Justice, when called on to give her evidence against her tyrant. MR. PHINN, the very promising Member for Bath, recommends the addition of the humiliating punishment of flogging, in a clear case of brutality towards a woman, and we confess we are inclined to think that nothing can be too degrading for one who degrades himself in the manner alluded to. We have no doubt MR. PHINN speaks the honest sentiment of many a genuine Bath Chap, when he recommends the lash, as the only means of scoring quits upon the backs of those who think nothing of leaving the marks of their ferocity on the eyes and limbs of their helpless victims.

Touching a Cord.

THE price of hemp is rising fast in the Austrian part of Italy; where the hangmen begin to anticipate some difficulty in finding halters. We hope, however, for an obvious reason, that some means will be found to supply the Government with rope enough.

A BIT OF OUR MIND.—The best way to curb a wild young man is, decidedly, to bridal him.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 7.

CRISPIN, now a fellow of Christopher's, was a scholar of Margaret's in my time. He came from somewhere in Lancashire, I believe; he had a very broad provincial accent, and was very poor. He was liked by the Dons (except the Bursar, who was always having rows with him about his College bills), but no one could have been more unpopular with the youngsters. I recollect, with self reproach, how I abominated the very sight of him. He ran counter to all the special likes and dislikes of an undergraduate. He seemed to take a pleasure in being disagreeable to us. It would ill besem me, in these strictly moral pages, to complain of his superhuman steadiness of study, or his miraculous regularity at chapel. Though it certainly was a little provoking to have him constantly cited as a model, or when one was shut up in a THUCYDIDES lecture to hear RICKARDS drawing out, "Take it, Ma. CRISPIN, as no one seems able to make anything of the passage." (Hang that RICKARDS!) But CRISPIN was personally odious to us. His habits might be described as young BLAZER of *H.M.S. Thunder-bomb* hit off the manners and customs of the Polynesian islanders in his journal, "Manners, none; customs, disgusting." You know, CHARLEY, how fond undergraduates are of soap and water and clean shirts, not to mention emphatic coats and waistcoats. You needn't blush, I was not alluding to that cheerful suit of tartan which you adorn at this moment. Well, CRISPIN, as I firmly believe, never washed himself. BULFINCH and I enclosed him a pound of soap once, with our compliments, as a Valentine. He used to put on a clean shirt on Sundays, and a fresh collar in the middle of the week, turning the old one down, as was plainly visible across the street. Sitting next him in Hall on Saturday was no joke, I can tell you. Then his clothes, the monstrous conception of a provincial artist, were always in the extremity of dirt, grease, and seediness. But, to see him eat, my dear fellow, shovelling cabbage, as he pronounced it, into his mouth, like coals into a cellar! I draw a veil over such horrors. Poor LESLIE VAVASOR was carried out unwell the first time he witnessed the banquet of this POLYPHEMUS. Then, we thought him awfully stingy. He never would subscribe to the boat or the cricket club—he never rowed or played, he said. You know the half-crown a term charged for condiments in the battels: well, he actually wanted to be let off that item, on the ground that he wasn't fond of pepper and salt. That was rather strong, wasn't it? He never gave a party unless he had some other Lancashire man in to tea and improving conversation. There is a story of his having got through all the hot water on one of these festive occasions, and, after a few minutes' silent thought, shouting, "Never mind the expense, let's have another kettle." I am not sure that he didn't put his back to the door and say that no one should leave the room till they had floored the new supply. Well, you know, we hated the fellow, and as he went stumping along in a pair of highlows, with a chum, talking moral philosophy or the history of Greece in Trinity Meadow, he was the object of general derision.

But now CHARLEY, mark the end of this. He went on toiling, and though not above the average in abilities (he had not half the wit that you have, you idle vagabond), he got a first class and a fellowship at Christopher's. Moreover, he makes five hundred a year by pupils, lives some months on the Continent every Long Vacation, and is better off than a man in town with his thousands. And it is wonderful how success has improved him. He gives breakfasts and dinners, and does it pretty well for a man that is not used to it. He looks decently clean now, and seems to brush his hair, and in his Anglo-Catholic waistcoat and neat white tie, really has somewhat the air of a gentleman. Here he comes outside a horse which he bought of TOPPING for thirty pounds. Not much of an animal in the eyes of a connoisseur like CODLINGS, but to his taste just the taing. Yes, it is a straight-shouldered leggy brute, as you say, but it is quiet, and suits his style of riding. Certainly, he does not sit him as Mr. MASON would; but don't laugh at him, Sir. He has done what you and I could not do in a century: with everything against him, he has made his fortune by hard labour, and, if you will, parsimonious thrift. But he is a hero in his way, and heroes, you know, generally have to go through a little dirt.

Filthy Lucre.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Household Words*, speaking from experience of the delights which our intending Emigrants will find awaiting them at the Diggings, says, by way of finish—

"They will have to eat dirt, drink dirt, breathe dirt, get only dirty water to wash in (and but little of that), and have their souls obscured in clouds of dust, and clouds of dirt during the whole period of their labours."

Well: nobody after this will deny, we think, that in Australia at least "money is dirt."

A SHORT CRITICISM OF LORD MAIDSTONE'S DELUGE.—Rather watery.

A JESUIT.—The "Area Sneak" of religion.



VERY ODD!

Lecturer on Electro-Biology. "NOW, SIR! YOU CAN'T JUMP OVER THAT STICK! AHEM!"

Subject. "JUMP? EH! UGH! LOR BLESS ME, JUMP? NO, I KNOW I CAN'T—NEVER COULD JUMP—UGH!"

[Thunders of Applause from the Gentlemen in the cane-bottom chairs—(i. e. believers).]

"WONDERFUL THINGS."

A NEW weekly periodical was announced a short time since, called *Wonderful Things*. We thought at the time its title was a taking one, and knowing what a large majority of readers are caught by a title quite as readily as a plebeian *millionaire*, we remember that we laid a mental wager with ourselves that our contemporary would soon enjoy a circulation only second to our own. We fear, however, that our bet was pretty nearly as unsafe as if we had made it at a Betting Office; for beyond the publication of the first two numbers, we have seen no advertisement of our predicted rival since. We can hardly think it could have failed from any want of "copy," for on a subject so prolific almost any pen could write. Here, for instance, are a text or two which might be easily dilated on, and which with our usual philanthropy we freely offer for the use of any used-up contributor. Nobody out of Bedlam will deny, we think, that among "Wonderful Things" we may fairly class the following:—

- A Cab which is not a vehicle of abuse.
- A so-called "Quiet" Street without a barrel-organ in it.
- A "Quart" Bottle of Beer that you can squeeze above a couple of half-pint glasses out of.
- A Lodging-house Knife that will cut.
- A Government Steamer which can be at sea a whole week without being forced to put back for repairs.
- A Dress Circle whose centre is discoverable without a sixpence to the box-keeper.
- A Punctual Railway Train.
- A Glass of Thames water that you can drink without deodorising.
- An "Alarming Sacrifice" where the process of selling does not invariably include the purchaser.
- A Statue which the British Nation need not blush to godfather.
- A Carpet-Bag or Omnibus that it is possible to fill.
- A Clean Street in the City, or one not under repair.
- A "Warranted Foreign" Cigar which you may not safely bet is cabbaged from a London market-garden.
- A New Orleans Paper without the advertisement of a Slave Sale in it.

A Homœopathic Practice which is not quite a *sine-cure*.

An Umbrella which has not been borrowed.

An Area that for four-and-twenty hours has been innocent of a policeman.

A Betting-Office, where whatever horse you wish to back, you may not safely calculate on being "taken"—in.

We are forced to break off here from our usual "want of space"—a want that we are always pretty sure to feel whenever we are not inclined to be diffuse. But we think we have already said enough to show that the Catalogue of "Wonderful Things" would be about as difficult a thing to finish, as the Catalogue of the Library at the British Museum itself.

Imposition and Humbug Market.

BUSINESS in some lines is rather heavy; in others may be considered looking up. Spiritual Rappers are quoted at £1. 1s.; but are in small demand. Transactions in Astrology continue to take place at from 10s. to £5 5s. for cash, principally by private negotiation; and over the water, ZADKIEL is understood to be inquired for, under the name of SMITH; but as regards purchasers the market is flat. Electro-biology is rather inanimate; though a few provincials have been done at from 1s. In animal magnetism, French *séances* are given from 11 to 4 at a premium, with medical advice and experiences of high phenomena of the human mind; and partial sales of considerable magnitude have been effected amongst the higher classes at the West End.

A Rabid French Conundrum.

The Rabid Question. Who was the first man, according to a Frenchman's notions, who ever ate mushrooms?

The Rabid Answer. ICARUS, when he tried the sham-pinions (*cham-pignons*).

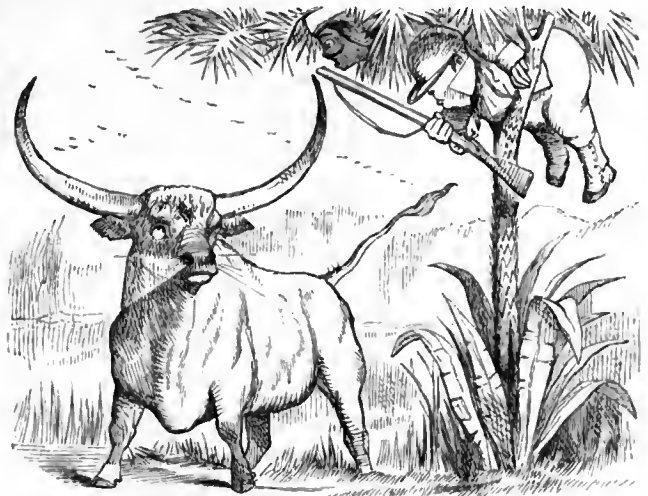
GREAT CIVIC BANQUET FOR THE MIND.—The LORD MAYOR and the civic authorities, at the motion of MR. ANDERTON in Common Council, are actually bestirring themselves to get up a Free Library in the City. This is a fact which—we hope, at least—speaks volumes.

HOW MR. PETER PIPER TRIED HIS HAND AT BUFFALO-SHOOTING.

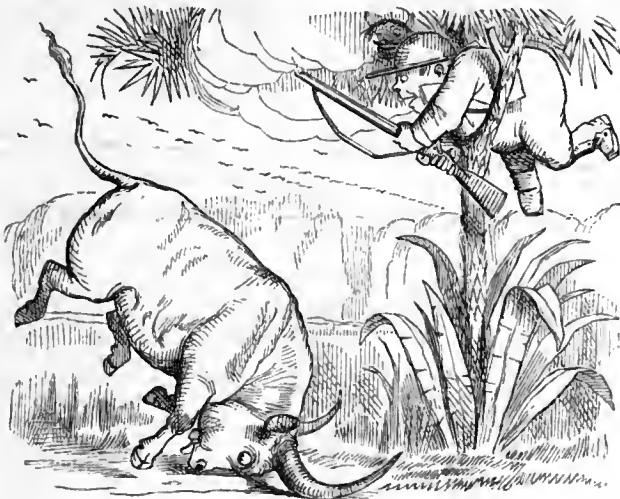
NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.—PART 2.



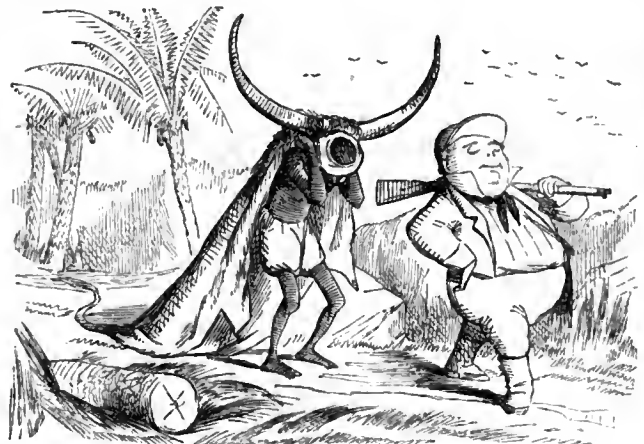
TERMINIC DESCENT OF A HERO OF BUFFALOES. MR. PETER PIPER IS SEIZED WITH A PANIC—



—AND WITH CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTY CLIMBS INTO A TREE FOR SAFETY. PECULIARLY PERPLEXING POSITION OF MR. PETER PIPER.



BUT A WELL-DIRECTED SECOND BARREL SETTLES THE MATTER SATISFACTORILY, AND MR. PETER PIPER "KNOCKS OVER" THE "MONSTER" IN OLLANT STYLE.



HAVING SECURED THE SKIN AND HORNS AS TROPHIES OF HIS PROWESS, MR. PETER PIPER RETURNS TO BURHAMPOOR IN A TRIUMPHANT MANNER.

OUR HONEYMOON.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 18—.

I THINK, the very finest morning since we left home. Perfect May is all about us: and what an air of happiness throughout the cabin of a house. The old mother, with her heart in her face, looks like a beautiful old picture: and the young wife, though she can't talk—as she says—beaming with thanks. Baby itself has caught the happiness, and stares and crows with all its might. Such a sweet little creature! FRED asks—in his odd way—if I shouldn't like to take it home? And JOSEPHINE ventured to wonder—if she may be so bold—how I can see so much in that baby? Never thought I cared for babies.

Dear FREDERICK; he takes—or rather he won't take, won't have them—all the thanks, and prayers, and praises of the poor folks, as if he had no right to them whatever; as if he had undergone no danger—risked nothing; when I'm told the passage was terrible, and with such a tide and wind, it was quite a miracle he got home till this morning: when he'd have found me dead, I'm sure—yes, to have lived on another night would have been impossible. I know myself, and it couldn't be.

And now we are to go back to the White Hart. I can't help thinking that we've had enough of the White Hart; indeed, I do feel a little tired, and shall be so glad when we've settled at home. That

dear "Fritch"—for FRED says, "Fritch" it must remain; though again and again I've told him it's open to a joke, as mamma says, and people should never begin the world with a joke; it isn't what the world likes or thinks respectable—that dear "Fritch" shall be such a bower! as FRED says, such a Garden of Eden for the tea-tree.

Ten days! We've been married ten days, and that's only a third of the time we're to be away. Only a third! Well, after all, though one mustn't say so, I don't see why people should go away for a whole month; especially, too, with a home like ours empty and waiting for us. I said as much to FRED early this morning. "To be sure," said he, "very right, darling. We'll go back on Monday." *Not for millions*, said I, to myself. For of course, I know what envious folks would say; we had become tired of one another, and wanted to get back for better company. I did hint as much as that to FRED; but he's such an odd, dear creature. "Ha, LOTTY," said he, "what a beautiful world this would be, if there was no world!" What did he mean? but when I don't understand, I always think he means the best: at least I try, like a good wife, to do so.

Well, the carriage is ready, and we say good bye. How the good souls cried about us! Where have the people come from? Such a gathering of men, and women, and shouting children! And our hostess will make me take a set of such lovely shells; if I will only be so good as to put 'em somewhere on a shelf at home when I'm far away, that if she may be so bold as to hope so, I may sometimes think of 'em, and

baby. The old mother has quite stripped the garden and lays such a nosegay on my lap. And now we're off, and the folks shout, and the women of the house wave their hands, and the fisherman holds up the baby high above his head—dear little soul!—to take a last look at us.

The weather itself is happiness; and the country seems to feel it and enjoy it. The hedges are white with hawthorn, and there seems a blessing in the very air. A day, when one's heart opens and loves all the world. As the carriage rolls along, I could shut my eyes, and almost dream we were travelling to Fairy-land.

How soon the miles are run over, and here again the White Hart. I don't know; but it looks colder, duller since we've been away. FRED sees I think so. "Very well, LOTTY," says he, "we'll have a calm, quiet to-morrow, and then on Monday we'll strike our tent and go—"

"Where, FRED?"

"We'll go—why, we'll go home. Yes, LOTTY, we'll show how much we love one another by not caring for the world, and going direct to our fireside. We'll take our flight on Monday, and folding our wings, like pigeons, descend into the garden of the 'Flitch.'"

"I should like it above all things, but what would *people* say, FRED?"

"My love, when you took this man for your wedded husband," says FRED, his hand towards himself, "you certainly deceived me and violated that serious engagement, if at the same time you married anybody of the outside world. Wedding-rings, my love, are only made for one." But he is such an odd creature. "Yes; on Tuesday we'll take our snapper with our toes at our own hearth."

"I should be delighted, FRED; and as for the world, love, I hope I'm now above it."

"I know you are, LOTTY; and, therefore, we'll go home and—"

"But the paint, dear! For as for what one's acquaintance would say, why happiness, as you have beautifully told me—happiness grows at our own fireside, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens—and therefore, I'd go home with delight, love; but consider the new paint—"

"That's something," said FRED, looking in my eyes, and laughing. "Yes: I'd forgotten the paint."

(I own it: I was grateful for the paint, because, not that I should have minded it, but I know what people would have said, if we'd come home before the month. Tired of one another, of course; no resources in our own hearts, and must fly to the world. Yes: I *was* thankful for the paint.)

"Well then, I tell you what, LOTTY," said FRED. "We'll hold a bed of justice and—"

"A what? FRED!"

"A bed of justice, love," repeated FRED, very seriously, so I couldn't laugh, "and determine where we shall go. Or, to make it shorter, there is a globe in the drawing-room, and we'll give it a turn or two, and with our eyes shut, so choose. Or, what is better still, we'll go straight over the way," and FRED pointed to the coast of France that, in the clearness of the day, is quite distant and bright.

"That will be beautiful," said I. "France! Well, that will be a surprise to Mamma and Mary and Margaret; and I'll bring 'em all back a beautiful—"

"My love," said FRED: "my ever dear LOTTY; and he placed his arm round my waist and drew me close to him, rumpling all my curls about his shoulder, "my rose, my pigeon, and my pearl,"—(what *was* he going to say?)—"in taking you from your native British Isle to introduce you to our natural enemies—as philosophers speak of rats and cats—to our natural enemies, you must not forget your duties and your rights as an English matron."

"Well, FRED," said I, "I hope I know my duties; but"—and I did laugh—"what are my rights?"

"Bone of my bone"—replied FRED, very gravely—"don't be impatient. Learn and practise your duties; and as for your rights, why, leave them to come as best they may. Right, my love, is a plant of slow growth. You can't tell how long justice herself was a baby at the breast of Truth, before justice could run alone. As for women's rights, my forlorn one, they were sent into the world somewhere, but certain philosophers believe—and I confess myself one of them—believe that women's rights have been frozen in the North-West passage. Who knows? They may drift back again at the great thaw."

I didn't understand a word; and so I nodded. "But then," said I; "about France and—"

"And that brings me back to my exhortation. Sweetest daughter of Eve—"

"Don't be foolish, FRED," said I.

"Bud of Eden and chosen floweret for my button-hole—"

It was of no use to interrupt—so I let him go on.

Before we quit our beloved Albion, it is necessary—it is most essential, my darling, to our future peace, and the perennial growth of our fireside flowers—(and without thorn the rose)—that we should come to a serious understanding; should ratify a solemn compact between us."

"What!—another!" said I, and I know I laughed.

"Another. Being man and wife—"

"I should think that sufficient," was my very courageous remark. "Being man and wife, we should have nothing hidden from each other—"

"I hope not; indeed, FREDERICK, I am sure *not*. One soul!" was my exclamation.

"Very true: one soul in two dwellings. Because where there is secrecy in married life, especially when visiting France—"

"But why, visiting France above all places?" I asked.

"Or rather, when leaving France," continued FRED, looking at me very earnestly; "the result *may* to the feelings of a husband be most distressing. Imagine, my beloved LOTTY, what would be my emotions as your husband if—if the wife of my bosom were found out."

"Found out! my dear;" and I *was* mystified.

"Found out, my love: for I know too well—it is impossible it should be otherwise—the guilty thought that possessed you. I saw it tinging your cheek, lightening in your eye—"

"Guilty thought!" and I was fast becoming serious—angry.

"Put it from you—erush it—annihilate it—"

"Now, FREDERICK," said I, and I drew myself with a sudden twitch from him, "I'll have no more of this: I won't listen to another word, until you tell me what you mean. Found out! Guilty thought! I ask what you mean?" and I threw myself back in a chair, and was ready to cry, but wouldn't.

"I mean this, my dear. You allow with me that there should be nothing secret between man and wife?"

"Most certainly."

"That there should be nothing hidden?"

"No—to be sure not: of course not."

"Very well, love; on that understanding I will take you [to France."

"But why on *that* understanding?"

"Because, when we leave it—strong in your principles—you will seem smuggling."

Now, I don't think 'twould ever have entered my head, if he hadn't named it.

MOTIVES FOR GOING INTO PARLIAMENT.



WOULD have been very grateful for some small appointment, and all have their motives for going into Parliament, I suppose."

Such was the avowal made before an Election Committee the other day by a too candid candid-ate. He would have gone into Parliament for the sake of a "small appointment" for himself, at the risk of no small disappointment to his confiding constituents. "All have their motives," no doubt, for becoming Members of the House of Commons, but all are not so very forward in avowing their motives as the individual to whom this blunt declaration is attributed.

We might certainly be puzzled to find out what motives some people could possibly have had in going into Parliament, for they get no appointment and are in every way "out of place" in the House of Commons. Some probably enter the Legislature with "patriotic motives," but there are many who, if they knew their country's true interest as well as they think they do their own, would, from the purest "patriotic motives," keep out of Parliament altogether.

Judicial Experience in Ireland.

At the late Kerry Assizes, as *Saunders's Newsletter* states, JUDGE PERRIN had a narrow escape; a fellow on being sentenced to two years' hard labour for robbery, having flung a stone of two pounds' weight at his head—and nearly hit it. MR. JUSTICE PERRIN will now, perhaps, rather better than when he charged the Grand Jury of Clare, understand what it is for soldiers to be pelted by a mob.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

THERE is a COLONEL DICKSON who is just now complaining very loudly of his treatment by the DERBY Government, after services alleged to have been rendered to "the party" by that gallant individual. We would recommend to the consideration of disappointed men in general the wholesome truth, that they who consent to be occasionally "used" must expect to be sometimes "ill-used."

ENGLAND A NATION OF MASQUERADERS.

MIND, I SHALL WANT IT AGAIN
WHEN I COME BACK



We were not aware that Englishmen were clever at masquerading. On the contrary, we thought they were heavy, dull, mutish, and had no talent, or face, for wearing a mask. But we were wrong—for listen to MONSIEUR EDMOND TÉXIER, an Anglo-maniacal *feuilletoniste* in the *Siccle* :

“The continental Englishman—the Englishman one sees in Paris—is not the same person as the Englishman in England, and especially in London. Englishmen have a mask which they leave at Dover when they embark, and which they put on again when they return home.”

Now we have often been at Dover, but were not aware of this practice. The quantity of masks which must be stored up in the Castle—considering it has been computed there are always near

upon a million Englishmen, residents or travelling, in France—must be more than sufficient to turn every cannon-ball in the arsenal into a *Bal Masqué*, and to convert every Battery along the coast into a masked one.

Who is the storekeeper, we wonder, of this extraordinary *dépôt* of masks? Is it NATHAN?—or the authors of *Masks and Faces*?—or has the redoubtable JULIEN been appointed the Master-General of this new description of Ordnance. We can only say, that if the Englishmen do take off their masks, before visiting France, it is a great pity they do not keep them on, for the race of English one meets in Paris, staring *gobemouche*-fashion about them, look generally as happy as the class of Frenchmen we encounter, with their hands in their pockets, patrolling in gangs of threes and fours and more round Leicester Square. It is a *mille-tonnerres* of a pity that, on landing at Dover, they had not thought of putting on the masks which the English had left behind them, for undoubtedly the poor *Mounseers* would have looked all the happier for the change. However, whenever we are leaving Dover, we shall enquire where we are to deposit our mask, so that we may know where to apply for it again on returning from France.

By the bye, this habit of our countrymen taking off their faces previous to leaving their country may account for their coming back with such totally different countenances—so disguised in hair—so continentalised with beards and moustaches—that they are scarcely recognisable by their dearest friends as being the same humble JOHN-SMITH persons. MONS. EDMOND TÉXIER has kindly explained a metamorphosis which the great OVID himself would have experienced as great a difficulty as ourselves in accounting for.

CONSOLIDATING THE LAW.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR privately informed *Mr. Punch* the other afternoon, and then, by that gentleman's advice, publicly apprised the House of Lords that the consolidation of the laws was actually in hand, and that “a few easy subjects” had been just taken, in order that “specimens” of the work might be laid before Parliament. *Mr. Punch* immediately sent several of MR. PICKFORD'S vans for a small portion of the statutes, and amused himself during the rest of the evening by reducing a few tons of law to something like sense. He is happy to offer his labours as guides for his friend the CHANCELLOR'S consolidators.

BEER.—All the Acts to be burned. Any person may brew and sell, and no person may adulterate or give short measure. Any complaint to be instantly referred to a jury of twelve medical students. Punishment for adulteration—swallowing two gallons of the offensive fluid. For short measure, confiscation of stock in trade to the use of the jury and the poor.

GAME.—All the Acts to be burned. Any person who occupies, or has the occupier's leave, may shoot. Anybody else to come under trespass law. No person to buy game in Newgate Street, put his seal over the beak, and send it to a lady as the pick of a capital day at the Dook's. Penalty—exposure in the pages of *Punch*.

ECCLESIASTICAL.—All the Acts to be burned, and all the Courts likewise. All the wills to be re-bound and indexed, and placed in a room in the British Museum, with a catalogue, the preparation of which MR. PANIZZI is expressly ordered not to hinder by meddling with it. Marriage licences to be obtained at the *Punch* Office, free of charge, on the personal application of the bride only—if young: by letter—if advanced in life. Divorces will for the future be unnecessary, as no marriage licences will be issued to any persons who are likely to misconduct themselves.

WOMAN.—*Mr. Punch* has been unable to find any act for the protection of this article. He suggests as heads for an act, that all assaults upon her should be punished by hard labour (reading the *Morning Herald*, in a very bad case), low diet, and flogging. That a

reciprocal duty should be imposed upon her of being tolerably civil, except when too much put upon. He would suggest that a mother-in-law be licensed, like a cab, and not permitted to take up her station in any inhabited house without written permission from the son-in-law, signed elsewhere than at home, and attested by two bachelor acquaintances. No husband to be responsible for his wife's debts, unless contracted in his presence. Any person convicted of sending circulars announcing “Great Sacrifices,” or “Awful Bankruptcy,” to have five years at the treadmill.

EXCISE.—All the Acts to be burned. All the duties taken off, and the deficiency supplied by a just property tax, by economy, and by tremendous duties, to be imposed on Parliamentary speeches of more than ten minutes, advertising vans, British cigars, quack advertisements, sales of Church preferment, railway collisions, Protectionist articles, fancy shirts, smoke from furnaces, priests interfering in elections (Irish to be charged double, as doubly mischievous), acrobats who employ children, crossed letters from ladies, underdone salmon, overdone beef, poems by LORD MAIDSTONE, theatrical box-keepers, thieves' attorneys, the Court of Chancery, and the dealers in marine stores, with some other nuisances of which *Mr. Punch* will be prepared to hand in a schedule when MR. GLADSTONE takes the Bill into committee.

THE LAST KICK OF FOP'S ALLEY.

Arr.—“Weber's Last Waltz.”

MY wawst feaws are wealised; the Op'wa is na maw,
And the wain of DONIZETTI and TAPSICHOWE are aw!

No entapwising capitalist bidding faw the lot,
In detail at last the pwopaty is being sold by SCOTT.

Fahwell to *Anna Bolena*; to *Nauma*, oh, fahwell!
Adieu to *La Sonnambula*! the hamma wings haw knell:

I Puccinani, too, must cease a crowded house to draw,
And they've knocked down lovely *Lucia*, the *Bride of Lammanaw*.

Fahwell the many twinkling steps; fahwell the gwaceful fawm

That bounded o'er the wose-beds, and that twipped amid the stawn;

Fahwell the gauze and muslin—doomed to load the Hebwe's bags;

Faw the *Times* assauts the wawdwobe went—just fawney—as old wags!

That ev'wy thing that's bwight must fade, we know is vewy twue,

And now we see what sublunawy glowwy must come to;

How twue was MAIDSTONE'S pwophecy; the Dehge we behold

Now that HAW MAJESTY'S Theataw is in cawse of being sold!

Quite an Election Treat.

LOOKING at the result of most of the Election petitions, we are more pleased than we can express, in noticing that “Money” not only “causes the mare to go,” but, when used in matters of bribery, likewise “causes the M.P. to go”—about his business.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

WE are not at all surprised at the result of the inquiry into the Derby Election. To us there is a something in the very name of HORS(E)FALL which seems obviously to intimate that its owner would be unseated.



VERY ACCOMMODATING.

Cabman. "WANT A CAB, SIR? TAKE YER ANYVERE, ANY DISTANCE, ANY PRICE, AND WHEN YER PLEASE! TROT YER DOWN TO VITECHAPEL, OR 'ACKNEY, OR SPIN YER-ALONG LIKE ONE O'CLOCK TO HEGHAM, STAINES, OR WINDSOR."

THAT DREADFUL TAX—THE ATTORNIES'.

THAT long-suffering body of men—(they have not always been decorously denominated a body, but simply limbs—limbs of the law)—the London and pastoral Attornies, have again appealed to Parliament to be relieved of that most wicked, most nucharitable, most degrading tax, the tax on the yearly certificate for elucidating to simple, foolish folk, the many obscurities that will now and then (are there not spots in the sun, and spots on a leopard!) blot an Act of Parliament. Tax Attornies! Why not tax finger-posts that direct belated people on the proper primrose-path?

We confess it: year after year, have we witnessed the noble efforts of that combined—but most persecuted—body of men, the metropolitan and rural Attornies, to relieve themselves of the soul-crushing yearly certificate—£12 for a London Attorney, £8 for the Attorney among the far-off daisies. This session they have girded their loins with red-tape, and come up very strong indeed to Parliament. They have put a holder face upon the matter than they were wont to do; even as a dooplate may receive a brighter burnish. They have too long been persecuted. Tread upon a worm, and continue to tax an Attorney, and both will turn—especially the Attorney.

It is quite right that certain folks of vulgar callings should pay a tax; because they make sordid profit of their business. Whereas the Attorney is a professional man; a guide, philosopher, and friend; a pillar of light—of blue light. Well, when the window-tax went, we thought, as a logical deduction, the Attorney-tax must go after it. But, it appears, we have yet to fight the battle of pure intellect ("without prejudice").

Let us take a few—only a few—of the individuals required to pay for a license to exercise their daily calling, and we shall at once be struck—it may be struck almost insensible, for such *will* be the blow—with the injustice committed upon Attornies.

Hawkers and Pedlars pay £1 per annum; and very right, for they make their money by selling the worst of bargains. Now, the Attorney brings law, like cat's-meat, to your door; and will sell you even a penn'orth.

Card-makers pay £50 a year. Right again. Cards are an element of chance; now nothing is more certain than the bill of an Attorney.

Medicine vendors pay £2 per annum. Very proper. But why should law pay, seeing that law has no bowels?

Poulterers who sell game pay £2 10s. And so they ought: they sell the game unplucked. Whereas the Attorney plucks his game to hand, often leaving it without a single feather.

We might—but we will not—multiply illustrations to show the horror of that dreadful Tax—the Attornies'.

"HE'S BEEN AND GONE AND DONE IT!"

IN the *Times* of March 16th., we read the following lucid explanation, which is certainly worthy of a Member of Parliament:

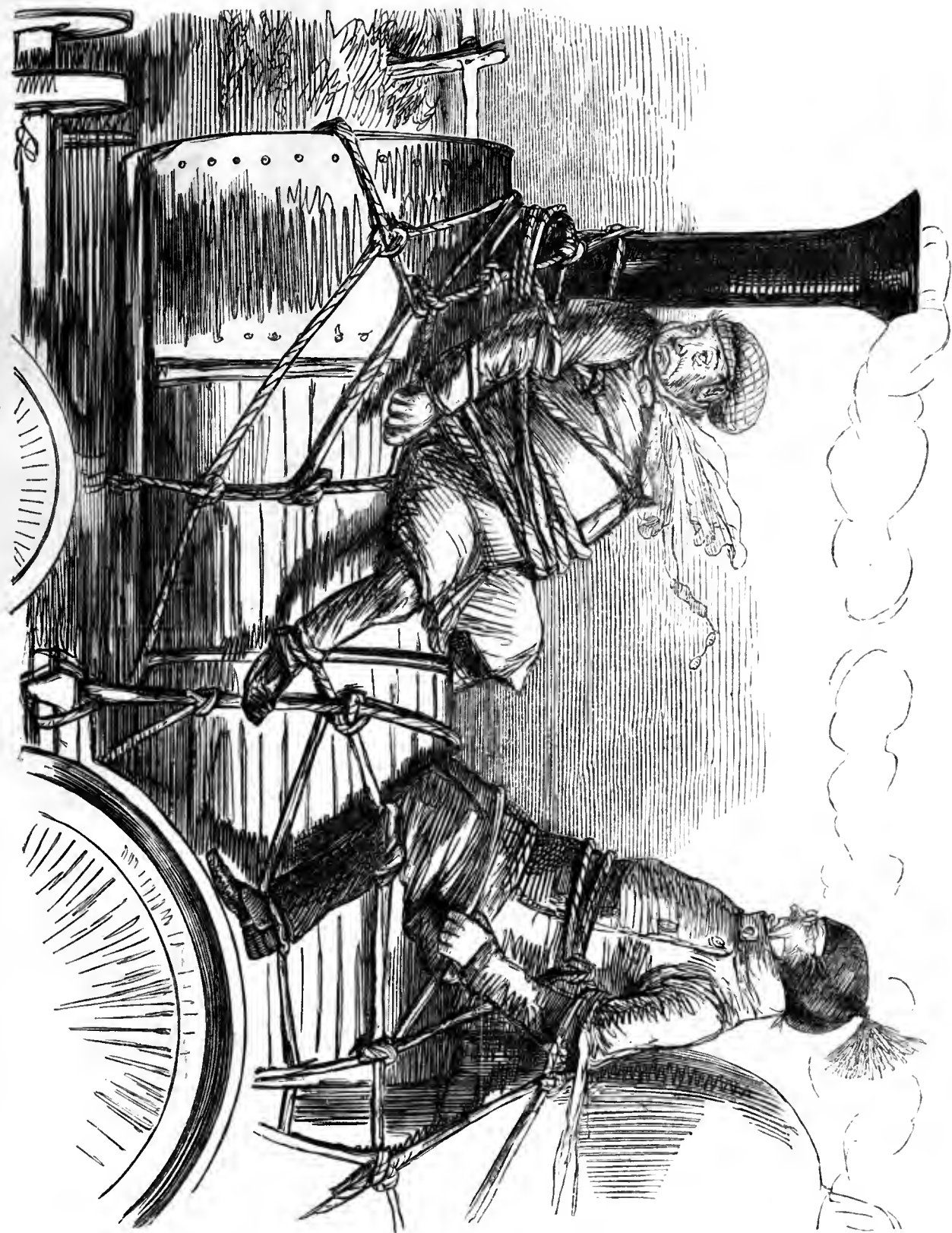
"We are requested by SIR J. FORSTER FITZGERALD, Member for the County of Clare, to state that the vote he gave in favour of a new writ for Bridgenorth was in consequence of his having gone on the wrong side of the House."

Poor misguided M.P.! We can imagine he must have laughed rather on the wrong side of his mouth when he found out he had been voting "on the wrong side of the House." But we should like to know how many votes have been thrown away—how many ministries have been thrown out—from precisely the same cause. Why there's no doubt the Derbyites would still be in power, and that MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI would be at the present moment our Caneasian Leader, if their votes had not been given, like that of poor SIR J. FITZGERALD, "on the wrong side of the House."

The Force of Habit.

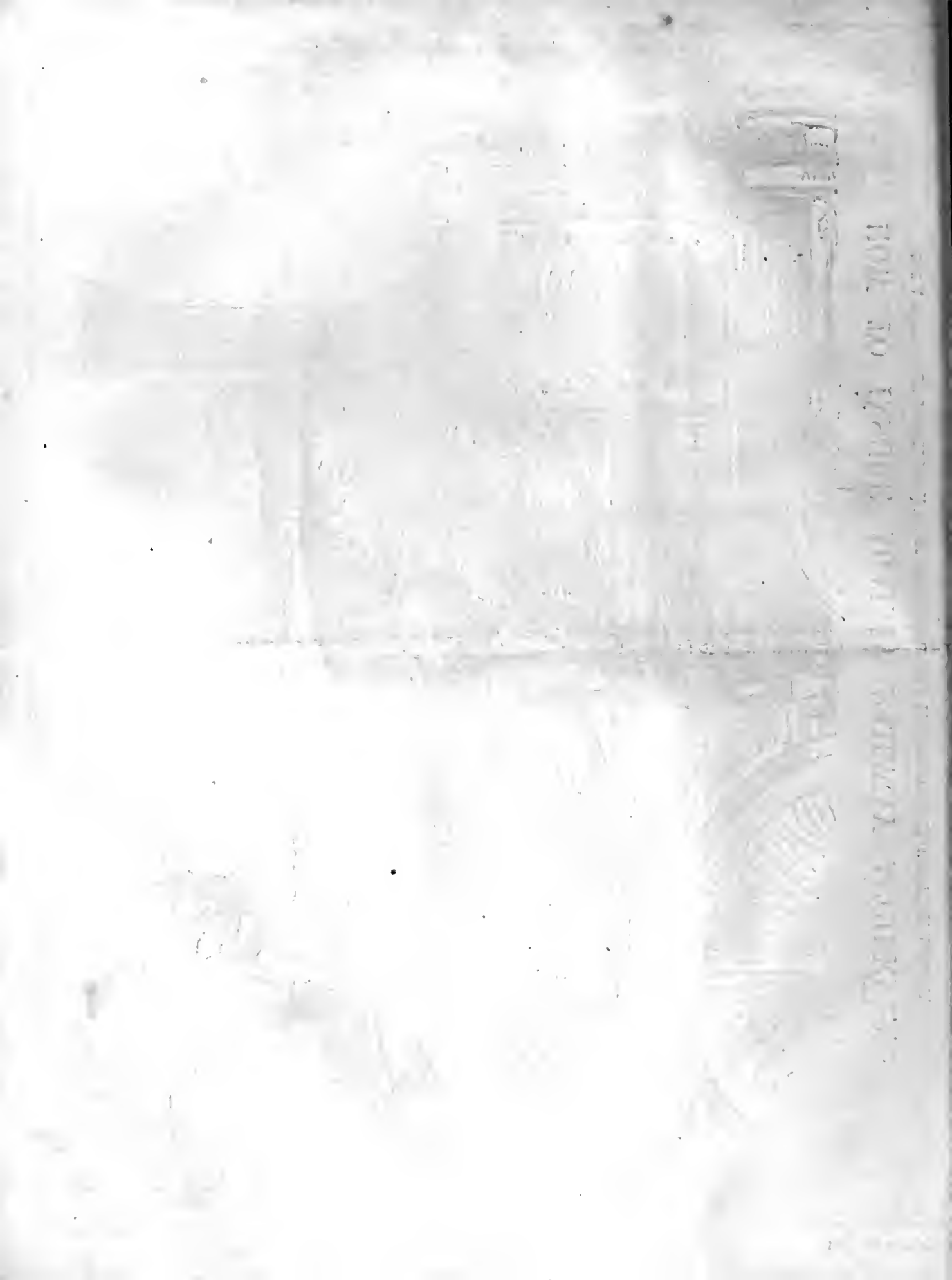
MR. GLADSTONE was once asked by a little boy to tell him something about CERBERUS, when the great orator, clearing his throat, eloquently began: "Why, my little dear, we must divide the subject into three heads." The little boy instinctively ran out of the room.

MOTTO FOR THE TOMB OF ITALIAN LIBERTY.—Insurgam!



HOW TO INSURE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THE A COUPLE OF DIRECTORS *& LA MAZZEPPIA* TO EVERY ENGINE THAT STARTS WITH A TRAIN.



THE BANK OF AMERICA

A PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.



ruption that floats about during a general election, and for which the party in power is expected to provide place, the keeping open of the Sewers seems to be a very prudent arrangement. It is to be hoped that if Government took advantage of the Sewers, as a provision for electoral corruption, there has been a sufficient "flushing" of them since, or they would be found to be in a very unwholesome condition.

THE SALE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE SPEECH OF THE AUCTIONEER.

My noble Lords and Gentlemen,—I'm in the proud condition Of offering this morning, to public competition, The scenery, machinery, the armour, swords, and spears, The organ and the wardrobe, fixtures and chandeliers, The grates, the chairs, the cisterns, the tables small and greater, Forming the whole effects within HER MAJESTY'S Theatre. Now bring the lots on porters' knots, and boldly bid away : For "Thirty devil's dresses" tell me! what shall I say? The catalogue says "various?" The catalogue says true, They seem to be of every shade, but chiefly devils blue. Give me a bidding—anything? How fearfully you eye them; The dence is in the dresses still, for nobody will buy them. But here's a very useful Lot!—a bidding I entreat!— How much for "Two ghosts' dresses," with satin shoes complete? What, only half-a-crown the two!—that hole's not done by moths—! Three shillings! Thank you—half their price as common table-cloths! But here's a Lot to which my mind with confidence reverts— A very useful Lot indeed—"Six dozen ballet shirts." To any country gentleman they'd really be a prize: A happy peasant ready-made a ballet shirt supplies. All agricultural distress a Lot like this puts down— Going—going—gone at two and six—they're yours at half-a-crown. Now here's a valuable Lot! Nine baskets full of flowers, The very thing for any one in want of blissful bowers. Four shillings! Did I ever see a sacrifice like this? What—no advance? Does nobody want an abode of bliss? Oh, what an opportunity the present meeting scours! Perhaps, gentlemen, you're not aware, these roses have no thorns. If no one makes me an advance, I really knock it down; 'Tis giving property away. They're yours, Sir, at a crown. The next Lot is a precious lot of interesting things— "Four trophies, six-and-twenty snakes, with thirty pair of wings;" This is, in fact, three Lots in one: if separately sold, The trophies, singly, should have fetched nearly their weight in gold! But since 'tis so, it can't be helped—a bidding, if you please. A gent asks what the trophies are? Caddies, I think, for teas! "They can't be opened!" some one says. Defects we will not blink, It may have been the stand that held *Lucrezia Borgia's* ink;

COLONEL DICKSON, the irate ex-candidate for Norwich, complains that after he lost his election the HOME SECRETARY refused to see him, though he, the Colonel, had been informed that he was to have the salaried chairmanship of a Commission, and that "the Sewers had been kept open for him." Of the gallant Colonel's fitness to avail himself of such an opening, we have nothing to say, though he, himself, appears to regret that he did not find his way to the Sewers, in pursuance of what, at one time, seemed to be the Government estimate of his capacity. Considering the amount of cor-

As to the snakes, I'm authorised to state before their sale That six of them are wanting heads—one, is without a tail. The wings I'm told are sylphides'; the pair of finer gauze Were worn by TAGLIONI with thunders of applause. What for the Lot? Three shillings, Sir? The sum I blush to name. What, no advance! They're yours, Sir, then; and thank you all the same.

Next Lot is p'rhaps the prettiest lot in all the morning's sale, Described as "Twenty banners mix'd, flags, and a peacock's tail." The banners their allegiance most cunningly divide, And represent a separate house upon each separate side. What shall I say just to begin?—the beauty is immense. Ten pounds! A shilling. Thank you, Sir! Will none say eighteen-pence?

Four shillings! Why, the peacock's tail is worth as much again; But I must knock them down, alas! Now, how much for the rain? 'Tis suitable for any wind—north-easter or sou-wester— You recollect its great effect in HALEVY'S *Tempesta*. Some gentleman said half-a-crown!—the rain for two and six! Will no one help to send it up? How very low it sticks, Almost an element entire going for no price at all; A wag observes, in rain of late there's been a fearful fall. What, no advance? Then down it goes. Now for the wind and crash, The very same that used to send *Ninos'* tomb to smash. What shall I say for crash and wind? I think there's been a blunder, The wind ought not to have been sold separate from the thunder. One shilling only for the wind!—how lowly you appraise it; I only hope that none of you will ever have to raise it. A shilling for the wind! 'Tis gone!—that gentleman in black; He says he'll take it with him now; hoist it upon his back. Next Lot comes from a little room the scene of great events, To competition I submit the Treasury's contents. And first a nest of pigeon-holes. A shilling!—bid again; Two shillings! Thank you, p'rhaps the nest a nest-egg may contain. Does any one advance on two?—some one said half-a-crown— 'Tis yours, Sir; you have really bought the cheapest thing in town. The next Lot is an iron chest. Bid something now in reason— The purchaser will find in it the profits of last season. Its state will show the miseries a manager environ, 'Twould really melt a heart of steel to see his chest of iron.

A pound. I thank you! Knock it down; the truth must be confest, Often the singer's highest note comes from the manager's chest. Now for the painting-room: This Lot includes "Cut wood and cavern, Island of Cyprus; vestibule *Ninos'* ahode and tavern"— A pound the Lot! A gentleman asks if it's understood Whether the Lot includes the right of game in the "cut wood?" Two pounds are bid! Why, *Ninos'* house is worth some eight or nine; The tavern may be opened in any other line. Going at two pounds! Will no one then another shilling say? It seems I'm only here to give the property away. Now! here's a Lot, for which, indeed, attention I implore, "Two water ripples and a roof, a chamber and sea-shore;" The ripples are so natural I think I hear them play; For ripples, chamber, roof and shore, what will you let me say? A pound the lot! Why, gentlemen, this really is a sin! Who says the roof's not water-proof, and lets the ripples in? Two pounds are bid; in summer time you'll save the sun or more, For who need go to the sea-side, having just bought sea-shore. Two guineas! Thank you, Sir; although—the honest truth to speak— You'd pay as much at Margate, Sir, in lodgings for a week. And now the greatest Lot of all—that painting of renown, The curtain, which has, in its time, seen many an up and down. But really—no one bids at all! This sale 'tis time to stop, So, porter, don't put up the lot, but let the curtain drop.

FENCES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

IN the late revelations of Bribery, it is astonishing how plentifully have figured the names of MAJORS and COLONELS. This is either not very creditable to HER MAJESTY'S service, or it is very creditable to Bribery. If officers and gentlemen were found to be extensively mixed up in dishonest stockjobbing, for instance, or in thimble-rig, would thimble-rig and stockjobbing, likewise, reflect disgrace on, or derive respectability from, gentlemen and officers?

It would seem that

"The name of Major honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth, therefore, hide his head,"

officers and gentlemen being only "guilty of bribery through their agents"—as JONATHAN WILD was guilty of theft.

ALARMING ELEVATION OF SPIRITS.—Brandy has just risen twenty-five per Cent!!!

OFF SHE GOES, AND BACK SHE COMES.



HERE seems to be a prospect of replacing the *Australian* by the purchase of a ship, which is at present in the market, and which would probably be found a very fitting substitute for the ill-fated vessel alluded to. We beg to refer the *Australian* Mail Company to the catalogue of the properties of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, in which the last lot of the Ninth Day's Sale is described as

"THE TEMPEST SHIP AND THE APPENDAGES."

We recommend the Company to treat at once for this highly effective craft, which gallantly survived the *Tempest* for several nights, and which would form a most appropriate addition to the fleet, of which the *Melbourne*, ornaments. The *Tempest* the *Adelaide*, and the *Australian* are such distinguished *Ship* of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre will, at all events, escape some of the inconveniences that arose on board the *Australian*, for the former has no boilers that may refuse to "feed," and no pipes or valves that are addicted to "choking." We can scarcely doubt that the adventurous passengers, who have twice shown their faith in the *Australian* by twice embarking in her after her mishaps, will be quite ready to evince the same confidence in the theatrical craft, by retaining their berths in the *Tempest Ship* of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, should she be purchased for the *Australian* station.

PARODY FOR A REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

THE quality of bribery is deep stained ;
It droppeth from a hand behind the door
Into the voter's palm. It is twice dirty :
It dirt's both him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis basest in the basest, and becomes
Low blacklegs more than servants of the Crown.
Those swindlers show the force of venal power,
The attribute to trick and roguery,
Whereby 'tis managed that a bad horse wins :
But bribery is below their knavish "lay."
It is the vilest of dishonest things ;
It was the attribute to Gatton's self ;
And other boroughs most like Gatton show
When bribery smother's conscience. Therefore, you,
Whose conscience takes the fee, consider this—
That in the cause of just reform, you all
Should lose your franchise : we do dislike bribery ;
And that dislike doth cause us to object to
The deeds of W. B.

The Beginning and End of a British Seaman's Career.

THE Merchant Service has generally been called "the Nursery of our Navy," and we suppose the Navy itself may be called "the Dormitory or Sick-room of the Service ;" considering that, when once our brave old Admirals are carried up over the shoulders of younger men into it, they are generally so weak and advanced in years that they rarely ever leave it again. There they pass quietly their few remaining years, and it is a pleasure to notice how extremely snug some of the places are made to receive them, so as to comfort them in their declining days.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—In one of our weekly contemporaries, we observe the "Railway Intelligence" is inserted next to the "Obituary."

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER VII.

RAPID has fulfilled his promise. I have been, under his auspices, to a rehearsal of *our* piece, and I am glad of it ; for though the theatre was very cold and comfortless, and I was a good deal bumped by the carpenters moving about pieces of scenery, and though altogether it was obvious I was generally in the way—almost as much so, indeed, as the author himself—still I now see the reason of many things which have hitherto puzzled me in our theatrical arrangements, and which the reading had not explained.

The theatre by daylight is a place not to be rashly ventured into. Independently of the chances of falling down a trap, or breaking your nose or your shins against flats, and wings, and set pieces, and the strong probability of catching cold, there is a chilling and disenchanting effect in that empty sweep of canvass-covered boxes, a gaping, cavernous naked appearance about that skeleton pit—it looks for all the world like an old dandy's mouth, with the false teeth withdrawn—which depresses a spectator who is new to it. The straggling rays of daylight which look in here and there through odd windows, as the curious boys peep through the curtain of my show, are blue and ghastly in the dusty gloom of the place. Their effect reminds me of the chill I have seen produced by a sudden flash of truth among the speechifications after a public dinner.

We made our way to this temple of disenchantment through an indescribable dinginess, dirtiness, and out-at-elbowishness, such as no place but a theatre can exhibit. In the hall, where messages and notes are left, I passed some poor supernumeraries and small performers (aspiring no higher than what is called "general utility," which may be anything from the left leg of an elephant up to a Lord in Waiting) humbly waiting for a sight of the acting manager. Such pale, sharp, hungry faces—such pinched, white-seamed, tight-strapped, napless, shirtless shabby-gentility—is unknown in the daylight world. And further on, in the dark passages, grimy old women, worse than Temple laundresses, or college head-makers, were sweeping—queens of light, I dare say, once, and fairy centres of blazes of triumph in the days of ELLISTON and FARLEY.

In the fireless Green-room (into which we peeped *en passant*) was nobody but a pallid little old womanish child of thirteen, or thereabouts, in a scrimp cotton velvet jacket and a short whitey-brown muslin

skirt, standing on one leg in a painful manner, with a perfectly sad face, under the eye of an imaginary ballet-mistress, I suppose.

I felt strongly, after this rehearsal, what hard work an actor's life must be ; how it must wear and grind the heart out of man or woman to lounge here for so many hours, doing little or nothing. I am not surprised the poor little actresses take to picking each other to pieces, for want of something better to employ them, during the tedious, halting, off-and-on hours of rehearsal.

It struck me that there were many things being arranged between manager, prompter, and stage-manager, carpenter and property man, that had better have been settled beforehand : exits and entrances, and numbers, the working of various mysterious engines of machinery called "sloats" and "scruto-pieces," the bill of fare of a papier-mâché banquet to be given in the course of the piece, and so on. During which discussions the actors lounged and yawned and kicked their heels and gossiped in little knots, and the actresses sat wearily on the edge of the proscenium boxes and did crochet work, or retired to the recesses of the same boxes and had mysterious cold collations, or snatched such other rest and refreshment as they could. Some of the ballet I observed industriously cobbling at their worn white satin shoes, or making up little head-dresses, or such fal-lals, destined to set off some fairy or peasant that night, beyond her fellows. I was struck with the good breeding and quiet docility of these poor little girls—God help 'em !

I had heard the usual scandal about the belongings and behaviors of the ballet. But the day dresses of most of them seemed to me to give the lie to evil report. Vice does not disport itself in a washed out *chalis* at 14*d.*, nor hide its brazen face under a close black-chip at 2*s.* 6*d.* I saw more trace of hard work, late hours, scant feeding, and early care in most of those poor pale faces, than of the insolent flush of pampered vice, the glow of Greenwich dimmers, and the purple light of Star and Garter festivity.

I had no conception till to-day of the immense importance of the stage manager in a theatre, and the insignificance of an author. HULKER (I was told by RAPID) is considered a first-rate stage-manager. His functions, so far as I could discover by respectful observation, seemed to consist principally in rating the smallest actors with most dignified severity, cursing a knot of unfortunate lords (who could not hit the proper mean between jaunty assurance and abject servility, in entering the presence-chamber of a monarch, represented by HULKER himself), assenting to the views of the manager, repressing in a pitying manner any attempt at interference on the part of poor RAPID, throwing

out impressive opinions with no particular bearing on the matter in question, and, above all, discovering mares' nests and parading the contents with perfect self-complacency. He seemed to attach enormous importance to the distinction between the street door and the door leading to the garden; and had he exerted his energies half as much in keeping the actors to their parts, as he did in demonstrating to them the absolute impossibility of a man's making his exit O. P., and his next appearance P. S., I have no doubt that RAPID would have felt more grateful to him, and the piece would have been none the worse.

As to any power of marshalling the ladies and gentlemen under his command, enlightening them as to the meaning of the words they were charged with, or shaping the action of the scene, I could not discover anything of this kind in HULKER. But, as I said before, it did one good to hear him with a "super:" his manner of rolling his words at the poor trembling shilling-a-night wretch, and looking him fiercely over as he hurled denunciations and contempt at his head, was calculated to enforce the most wholesome notions of subordination; just as his bland and courteous deference to the least whisper of the manager (who, to do him justice, spoke to the point when he spoke at all), was equally adapted to impress on the company a due sense of the importance of their chief and paymaster. I tried to follow the action and dialoguc of the piece, but found it impossible. The actors seemed to have a sort of freemasonry, or cipher, in respect of both. The dialogue was shambled, scrambled, stuttered, spluttered, and mumbled through, without intention or emphasis—except a very marked one, by the way, on the last words, or "cue," as the actors called it, occasionally desiring each other in an impatient manner to "come to the cue."

RAPID did occasionally venture to entreat a little attention to his words. Probably, as I was present, he felt this the more necessary. But, on the whole, he was not successful. Some of the actors retorted on him with elaborate sarcasms. By the less majestic, he was told it would be all right at night—others snapped at him openly—and I saw clearly that these ladies and gentlemen, with very few exceptions, trusted entirely, for any effect their impersonations might have, to the excitement of the lights, music, and applauding audience of the evening. It did not appear to me that, as a general rule, they conceived the possibility of acting at rehearsal—of securing the effect to be produced by repeated and careful trying at it. And if the words were cavalierly dealt with, the action was not much more considered. Close attention was, indeed, paid to the entrances and exits, the "crossings" and "retirings up," and such stage exercises. But I could not perceive the least solicitude about those minor details of movement—that give and take of action—which I observe are so perfectly understood by the French actors, whose performances MR. MITCHELL'S kindness has enabled me to study frequently this season. The busiest man in the rehearsal, I thought was the prompter, who was short-sighted and nervous, and whose struggles to succeed at once in "marking his book," and keeping up in anything like a decent manner with the progress of the rehearsal, were very severe. His chief labour consisted in finding the place in the MS., a performance which was repeated at every appeal to him for the words, by any actor or actress at a stand still. I also noticed that the carefulness of the actors and actresses was in an inverse proportion to their merits. The worst were the most reckless and most inclined to rely on the stimulus of that time of promise—"at night." The best were the only ones who threw themselves at all into their work.

I wondered why it was not considered the duty of the stage-manager to make all act, or do their best towards it. It clearly was not held to be so. I saw several of the most helpless walking-ladies, for example, who I am sure would have been grateful for any help, teaching, or guidance whatever. The little I did see offered in this way might have been better spared, as it was nothing but insisting on the mechanical imitation of some gesture, or the parrot-like repetition of some speech with no explanation of the sentiment to be embodied, the meaning of the scene, or the import of the character with which the uninformed but willing mind was painfully struggling.

I thought, until to-day, that rehearsal was a training for representation. I see now that (as I witnessed it) it is merely a going over of the thing to be represented, principally with a view to avoid hitching of the scenery, and bodily collision of the actors. I see that it is conducted without regard to the comfort or self-respect of the persons engaged, that the time of all is recklessly wasted, the strength of women coarsely and carelessly overtaken, the convenience of every one but those in command entirely overlooked, and the meaning and intentions of the author ignored, pool-pooed, and over-ruled. The only commanding figure of the whole impression is HULKER. He stands out in my recollection as a magnificent impersonation of blustering dignity and condescending emptiness—the most stately and hollow of stage shams—one of the few masks I have seen in my life, absolutely without brains behind it.

I have no doubt that rehearsals are not all like this: that there are theatres without a HULKER—where the Green-room fire is lighted, and the room itself swept and garnished for such of the performers as may not be wanted on the stage—where the small fry of the place are not kept causelessly waiting for hours of cold, hunger and fatigue—where

the ballet are not sworn at, and the "supers" are not bullied—where the author is held to know his own meaning, and allowed to express it—where the words are required to be spoken, and the action to be gone through instead of telegraphed—where the prompter can find the place at a moment's notice—where the stage-manager is not always laying mental wind-eggs—where willing ignorance can find a guide, and docile inexperience a teacher: in short, where the business of the theatre is dealt with as one that requires brains, and acting treated as the most charming of arts instead of the most sordid of trades.

But RAPID'S theatre was not of these favoured ones.

GENERAL PIERCE'S CREED.



T the end of a speech, replete with bombast, delivered by GENERAL PIERCE at Washington, on his inauguration as PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, and indicative of his intended policy in that capacity, the General made the following profession of his faith as touching slavery:—

"To every theory of society or government, whether the offspring of feverish ambition or of morbid enthusiasm, calculated to dissolve the bonds of affection and law which unite us, I shall interpose a stern and ready resistance. I believe that involuntary servitude, as it exists in different States of this Confederacy, is recognised by the Constitution. I believe that it stands like any other admitted right, and that the States wherein it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provisions. I hold that the laws of 1850, commonly called the compromise measures, are strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect. I believe that the constitutional authorities of this Republic are bound to regard the rights of the South in this respect as they would view any other legal and constitutional right, and that the laws to enforce them should be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs."

So far, however, GENERAL PIERCE'S Creed has at least the merit of consistency. In this "connexion," as himself would say, it contains no objectionable phrase, except "involuntary servitude." That is mealy-mouthed. Why not have said at once "NEGRO SLAVERY?" Surely GENERAL PIERCE was not ashamed of the name—he is not ashamed of the thing. And he should have boldly said so, and carried his Belief out. It lacks, to complete it, a few additional clauses. As, "I believe that might is right; I believe that Negroes are property alike with cattle. I believe that we are at liberty to flog slaves at pleasure. I believe that there are no ties of relationship between coloured persons which we ought to regard. I believe that there is no cause or just impediment why we should not, if we choose, traffic in human flesh—if black. I believe that we are not forbidden by any law, either of justice or humanity, from separating black child from parent, black husband from wife. I believe that there is no such thing as duty towards a black neighbour. I believe in the supremacy of popular feeling in the United States. I believe in a duty to that. I don't believe in a duty to any other power."

Instead of which fearless exposition of his tenets, GENERAL PIERCE proceeded to preach the following sermon:—

"But let not the foundation of our hopes rest upon man's wisdom. It will not be sufficient that sectionist prejudices find no place in the public deliberations. It will not be sufficient that the rash counsels of human passion are rejected. It must be felt that there is no national security but in the nation's humble, acknowledged dependence upon God and his overruling providence."

Examine this, for goodness' sake. By "sectional prejudices," PIERCE means Abolitionism—he uses the word in that "connexion." Then, in brief, his precious exhortation amounts to this: "It is not enough that we must not talk about abolishing slavery; we must also trust in Providence."

Did drunkenness—did madness—ever utter aught more awfully absurd than this impious snuffe?

The sequel to the Creed of GENERAL PIERCE should, consistently, have been "Hit the Nigger hard; he has no friends on earth: and there is no Friend to help him elsewhere!"

We read that "50,000 in the streets declared that 'PIERCE is the man for the times.'" That was the response to the General's Creed. Had it concluded with the appropriate and logical negation, no doubt they would have said "AMEN!"



SERVANTGALISM ;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 4.

Servant Gal. (who has quarrelled with her bread-and-butter). "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, I FIND THERE'S COLD MEAT FOR DINNER IN THE KITCHEN. DID YOU EXPECT ME TO EAT IT?"

Lady. "OF COURSE I EXPECT YOU TO EAT IT, AND AN EXCELLENT DINNER, TOO!"

Servant. "OH, THEN, IF YOU PLEASE 'M, I SHOULD LIKE TO LEAVE THIS DAY MONTH." [Exit *Idiot.*

A LIGHT DAY'S WORK FOR A HEAVY DAY'S WAGES.

HERE is the most liberal advertisement we ever saw. It lately appeared in the *Law Times*:

LAW.—Salary £1 10s. per week. The Advertiser will pay 30s. per week each to any number of Writers capable of copying per day Eighteen Sheets, or Seventy Folios on Parchment, or an equal quantity of other work. Office hours from eight to eight, half an hour to Diner, quarter of an hour to Tea.
Apply by post only, to Chichester Rents, Chancery Lane, London.

To copy eighteen sheets or seventy folios on parchment per day would be a difficult job—a stiff bit of writing—for only two or three people. But the generous author of the above advertisement, aware of the Herculean nature of the task which he wants to get done, announces that he is ready to give 30s. a week to each of any number of persons who will undertake to accomplish it. Of course, this handsome and confiding proposal must be met in a corresponding spirit; understood to mean by "any number of writers," any reasonable multitude: and not taken as an invitation to all the scribes in Town to rush to Chichester Rents in the expectation of getting employment, every one of them, at £1 10s. a week each for copying eighteen sheets between them. That the Office hours are from eight to eight, is obviously an intimation that when each writer has finished the little work that he individually has got to do, there will be more for him to turn his hand to if inclined, so as to enable him to earn a considerable addition to his weekly 30s. The short time allowed for meals must be owing to the necessity, from the pressure of business, for constant attendance in the office; for the intervals for eating cannot have been measured according to the amount of food which the lightly worked writers might be expected to be capable of affording out of their immense salaries.

A MISREPORTED MAGISTRATE.

GOVERNMENT must take a leaf out of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S book. Our contemporaries ought not to be allowed to publish false intelligence. A monstrous fabrication has lately been committed by the British Press. The daily and weekly newspapers have concurred in recording a case that (never) occurred at the Middlesex Sessions. According to these deceitful prints, an unfortunate person, one MARY HILL, aged twenty-two, was convicted of stealing a watch. MR. SERJEANT ADAMS, the Assistant-Judge, asked if anything was known of her previous character. The police officer concerned in the case said that she was the associate of reputed thieves and bad characters, and that she was with a regular gang when taken into custody:—

"The Assistant-Judge then sentenced her to seven years' transportation. The prisoner, who had gone down on her knees imploring mercy, on hearing this rose up, and in a towering rage screamed out to the policeman, 'You—pig, oh you—pig! You—perjured thief!'"

"The Assistant-Judge: The sentence upon you now is that you be transported for ten years."

Such a statement as this is obviously calculated to occasion remarks which must be unpleasant to MR. SERJEANT ADAMS. Any one, believing it, would naturally be inclined to say that the learned SERJEANT, not content with administering the law, made it; improvised it on the bench; that he had discovered a new crime, that of abusing a policeman, and instituted a new penalty for it, three years' transportation; devising sentence for the emergency: prescribing punishment *pro re nata*, as the doctors say. At this rate, MR. SERJEANT ADAMS would be not only Judge and Jury, but also QUEEN, Lords, and Commons, in his own person; and therefore much too many for the office which he so discreetly fills.

Our contemporaries really ought to be officially "warned" to take care how they report the sayings and doings of our Judges, and particularly those of MR. SERJEANT ADAMS; and if they neglect that warning, their types ought to be seized and their offices shut up, and their proprietors, printers, publisher, editor, contributors, and reporters, as many of them as can be caught, sent to Newgate, in order that they may learn to promulgate no more news calculated to place a MINOS in the light of a MIDAS.

The Old House and the New.

BEFORE the Reform Bill the influence of the Aristocracy in boroughs was the thing complained of. Now—as the revelations before the Election Committees have demonstrated—it is the influence of the Sovereign.

THE NEW TALE OF A TUB.

THAT crazy old steamship, the *Australian* (by the bye she has been scarcely launched a twelvemonth), has again, we see, been forced to put back into Plymouth. After all the "repairs" she was reported to have undergone, she left the Sound, it seems, in anything but sound condition: for within a very few hours she was as full of leaks as a Welshman's market garden, and it was only by incessant working at the pumps that the passengers contrived to keep their heads above water. They will now, we suppose, go to work at the Directors, and their experience at the Pumps will here obviously assist them.

As for the ship, after breaking down so often, she should now be broken up—unless, indeed, her owners were to sell her to the Admiralty. Her performances are already almost worthy of "the Service," and by the usual course of management she might soon, we think, be made as useless as almost any other of our Government steamers. Indeed we should not wonder if, in time, she might be brought to rival even the *Megera*.

Prospect for Paternal Rulers.

DESPOTISM is said to have hindered the development of the resonances of Italy; nevertheless, it is probable that the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, and BOMBA, and the POPE, will very soon find that, under their paternal systems of government, she has become a rising nation.

THEATRICAL CRIBBAGE.—It has been goodnaturedly said, that MR SANDS must eventually win the game, for every time he plays he scores "one for his nob and two for his heels."

BELGRAVIAN TRAINING FOR YOUNG LADIES.

To ANTHONY ROWLEY, of *Oakley Hall, Esquire.*

MY DEAR ROWLEY,—Sincerely do I condole with you under the privation of Hunting, which you have suffered from the late frosts. But still you have your land and people to attend to, and may be consoled in your affliction by the consciousness that you are residing upon your estate, and doing your duty as an English gentleman.

You flatter me greatly by consulting me on a matter of such importance as your daughter's education. But permit me—as a candid, though a fashionable friend—to assure you that your views on this subject for Miss ROWLEY are quite obsolete. "The usual accomplishments on a solid English basis"? My dear Squire, you might as well talk of a *soufflé* on a sirloin of beef. "Music of the great masters"? Yes; indeed: but who are they? Not the old dullards who wrote oratorios and symphonies, compositions which all sharp and gen-

teel people consider ridiculous: but those eminent foreign artists who come over with the nightingale—yes, and the cuckoo—to give concerts and lessons, and whose sublime countenances, tufted and moustached, are exhibited in lithograph, at the principal music shops. "French enough to jabber intelligibly in case she tumbles against a foreigner"?

My worthy mummy—my fossil-friend—my antediluvian specimen of the good old school!

Why, don't you know that it will be requisite for a young lady in the position of Miss ROWLEY to speak French better than her native tongue—that the primary object of her mental cultivation must be to enable her to converse freely with the continental noblemen, and other Lions, with whom she will have to dance through

life? She ought to become capable of meriting the compliment which the COUNT DES SINGES paid the other evening at Mrs. SANDWICH TRAY's to the daughter of his hostess, in saying that she had nothing English about her except beauty. French, my dear Sir, is now the young lady's educational medium; a sort of solvent for all the knowledges, wherein each of them is to be taken, as it were, in a draught. Or rather, perhaps, the knowledges may be regarded as vehicles for the French. If you read your *Times*, as I trust you do, you may have seen an advertisement which lately appeared in it, illustrating this fact. The announcement is headed BELGRAVIA EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE for YOUNG LADIES. It represents the establishment as conducted by a gentleman with a French name, and designates all the branches of learning taught there in the same language; that is to say: *Français, Histoire, Géographie et Astronomie, Allemand, Italien, Piano et Harmonie, Chant, Dessin et Peinture, Physique et Chimie Amusantes, Danse, Exercices Calligraphiques*: "all by eminent Professors, mostly foreign. You see, Sir, that "*ici on parle Français*" with what you may call a vengeance. This is where you should send Miss ROWLEY. How delighted will you be to hear her quote the *Histoire of Angleterre*, and talk about our GUILLAUMES and EDOUARDES, and JACQUES, and SIR RALEIGH, and CROMVEL, and VILANTON and Vaterloo—and discourse of *Géographie et Astronomie*.—Heaven and Earth—in the language and accent of Paris! One item of tuition I have omitted; let me here supply it for your express edification. It is:

"Anglais—REV. J. BULL, M.A."

I have simply altered the reverend teacher's name to one which you may perhaps consider more appropriate. So you see that even *Anglais* itself is apparently taught in *Français*; thus your ears will also perhaps be charmed by your daughter reading English poetry with a French intonation: imparting a new grace to the language of SHAKESPEARE, whom our neighbours call the divine WILLIAMS.

Then you may expect that Miss ROWLEY will be divested of all ideas of the sort that FATHER NEWMAN terms "insular." She will breathe a small continental atmosphere; for, as in the region of the City there is a Little Britain, so, you see, is there a Little France in that tract of Tractarian country denominated Belgravia. With the tip of my left thumb at the end of my nose, and the corresponding fingers in a state of energetic vibration, I subscribe myself,

Your faithful Friend and Monitor,

PUNCH.

85, Fleet Street, March 1853.

OUR HONEYMOON.

SUNDAY, MAY 11, 18—.

A DELIGHTFUL walk through the meadows to that beautiful church. How familiar seemed to me many of the faces! How often, in future days, shall I think of that old church; how often will the scene dawn upon me; how often the sheep-bell tinkle in my memory. I am sure of it—my mind is so full, so stored with the sights and sounds of the place. How happy, what a blessed fortune will be mine if these days—days that still have had their hours of pain and trial, but hours that have taught my heart the best of lessons—how happy if these days are but the earnest of a long, long future! It is almost daring, presumptuous to think it—and yet, all about me fills me with confidence and hope. "In some places"—as dear FREDERICK says—"and in some hours, it is wicked not to hope; and hoping, foretaste the good." And then, he is always turning things—the most odd as well as the most common—to a lesson. Every day, I feel I learn so much—my heart so goes to school to him.

Last night only, I was about to make a little difficulty—and as FRED says, difficulties are the worst things people can make, they so improve with practice—I was about to object something, when FRED suddenly desired me to watch and learn of *Prince*, the landlady's dog that had come into the room. The evening sky had been overcast; the dog lay at my feet; suddenly the sun shone, and a little patch of sunlight brightened a corner of the carpet. Immediately, *Prince* got up, and with a wise look trotted to the bright place, and laid himself in it. "There's philosophy"—said FRED: "only one patch of sunlight in the place, and the wise, sagacious dog walks out of the shadow, and rolls himself round in the brightness. My dear LOTTY"—said FRED—"there's a lesson for folks who love to make difficulties. Don't be proud in your humanity—take no arrogance to yourself because of your woman's wisdom—but be instructed even by a lap-dog. Let the teaching of *Prince*—my beloved one—be not cast away upon you, so that where-

ever there shall shine one patch of sunlight, there make it out, and with all your best enjoy it."

The easiest of all trades is to make difficulties. I thought of these words of FRED's when I put on my bonnet this morning; for—my taste did rebel a little—the bonnet had suffered a shower or two, and was not exactly the sort of bonnet to go to church in: I was about to do or say something foolish, when FRED's words came into my head, and I tied my bonnet with a resolute hand, and—for it was spotted all over with the rain—felt quite a heroine!

FRED smiled so graciously when—upon entering the church—I made for my old place, and took my seat next to the old soul in the red cloak. After the service, we again wandered through the churchyard. We both paused at a grave new dug. "The tenant, I suppose," said FRED, "takes possession this afternoon. Well, LOTTY, you did right—very right, love."

"I'm glad of that, FRED: but when did I do right?"

"When you seated yourself in the church. Very right. What are the finest sittings in church, when we must even strip, and lie down here? How small it is, for what it has to hold! Nothing packs so much, so closely, as a grave, LOTTY. Nothing in the world so big, nothing so fine, that this won't swallow. All JOB's camels and flocks—when JOB flourished again—nay, all SOLOMON's Temple, in so far as JOB and SOLOMON were touched—all went into a hole like this; a hole that, always swallowing, is for ever empty. After all, it may do one good to look into such a place once a week—once a week to snuff the smell of the fresh earth; there's an odour in it that might kill certain working-day vanities."

Well, we wandered across the meadows; and making a round, came to a farm-house. Tired with my walk, we asked for house-room and refreshment. We were heartily welcomed; but the farm was full of guests and neighbours. It was plain, something out of every-day life was afoot. And so it proved;—the farmer and his wife, with a troop of friends, were preparing to go to the church to have their last baby christened. I think I never saw so beautiful a girl! But then FRED

declares I see beauty in all babies; whereas he vows they're all alike. But then, is it to be expected he should have *our* eyes?

We have rested and refreshed; and the people, setting out, we leisurely follow them. I am so taken, charmed with the baby, that—I declare—I *will* send it something. This determination I repeat again and again after our return to the White Hart.

"What will you send it?" asked FRED; as—the evening advanced—we were again seated until bedtime in our room at the White Hart. "What shall it be, LORRY?"

"Well, I can't say, but *something*."—" 'Tis a great pity you wern't its godmother," said FRED, gravely. "I shouldn't have minded that, FRED;" and I laughed.

"Then you would have a right, or rather a duty, to bestow a gift. Now what shall it be?" said FRED, musing.

"Oh, a cap, or a frock, or—" "No, no; vanity of vanities," replied FRED. "Nor cap, nor frock. I tell you what, LORRY: give it something that, when it grows up, shall be of the best service to it."

"To be sure," said I. "A nice little silver mug." "Nor cap—nor frock—nor silver mug," said FRED half seriously.

"But—a hat-peg?" "A hat-peg!" I cried.

"A hat-peg," answered FRED, very solemnly. "A hat-peg." "Go on," said I, for I could see by his looks he meant something.

"You see, my love, that unformed red, little baby—" "Now unformed! I never saw a more regular baby."

"Is, it may be, in the innocence and longitude of its long clothes, the appointed wife for another baby.—Perhaps, the husband and future bread-winner is at this time in advance of his spouse, and has cut his teeth: perhaps, he has already made the manly effort, and succeeded in it, of running alone—"

"Well?"—"For when you read of the baby girls and boys sent yearly into the world—sprawling the earth plentifully as daisies—it *is*, it must be a frequent and curious speculation to a woman of your contemplative mind—"

"Now, FREDERICK—" "To think how one wife lies in the cradle, thoughtless of the tyrant who is destined to enslave her; and how the despot himself takes his morning pap, his white sheet-of-paper of a mind yet unwritten with the name of her who may have, in the far years, to sit up for him; sitting and watching with the resolution to tell him what she thinks of him when, at unseasonable hour, he shall return zig-zag home."

"Well; what has that to do with a hat-peg?" "Much; everything. Listen, core of my heart, and be instructed. I will tell you a true story—never yet in print—a story of a hat-peg—a hat-peg made of marvellous wood—a hat-peg grown deep in fairy forests."

"Oh, a fairy tale! I thought," said I, "'twas a true story." "Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom," said FRED. "It is true as sunbeams; and though you cannot coin 'em into golden coin—and then count 'em and weigh 'em—they are true, true as light."

"Very well," said I, prepared to listen.

"Once upon a time," began FRED, with a most sedate face, and with an instructive manner, as though he was telling a story to a very child—"once upon a time, a girl was born to a couple who, with everything in the world to make them happy, still pulled at the wedding-chain; and every day would hear the rattling of the marriage links. The wife was a sour-tempered shrew; and the husband—at first an easy, good-natured man—became sullen and savage. For even in the early time of wedlock, he never sought his home that his home was not comfortable. The working world outside was even better, brighter, than his own fireside. Whatever troubles he had upon his head, when he crossed his own threshold, such cares seemed heavier upon him: a hard fate—a sad condition, LORRY, for the man who has to struggle outside for the shoulder of mutton to be provided within."

"Very sad, and very wicked," said I. "And these folks had a child?"

"Yes; and there was great fuss made at the christening; although, even at that festival, the mother quarrelled with the father of the baby, and the father—for a moment, in his heart—wished his wife anywhere but where she was. Well, folks brought presents to the child: caps, frocks, spoons, mugs. All the gifts had been made, when—according to the old story—an old, old woman brought *her* present. 'I can bestow nothing fine,' said she; 'but I give what is better—this bit of wood,'—and the angry mother was about to throw it into the fire or out of the window; when the husband took possession of it. 'This bit of wood,' said the old woman, 'will be worth all the other gifts.'

"And what, dame, shall be made of it?" asked the father.

"When the babe shall become a woman and a wife, then let the piece of wood—it is from a magical tree—the piece of wood be made into a hat-peg."

"A hat-peg!" cried all.

"A hat-peg," repeated the old woman. 'A peg where the good man shall hang his hat when he comes home; a hat-peg of such

wonderful wood that, no sooner shall the good man's beaver be hung upon it than—no matter what his out-of-door care, his out-of-door toil—his whole house shall be to him as bright as a garden, and his fireside hum with pleasant music.' Now, the tree where this wood was cut from still flourishes. And wise the wife who, from its magical boughs, shall resolve to make such a hat-peg."

THE MITCHAM MOVEMENT.



THE progress party at Mitcham are pushing civilisation into the very heart of that hitherto benighted suburb. For some time it was thought hopeless to carry the magic lantern of enlightenment beyond Clapham, and indeed for some time the polite arts were supposed to have permanently pulled up at Kennington Gate, but the progress has at length been carried by the omnibus through the turnpike, and several of the side bars on that trust. We are happy to find that the spread of intelligence is now more rapid than heretofore, and indeed so greatly accelerated is the news of the day among the Mitchamites, that the population generally had become aware of the fire at Windsor Castle, and were actually talking of it within the comparatively short space of six days after its occurrence. Extensive preparations are being made for keeping

up a continuous current of information among the inhabitants, and a suite of rooms has already been taken to answer a similar purpose to that of the Exchange Rooms at Glasgow and Liverpool.

We have seen a prospectus of this establishment, which is arranged according to the following programme:—

- Room No. 1. The *Times* of yesterday. †
- Room No. 2. The *Times* of last week. †
- Room No. 3. A back number of *Punch*. †
- Room No. 4. An odd number of *Household Words*. †
- Rooms Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8. Old Magazines and Conversation.

All this indicates a move in the right direction, and we shall be glad to see Mitcham exercising that due proportion of weight in the balance of power, which from its position on the Map of Europe it is fairly entitled to.

SUGGESTION FOR THE GOOD OF ARCHITECTS.

FOR the advancement of architecture—an art in which we are rather backward—our principal public edifices ought to be now and then rebuilt, to which end it is expedient that they should be occasionally burnt down. This object will be best accomplished by their being so constructed as to be continually liable to catch fire, and it is satisfactory to reflect that the requirement in question is very generally fulfilled by the arrangement of the flues in these buildings, which, for the most part, is such as to distribute not merely warmth, but fire all over them. There exist, in many of them, heaps of musty old records, not only involving tedious legal questions about property, but also holding out temptations to impertinent historical inquiries, tending to augment our present enormous stock of knowledge, already so troublesome to acquire. As it would save much laborious discussion if this rubbish were all consumed, let us hope that no alteration may be made in the present contrivances whereby the lumber-rooms it is contained in are kept warm—when they are not kept wet. Because there is some, though not much, fear, that some other means will be adopted for warming these, and other offices and national structures, seeing that the devouring element, the other day, committed arson and high treason together at Windsor Castle.

Valuable Suggestions for the Admiralty.

THAT the age of a naval veteran should rather be under than above that of a Theatrical ditto, the latter having been found quite old enough for any successful engagement.

That no admiral be allowed to remain "on active duty," unless he can dance the naval hornpipe, and be able also to repeat the performance without the omission of a single hitch or shuffle, if honoured with an *encore*.

THE SLAVES OF THE CITY.

THERE is something quite remarkable in the tenacity with which the inhabitants of London persist in hugging their fetters, notwithstanding the perseverance with which they are called upon to be free. The cause of freedom is in fact growing rapidly into discredit, through the repugnance which is so decidedly evinced towards the "freedom of the City." Every now and then the article gets somebody to accept it, when it is "presented in a gold box;" but it must be for the sake of the gilding of the exterior that the "pill" is swallowed by an occasional recipient. The fact is, that however glad we may be to enjoy the blessings of freedom, we do not like having that which is usually regarded as a "precious gift," converted into a formidable sell, and ticketed with a price which we are not only expected to pay, but which is demanded at the point of the attorney's pen in a threatening manner.

We should like to know the principle upon which Englishmen living in the City are supposed to be slaves until they have paid for their freedom to the Civic authorities. We always thought, when we believed in the good old claptraps of the British Drama, that "the slave need only set his foot on British soil to be free;" but there seems to be a distinction between the London City mud and the British soil, which deprives the former of its emancipating influence, until a quantity of filthy lucre is extracted from the pocket of the freedman. We wish somebody would write a Cockney *Uncle Tom* to shame the London Corporation into an abandonment of their traffic in freedom.

When MRS. BEECHER STOWE arrives in the Metropolis, we shall be happy to furnish her with the necessary facts for producing a successful rival to her own wonderful work on American Slavery. "*Uncle Gog's Crib*" would make a beautiful companion volume to "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*."

We shall be very glad to provide her with correct data—a sort of key to Temple Bar and the City mysteries—in the form of a quantity of threatening letters calling upon the slaves to take up and pay for their freedom.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT AT ROME.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE has done an odd thing—according to the *Giornale di Roma*. Our Roman contemporary announces that

"The Pope has suppressed the Ministry of Grace and Justice, and transferred its attributions to the department of the Interior."

We must not have our *Pio Nono* slandered—whatever difference there may be between us. To say that he has suppressed the Ministry of Grace and Justice, and transferred its attributions to the department of the Interior, is tantamount to the assertion that he dines without Grace, and has sacrificed Grace to gastronomy, and immolated Justice at the shrine of the stomach. If, indeed, the POPE would content himself with taking care of his inside, and not meddle with the affairs of other people, it might, perhaps, be better for the peace of the world; although, of course, he would scandalize his spiritual subjects if he were thus to constitute himself the successor of HELIOGABALUS instead of pretending to be that of ST. PETER.

Sink or Swim.

THE Royal *Australian Mail Steamer* is evidently quite unfit for service, and should no longer be permitted to take the Mail to sea; but as a thorough *malum in se*, it ought at once to be declared a *malum prohibitum*.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE EAST.

TURKEY is not much of a country for drinking; but it appears that France and Russia have been very nearly quarrelling over their Porte.

DEFECTIVE UTTERANCE.

LISPING seems likely to become as prevalent in Europe generally as it is amongst our own dandies; since nobody on the Continent is permitted to speak plain.

MOTTO FOR AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL.—"Age before Honesty"—and everything else.

THE POPE IN A CLEFT STICK.



THE POPE OF ROME was sitting, triple-crowned, in PETER'S chair, At his feet the COUNT DE CHAMBORD knelt, like small child saying prayer, And wry and rueful faces made, most dolorous to see, As he spread his hands and raised his eyes upon his headed knee.

The POPE, with brow and shoulders shrugged, looked grievously askance, Whom had he at his footstool there but HENRY FIFTH OF FRANCE? Most Christian king, legitimate, by rule of right divine; And must the HOLY FATHER needs anoint another Line?

"Oh! sure am I," DE CHAMBORD said, "the tale can ne'er be true, That your HOLINESS intends the thing which people say you do; To pluck the golden pippin of the Crown from PETER'S stem!" "My son, that's only," said the POPE, "an earthly diadem."

"Ah, holy Father, yes, indeed!—but for that earthly Crown Did an angel not in a holy pot bring sacred unguent down? Is the 'Saint Ampoule' no better than a common flask or crock?" "Oh, talk not so, my son; I feel the very thought a shock."

"From me, the true successor of ST. LOUIS, holy king, Will you aid a gross usurper my inheritance to wring? Shall ST. PETER'S heir ST. LOUIS'S heir of patrimony spoil, And the hair of another party grace with consecrating oil?"

"Of good SAINT LOUIS'S Crown will I my faithful son bereave? Ne'er, so thou do what I command, and what I preach, believe; That circlet still with golden light shall flame around thy head, And evermore thy portraits, too, shall wear it when thou'rt dead."

"Oh, that's the nimbus, holy Sire! 'twas not thereof I spoke; 'That is a crown in nubibus.'" "My son, forbear to joke." "But shall that other party, holy Sire, by you be crowned? Have you thrown SAINT LOUIS over, and another LOUIS found?"

"Another LOUIS I have found, my faithful son, indeed, Who, Saint or not, behaved as such to me in time of need; For he replaced me on the throne by force of arms benign." "Which you've to pay for," CHAMBORD said, "by seating him on mine?"

"In truth," the HOLY FATHER cried, "I know not how to act." "Then," said DE CHAMBORD, "the report is not a hoax, in fact. What crime—what sin that's unabsolved—what ever have I done? Alas! am I a heretic?" "Of course thou'rt not, my son."

"Bethink you, Father, well, what all the world will surely say— My due of birth if your holy breath so lightly blow away; So much for faithful dynasties—we see what they may hope— And a *fico* for the blessing of HIS HOLINESS THE POPE!"

"I own," the PONTIFF sighed, "my son, in what thou say'st there's force." "And," said DE CHAMBORD, "whither led your seventh namesake's course, That Pius did the sort of thing that you design to do; And small good did he get thereby: about as much will you."

"Well, well," said PLO NONO, "son, at any rate here's this, And his hand he stretched right graciously to HENRY forth to kiss; We will act as we think best, and we shall see what we shall see; In the meantime I bestow my benediction upon thee."

Another Brace of Bores.

NEXT to the man who is continually asking you the price of everything you have, there is no greater bore, perhaps, than the man who is incessantly telling you the price (down to the very glass of wine you are drinking) of everything he has got.



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 5.

Servant Gal. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE, MAM, THERE WAS ONE OTHER THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO 'AVE SETTLED."

Lady. "YES?"

Gal. "WHERE DO YOU GO TO THE SEA-SIDE IN THE SUMMER? BECAUSE I COULDN'T STOP AT A DULL PLACE, AND WHERE THE HAIR WASN'T VERY BRACING!"

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE IS TEMPTED TO A RUBBISH SALE.

SCENE 1.—THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE at Home.

Enter MARY.

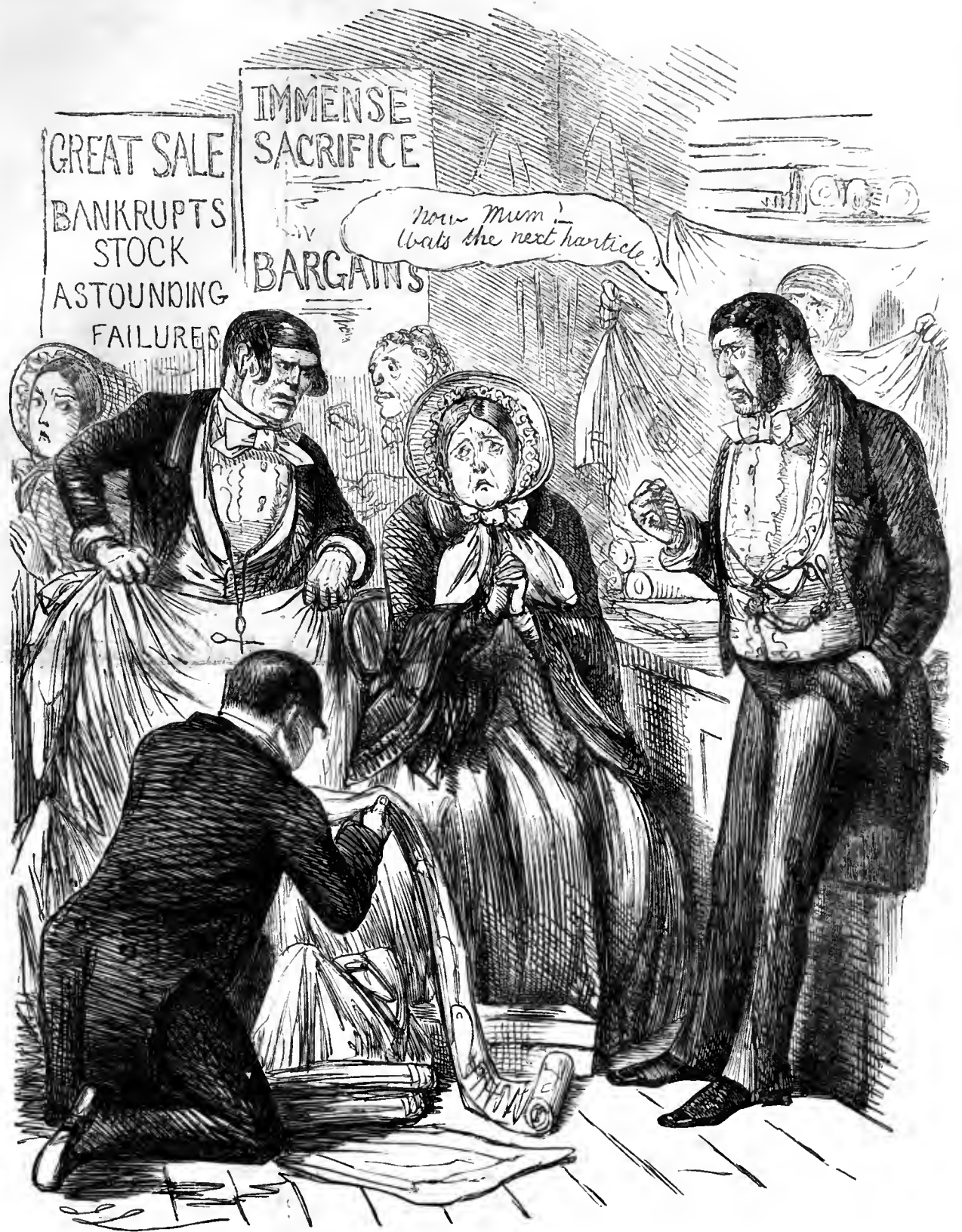
Mary. A letter, 'm, and it's twopence, please.

The Unprotected Female. Twopence! How dare you take in a twopenny letter? Missionary Society, I dare say, or the Friends of the Negro, or the Soup-kitchens—(looking at address) Eh! "On Government service." I mustn't send it back, I suppose, as it's the Government; but I think the Government might prepay its letters. (Opening letter.) What can the Government want with me, I wonder? (Reads.) "Grand Custom-House Clearing Sale"—Well, I'm sure, to think of Government taking to send round bills like any other tradesman! (Continues to read,) "Togeth'er with the extensive and splendid stock of MESSRS. GROGGY AND CRASH, Bankrupts, whose reckless and wicked career having been at length arrested by the law, the opportunity has been seized of acquiring goods, manufactured without consideration of cost, at prices ludicrously below their value, and throwing them at once upon the market." Well, now, I hope the Government doesn't call that honest dealing? However, there are sure to be some extraordinary bargains, that's one comfort. (Stifling all twinges of conscience with this reflection, THE UNPROTECTED plunges at once into the Catalogue, the style of which is as rubbishy as the goods; it enumerates "Ten thousand French Cachemires.") Ten thousand, only think! "These are articles intended exclusively for the luxurious classes, and are as much beyond the means of the masses as they would be unbecoming their humble station." Well, I'm sure servants, now-a-days, go dressed every bit as well as their mistresses. They don't think there's anything too good for 'em, that I know; but I'm glad the Government don't think so. "These articles could not have been produced under from £10 to £12 per shawl, but we do not hesitate to throw them in at from £2 to £3."

Well, that is a great reduction, certainly, and I suppose if somebody must go without their money, it had better be the Government. "Fifteen thousand Swiss worked muslin curtains, a truly tasteful article, which will tend to the humble roof of the artizan something of the refinement often vainly sought in the palatial residences of the nobility. All the designs have been approved by the Professors of the School of Practical Art at Marlborough House, by whose valuable opinion the undersigned have determined to be guided in all cases;—all at childishly low prices, from 8s. upwards." Well, now, I was just thinking this morning we should be wanting something of the kind for the summer. I may as well look in on my way to the City. What's this? "N.B. In reference to the risk from crowding, so justly dreaded by the fair sex, we are glad to be able to state that, on our representation of the rush to be anticipated to secure the unprecedented advantages indicated above, and on our assurance that we would not be answerable for the consequences, the authorities at the Horse Guards have in the kindest manner directed sentries to be placed at the doors with fixed bayonets. The most timid may, therefore, make their purchases without the least apprehension." Well, I don't know; sentries are all very well, but suppose they were to begin on one with their bayonets; and then, if their guns are loaded? However, it's meant as an attention of the Government, and we pay taxes enough, goodness knows, and it's a comfort to have something for one's money, if it's only a sentry. As for the police, I'm sure one never sees such a thing when they're wanted, that is well known. However, I'll just look in at the address, and there can't be any harm in seeing the things, as they do seem cheap.

[Exit THE UNPROTECTED to make her purchases.

SCENE 2.—The interior of the Grand Customs Clearing Sale, and Bankruptcy Stock Emporium. A large room, fitted up with counters and tables. The light is judiciously dimmed by ample draperies. The goods are displayed artfully: the decoys at the top, and trash below. The (supposed) proprietors have a miscellaneous look of something between betting-office keeper, thimble-rig touter, bruiser, City swell,



THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE AT A GREAT RUBBISH SALE.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
TO BEHOLD SAIR

and counter-dandy. The young men look as if they were accustomed to try on the gloves in more ways than one, and as if their time had been divided pretty equally between sparring, selling, and slanging. Some customers are being half cajoled, half terrified into purchasing, and an immense factitious activity prevails in the way of packing, unpacking, folding, unfolding, ushering in and bowing out.

Enter THE UNPROTECTED.

Towzer (a principal). A chair for this lady. Now Madam (with great volubility), what can we show you—our Cachemires, at four ten, are highly popular, or our French chalis at sixteen the dress—usually sold at thirty-four—or our Genoa velvet mantles—the last fashion from Paris (while rapidly discharging these and similar offers, the young men are suiting the action to the word, piling up the goods referred to round THE UNPROTECTED).

The Unprotected (seizing a moment of breathlessness). No; it was only some worked window curtains.

Blowzer (succeeding to TOWZER, who retires to take breath preparatory to going in at a fresh victim). Show window curtains, MR. BROWNSMITH—the Swiss worked window-curtains to the lady—fifteen thousand sets, Madam; these at twelve—these at sixteen I would recommend—these at thirty are still more exquisite—design Moresque, with Greek border, and Gothic ends.

The Unprotected (after examining). Oh, but I don't think these are the best quality.

Blowzer. I beg your pardon, Madam; the same as sold in the shops for twice the price—and then the guarantee of the School of Design, you will remember. But here is a cheaper article—though dearer in the long run—at fourteen; we will say twelve.

The Unprotected (whose eye is keen, and who discovers the trashy quality of the goods offered). Oh, no; I couldn't think of giving the money for such things as that. They'd not stand two washings.

Blowzer. I beg your pardon, Madam. They are the best article manufactured, and are offered as imported. However, we do not try to force a sale. The Government has made it a condition. Pray don't think of going till you've looked round. Our sprigged muslins, now, as manufactured for the Empress—sweet morning wear. Show muslins, MR. TOPPER. (Muslins are showered down.) It is a pleasure to show them to a lady of your taste.

The Unprotected. No, thank you; I've no occasion for anything of the kind.

Blowzer. Or scarves—gauze—with silk flowers—much worn, and most chaste, for young persons. Scarves, MR. FLINT.

[A rainbow of Scarves is wreathed about the group.]
The Unprotected. Yes, very pretty. No, thank you, I really don't want anything of—

Blowzer. Our Cachemires. We cannot think of your going till you've seen our Cachemires—show Shawls, MR. SCREWJACK—woven by the wandering tribes of the Black Sea, and smuggled across by the tea-caravans. Observe! all these at ten, twelve, and thirteen. In Regent Street you would be asked twenty, at least. (Piles of Shawls are accumulated, amidst the vain remonstrances of THE UNPROTECTED, who has experience enough to see the things are trash, but wants courage to make a bolt.) This shawl. Yes, certainly.

The Unprotected. No, no. I didn't—
Blowzer. The green and gold—beautiful selection. The green and gold for this lady. Twelve—ten, Madam.

The Unprotected. Oh! but I never bought it, and I don't like it, and I don't want it.

Blowzer (sternly). Twelve—ten, Madam, if you please.
The Unprotected. But, I assure you—

Blowzer (still more sternly). Twelve—ten, Madam, if you please. MR. SCREWJACK, you heard the lady select the green and gold? (SCREWJACK, TOPPER, and the other young men corroborate MR. BLOWZER'S impression). You hear these highly respectable young men, Madam; it's no use coming any of your Regent Street capers here.

The Unprotected (in grievous terror). I assure you—
Topper. Now Marm, fork out, will yer?

Screwjack. You'd better, I tell you; we've a Crusher at the door.
Flint. P'raps you'd like to know how the inside of the Station looks, wouldn't you?

Towzer (coming up in an authoritative manner). What's the meaning of this here disturbance?

Blowzer. A lady bought an article, and refuses to pay for it.
The Unprotected. Oh! if you please, Sir; I assure you, it's a mis—

Towzer (frowning). Has she been searched, Mr. B.?
The Unprotected. Oh, gracious!

Blowzer. Shall we have in the searcher, Mr. T.?
The Unprotected. Oh, no, no, please—I'll pay—anything—but, oh—

The Establishment surround her in a threatening manner; and she surrenders her purse more dead than alive.

HOW TO FIND OUT WHEN IT IS HIGH WATER.—Go into the cabin of one of the Australian Mail Steamers.

LOOK ON THIS ADVERTISEMENT, AND ON THAT.



REALLY, when one gets hold of a sporting paper, and reads the cheerful and encouraging tone in which one is invited to pave the way to a fortune, to cheer one's hearthstone and to be brought home with flying colours, and all for a mild "tip," a "fee which cannot possibly repay the advertiser," and "a promise of five

per cent. on the winnings," it is very difficult to refrain from writing to these Horso Prophets, and asking for the "great secret," and the "right thing," which it has been the labour of their lives to master, and yet may be had so dirt-cheap. But,

When POTLUCK and SNOBSON have something that will cheer and do you good, and are sure that their Derby nag will win in a cantor and that your days of success are not far off:

When DODGER & Co. are gratified with the unique result of their predictions, and print that "a great winner" has sent them in gratitude a "handsome cheque":

When a GENTLEMAN guarantees you Chester and Derby for half a sov., the affair being "only a matter of health."

When COWARD and SQUINTON are determined that not one great handicap shall elude their vigilance, are on the *qui vice*, and go heart and soul into the work:

When FILER, though he has no claim on his subscribers as yet, thanks them for acting handsome, and is so busy about Warwick that he can't think of Doncaster: and, finally,

When J. NONPLUS is going to give the ring an electric shock, thanks his friends for their kind and ardent wishes, flatters himself that he is going to shed round his path the light of truthfulness and success, having received immense sums from stables to get on, and begs you will enrol yourselves under his banner:

What a SHAME it is that the *Times* is allowed to dash our aspirations by publishing such a paragraph as this! A miserable shop-boy, whose friends are respectable, is sent for trial by MR. ELLIOTT, for plundering his master's till.

"SERGEANT ROMAINE, in addition to the evidence he had given, said, that on search ing the prisoner's boxes he had found one of them filled with love-letters, sporting calendars, the *Racing Times*, and other documents, from which it was quite apparent he dabbled in betting on horse-racing. Amongst the documents so found was a 'tip' or prophecy by * * * * * one of the numerous sporting prophets that have lately sprang up, and who reap a rich harvest by the credulity of shoopne, errand boys, &c. This 'tip' comprised a list of the horses 'who would be the winners' in all the principal races throughout the year, but, singular to relate, in all the races that have come off * * * * * is at fault, for, out of a dozen of races, he has not even guessed a single winner."

We call on the true friends of the sporting world to put down the police-court. It is clear that the two institutions cannot go on together.

The Warlock of the Glen.

WE read in the papers that it has been legally decided "there is a public road through Glen Tilt," and that the Duke is made liable to "the whole expenses of the process." It is a natural result of the obstinacy shown by the Duke that he has made away with a great deal of money in refusing to let the public make a way across his ground, and he has run through—because he would not let others walk through—a small portion of his vast property. As the path is now opened once for all, we will not again open the question.

Very Bitter, but how True.

A MAN will forgive an injury, or the pull of a nose, or a kick, or being supplanted in a woman's affections, or the robbery of an umbrella, or, perhaps, a dishonoured bill, and, in certain cases, even bad wine; he will forgive anything, down to the blackest ingratitude, but what he can scarcely ever bring himself to forgive, especially in a rival or a friend, is a great success.



"Proud, indeed!! Why I remember him a Costermonger's dog Fonce!"

REMUNERATION FOR RAILWAY SURGERY.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM a man who has seen better days—though the present might be worse. Once I was an extensive stage-coach proprietor: the Railroads ruined me, and I am now in an almshouse.

"People are so fast now, that they say it is all cant to talk about the greater pleasantness of travelling in the old coaching days. Therefore, I won't argue how agreeable the drive used to be in the fresh air, with the entertainment that turned up in the events of the road, and in seeing country and the gentlemen's seats that you passed, and the wood-smoke curling up from the Park lodges, and the tidy barnmaid, at every place where we changed horses, coming out with a glass of ale.

"But I'll tell you what, *Mr. Punch*; there was one advantage of travelling by coach, that there is no mistake or humbug in speaking of. I say, Sir, it was a comfort to think that, if you were so unfortunate as to meet with an accident, by means of being upset, or such like, you were sure to be found willingly with the best surgical assistance that was to be had. Suppose you had the bad luck to get your leg broken, you had it mended, or if that was impossible, removed, and the expense of getting rid of it, and being fitted with another, defrayed. The same was the case if any poor creature happened to be run over. Now, Sir, look back at that picture, and then look here on this:—

"BLACKBURN.

"IMPORTANT RAILWAY CASE.—*Samuel Hope Wraith v. the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company.*—In the County Court, at Blackburn, on Tuesday last, the above case came on for hearing. The plaintiff, a surgeon, had been sent for at an early hour of the morning, to attend a person who had just been run over by one of the defendants' trains, and was lying bleeding by the side of the line with one thigh fractured and two toes of the other limb also fractured. The plaintiff went immediately, and whilst attending, was told by the station-master that he must attend to the case and would be paid by the Company. The plaintiff consulted with another surgeon whether the patient could bear to be removed to the Infirmary, at Manchester; but they thought he would die before he could be got there. The plaintiff then proceeded to amputate the thigh and the two toes. After about two months, the patient so far recovered as not to require further surgical attendance. The plaintiff made a charge for attendance and medicine of £8, being less than his usual charge, because the patient was a poor man. On the part of the defendants the fact was not disputed, nor was any question raised as to the propriety of the treatment or the amount of the charge, but it was contended that, according to the decision of the Court of Exchequer in *Cox v. the Midland Railway Company*, the defendants were not liable to pay the surgeon's bill; the

Judges in that case having held that it was not the duty of a railway guard or station-master to enter into a contract with a surgeon to attend a passenger, accidentally injured on a railway.

"I have cut the above piece of useful information out of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. I say useful information, because it may teach surgeons to ascertain the solvency of a sufferer, by a railway accident before rendering him any assistance—if surgeons are the same good men of business that railway directors are. The gentlemen of the Lancashire and Yorkshire think, I suppose, that a doctor can afford to give attendance and advice gratis, but that their Company cannot afford to pay £8.

"I should mention that the Judge 'much to his regret,' was obliged by what the lawyers call 'precedent,' to declare the plaintiff nonsuited. MR. WRAITH will therefore have to mind, in future, how he attends to people that have been crushed on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, unless he is prepared to take that trouble for nothing, except the reward of an approving conscience.

"Whenever a coach of ours was the means of injuring an unfortunate fellow-creature that hadn't the means to employ a surgeon, I'm sure I and my partners were always ready and willing to pay the doctor's bill, whatever it came to; and perhaps a trifle over to the sufferer to make amends: as respectable people. Yet ours was a small concern compared to one of these Railway Companies. You would think a matter of eight pound would not hurt such a body as that; but what with competition, and going to law, and gambling, and one thing and another, the fact is, I take it, that railways are so badly off that they are obliged to scrape and save every sixpence they can to pay dividends. That is why they cut down their expenses, in the first place, and so cause accidents, and then grumble at having to pay for the damage they do in the next. What is the remedy for all this? I say, the Whip. I mean the whip with the old four-in-hand, but you may propose that instrument without it; which certainly would be a means of appealing to the feelings of people who have no sense of shame that you can touch up.

"I am no Protectionist—though my opinions may show rather a stable mind. I don't want any compensation from the railways, but I think they might have indemnified my doctor if I had been one of their victims, in a different sense from that in which I may call myself,

"SMASHED, BUT NOT KILLED."

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

POOR COLONEL ROSE, the *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople, who, in the absence of the ambassador from the post of duty, did his best at a moment of great difficulty, has been for the last week or two the target of all the pens in the newspapers. If anything goes wrong, somebody, of course, must bear the blame; but who is to bear it is quite a separate question from who is really blameable. POOR COLONEL ROSE has been made the subject of a shower of attacks which have fluctuated in the degrees of their severity, not according to the consideration of what he did, but according as the accounts from the East or from Paris have been favourable or otherwise. Of course when a measure taken by a *chargé d'affaires* happens to be successful, the whole merit is given to the ambassador; but, if the step should chance to be unfortunate, the whole of the odium is heaped on the head of the unhappy subordinate. It is quite clear that the couch occupied by COLONEL ROSE is not exactly a bed of roses.

A Few of "The Hills that (Horse) Flesh is Hair to."

"DEAR PUNCH,—I sends you a short list on 'em. There's—

"Snow Hill, and
 "Ludgate Hill, and;
 "Maida Hill, and
 "Pentonville Hill; and, last not least,
 "Holborn Hill.

"Now, I think that's enough—with fourteen insides, and ten out-sides! What say you?

"Yours, werry hill-used,

"A LUNNUN 'BUS 'OSS."

Which it is Cruel.

AMONG the Companies daily announcing themselves, there is one which proposes to start a new Newspaper, to be called the *Protestant Standard*, its object being to uphold sound Protestant principles, and its profits (after the trifling expenses incident to a London Newspaper) to be applied for variously promoting the same end. Well! That cruel FORBES MACKENZIE kicked that poor dear MRS. HARRIS, of the *Herald*, out of doors, and now MRS. GAMP, of the old original *Standard*, is to be discarded, with a slur upon the Protestantism for which she has expended such worlds of Billingsgate. MRS. GAMP is not Protestant enough! Can it be true, then, that CARDINAL WISEMAN—but we must not talk scandal. Poor old SAIREY!

OUR INDIAN COMMISSION.



NXIOUS to throw light on the subject of our Indian Empire, which the Government seems inclined to legislate for on very imperfect information, we have this week commenced inquiry through our own Indian Commission, and print the first batch of evidence.

“**MAJOR LARKSPUR**, of H. M.'s—Regiment of Foot. Served for six years in India. Particularly observed the country. Thought it a good deal like Ireland, only hotter, and the people not so well clothed. Considered the Government honourable enough; they were always ready with their pay for the troops. Thought the dykes in some of the principal stations ought to be railed in: they were dangerous at night to officers returning from mess. Observed the working of a

Catcherry, or Court. Went there to ask the Magistrate for the loan of an elephant, and a few men to beat the jungles, on a shooting excursion. The Magistrate appeared hot and uncomfortable. Did not observe how justice was administered. Did not look. Had no doubt it was all right. Could not say anything in favour of the Police. Had a gun stolen, and never saw it again. Could not state whether the people were oppressed or not; if they were, thought it was no more than they deserved. Believes they are infernal liars. Knew nothing of the Court of Directors, except from hearsay. The Court of Directors were not the style of people he should like to be acquainted with, unless he had lots of sons and lots of money, and wished to get rid of both by sending the sons into the Bengal Army. Could suggest several improvements and alterations in India. Would improve the roads, and make the conveyance of mess stores less expensive. Would alter the climate, and have the mean temperature 75 degrees in the summer, instead of 102 and 110 degrees under punkahs. Thought the passage to India was exorbitantly high. It was painful enough to go out there at all, without the additional annoyance of having to come down with a large sum.”

“**CAPTAIN STIFFLIP**, of HER MAJESTY'S—Regiment of Dragoons. Had been five years in India. Thought the Company a low set. Had a horse shot under him in the Punjab campaign, and the Company evaded giving compensation by a paltry quibble. Thought the system of Government in India infamous in every respect. Would go tomorrow to see every member of the Court of Directors hanged. Thought the Bengal Civil Service a mistake. Young civilians were mustaches. Had a contempt for any civilian who wore mustaches. The men belonging to the QUEEN'S regiments were shamefully used, and so were their wives and families; while the sepoys were treated with absurd indulgence. Sepoys were no good; they generally bolted whenever they had a chance. Had seen some of the leading civilians in Calcutta. Thought them awful snobs. Believed several of them had recently been detected in mal-practices. Heard them spoken of as ‘such fools’ for being found out: not as ‘such rogues,’ for having been guilty.”

“**COLONEL MANGOSTEEN**, of the Bengal Native Infantry. Is in his sixty-seventh year. Has been fifty-six years in India. Came home last spring. Felt the climate of England tell upon his constitution. Had been hardly used by the Horse Guards, in not receiving a C.B. ship for past services; considered he had a claim. Knew a man who had laid in a *nullah* at Sobraon till the fighting was over, and then came out and got a C.B. A *nullah* means a deep ditch. Thought India the finest country under the sun. The climate nothing like so bad as was represented. Considers the great curse in India to be the inefficient state of the Bankrupt Law. Lost a lac and ten thousand rupees by the failure of the House of GAMMON, RAMPUK, & Co. The Bengal Army is not what it was when he first joined it. It is the finest army in the world still. There is no soldier like the sepoy. He shows British troops the way to victory in hard-fought fields. Has the highest opinion of the people of India. They made excellent servants. Will allow you to thrash and abuse them without resisting. QUEEN'S officers treated their servants very badly in India. Wouldn't take the trouble to study the native language; and then punched their servants' heads for not understanding them. Would abolish the Civil Service, and give their appointments to military men of standing and experience. Military men make the best judges in the world.

Had presided at Courts Martial, and had had ample opportunities of forming an opinion on this point. Thought that new Furlough Regulations ought to be granted, to enable young men to come home and see the vast improvements in every direction. Sees vast improvements himself. Was particularly struck with New Oxford Street. Thinks railways in India will never answer. It would require an army of *Chokeedars* to guard the line, and prevent the natives scaling the rails. A *Chokeedar* is a watchman. Intends returning to India next November and taking a Brigade command, if he can get one. Hopes to get command of a Division in a few years. Thinks the Press of India scurrilous and vile. Has seen in the newspapers an opinion, that after sixty, Indian officers should be shelved. Considers that an officer only begins to be fit for something when he reaches sixty-five. Considers himself fit for anything. Is ready to take anything he can get.”

THE CORONATION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It has always been admitted that a barrister is nothing without his wig, a beadle is nobody when divested of his cocked hat, and *à fortiori* an Emperor without his crown must be deficient of at least half his dignity. LOUIS NAPOLEON nevertheless remains without a bit of crown to his head, like an individual in a hatless state, liable to take cold, and we should not wonder if coolness should come upon the Emperor who continues so long without his diadem. Numerous reasons have been assigned for the delay in putting the finishing touch to the idol of “universal suffrage,” by the playing off of what may be termed the “crowning joke” of the piece that has been played in so many eccentric acts by the French people. Sometimes we are told the delay is occasioned by the difficulty in securing the services of the POPE, who, it is expected, will be engaged to head the supernumeraries in the spectacle about to be got up on a scale of unprecedented splendour in the French Capital. Others say that the POPE has his triple tiara already packed up like a small telescope in his hat, ready to present himself when the “cue” is given him to come on, and that there is no truth in the rumours of the “Sacred College” having hidden his carpet bag, or any portion of his luggage, to prevent him from setting out on his “starring” expedition.

One of the latest reports in circulation to account for the coronation's not coming off is, that “the crown is not ready,” though the order for it has long been given to the Court jeweller. This is an absurdity on the face of it, for any pawnbroker would get up a real crown at a week's notice, and a magnificent diadem could be procured for a song, or indeed for a single note of any solvent bank, at any decent masquerade warehouse. But if even there were any difficulty in obtaining the Imperial crown at the places indicated, we have only to call to mind the fact of the recent sale at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, where a crown might have been picked up for a shilling, if the French Government had only sent over a commissioner empowered to make a bidding. The crown of *Semiramide* with the back hair removed, and an Emperor's crop substituted, or the whole of the upper part filled in with a shock wig, could have been purchased for two-and-six; or, if that would not have been suitable, we are quite sure that we have seen something worn by SIGNOR VENAFRA in an old ballet—an arrangement between a chaplet and a helmet, studded profusely with precious (large) stones—that might have been easily converted into an article fit for the coronation of the Emperor. Considering the friendship that always existed between the Government of the Italian Opera in London, and the present ruler of the French, we are convinced that the latter had only to ask the favour, and the whole of the dramatic regalia of either establishment would have been at the disposal of LOUIS NAPOLEON. We will not hear of the further postponement of the coronation in France for want of a crown, and we beg to say that, by way of supplying the necessary article, we are ready at once to place two half-crowns in the hands of the POPE, or any other French agent who may be empowered to call for them.

Military, but not Civil.

WHICH is the stupidest regiment in the whole of the service?—The Few-Silliers (the Fusiliers)!

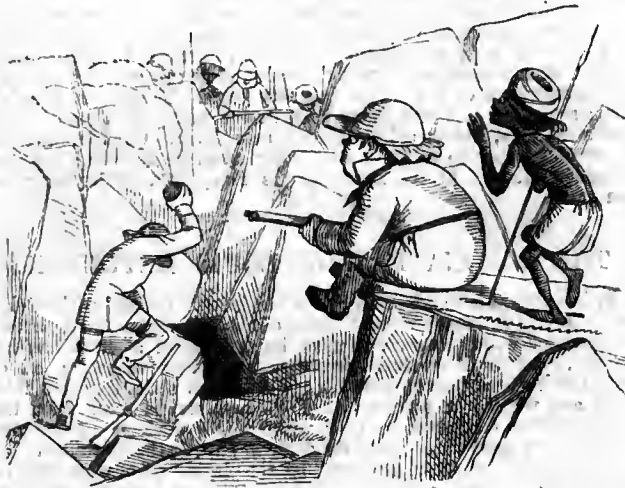
One thousand pounds reward will be given for the head, or rather, for the brains—if any—of the perpetrator of this atrocity. A free pardon will be given to all but the principal concerned in making this pun. Any one harbouring him after this notice will be punishable as an accomplice.

THE LATEST LONDON IMPROVEMENT.

THE immense wooden hoarding erected (not unlike an envelope-box) over the statue at Charing-Cross has been called, by certain playful antiquarians, “A New Statue of Charles concealed in the Wood.”

FEMALE INFALLIBILITY.—A man frequently admits that he was in the wrong, but a woman, never—she was “only mistaken.”

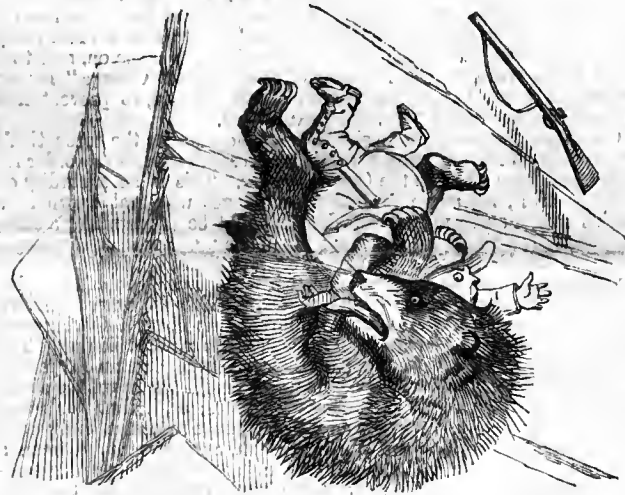
HOW MR. PETER PIPER WAS INDUCED TO JOIN IN A BEAR-HUNT, NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.—PART I.



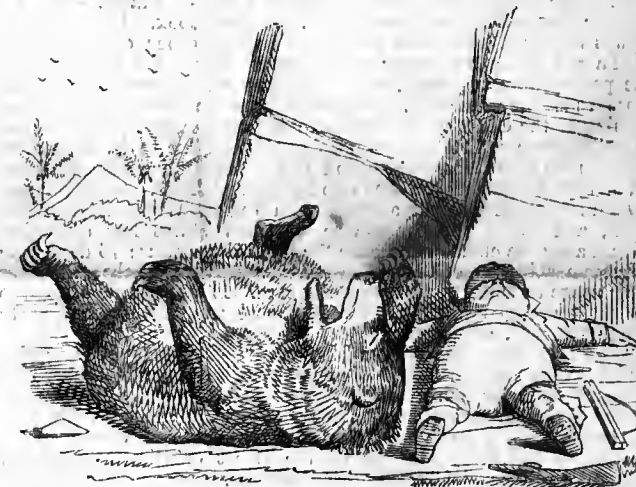
MR. PETER PIPER TAKES UP WHAT HE CONSIDERS TO BE A "FIRST-RATE POSITION." THE FIREWORK IS ABOUT TO BE THROWN INTO THE DEN OF THE BEAR—MOMENT OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT.



SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF A BEAR IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. MR. PETER PIPER BEGINS TO THINK HIS POSITION RATHER INFERIOR THAN OTHERWISE;



BUT—NOTHING DAUNTED—HE GRAPPLES MANFULLY WITH HIS FEROCIOUS ANTAGONIST, AND A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ENSUES.



IN THE COURSE OF TIME MR. PETER PIPER AND THE FEROCIOUS ANTAGONIST ARRIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE, IN A VERY DILAPIDATED AND EXHAUSTED CONDITION.

POLICE REGULATIONS

FOR THE BETTER BEHAVIOUR AND ELEGANT DEPARTMENT OF CABMEN.

EVERY Cabman is to wear a white neckcloth.

No Cabman is to open the door without first putting his gloves on.

Every Cabman is to have a bottle of *Eau-de-Cologne* in his vehicle, for fear of accidents.

Every cabman is to shave at least once a day, and to wash his face and hands not less than three times—viz.: 8 A.M.—1 P.M.—and 4 P.M.

None but the best Windsor soap is to be used on all ablutual occasions.

Any Cabman, detected reading a letter on his box, and afterwards tearing it up, and flinging the pieces about the street, will be instantly taken into custody.

On all levees, and drawing-room days, every Cabman is to wear a nosegay in his button-hole.

Every Cabman is expected to touch his hat only every time he sees a gentleman or lady pass, but if he is spoken to, he must take it off, and remain uncovered until the gentleman or lady leaves him.

Every Cabman must possess a certain knowledge of French and German—sufficient to make himself understood—and, if he can add to the above a small smattering of Italian, his merits will not be overlooked.

Every Cabman must be provided with a silk umbrella in the event of rainy weather.

No Cabman, whilst on his box, must read, or yawn, or sleep, or sing, or whistle, or talk too loud, or make pantomimic signals with his hands, or keep them in his pocket, or sit with one leg crossed over the other, under any pretence whatever.

Any infringement of the above regulations will be visited with the very severest punishments the Legislature can inflict—the lowest being a month's imprisonment, with hard labour.

(Signed) COMMISSIONER MAYNE.

Postscriptum. Any Cabman seen touching a pipe, or a pewter pot, will be instantly TRANSPORTED FOR THE TERM OF CERTAINLY NOT LESS THAN HIS NATURAL LIFE.

Scotland Yard, March 20, 1853.

Recovery of Spanish Credit.

THE Spanish Government, we see, has concluded another loan—to the amount of 500,000,000 reals, with the house of BARING. We did not think that the credit of Spain could have so much reality. We hope the results of this transaction, to the eminent capitalists, may not prove wholly devoid of interest.

HOW MR. PETER PIPER WAS INDUCED TO JOIN IN A BEAR-HUNT, NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.—PART 2.



HAVING COLLECTED HIS SCATTERED SENSES, MR. PETER PIPER IS DETERMINED TO RUDDUE THE MONSTER OR "PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT." HE PREPARES TO RENEW THE CONFLICT.



A DESPERATE STRUGGLE ENSUES, AND MR. PETER PIPER IS ON THE POINT OF "PERISHING IN THE ATTEMPT," WHEN A TIMELY SHOT FROM HIS TRUSTY SYCE ALTERS THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS.



MR. PETER PIPER RETURNS TO BURHAMPOOR IN A TRIUMPHANT MANNER, AND BEGINS TO LOOK UPON HIMSELF IN THE LIGHT OF A HERO.

OUR HONEYMOON.

MONDAY, MAY 12, 18—.

A LETTER from home; the first since away. JOSEPHINE gave it me with a look as if she really knew what it contained. At least I thought so; and the thought so amazed me that—

But FREDERICK came in at the moment; and so with the brightest face I could be mistress of, I broke the seal.

"From the 'Fritch,'" said FRED. "Why, what's the matter?" I felt myself getting angry.

"Nothing," said I.

"Hm! Never saw nothing look so red in the face. Quite a carnation nothing."

"Well, then, it's a letter from—"

"Out with it, LORRY. From the 'Fritch.' What's the news? Are the rose-buds making up their pink mouths to be kissed by June, and are—"

"Nonsense, FRED. It's something—something very serious. But I knew it—I had a fore-warning of it—we should never have any good fortune while the house had that name—"

"Why not? A very sound, substantial, hospitable name. 'The Fritch!' Why, how much better than 'Edens,' and 'Bowers,' and 'Elysiums.' They all of 'em have the odour of stale, dead nose-gays. Now the 'Fritch' has a fine relish about it; a smack of bacon; delighting the mouth: the while the fancy sings with the music of frying eggs."

"Don't be so vulgar, FRED; especially at such a time,"—and I was very cross.

"Right, love," said he, with provoking composure. "Eggs are vulgar: even birds of Paradise come out of 'em." And still he never asked about the letter.

"Why, you're never going out?"—and he was absolutely about to leave the room. "And you don't care about the letter; or rather the two letters, for this is from Mamma, and this is from—well, she's a pretty creature!"

"Glad to hear that," said he. "Live furniture, at least, should be handsome. And when the mistress of the house is so beautiful, the maids ought somehow to match. Come, what's the matter?" said FRED in his droll, coaxing way, pulling me towards him.

"Why, there, then"—and I pushed the letter in his face.

"A bold broomstick hand," and he began to read the precious epistle from that creature SUSANNAH—

"Honoured Madam,—Am very sorry for your sake that circumstances of the holy state which are about to take place will not allow me to keep house after this week"—a good beginning for the holy state," said FRED.

"Now do go on, FRED. You haven't yet come to half her insolence."

"For as I've had an offer which is to my advantage, it wouldn't be for my future peace—(and she spelt peace piece, but I don't follow the creature's orthography)—peace of mind to refuse it. The offer as I speak of comes in the shape of the milkman to whom I feel it has pleased providence to call me: the milkman that fortune has brought to this door with

the milk since I have kept it until mistress should have well got over her honeymoon."

Here FRED laughed outrageously; though, as I said, I could see nothing to laugh at. So he went on.

"Which must be my excuse for bettering myself on so short a notice; as I never should have thought of taking on me to keep the house (though here I must say the "Fritch" is as clean and as sweet as a rose), if I'd had any thoughts of the young man—he's got two cows already, and hopes to have another by the time we marry—who has offered for me. And I beg to say that, though I've been in keep of the house, and had it all to myself—I do beg to say that I've never once asked WILLIAM (which is his name) over the threshold, but that all that has passed has been at the garden-gate in the open eyes of the world. I am happy to say that everything's prospered under my hands at the "Fritch" which mistress will find—and the stock is gone up which, as WILLIAM says, shows there's a blessing upon me—not that I'm silly enough to take all a doting sweetheart says as if it was writ in a book. Still, the fowls have laid wonderful, and there promises to be no end of pigeons. If WILLIAM and me—as he says—is half as lucky with our pigs, we may—saving your presence in his own words—soon have a "FLITCH" of our own."

"Like the creature's insolence," said I, and I couldn't help it.

"Very presumptuous, indeed," replied FRED, looking comically. "Very. 'Fritch,' indeed! such people should be satisfied with a 'Rasher.' But let's finish the missive. 'Tis now soon over.

"I'm to be married on Monday next which is early; but I do it on my own accord and by the best advice of my well-wishers: for I have heard that WILLIAM has offered afore, and nothing has come of it. So shall make sure of Monday; as, if I may say so, there's many a slip between the husband and the lip. I'll keep the key, if it will accommodate to the last minute afore going to church; and am yours humbly to command—

"SUSANNAH BAGSTER."

"P.S. Mistress will be glad to hear that the cockatoo pines and takes on after her like any Christian. And further that Rajah the parrot makes the whole neighbourhood scream again now calling "CHARLOTTE" and now "LOTTY." But some birds is more sensible than any of us two-legged creatures."

"Now, what do you think of that?" said I. "Why, I'd have trusted that girl with—yes, with untold gold."

"To be sure, LORTY. That's why you locked up the plate-chest. But untold gold is one matter—the untold love of a milkman another."

"Now, dear FRED, don't be foolish. To leave the house at such a warning! Well, I do think at least she might have waited until I had returned."

"She might," said FRED; "but perhaps the milkman wouldn't. Poor soul! I don't see why she should wait for your moon waning out—"

"Waning out, FRED! Well, that is an expression—"

"Before her moon should begin to shine. Honeymoons may be as thick as stars. Any way, now the matter's settled, I'm very glad—" and FRED spoke with great earnestness for such a subject—"very glad indeed of the milkman's choice. I shall patronise him for his humanity. Of course, she never before had an offer—"

"Why, there was a talk, Sir," said JOSEPHINE, who had come in, and I'd allowed to remain—"there was a talk of a private soldier."

"Soldier," cried FRED drily. "How! Food for powder."

"No, Sir," said JOSEPHINE, whom I immediately ordered out of the room—"no, Sir, for it never come to nothing."

FRED, with a loud laugh, declared that when it was all over 'twould be quite a relief to his mind. I couldn't help wondering what the creature had to do with him.

"Creature," echoed FRED, and then he went on. "My dear, I have observed that on several occasions you have spoken of certain folks as creatures—"

"There's no harm in that," I cried, a little twitted. "What should I call 'em?"

"Very true: there is no harm in it, and what should you call 'em? It is quite right; very estimable of you. Because, my love, when you speak of low and humble folk as creatures; of course in your humility, your Christian lowliness, you think and speak of 'em as fellow-creatures. After such fashion even duchesses may talk of charwomen. But to return to SUSANNAH—"

"I think we've had quite enough of her, and I shall answer Mamma and beg her at once to send the creat—the woman about her business."

"Very good, LORTY; and for the future, if you value the peace of mind of your inferior moiety, myself—take good heed that you never have a skeleton in the house."

"I should think not," said I.

"Don't be confident, my love; it's presumptuous," said FRED. "What says the saying: there's a skeleton in every house. But there will, there shall be none in ours—therefore do I rejoice in the going away of SUSANNAH."

"Why, what has she to do—"

FRED with uplifted finger and solemn face stopped me short. "My dear, SUSANNAH was ill-favoured; plain; nay—the milkman not hearing me—I will call SUSANNAH ugly. Now, my dear, in your future engagements, try the other side of the question. Pay extra wages for extra beauty."

"Indeed, Sir"—I called him Sir—"indeed, I shall do no such thing. Why should I?"

"Why? To display the liberality of your sex; for, in a word, LORTY, I will have no skeleton, if I can help it, in my house."

"I don't know what you call a skeleton," I replied.

"Then listen, my love"—and he would take my hand between his—"listen and learn. Skeletons are of various sorts; dwarf skeletons, giant skeletons. But, to my mind, the worst skeleton in a house is—an ugly house-maid."

SOCRATES IN THE NURSERY.



NE of the Training Schools for Nurses advertises that it is ready to receive Probationers. Testimonials are to be sent in, and the candidates are to attend on an appointed day to undergo an examination. Mr. Punch greatly approves of the institution, and in order to further its objects is happy to print a copy of the examination paper which is to be furnished to applicants. He recommends it not only to the attention of those who may intend to become Probationers, but to all who may be entrusted with the guardianship of his young friends the rising generation.

1. State your acquaintance with Bogy, and your opinion as to the desirability

of referring to him in cases of fractiousness.

2. In the case of a child pertinaciously refusing to go to sleep, give the examiner your idea of the proper treatment, and whether an imitation goblin or GODFREY'S cordial is, in your judgment, the preferable soporific.

3. At what period of a difference between yourself and your

eharge do you introduce the name of the horrid black man in the cellar?

4. In the event of a youthful party making enquiries after its Papa or Mamma, do you apprise it that the parent in question is gone to Bobberty-shooty to shave the monkies, or what other information do you supply?

5. What amount of gold hobby-horses, diamond shoes, and braunsilver-new-nothings-to-put-round-its-neck do you promise a child when your ship comes home, and what date do you assign to that feat in navigation?

6. Supposing there is reasonable ground for thinking that an infant cries because a pin is running into it, do you adopt the prevalent belief that the speediest relief is caused by a good slap upon the afflicted region?

7. Is it your opinion that any promise which will take a child quietly out of the room, or to bed, may conscientiously be made, and that the only promise which should be faithfully redeemed is one of castigation?

8. Do you recommend bribe or threat as the best means of preventing a child from telling its Mamma that your Cousin in the Life-Guards came to tea and stopped to supper?

Dental Anatomy for Roman Doctors.

THE grinder—or incisor—presented by the POPE to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, has been the subject of numerous comments implying doubt as to the authenticity of the relic. One incredulous person says that the alleged ST. PETER'S tooth is a mere bite. Another sceptic thinks it was the lost wise tooth of Infallibility. A third declares it is one of the teeth of evidence against which the Papacy makes its pretensions. A fourth considers that the dental gift came with PECUNIARY significance from the head of a priesthood which inculcates DEN'S Theology.

FINE ARTS FOR FINE PEOPLE.



It is with great pleasure that we note a work of fashionable art, which has been exhibited lately in the windows of the principal music shops, and which, to the imbecile prettiness which characterizes most productions of its kind, superadds some degree of meaning. The picture in question is a coloured lithograph, illustrative of a dance called "The Delightful Waltz," by the Composer of "The Delightful Polka." It represents a young lady of flushed countenance and fashionable exterior, fainting in the arms of a gallant officer whose coat is radiant with gold

and vermilion, and whose visage glows with enthusiasm and exercise. The son of MARS is depositing the asphyxiated beauty on a sofa, amid the admiring gesticulations of the beholders. So far it may not appear that this creation of genius embodies any great truth, or is much to be commended in an æsthetic point of view. There is more in it, however, than the simple fact of an elegantly appressed young female, who has been waltzing till she faints, being caught in her fall by an embroidered military man. When it is said that she is represented as of "fashionable exterior," the whole truth is not stated. She is delineated as being of fashionable interior also. Her waist is so small that the diaphragm, the liver, and the other great vital organs which it circumscribes, are plainly indicated to be in a most fashionable state of compression; the play of the lungs likewise being seriously impeded by the restriction of the movement of the ribs: the consequence of which must be engorgement of the blood-vessels, and congestion about the region of the heart. Hence, the talented artist of course intends to imply, the syncope which has resulted to the attractive young lady from waltzing with the auriferous and scarlet officer; so that the object of his pencil is to point a medical moral: and not merely to excite genteel susceptibility, but also to exemplify the consequences of tight-lacing.

A MÆCENAS AT MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER is a rare place for patterns; it has afforded one to gentlemen wishing to afford encouragement to Art. The *Manchester Guardian* states, in reference to the Annual Meeting of the School of Design at that town, that a document was read by MR. HAMMERSLEY particularizing this fine example, as consisting in the offer of "a very noble prize" by a gentleman, as a reward for the greatest amount of proficiency, assiduity, and talent exhibited in the School during the ensuing year—*vide licet* :—

"One hundred pounds will be given to the gainer of this prize, in bills payable in Venice, Bologna, Florence, and Rome. The prizewinner will be required to remain in these seats of art for a year. He will come under obligation to devote a certain number of hours weekly in producing drawings for the donor of the prize. A certain number of celebrated works will be named, copies of which it will be necessary that the bursar should produce in water colour, in a style and size to be indicated by MR. HAMMERSLEY; and, of course, it will be necessary for those who propose to compete for the prize to devote some time in the School to the practice of this style, in order to evince their capabilities for fulfilling these conditions. Introductions will be provided in the very highest quarters to the most eminent Artists and others, in the cities to which the bursar will be accredited. The winner of this great prize will, therefore, be placed in a position which twice the sum could not secure for any one travelling merely on his own private resources."

In continuation, MR. HAMMERSLEY

"Explained that the £100 were given by a gentleman whose name was known to the Council, but who particularly desired not to be known otherwise in connexion with the gift."

It is easy to conceive why this munificent patron of Art may wish to be anonymous. Because, the patronage which he offers to Art is of a peculiar kind. The conditions of trial for his prize are, first, a year's hard work, with the chance of failure. The winner next has to travel a thousand miles, reside abroad a year, and find himself in all things during that time. His £100 would be simply a small deduction from his expenses. Then he is to labour a certain number of hours

weekly, in copying a certain number of pictures for his benefactor; but he gets introductions into the bargain.

Now, certainly, this is one way to encourage a rising Artist. It is a way of engaging his abilities on moderate terms. It may be commended to the imitation of all persons who are disposed to venture £100 in the hope of getting a roomful of drawings from great masters, instead of giving a commission to a larger amount for the job at once.

A WINDFALL FOR THE LONG-WINDED.

We are happy to congratulate our old friend MR. CHISHOLM ANSTAY on his having received a Government appointment. The once honourable and now honoured gentleman has been nominated a Member of the Commission for Consolidating the Statutes. We rejoice to find that instead of being employed in making very long Parliamentary speeches, he will be engaged in the more profitable occupation of making Parliamentary acts as short as possible. Though we could not always speak of him in a flattering manner, when we had to judge him by his words, we have no doubt we shall have to report favourably of him when judging him by his acts.

No man knows better than he does what it is to be too long-winded, and he will be able to correct in others an error that he has probably, before this, discovered in himself. We often had to blame him for wasting the time of the House by long speeches, and if he saves the time of the country by abridging the statutes he will make more than amends.

WHAT IS REALLY "LOOMING IN THE FUTURE."



CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, writing evidently in a moon-struck state, has observed "a column of light having that luminary"—our old friend Luna—"for its basis." This "column of light" has given rise to the contribution of a quarter of a column of small type from a gentleman who intimates that after staring the moon, or perhaps the man in the moon, fairly out of countenance, he observed, "the light grow gradually paler and paler until it vanished." He adds that "to a person of imaginative temperament the moon seemed to be on fire." Had it appeared in this light to a boy of "imaginative temperament," his imagination might have urged him to call up the firemen and cause the engines to be put in requisition. We trust

that the moon-gazers in general will keep their imaginations down, for the fire-brigade is already sufficiently employed in putting out real conflagrations, without having to throw cold water on some fictitious flare-up that is blazing away in the imagination of some old gentleman straining his eyes, the whole night long, through a telescope.

The very observant gentleman who fancied the moon was on fire excuses himself by saying that the atmosphere was in a condition highly favourable for the phenomenon called "looming." It is a pity that MR. DISRAELI was not ready to take advantage of this atmospheric state of things to show the country what he has declared to be "looming in the future," for its special benefit. On the occasion in question, nothing "loomed" but a few small merchant craft which had been mistaken for a powerful squadron, so that the phenomenon of "looming" seems to be nothing more than the process of gross exaggeration. In the eyes of the lookers-on, some very little craft had assumed the dimensions of an invading force; and, perhaps the small political craft of DISRAELI will take the form of considerable power when his vision of something "looming in the future" is realised.

The City Arms.

SINCE the visit of the Deputation of London Merchants and Bankers to LOUIS NAPOLEON, the dagger has leapt with indignation out of the City Arms. It is to be replaced, we are told, with a French knife and fork. There will be no crest on them, as it is said the City is far too crest-fallen to make any such show at present.



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 6.

Cook. "WELL, TO BE SURE, MUM! LAST PLACE I WERE IN MISSIS ALWAYS KNOCKED AT THE DOOR AFORE SHE COME INTO MY KITCHEN!!"

A CLERICAL ERROR.

THERE surely must be some mistake about the following advertisement, extracted from a recent Supplement of the *Times*:—

LAW.—WANTED, by the advertiser, a SITUATION as *COPYING CLERK*, out-door, in a respectable Attorney's Office, in London. As the advertiser is a man of extreme *High Church* principles, no *high Calvinist*, *Socinian*, or *Unitarian* need notice this. Salary—15s. per week, the advertiser having a *small annuity*.

This *High Church Clerk* must be some unfortunate clerk in orders, with the charge of a parish, for which he receives the usual stipend of thirty or forty pounds a year, which he is justified in alluding to as "a small annuity." The advertiser is, probably, a poor provincial curate, who is anxious to eke out, as a copying clerk, the miserable income which, as an original writer of sermons, he receives, perhaps, from some well-paid incumbent in London, who having "a divided duty" transfers the hardest part of it with a miserable pittance to some unhappy substitute.

That the advertiser is a half-starved clergyman we cannot doubt, or why should he be so particular in intimating that he cannot accept wages from any but a *High Churchman*? No *Calvinist*, *Socinian*, or *Unitarian* is to apply to this would-be *Scribe*, who would probably be turned out of his curacy if he accepted aid from a *Pharisee*. We do not wonder at the poor fellow's eagerness to earn fifteen shillings a week by his own labour rather than avail himself of the humiliating aids that are condescendingly bestowed on some of the "lower order" of clergy. The latest bit of benevolence has for its object the conversion of the poor curates by the Jews, for Holywell Street is ransacked to obtain old clothes with which to transform the ill-paid seedy divine into the external semblance of a gentleman. The motive may be very good which causes a collection to be made of cast-off wearing apparel, for the use of the inferior—that is to say, the underpaid—clergy, but we had much rather see an effort made to give the labourer his hire, and to tear off the cloak and mask from the humbings and hypocrites than to get together a second-hand wardrobe to furnish decent dress to those by whom redress is the thing most required.

THE NABOB'S PETITION.

A GOOD man—whose name will have become familiar to the newspaper reader—has been publishing lately an affecting address, in the form of an advertisement, "To the Proprietors of East India Stock."

He tells them, reverentially, that he has the honour to apprise them that the election of six Directors of the East India Company will take place on the 13th instant, when the vacancy caused by the death of GENERAL CAULFIELD will be filled up.

With a warmth of feeling which does credit to his heart, he begs to express his *most grateful thanks* for the *kind and continued support* with which he has been honoured, and which enables him to look to the result of a contest with the most confident expectation of success. There is a peculiar enthusiasm in this last declaration, which is evidently couched in the spirit of sanguine interest for some great object.

In the language of pathetic entreaty, he begs that he may be permitted to take this opportunity of *renewing his solicitations* for the votes and influence of those Proprietors who may not yet have declared their intentions, and *assuring* them, as well as the rest, that if placed in the position to which he so *anxiously* aspires, his *best energies* shall be devoted to the *zealous* discharge of the important duties confided to him.

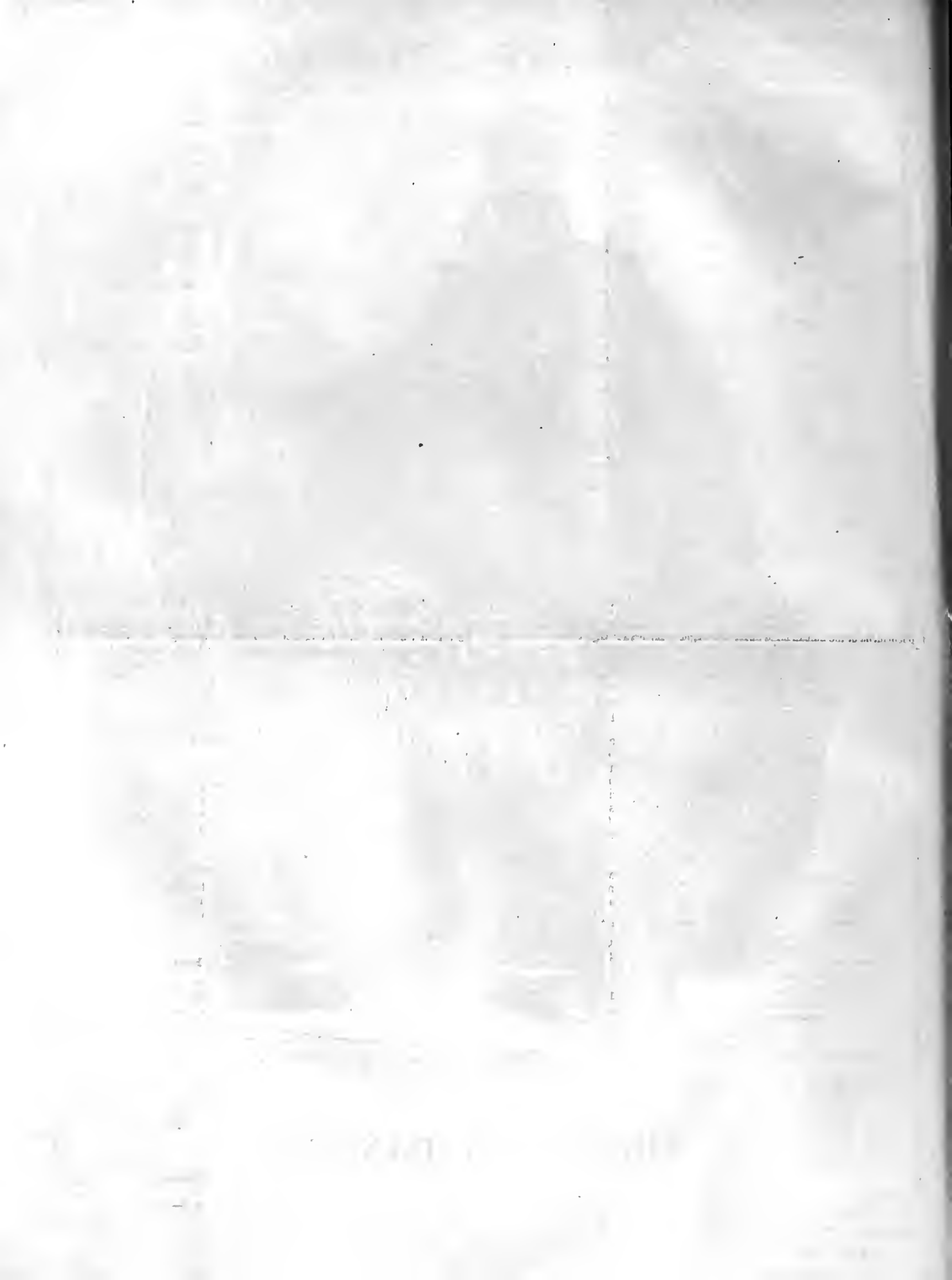
He concludes his supplication by saying that he ventures *earnestly* to solicit the attendance of his friends.

As a specimen of the eloquence of imploring humility, this gentleman's advertisement may be backed against the Beggar's Petition. When it is considered that his object is the unselfish one of obtaining a share in the government of our Indian Empire, that is to say in directing the destiny of above 100,000,000 of the human race, it is pleasing to find him so terribly in earnest: the only reward he can look to being, of course, the pleasure of promoting the happiness of so many of his fellow-creatures.

LET HIM HAVE HIS SAY.—"I'm out for the day," as the Court suit said when it left the pawnbroker's on the morning of the Levee.



TURKEY IN DANGER.



FREE-TRADE IN FORTUNE-TELLING.



GOOD MR. PUNCH.—I appeal to you as the ready champion of oppressed classes and persons. I get my living through telling fortunes by astrology, or rather, I used to do so; for my business has greatly fallen off of late. That business, such as it is, I carry on under the title of 'Astronomical Lecturer,' which I put on my door. It is necessary for me to resort to this unworthy subterfuge in order to evade the law, which would punish me for casting nativities to obtain money, as a rogue and a vagabond. Yet here is an advertisement which appeared last week in a newspaper:—

MRS. GERALD MASSEY (the Somnambule JANE) will hold a public SEANCE THIS DAY, at ———, at 2 o'clock, for the Manifestation of Clairvoyants Phenomena. Admission 2s. 6d.

Private Clairvoyance Consultations for Disease, its Cause, Effect, and Remedy, Persons Absent, Mental Travelling, &c.; from 11 to 4, one guinea.

"Now if I—for I dabble in the occults generally—show a servant-maid her absent sweetheart in a mirror, I am liable to be sent to the House of Correction. It would be at my peril that I charged a guinea for revelations with respect to stolen goods, which I believe is one of the &c. of Clairvoyance: if I am detected in doing any such thing my reward is the County crop and the treadmill.

"Immediately under the above advertisement there was the following:—

MESMERISM.—The celebrated SOMNAMBULE, ADOLPHE DIDIER gives his MAGNETIC SEANCES and CONSULTATIONS for Diseases, every day, from 11 till 4. Thursday, at 3 o'clock, experiments illustrating the highest phenomena of the human mind under the magnetic influence. Consultations by letter.

"The terms for M. ADOLPHE DIDIER'S—séances and consultations are not stated; because the parties appealed to belong to the upper classes, who are regardless of expense. Do not mistake me, *Mr. Punch*. I am not so illiberal as to complain that Mrs. Massey and Mr. Didier are suffered to practise their art, but I do complain that I am not suffered to practise mine as well. Neither have I the meanness to disparage their pretensions. Of course they are entitled to as much credit in their line as I am in mine; as to which of us may give the most satisfaction, let fair competition decide that. No doubt they are perfectly able to see through every thing, in all directions, to any distance, with their eyes shut; and to describe past or foretell future events, divine diseases and their remedies, and disclose the secrets of the other world. But if they may make their guineas out of the faith of the aristocracy in these preternatural powers of theirs, why must I be debarred from obtaining less money from a humbler public, by pretences quite as true?

"The Spirit Rappers, too, are permitted to go on without molestation, whereas if I ever do a little bit of necromancy it must be on the sly. Do you call this Free Trade? Pray, *Mr. Punch*, advocate the repeal of those restrictive laws which not only fetter a peculiar branch of industry, but also, most unnaturally, tend to check the native Professor, whilst they encourage the foreign Chevalier. Flourish your mighty cudgel in the cause of a poor conjuror, who, wishing that your star may be ever in the ascendant, remains, in good old unaffected English parlance, your most obedient humble Knave,

"RAPHAEL ZADKIEL."

* * There is much in what R. Z. says: moreover, as he does not profess clairvoyance, there may be some reason why he should practise divination for gain. But there is no occasion for those persons to make a trade of soothsaying who, as they can see into every thing, can look into the earth, discover its hidden treasures and choose their own diggings.

N.B. WANTED.—One Event, Occurrence, or Fact, of a Public Nature, which has turned out to verify any assertion of a clairvoyante.

"SHOP!"—The London deputation to LOUIS NAPOLEON has been condemned as betraying, not so much a love for peace, as a "yearning after French Centime-nationalism."

"WHEN FOUND, DON'T MAKE A NOTE OF."

FEARLESSLY again *Punch* challenges the Universe—
To find a newspaper without an "Aggravated Assault" in it.
To find a richer field for enterprise than an Australian Gold Field.
To find the British Freeman whose vote is independent of the way in which he's treated.
To find a Spiritual Rapping that is worth a single rap.
To find a convert to Vegetarianism among our oratorically "distrest" agriculturists.
To find a nervous Emigrant who would like Caffraria to settle in.
To find a Railway accident where the slightest blame attaches to the immaculate Directors.
To find the British Female who can resist a useless purchase if it's offered as a "bargain."
To find a "Junior" Lord of the Admiralty who is not, at least, an octogenarian.
To find a French newspaper of sufficient vital tenacity to survive a "warning" from the Government.
To find an "Alarming Sacrifice" where the vendor is the victim.
To find a Husband of sufficient resignation to endure the ordeal of a "cleaning" day, without taking refuge at his Club.
To find a Wife of sufficient self-denial to refuse a new dress because she doesn't want it.

To find your way into a Scotchman's house at dinner-time.
To find a Clairvoyant whose faculty of "second sight" may not very easily be seen through at first.

To find a City Street that for four-and-twenty hours is innocent of a paving rammer.

To find the British Publican who is not well up in the bottle-trick.
To find a Government Steamer that's a single whit less "slow" than "sure"—of an accident.

To find a man of sufficient appetit energy to eat a London Sausage.
To find an Election where the (strictly) "legal expenses" will bear the test of the Committee Room.

To find a maiden lady who will own to being twenty.
To find a Geometrician who can calculate the altitude of a Railway Company's Assurance.

To find the British Boxkeeper who will give you admission, if you happen unluckily to look as if you'd pay for it.

To find a "Plain" Cook who does not over-dress herself.
To find an Omnibus that will carry you at a greater pace than you can walk.

To find a Betting Shop frequenter whose "settling" at home does not lead eventually to his settling abroad.

And, as a final elencher—
To find the British Cabman who would not perish sooner than confess that he had change for half-a-crown about him.

Well Qualified to be a Sheriff's Officer.

A FRENCH-toadying contemporary, writing about LOUIS NAPOLEON, says, "There is no doubt that for months past he has succeeded in arresting the general attention of Europe,"—and not the only General by many (may we be allowed to add) which he has succeeded in arresting. The FRENCH EMPEROR'S powers of arrest are not exceeded, we should say, by any LEVI or SLOMAN in Christendom.

A MOST DIFFICULT PASSAGE.

A LIBERAL Manager has been giving—or pretending to give away—"free passages to Australia." This is easy enough, but we should like to see the manager who could secure for any one of his audience a "free passage" through the Lowther Arcade.

"You're neither a Man nor a Brother."

THE present American Government, as it advocates slavery, may be denominated "an Uncle Tom's Cabin-et," and if it should want a good whipper-in, we are sure GENERAL PIERCE will forget for the moment he is President, and be too happy to lend his hand to it. He is just the man for a country that boasts of "flogging all creation," which boast, as far as the black portion of it is concerned, is certainly only too true.

ULTRA-NATIONAL HERALDRY.

PERHAPS some heraldic enthusiast in the North will object to the motto of the PRINCE OF WALES, *Ich Dien*, and insist on an additional letter being used in the orthography of *Ich*.

AFTER DINNER CONVERSATION.—*Austria to Russia*.—"The Porte's with you."



A CONSISTENT MEMBER OF THE 'PEACE DEPUTATION.' "You are heartily Welcome to anything my Poor House affords."

SERVICES OF DANGER.

THIS is not the place wherein to expatiate on the maxim that in the performance of charity the left hand should not know the deed of the right. But it may be remarked that if ever that virtue ought to be unostentatious, it is when exercised in praying for a condemned culprit. That this is not a superfluous observation will be manifest from the following paragraph out of the *Times*:—

"THE CONVICT SPARKS.—A most unusual mode has been adopted with respect to this convicted murderer. Notice has been given in five churches at Exeter, that divine service will be performed every day until the execution, and that the churches will be opened half-an-hour before, and half-an-hour after the service, that persons may at the altar offer up their prayers for the salvation of the unhappy convict, and a manual of prayers has been printed and circulated for that purpose. Notice has also been given that service will be performed at the hour of the execution. These matters have caused a very strong sensation through the city of Exeter."

Against the particular act of devotion above alluded to, not a word can be said; it is quite right and proper; but like many other proper and right things it ought to be done with the greatest possible secrecy. Publicity of services and supplications, in behalf of a man who is going to be hanged for murder, is calculated to render the place in which they are customary unsafe. We should be afraid to live in the diocese of Exeter, except under the conditions of a private watchman, a large dog in the yard, and a Colt's revolver under our pillow. Such demonstrative collects and liturgies may or may not tend to effect the criminal's conversion, but they are very likely to result in converting a mere ruffian into an actual assassin. They conduce to the augmentation of that vulgar celebrity which surrounds a cut-throat, and constitutes him, on the scaffold, an example in the wrong sense. If any low brute is inclined to envy the wretch his notoriety, of course that fellow's emulation must be stimulated by the stir and excitement created about him by those means. He naturally thinks what a fine thing it must be to be prayed for in church, together with the QUEEN and Royal Family, the Houses of Parliament, and all bishops, priests, and deacons, and to become an object of special interest to the clergy and ladies of the neighbourhood.

It is idle to question whether the object of these services is likely to be answered in the present instance, because nobody will believe that it is what it pretends to be. Every one is sufficiently well satisfied that it is secondarily, if at all, the benefit of the prisoner, and primarily and principally, the assertion of Tractarianism. We all know that Puseyism is as rampant at Exeter as felony is about Ratcliff Highway; and the lovers of the Romanesque would naturally take such a leaf out of FATHER NEWMAN'S book as may be found in the 212th and succeeding pages of his eighth Lecture "On Certain Difficulties," &c.

Mr. Punch as Richard III.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD, says Mr. Foss, in his "Judges of England," used, among his milder recreations, to go into the Courts of Law, and propound questions to the Bench, which the poor Judges "found great difficulty in answering." He asked one question, to which he never could get a response up to the day of his Bosworth, and which Mr. *Punch* begs leave to re-iterate. "Why do you wear those ridiculous and unwholesome wigs?" Mr. *Punch* pauses for a reply.

THE LIMITS OF FEMALE FORGIVENESS.—A woman will forgive any thing in a rival, excepting her being prettier than herself.

THE GENTLE CABMAN.

HAIL! Gentle Cabman, modest youth,
Pleasant type of innocence and truth;
Where shall we find—if not in thee—
The emblem of simplicity?

Devoid of guile, thy softness rare
Deserves the very choicest fare.
In thee we happily possess
The paragon of artlessness.

Let slander's evil tongue enlarge
On thy weak way of overcharge;
But oh! to what does this amount?
That thou'rt too much a child to count.

Detraction, with sarcastic smile,
May say you call a yard a mile;
But rustiest DAMON young and fair
In pinning faith to "liberal measure."

Your language is not always choice,
Perhaps to an oath you lend your voice;
But rustic DAMON young and fair
To PHYLLIS now and then will swear.

To smoke and drink you may be prone;
But any candid mind will own,
This is the true Arcadian type—
PAN loves his pot, STREPHON his pipe.

Then, gentle Cabman, tell me why
They look on thee with jaundiced eye?—
Why look at me with wonder blank,
Thou ornament to any rank?

The Cabman answered, "Tell ye wot,
Mankind's a werry rummy lot,
Like dogs with a bad name they harrangue us,
The next they'll do will be to hang us."

SLAVISH IMITATION.

SINCE GENERAL PIERCE defined Slavery to be "involuntary servitude," a great change has taken place in America—in the Southern States especially—in certain popular expressions. You no longer hear a person rudely saying, "I'm the slave of the tender passion;" but he will express the same thing much better by delicately observing, "I'm the involuntary servant of the tender passion." This sensible improvement has taken place, we are glad to state, throughout all the different forms of Slavery, from that of a Vulgar Prejudice down to that of the Bottle. It is most interesting to overhear a young gentleman passionately confessing to a young lady, as he is kneeling at her feet, that he is "her involuntary servant for life."

A New Inscription for the City Arms.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S well-known motto of "*La Paix à tout Prix*" might appropriately figure on the City Arms, for the 4,126 London Merchants and Bankers, who have lately been licking the boots of LOUIS NAPOLEON seem anxious to purchase "peace at any price," even at the price of their own independence, and the respect of their fellow-countrymen.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF DELUSION.

It is said that there is now living in the United States an upholder of slavery, whose mind is affected to such a degree that he sometimes fancies himself a republican.

WHY is a person with the lumbago like a man smoking a cheap cigar?—Because his back is bad (bacey's) bad.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 8.



ON returning from chapel this morning, I found on my table the card, printed in a heavy German character, of Mr. James Grubbins, Chichester College, with these words in pencil, "Breakfast at Dick's at nine." GRUBBINS is not one of my favourites: he is ignorant, ill-bred, disputatious, and dogmatic. His people are very rich; but their wealth is like old GRUBBINS's sword when he went to his first *levée*: they have not had it long enough to be used to it, and it is always getting between their legs and tripping them up. Nevertheless, I am not of opinion that you must needs put yourself under an obligation to a man if you eat his bread; on the contrary, if your host is a bore, the obligation is the other way; and, as I knew I should meet many undergraduate friends, I resolved to go.

Twenty or thirty boys were assembled in the Coffee-room—a sight delightful to see—all the very pictures of health, spirits, and good humour; a little overdone with jewellery, perhaps, but as gay and fresh as a bed of violets. Bless their hearts! quarter-day to them is a *jour de fête*—innocent lambs! It is the Governor who is felled to supply them with their beautiful shooting-coats—*sic vos non vobis velleru fertis, oves!* What a pity it is that they, too, must grow up into great, coarse, nasty muttons. However there will be a new brood of young 'uns by that time to supply their place, it is to be hoped.

"I think we are all here," said GRUBBINS in his hard voice, and he led us into the breakfast room. To accommodate our unusually large party, the table had been arranged diagonally; and even so, there was scarcely space for the waiters to pass. Our host took the chair, surrounded by his particular friends. I retired as far as possible to the other end, into a little *coterie* of my own. Now commenced the banquet of giants. A course of fish with indigestible sauce (the provincials never can make melted butter) and mashed potatoes were speedily disposed of, and was followed by an enormous provision of steaks, chops, kidneys, veal cutlets, broiled ham, sausages, and poached eggs. Enormous! But DICK knew the capacity of his patrons, and there was not too much. All this time tea, coffee, and chocolate, were consumed in oceans; half-gallon stone mugs, three-handled—of a form that I have never seen but at the University—and filled with beer and cider-cup, fragrant with nutmeg, lemon, and borage, (choicest of herbs!) passed from hand to hand; and, to crown the whole, Champagne of a suspicious red colour, and doubtless of a highly deleterious character flowed freely; in fact some of the freshmen went into all these liquids at one and the same time. A pause, and one might have thought the battle was over. Oh dear no. A procession of waiters again enters the room, bearing snipes, woodcocks, wild ducks—by Jove! I believe every clean bird that went into NOAH'S ARK—and the indefatigable youngsters are at it again as if they had not eaten for a week. GRUBBINS, for his own personal appetite, orders a relay of those leathery muffins that University wits have christened "certain death," the birds gradually become melancholy wretches, jelly (I must entreat the forbearance and faith of my readers) succeeds, weeds are lighted, and with heavy eyes the party separates, the most part, I hope, wishing GRUBBINS and his breakfasts at the deuce.

Ah-h-h! how delightful the fresh air is! I rejoice to think these savage banquets are not so frequent as they used to be. In my time every saint's day used so to be kept holy. Oh, my children! away with the vestiges of such horrors. *Tollite barbarum morem*. How do you suppose GRUBBINS will construe his *Sophocles* to-day? What sort of an exhibition will you, CHARLES CODLINGS, make, if BOWSER puts you on in *Thucydides*? Why, you are incapable of doing a simple addition sum. When you all met this morning, you were as bright a set of boys as I ever saw; I compared you to a bed of flowers. When you were hunting for your caps and gowns to come away, you had the air of so many Dutch boors in a TENDERS. FUDLAM was absolutely screwed from the effects of that villanous compound for which the vineyards of Epernay were made responsible. I don't appeal to GRUBBINS, for he is a monster; but do you think for a moment that you are giving pleasure to your friends by cramming them with fish, flesh, and fowl, at this hour in the morning? Do you fancy that this

is hospitality, as practised in civilised countries? It is useless, I suppose, to ask whether your father, a perfect English gentleman, ever commits such absurdities. Every youngster thinks his governor slow, and I can quite understand that a little money foolishly spent here may save you many thousands in after life; but do you think if HIS GRACE OF RAMILLES were to have you out to breakfast, at Godstock, that he would sicken you with three courses and a dessert? Perhaps I did the same when I was an undergraduate? Of course I did. I was as great an ass then as you are now, or a great deal worse. Is that any reason that I should not try and prevent you from following my bad example? What would you say to a man out hunting who would not tell you of a bad place, because he had nearly broken his neck there himself? Pray don't wrangle. I hate to hear a man justify himself; besides you are quite unfit to reason at present. Go and have a good bucket down the river in a pea-coat, and perhaps in the course of the afternoon your intellects will be clearer. To-morrow I will give you a little breakfast in my rooms, and show you that it is possible to be hospitable without imitating CIRCE, and transforming your guests into swine.

I am inclined to think it is a pity that your College does not allow you to give your friends a decent meal from the kitchen. You are sure to entertain each other somehow; the Dons may just as well let you do so cheaply. Besides there would then be some check on the shocking wastefulness and extravagance that prevails now. Of course they will object that this would give an impulse to party-giving. To some extent it would; it is a balance of evils. But the real difficulty they feel, I suspect, is, that they would then become responsible for a youngster's prodigality; and responsibility is just the very thing that they are determined to shirk. Will you row aft or forward?

"THE BLACKBURN "FREE AND INDEPENDENT."

THE term "Election Intelligence" must shortly fall into disuse, for an election in the present day seems to be distinguished by the absence of all intelligence on the part of those concerned in it. Blackburn has just been the scene of a contest in which the principal colours were black and blue, strongly marked in the eyes and faces of one portion of the voters by the fists and bludgeons of the remainder. All over the town mobs of ruffians were employed in sending stones through panes of glass; thus, at the same time smashing windows and jeopardising the very framework of society. Though no lives were lost, fire-arms were employed; but as the assailants are unknown, and are not worth powder and shot, no one seems likely to prosecute. The son of an independent voter was knocked on the head with his father's poker, and the electors were at it "hammer and tongs" upon each other's skulls and window-shutters till the election was over.

By some extraordinary mistake the only people taken into custody were those who had been ill-used, and as they could not very well be charged with blacking their own eyes or beating in their own heads, there was no use in detaining them. A few of those whose faces were cut to pieces were bound over, but the "binding over" was effected by strapping, and other modes of keeping wounds together. We hope after such scenes as those that have occurred at the late elections, no member will be considered to represent the place where violence has been used, but that he will go by the name of the Honourable Member for Broken-head or Window-smash. We trust MR. DOD in his next edition of "electoral facts," will not forget those great facts—the bunged up eyes and horribly inflamed noses of the burgesses of Blackburn.

The Besom in Doctors' Commons.

THE Prerogative Office has, as is well known, the custody—in which it is shamefully careless—of wills. Some difficulty may be experienced in the cleaning out of this sty; but it cannot be insuperable, because, where there is a Will there is a way.

WHAT A FRENCH CONSTITUTION IS MADE OF.

A FRENCH Constitution, it strikes us, must be always made of Plaster of Paris. It looks smooth and fair enough when finished—and as if it would stick together for ever—but at the first little blow it breaks, and is shattered into a thousand pieces, of which Barricades are made.

Toby's Bark.

ONE of the quack pill-mongers at present disfigures the periodicals with a hideous picture called the "Human Body compared to a Tree." This is not so bad, and if we see anybody taking in the pills of the College of Gambouge, we shall know where to look for a sap.

AN INTREPID SPORTSMAN.—COMMISSIONER MAYNE goes amongst the Cabmen by the name of "The Badger-Hunter."



A NEW BROOM BEING TAUGHT TO DISTINGUISH HIS PATRONS BY AN OLD BROOM (RETIRING FROM BUSINESS).

New Broom. "POOR JACK, YER HONOR?"

Old Broom. "LEAVE THEM COVES ALONE, TIM; THEY'RE TWO SWELLS WHAT ALWAYS CROSSES IN A 'ANSOM—'CAUSE O' THEIR BOOTS!"

DRUNKENNESS OF THE SCOTCH.

An elegant little controversy has been going on recently among the Scotch people, as to which portion of them may be considered the most addicted to drunkenness. Glasgow and Edinburgh have been the two chief disputants in this disreputable dispute, as to which city has the greatest tendency to intoxication. The excitement has been still further heightened by Dundee having staggered into the argument; and wanting to know which of the three degrees of drunkenness shall be assigned to itself: and how Edinburgh, Dundee, and Glasgow, are to stand with regard to each other, as the worthy representatives of Drunk, Drunker, and Drunkest. We always imagined that the Scotch took much credit for sobriety, but the nation, it appears, when reflecting upon itself, and looking as it were at itself in the glass, finds evidence of a strong attachment to the bottle. We shall begin to think that the national Scotch Reel is more closely connected with the equally national Scotch toddy, than we had been apt to imagine.

We do not see very well how the controversy is to end; but if one of the three cities can manage to abstain for a time from intoxication, the other two may make the third the arbiter for all, and thus Glasgow and Dundee drunk may be able to appeal to Edinburgh sober.

The City Shoe-black Brigade.

ONE of the little red-jackets stationed in Trafalgar Square, upon reading the address of the London Bankers and Merchants to LOUIS NAPOLEON, exclaimed most indignantly, "Well, I'm blessed if, in the way of boot-cleaning, this doesn't lick everything of the kind!"

CHIVALRY FOR THE MILLION.—It is proposed to establish an order of Knighthood for the reward of eminent sanitary services, to be called the Order of the Bath and Washhouse.

ADVERTISEMENTS MORALISED.

NOISELESS WHEELS.

THERE is a rumour and a talk
Of an invention that's applied
Not to the use of those that walk,
But to the use of those that ride.
What is it to the public ear
In loud advertisements appeals?
What do they speak of far and near?
What makes this noise? The "Noiseless Wheels."

A subtle meaning may be found
Where 'tis not looked for by the throng—
A "noiseless wheel!" Thus, free from sound,
The wheel of Time revolves along.
No voice is heard to note its speed,
Silent and swift it onward steals:
'Tis only by its loss we heed
The flight of time—with "noiseless wheels."

Under the sun there's nothing new;
Whatever is, has always been:
Invention can but bring to view
Things that would else remain unseen.
The law of Nature—far and near—
The principle at once reveals;
The world, the seasons, year by year
Go round and round—like "noiseless wheels."

The blood that warms the mortal frame
In circulation will be found;
The air about us does the same
In silent currents twirling round.
The head itself will often swim;
The brain occasionally reels;
And round will come the lot of him
Who's helped by Fortune's "noiseless wheels."

But Science may have miss'd its aim,
For clattering wheels are oft preferred
By those who think that noise is fame;
Not mute would be the vulgar herd.
Rare is the man his carriage owns,
Who modestly his state conceals;
He'd rather rattle o'er the stones,
Than pass unheard with "noiseless wheels."

PIUS THE NINTH AND PROFESSOR OWEN.

THE following statement, by the Austrian Correspondent of our universal contemporary, will refute a blind calumny current amongst heretics:—

"His Apostolic Majesty, FRANCIS JOSEPH, has just received a valuable present from Rome; it is a tooth said to have been taken by his HOLINESS'S own fingers from the jaw of ST. PETER. This relic was presented on the 17th by the Nuncio, CARDINAL VIALE PRELA, in a costly 'Ostensorium.'"

Hence it is clear that the idea of the POPE worshipping relics is all stuff. The veneration that he really pays them is much the same as PROFESSOR OWEN evinces towards fossil remains: putting them into an Ostensorium, more or less expensive, for exhibition. To be sure there is this difference between the PROFESSOR and the PONTIFF, that, give the former a tooth, and he will tell you whether it is a Mastodon's or a Mammoth's, whereas if you were to show the latter a whole set of teeth, he would be unable to inform you if they belonged to a saint or a sinner.

The Maine Law.

THERE is a law which prohibits the sale of any spirituous liquors in certain States of America, known by the name of the "Maine Law." A cabman writes to us to say that "he is precisely in the same State, for the late Police Regulations, which forbid him any spirits or a drop of beer, no matter how many hours he may have been on his box, may be justly called 'The English MAYNE Law.'"

UN JEU QUI NE VAUT PAS LA CHANDELLE.—Puseycism.

NOTICE.—The half-dozen translators of MONS. SCRIBE'S DRAMA OF "MARCO SPADA" publicly give notice that they intend to reserve to themselves the right of translating it back again into French.

THE BELGRAVIAN VENUS ATTIRED BY THE GRACES. (BY AN OLD STUPID.)



THOUGH I'm now old and fat, and look heavy and dim,
I don't envy the bright-eyed, the young and the slim,
I enjoy watching Beauty and Youth at a Ball,
Whilst I think what a few years will make of it all.

Those exquisite creatures of Riches and Birth
Seem the children of classes superior to Earth,
With such joy in their voices, such smiles on their cheeks,
Like the happy Immortals adored by the Greeks.

Look at yon titled Maiden—that form is divine,
And the clothes she is wearing are suitably fine,
It is VENUS herself, an old Pagan might guess,
By the GRACES attired in Olympic full dress.

But by no Nymphs, the daughters of ægis-armed Jove,
The robes of that Goddess were fashioned or wove,
In an Attic, indeed, but no classical spot,
They were made—in a Garret close, reeking, and hot.

When Morn, rosy-fingered, appeared, or before,
Whilst the Goddess was snoring—such Goddesses snore—
The Nymphs of the Garret, the dressmaking Powers,
Arose from a slumber—perhaps of three hours.

From dawn till past midnight the needle they ply,
Oft till next morning's twilight appears in the sky,
With a pause for each meal—fifteen minutes, may be,
Their ambrosia dry bread, and their nectar weak tea.

A minute slice of meat, and potatoe, to these,
Add at dinner; at supper a morsel of cheese.
Toast and water's allowed the first banquet to cheer,
At the last may be taken a small glass of beer.

But to cheek the somnific effect of the hops,
The sad Nymph must eftsoon imbibe China's green slops,
Lest she doze o'er the task, that her life must consume,
To make that CYTHEREA the belle of the room.

So I see, in the dance whilst our deity whirls,
Hov'ring round her the ghosts of poor milliner-girls,
'Twas those GRACES that gave the gay VENUS her clothes,
And their spirits attend her wherever she goes.

Grim GRACES were such—if young dandies could see
Through the spectacled eyes of a Foggy like me;
And should VENUS disrelish such haunted attire,
Ere she fix on her milliner—let her inquire.

OUR HONEYMOON.

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 18—.

It is quite plain that *this* Honeymoon of ours is to be a time of trial, at least to one of us. Goodness knows what a pang it has cost me—but—no—yes—I *do* begin to doubt, no, not doubt, but just question the affection, the one absorbing, soul-possessing—(as I used to think and talk of it)—affection that FREDERICK has for me. I can't help beginning to think that my eyes are *not* the stars they used to be—and that when I speak, nightingales need *not* go about their business. It's very hard, after all that's happened, to feel so humiliated. But, I'm afraid I've been in a dream, and am now beginning to rub my eyes to the cold, wide world about me.

Shall I ever forget when I awoke this morning? I had been restless all night—for I never could sleep with a gnat in the room—never. I had been *very* restless, for if there was one gnat—there were at least twenty—oh, I've known 'em so well from a *very* child—and could hear all their little trumpets blowing about my pillow. Twenty gnats at least. Well, when I woke very drowsily, after being tired out with those dreadful creatures, FREDERICK stared, and laughed in the most unfeeling manner. A coarse laugh, so different from *that* every morning smile—and then my eyes began to open.

"I see nothing to laugh at," said I, though I'd a dreadful feeling of the cause of his ungenerous mirth; and yes, I *did* swing myself round.

"I'm glad of that, LOTTY," said FRED, for all the world as if he was a stone. "And I tell you what, love, I'll make a bargain with you—"

"I want none of your bargains," said I, for my face was smarting, and my temper rising.

"Come, it's a bargain you'll gain by," and he spoke more kindly.

"I'm not so sure of that," said I, "still, FRED, what is it?"

"Merely this. That you won't, for a day or two—or for the whole day at least—you won't stare in the looking-glass." (I *did* feel indignant—but I held my tongue: so he went on.) "Darling LOTTY—"

"Don't darling me!"

"The gnats—"

"There now, I don't want to hear anything of the gnats. I've heard enough of 'em all night. Nobody else would have brought me to a place infested with gnats."

"My dear, you must have brought them yourself. You know the saying; where the sugar is, there will be the fly. Now, you're the sugar."

"Now, FREDERICK, I want none of your compliments. I think we've now been quite long enough married to be in earnest."

"Earnest! Why, my darling, did you think I married in joke? I said you were sugar; and it must be confessed, my love, that the flies—or gnats, rather—have taken their bellyfull."

"I don't know at all what you mean; and I do wish you'd let me go to sleep. I hav'n't slept all night," said I very crossly.

"And so you shall sleep, LOTTY. And not to disturb you, I'll get up and take a stroll, and see that all's ready for our starting."

"I won't move a morsel," said I to myself, with my head under the sheets, "not a bit, if it's what I suspect, to-day."

"We'll start at twelve, love, and that will give you time. So, go to sleep, there's a good girl," and FREDERICK rose in the coolest manner, leaving me quite alone. I thought he'd gone, when he looked in at the door, and said, "LOTTY, I know you're a woman of gigantic mind; and therefore you will not look in the glass."

I listened until I heard him in his dressing-room, then bounded from bed, rushed to the glass, and I thought I should have fainted. There never was such an object. The words—the unfeeling, satirical words of FREDERICK—fell upon me like a thunderbolt; the gnats had,

indeed, had their stomachs full. I crept back to bed again like a criminal; but it was no use—the looking-glass followed me; and I couldn't get rid of my face—my horrid face. Gnats!—they must have been wasps! My nose, upon which I was sometimes vain enough to pride myself, my nose was, I believe, like nothing in this world or the next! Would it ever become itself again? My cheeks, my very eyelids—though how they got at them, I could not tell, for I hardly once closed them—my eyelids were dreadful. Indeed, all my face—I may say it—was poisoned.

I lay, melting in grief and vexation; full of my trouble, my humiliation. JOSEPHINE—I didn't hear her—must have opened the door and crept into the room like a cat: for she stood by my bedside, and with that small, sharp voice of hers that snips like scissars, said—"Did you ring, Ma'am?"

I screamed, and covered my face with the quilt. But the creature had seen me; for I heard her drop on her knees at the bedside. "What's the matter, Ma'am?" she cried. I wouldn't say a word. "What's disfigured you in that shocking manner? Do tell me, Ma'am—do. Does master know it, Ma'am? La, if you hadn't been in this bed, I shouldn't have known you from the biggest stranger. What's the matter?"

"It's nothing," said I; and with an effort I put aside the quilt. Again that JOSEPHINE clasped her hands, and exclaimed—and every word went to my heart—

"But what can it be, Ma'am?" said she. "Impossible, it's fleas?"

"Merely gnats," said I, with the most heroic effort at a smile.

"Well, I ought to be thankful," said the aggravating thing, "they never touch me."

I smiled bitterly; and she saw it, so continued. "But it's dreadful how soft some people's skins are; and shocking to think it should have come upon you in your honeymoon. Ha! that's it!" and she clasped her hands, and jumped to her feet, and looked as though she had made a discovery. "That's it!"

"What's it?" I asked, quite in a rage.

"Why, honey, Ma'am; nothing for a cure for all stings like honey. I'll get some directly—directly." She took a step or two; then paused, and with a look of vulgar compassion, that was like a dagger to me, she went away.

How it happened I know not; but I suppose it was from the worry of my mind—as FREDERICK called it the mental tension—I fell asleep. "People have slept upon the rack," said FRED. "and I was only another horrible example." However, sleep I did; and it was full noon, when FREDERICK stood at the bed-side.

"Now, Lotty, all's ready, and after you've breakfasted, we'll start."

"Start, FREDERICK? Where?" I enquired with my best freezing manner.

"Why, where we proposed. Start on our way to France."—

"And in my present state! What would people say?"—

"Pooh, pooh," cried FREDERICK.

All the woman was roused within me: my feelings stung worse than my face. I exclaimed, grasping the counterpane with one hand, and raising the other—"FREDERICK, have you a heart?"

"No, my dear," said he; "you have it all to yourself. But if you are bitten here and there—"

"Here and there, indeed!"

"What then? What have 'people,' as you call 'em, to do with it? It's my face, you know, not theirs; and if it were bitten into a thousand little pieces, and I loved it all the better, wherefore should you care? I'm content, my darling."

"Oh, yes, you look very content: so content that you'd move me in my present situation. But I'll not stir. No; you can go—go alone: but you carry me bed and all, if I go."

"Why, now, Lotty, haven't you a veil? If the bites are so bad, can't you hide 'em? For my part, darling, I love you all the better for the little misfortune. So, get up, and dress yourself, and come and—"

"I shan't," said I, in a downright passion. "You can go alone."

"To be sure I can," answered FRED, and immediately left me.

In a few minutes up comes the landlady; and didn't I soundly abuse her for harbouring gnats in her house! She made a thousand apologies: said the house *was* sometimes troubled; but the gnats were very early this season—never in common came before July. And then the impudent woman had the face to ask me—"If I was quite sure we hadn't brought 'em in our trunks with us?"

At this minute, JOSEPHINE entered. "Where's your master?" I asked heart-broken.

"Gone, Ma'am."

"Gone!" and I sprang up in the bed.

"Yes, Ma'am," said the landlady getting to the door, "gone fishing;" and she left the room. Again I sank upon my miserable pillow, and burst into tears.

"And this, JOSEPHINE," I said sobbing, "this—face—this in my honeymoon!"

"Yes, Ma'am," said the girl, "but take this comfort, it might have been worse."

"Worse!"

"Yes, Ma'am, it might have happened the day *afore* your honeymoon. You might have been called up to church with that face, and master might have refused you; now you can lie as long as you like in bed, and master can't help himself."

DOMESTIC HINTS FROM THE ANTIPODES.



S every apparent evil has some inherent good, there is every prospect of an immense advantage from the *prima facie* inconvenience of a dearth of servants in Australia. The Missuses at the Antipodes have had such a dose of Servantgism that they are beginning to dispense with the nuisance altogether, and the ladies find that they can be their own housemaids and cooks almost as easily as their own housekeepers. We strongly recommend the trial of the experiment at home, where the real white slavery is to be found in the drawing-room among those who, having become the slaves of

habit, are reluctant to throw off the yoke of domestic tyranny. There can surely be no particular talent required for making a bed; and, as to cookery, since SOYER has elevated it into a scientific pursuit, we do not see what is to prevent every lady from being a mistress of the culinary art, instead of the "Missus" of some domestic nuisance, who receives high wages for making herself disagreeable.

The whole question resolves itself into one of convenience and comfort. It has been already ascertained in Australia that it is better to wait on one's-self than to submit to the annoyances which servants entail, and it is beginning to be worth considering among ourselves whether we do not lose much more than we gain by

surrounding ourselves with a lot of salaried interlopers on our domestic peace, who, if they make our beds, cause us to have anything but beds of roses to lie upon.

THE DEPUTATIONISTS' DINNER.

A CIVIC DUET.

"WELCOME from Paris. How have you fared?"

"In all the dishes of France I've shared."

"And tell me, what dainty you liked the best;

Now, which do you say had the nicest zest?"

"There was great delight—there was much to please

In their *fricandeaux*, and their *fricassees*,

Very high merit indeed belongs

To their soups and their *salmis* and *vol-au-vents*;

But of all that I tasted the pleasantest meat

Was the dirt that we eat at the EMPEROR'S feet."

Parochial Education Reform.

THERE is one reform, in connexion with national education, that has not yet been suggested, but is hereby, and will, it is to be hoped, be carried out. Whether it is possible, or desirable, to separate religious teaching from secular instruction, may be questioned, but there can be no doubt that it is perfectly easy, and highly expedient to disconnect secular instruction from yellow breeches. Nor do we see what necessity there is for the combination of those absurd garments with spiritual tuition, unless that the parochial scholar may be exercised in lessons of patience, through being habituated to endure the derision to which he is constantly exposed by his ridiculous shorts.

SOMETHING FOR SURGEONS.—There is no operation so dangerous as that of managing the Opera.

LOUIS NAPOLEON CONDEMNED BY HIMSELF.



Make the following extracts from a proclamation addressed "to the French People" by M. LOUIS BUONAPARTE (the man whom 4,126 English bankers and merchants delight to honour), in 1848, when he had just been elected a member of the National Assembly. It is both amusing and instructive to notice how many of the "solemn" vows and professions, with which it is packed as full as a carpet-bag, have been fulfilled since then. In the third paragraph, he says (we translate literally) :—

"Penetrated with gratitude for the affection which you have testified to me, I bring you all my life, all my soul."

We dare say the "French People" wish by this time he had brought them something better. However, if he was "penetrated with gratitude," the "French People" were shortly afterwards penetrated with musket balls, which is a very penetrating way certainly of testifying one's gratitude for "affection." If this was the return LOUIS NAPOLEON made for affection, we wonder what graceful form of acknowledgment he would make for hate! Save us, we say, from either—but more especially from his "affection!"

Further on, he says :—

"Brothers and citizens, it is not a Pretender you are receiving in the midst of you. It is not in vain that I have meditated in exile. A Pretender is a curse; I will not be yours; I will never be either ungrateful, or infamous."

These promises from one brother to another (such a brother as CAIN was to ABEL) have all been strictly fulfilled. No one can say that LOUIS NAPOLEON ever was a pretender. It was certainly not at Strasburg—nor at Boulogne—nor again in December, 1851. They were not the acts of a pretender, but of one who proved by the goodness and the self-abnegation that prompted him on these occasions, that he "had not in vain meditated in exile." As for his having been a "curse" to France—or having shown himself in the least "ungrateful or infamous"—no one would ever think of accusing the EMPEROR of such a thing!

"It is as a sincere and ardent Democratic Republican (he tells us in the next paragraph) that I present myself to you. I appeal to the Shade of the Great Man of this century to be a witness of the promises which I here make solemnly."

The "solemnly" comes in beautifully from one, who, in the honorable fulfilment of his promises, has always proved himself scrupulously "particular to a Shade," and no one can doubt his having been a most "ardent and sincere Democratic Republican," when it is well known that the *coup d'état* was resorted to rather to support than put down that "dangerous class," which has always been patted on the head with the greatest kindness by LOUIS NAPOLEON. Besides, as rather a strong test, is there *one* Republican in exile at the present day?

"In each Frenchman I shall always see a Brother."

Yes—as the result has abundantly shown: a Brother that LOUIS NAPOLEON would always be happy to see at the Elysée, at the Tuileries; a Brother, who, if he happened to be imprisoned at Doullens, at Cayenne, Cabessa, no matter where, LOUIS NAPOLEON would instantly run all the way, and liberate him! And the consequence is, that LOUIS NAPOLEON has not a single brother in Belgium, or in England! All his brothers are in France assembled (the very group of a Happy Family) around him:

"The rights of every one shall be my rights."

And as no Frenchman has at present any rights, so LOUIS NAPOLEON has not any rights either—no right to be on the throne—no right to stop the press—to put Paris in a state of siege—nor rule France with a loaded cannon—no more right than the commonest Frenchman alive has. Neither, you will see, will he have his full rights until every Frenchman has his!

"The Democratic Republic shall be the object of my especial worship. I shall be its priest."

And like a good priest, he has followed the Republic to its grave, and buried it. A few muskets, it is true, were fired over it, but then as the Republic had been in the army—at Rome and elsewhere—these shots were simply discharged to do honour to its memory.

"NEVER WILL I ATTEMPT TO ENVELOPE MYSELF IN THE IMPERIAL PURPLE."

This is but too true! Look at LOUIS NAPOLEON now! Hasn't his dress, like his conduct, been all throughout perfectly uniform?—the uniform of a General of the National Guard? No! he never has made any attempt! There isn't a drop of purple about him!—not even on his hands!

As we proceed, we grow more serious :—

"May my heart dry up (see *deséché*) in my breast the day when I shall forget what I owe to you all, what I owe to France!"

And that ever-gushing fountain is not dried up; but still continues to play as joyfully as ever—and if, in its deep love for France, it does overflow occasionally, it is always in streams of champagne, and never with the least drop of blood.

But we must not pause to admire too much, but continue our pleasant journey of quotations :

"May my mouth be shut for eternity, if ever I pronounce a word, a blasphemy, against the Republican Sovereignty of the French people!"

"May I be cursed the day when I shall be weak enough to allow, under the shelter of my name, the propagation of doctrines contrary to the democratic principle which should direct the Government of the Republic!"

"May I be condemned to universal execration the day when, guilty, and a traitor, I should dare to lay a sacrilegious hand upon the rights of the people, either with its sanction, by deceiving them, or against their wishes, by means of force and violence!"

"And now, believe in me as I believe in you, and let one cry escape from all our breasts, like a common prayer addressed to Heaven:—
"Long live for ever the Republic!"

"LOUIS BUONAPARTE."

Never was there such a proclamation, so full of oaths, and vows, and appeals to Heaven! How many of them have been kept sacred? Never mind! Let us learn a lesson from the whole thing, and when M. LOUIS BUONAPARTE denies all intention of invading England, and strikes his imperial breast in indignation, at such an idea, and cries "*Vive à jamais l'Angleterre!*" and meets our doubts by wishing that his mouth may be sewn up, and his heart turned into a paving-stone, if ever he dreams of attacking us in any way, or even as much as touching a hair of the British Lion, we can point to the above document and tell him very politely that, with such a pyramid of falsehoods staring us in the face, it is really impossible to believe a single word he says. The more he protested and wished he might be cursed, &c., if either his own breast, or the sea-port of that name, harboured any design of invasion against England, the more we should believe to the contrary!

Watts's Income Tax Logic.

WHEN Bishops, who in wealth abound,
Return their incomes wrong,
And pocket several thousand pound
To them that don't belong,
Oh how can Government expect
A struggling chap like me
Should put his earnings down correct,
To fill up Schedule D?

"HOW TO WALK ON THE CEILING."

WE notice in a work addressed to the youths of England, an article with the above title. We really should be frightened to let such a work enter into our house. We should be afraid that the young gentlemen of our establishment would be trying to put into practice the instructions there laid down for them. It would not be pleasant to have to send for the doctor at a moment's notice, because MASTER JOHNNY had been converting himself into a juvenile SANDS, by endeavouring to walk—*à la* bluebottle—across the nursery ceiling. It is too bad to attempt to turn the head of Young England topsy-turvey in this manner, just as if children were not sufficiently skilled in tumbling and hurting themselves, without their being taught how to tumble and hurt themselves still more. *Punch*, as a parent, denounces such instructions as the height of juvenile cruelty, and inveighs indignantly, in the name of *Judy* and maternal fondness, against the folly of trying to make a scientific impression on the infant mind by the means of such ceiling-walks!

Poetry of the Money Market.

THEY'RE going to reduce the Three Per Cents:
Oh jolly news for those who live on rents,
For merchants and for speculative Cits,
For us who earn our venison by our wits;
But sad affair to many a widow poor,
To many a needy orphan what a bore!

THE BEST AGENT FOR A ROTTEN BOROUGH.—A Disinfecting Agent.



HUNTING MEMORANDUM.

APPEARANCE OF THINGS IN GENERAL TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT!!

* &c., &c., Represent Sparks of Divers Beautiful Colours.

UNREPORTED EARTHQUAKES.

We do not know whether it is out of compliment to the Peace Society, but the fact seems to be that the earth is becoming a Quaker to a very considerable extent, for we not only hear of an earthquake about once a week, but we are favoured also with hints that there are numerous earthquakes going about which we never hear of at all, in consequence of the neglect of the penny-a-liners in not reporting them. If this sort of thing is to continue, the newspapers must really increase their staff, and must engage in addition to their parliamentary, police, and other reporters, a corps of earthquake reporters, whose duty it will be to chronicle the latest terrestrial vibrations, and when there happen to be no great shakes, to take notes of all the little shakes that may happen. The last advices from Jersey speak of an earthquake having suggested itself to a gentleman who heard a sound like that of a cart going over a road recently macadamised. This "phenomenon" lasted nearly 15 seconds, so that the cart or the earthquake—as the case may be—must have pulled up rather sharp, and Nature, if she went into convulsions, must have got pretty quickly out of them. We should imagine that TERRA must feel greatly amused by the *gobemouche* of those who are on the look out for her freaks, and we are not surprised at her occasionally splitting her sides with a deep sense of the ridiculous.

Considerations on a New Currency.

THERE has been expressed, in some quarters, a desire for a decimal coinage; but most people are very well satisfied with the present coin of the realm; or would be if they only had enough of it. Englishmen object to change, except the change is such as may be now had for a bank-note or a sovereign, and though of all change preferring small change, would not like change so very minute as the integer which it is proposed to introduce under the name of Doit. The best use of that infinitesimal piece of money—should it ever be issued—would be to serve as a fee for homœopathic physicians.

THE PUBLIC AND THE PRIVATE CREDITOR.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S intended arrangement with the public creditor seems likely to be so successful that MR. DUNUP has determined to ascertain whether that still more troublesome customer, the private creditor, may not be dealt with on a somewhat similar principle.

The first part of MR. DUNUP'S scheme provides for selling off the old stock of worn-out wearing apparel, which is so very much reduced as to have entirely lost all interest. He then proposes to convert his last baby's interminable long clothes into short reduced; for the former are no longer required as annuities, in which light he has, hitherto, been obliged to regard them. The old debt due to the Patent Washing Company, which he always denounced as a bubble company in consequence of the soap and hot water in which it was mixed up, will be converted into a permanent loan; and the old original stock of wearing apparel will be transferred to such capitalists as will bid for it. The great house of ISAAC, of Holywell Street, in conjunction with the Petticoat Lane branch of the firm, have already expressed a desire to barter. All the stock now in the hands of the various large pawn-broking concerns, and bearing an interest of 25 per cent., will be offered to those who are willing to take the debt and security at a lower rate of interest.

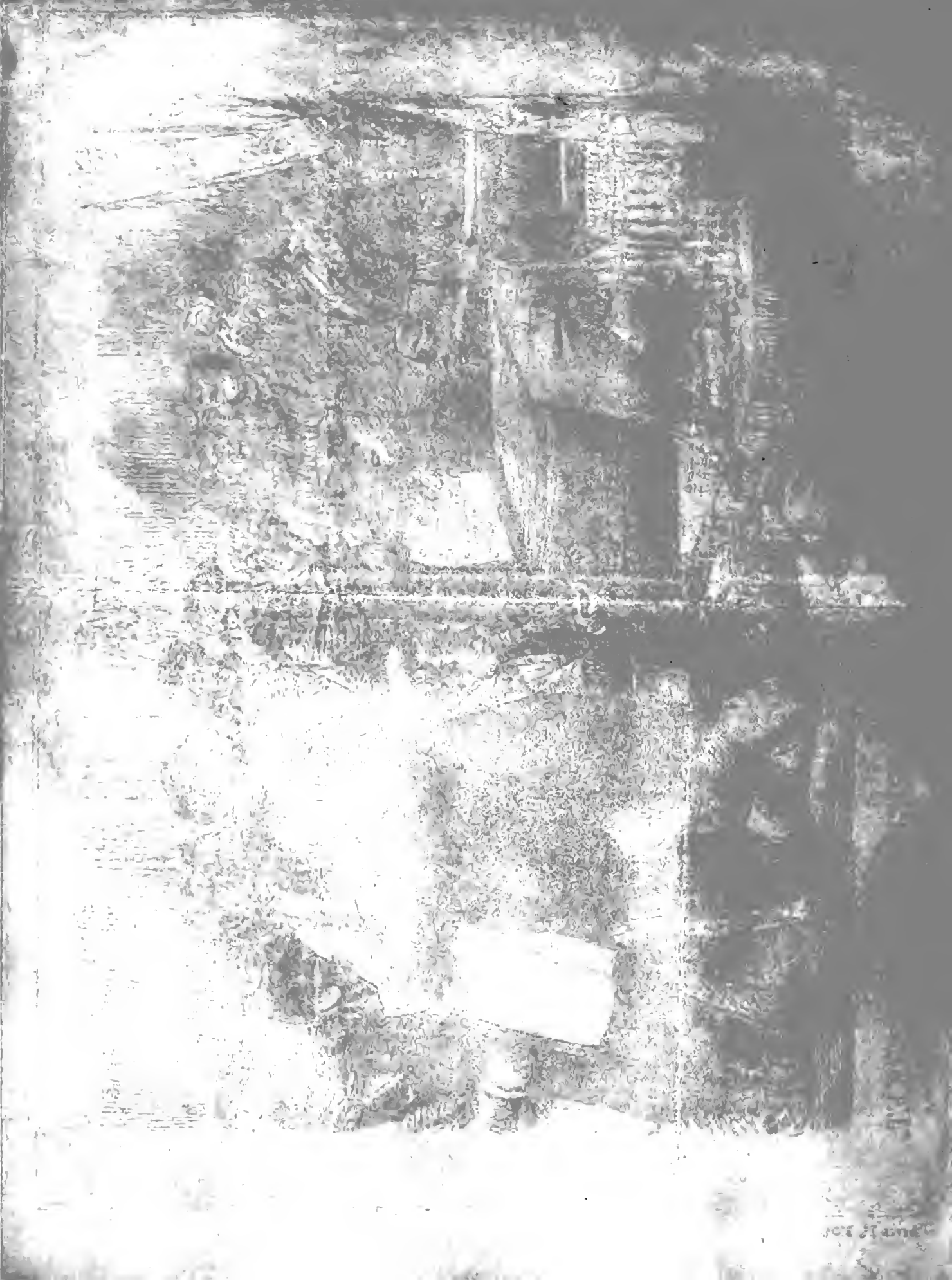
Mercantile Humility.

GLADSTONE, MASTERMAN, and POWLES,
Are three noble British souls;
And had I French speculations in pursuit,
To NAPOLEON I, with bliss,
Would kneel down 'mid England's hiss,
And imprint a fervent kiss
On his Boot!

THE HEIGHT OF WOMAN'S AMBITION.—Diamonds.



THE KISS OF PEACE: A NEW MODE OF RIGGING THE MARKET.



THE ENGLISH GOLD FIELDS.



THE following letter is from a young settler in the town of Bribewick, who emigrated there, some time ago, to better his fortunes. His friends are in humble life in the town of Softborough.

"*The Nugget Vein, 4th* —

"DEAR ELIZA,

"You and Ma, and brother TOM will be curious to hear how I have been getting on in this place which you've heard so much talk of. So, first of all, I arrived here just before a new vein was discovered. I found all the people running wild with excitement, for the talk was that gold had been seen in good quantities in the Pig Green and down by Members' Lane. A drunken man came past me the first afternoon with a bright bit of it in his hand, and hollaoing 'TRUMPETER for ever!' And they say he had no trouble at the diggin', for it did not require much labour—only that the work was dirty; but this could not be helped, and poor people must not be particular. The diggers usually belong to gangs, and each gang

has its own colours, and its own leader. The gold is found in all sorts of places where you would never expect it, sometimes shining right under your nose; a man will go with scarce a coat to his back to the places I mentioned and others, and come away with his nugget. They spend it often just as fast—"light come, light go"—and they're generally a hard-living lot, what I've seen of them.

"You can't think, though, how suspicious everybody is, for a while. An intruder will get himself lynched in no time. There's a deal of jealousy about who the right of digging belongs to in different places. They say the ground that yields the gold mostly belongs to certain nob's in the back-ground, who, somehow, know nothing about it. This I can't understand.

"Provisions of all kinds are plentiful, and once you belong to a body of the regular diggers, you soon find enough. Lawk! Eliza! to see the beer running—to see the breakfasts—it would do your heart good! While the new vein lasts all Bribewick will be as merry as grigs. They say that the gold is generally found in quarts, but I can't say for that further than that they do go together of a certainty.

"In haste—Your affectionate Brother,
"THOMAS SIMPLETON."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand that LORD MAIDSTONE is about to take a leaf out of MRS. STOWE'S last book, and that in imitation of the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, we shall very shortly be presented with a *Key* to his Lordship's great (in the sense we mean of lengthy) satire, the *Deluge*. This, we believe, has been suggested chiefly as a means of expediting its sale; which, it would seem, has been impeded somewhat seriously hitherto, by the not unreasonable prejudice which exists against purchasing a book when you can't make head or tail of. This little defect in the *Deluge* it is hoped a key will remedy: giving its author another opportunity to unlock his meaning (when he has any), and opening the door to a large class of readers who would otherwise have necessarily been shut out.

We congratulate LORD MAIDSTONE upon his extremely happy conception, and wish him every success in carrying it out. With the assistance of his *Key*, we have no doubt we may often find ourselves dipping very pleasantly into his *Deluge*, and instead of regarding it as hitherto a labour to wade through, we may really soon expect to find it quite a flood of eloquence.

Decoration for Desert.

WE understand that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has established a new Order of Chivalry, under the name of the Lombard Street Legion of Honour. Instead of a cross, the badge of its members is a button of the Imperial livery, to be suspended on the bosom by a shoe-string.

ODE UPON OPERA DRESS.

(See *Complaint in the "Times."*)

MR. GYE

Oh fie!

Is it true

That you

Station, as porter at your Opera door,
A fellow for a turnkey fitter far
The gates of Quod with surly growl to Lar,
A rude, impertinent, offensive boor,
Unmannered slave,

Yea, and a knave,
Who, when your visitors have paid their tin,
Won't let them in.

If, to his taste, their coats of evening black
In point of cut supreme perfection lack,
And so sends them, without their money, back?

Are people in this kind of way
Suffered at your house to pay;
And then, forsooth! denied admission,
Because they're not in trim condition

In the opinion
Of your minion?
Folks of their purchased seats within your pit,
Thus to be housed, do you permit?
And, with your sanction, does that insolent snob

Rob
An honest gentleman of seven bob?
If you do business at that rate,
You'd better keep a turnpike gate;
First take the traveller's toll—the same's the case—
And then the gate shut in his face;

Not let him through:
'Twould be exactly such another do.
I say, if you allow this swindle,
That your receipts deserve to dwindle.

You have a right to say the ill-drest Gent
Your theatre shall not frequent;
You may insist your audience shall be smart,
With all my heart!

Be, if you like, fastidiously nice
As to their dress—but be precise!
Define it, and be rigorous as you choose;

Compel us to wear shorts and silks,
And all sport buckles in our shoes.
But base the slave is whosoever bilks!
That we may know what we're about,
When for your tickets we exchange our blunt,
I recommend you to hang out

A tailor's dummy on your Opera front,
That we may understand what dress is fit
To pass the CERBERUS that guards your pit.

The Weather-Talk of a "Coalition Cabinet."

WHAT is it, pray, to the weather we have had lately? It has been perfectly a "COALITION WEATHER"—combining a little of all the talents in the way of Hail, Sleet, Rain, Snow, and Frost, and composed of every variety of Wind, selected more particularly from the opposition, in which that old blustering railer, the North-East, has more especially taken the lead. Such a Coalition Weather, in which the elements have been so many elements of discord, can never last, and the sooner the Sun steps in, and effects a dissolution, the better.

"Black Moves."

MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, M.P., urges that some punishment ought to be inflicted on the electioneering lawyers. "who," he says, "play with Members as if they were chess-men." We dispute this. Chessmen are always played on the square. Now, lawyers—but we have no wish to be disagreeable. MR. DRUMMOND will understand us.

THE LIVERY OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

WE do not know what Livery this particularly is, but we should say that, since the Deputation of the Bankers and Merchants to Paris, it must be precisely the same as that worn by the servants and flunkies of the French Emperor.

FEARFUL WASTE.—The only notion that a woman has of Time is shown by her constantly endeavouring to imitate in her person, as near as she can, the shape of the hour-glass!

PANEL FOR THE PROTECTION OF LADIES.



tated by KING HENRY VIII. The additional fact, that when a fellow is tried for wilfully battering his wife to death with a kitchen poker, and proved to have deliberately done the deed, a Court of Assize generally convicts the savage of mere manslaughter, would also seem to show that British justice holds a Sex, that ought to be dear, extremely cheap.

But then, on the other hand, there is the fact, equally notorious, that small as may be the satisfaction which a female may get for a broken head, she obtains ample amends for a breach of promise of marriage. If five pounds will compensate for barbarity to a lady, it takes from fifty to a thousand to atone for inconstancy. The faithless one may be a youth without brains in his head, or a dotard without teeth in it. The boy may have marred the prospects of a buxom widow; the octogenarian may have blighted the hopes of a Miss in her teens. But fickleness must be paid for, by the one and the other, with a swinging fine under the name of damages. "The law allows it, and the Court awards it:" with costs to boot, so heavy that something very near to ruin is the punishment of the young simpleton for deluding the matron, or of the old noodle for disappointing the child.

To account for this inconsistency it might be supposed that old "Father Antic, the Law"—who is rather crotchety—entertained some theory of the physical impassibility and moral supersensitiveness of the fair sex; as if women could bear any cut in the flesh, but no wound of the affections; could endure to have the body lacerated to a great extent, but the feelings not in the least degree: as though their heads would resist a crowbar, whilst their hearts could be broken with a feather. In short, one would think that, according to the "Perfection of Human Reason," Woman was corporeally a zoophyte that would stand dismemberment; mentally a mimosa plant, not to be touched. If this view were correct, she who, in respect of sentiment might be called the tender POLLY, could, with reference to common sensation, be described as the unfeeling POLYPUS.

But the true reason why breach of bones is so leniently, whilst breach of promise is so heavily dealt with, in reference to the Weaker Vessel, is that the British jurymen, being a householder, is generally likewise a Father and a Husband. As a husband he can sympathise with another husband who has been provoked by an intolerable wife; as a father he can feel for the other father, who is burdened with an expensive daughter. He comprehends the temptation to get rid of the former; he understands the annoyance of not getting rid of the latter. Therefore is his verdict against the uxoricide merciful, but he inflicts heavy damages on the villain who shirks his pledge to take a wife!

Of course, the edentulous old gentleman, sporting with the fondness of youth and beauty, should be handsomely amerced; by all means, let the beardless tripler with the affections of maturity and corpulence be mulcted liberally. Doubtless due allowance is to be made for masculine rage inflamed by feminine aggravation. But surely, for wronging a lady by light conduct, the punishment ought not to be very much greater than for injuring her by heavy blows.

That defaulters towards daughters, therefore, may be trounced with some moderation, and barbarians towards wives with adequate rigour, it is hereby proposed that the jury on the trial of either shall be constituted *de mediocritate conditionis*: of a mean between the two states of life; and, whether in the case of breach of promise, or of personal breakage, shall consist of six Fathers of Families, and half-a-dozen Bachelors.

An Undermining Agent of the Mountain.

THE Earthquake has been running about France, shaking the steadiness of some of the most Buonapartist towns. We wonder LOUIS NAPOLEON did not send his soldiers to take it instantly into custody; firstly, because it was travelling without a passport, and secondly, because it was attempting to make the country rise, and doing all it could to convulse France to its very centre.

THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

THE Merchant Prince of England,
What a glorious name he bears!
No minstrel tongue has ever sung
The deeds the hero dares.
Enlist that soldier in your Cause,
No dangers bar his way,
But gallantly he draws his—cheque,
If the Cause will only pay.

Where Freedom waves her banners,
He stands, her champion bold,
The noble English Merchant Prince
For her unlocks his gold;
For her the Prince's glowing pulse
With generous ardour thrills,
If only sure that Freedom
Will duly meet her bills.

When scarce the gory bayonet
Upholds the Despot's throne,
The Merchant Prince, all chivalry,
Springs forward, with a loan;
And vain a nation's cry to scare
That dauntless friend-in-need,
Provided only that the loan
Is safely guaranteed.

See, where a sovereign's crown rewards
A venturesome Parvenu,
Cronches the Merchant Prince to kiss
His royal brother's shoe.
For trampled law, for broken vow,
No do it his Princeship cares,
If that salute can raise, an eighth,
His gain on railway shares.

You, Christian of the slop-shop,
And you, usurious Jew,
Assert your royal blood, for both
—Are Merchant-Princes, too.
One common creed unites you,
Devout professors of it,
"There's but one ALLAH—MAMMON,
And Cent. per Cent.'s his profit."

What, blame some petty huckster
That his vote is bought and sold:
What, chide some wretched jurymen
That he blinked at guilt, for gold:
What, whip some crouching mendicant,
Who fawned that he might eat—
With the Merchant-Prince of England
At the THIRD NAPOLEON's feet?

The Root of (Election) Evil.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has admitted that, in all matters of election bribery and corruption, "the attorneys were at the very root of the evil." If this is the root, we will suggest how it might easily be plucked up. A week before an election, let every attorney in the town, or who comes near the place, be imprisoned, and be kept in solitary confinement until the election is over, when, being harmless, he might be liberated. If this was not enough to guard against the evil, we would have it specially enacted that an election was, *ipso facto*, null and void, in which an attorney was known to have been in the least concerned. These enactments would effectually put the shutters up at MR. COPPOCK'S electioneering shop, in the centre of which this evil has been known for years to have taken root, and to have flourished to that extent, that branches of it have stretched themselves over almost every town and borough in England. It is time that the evil were exterminated "root and branch."

SUBJECT FOR A FRESCO.—The City Millennium:—The British Lion lying down with the French Lamb.

THE WESTMINSTER CLUB.



IN consequence of certain misconceptions at present prevailing among constituents, and others, as to the real objects and intentions of the WESTMINSTER CLUB, or, as it is vulgarly called, the HOUSE OF COMMONS, the following rules and regulations have been agreed upon at a meeting of the *élite* of the members, and will shortly be distributed with the votes, and otherwise made public, after which it is hoped that no further mistakes will arise.

THE WESTMINSTER CLUB.

1. This Club was instituted to enable gentlemen of property to spend a pleasant evening, enlivened by innocent excitement.

2. The Club shall not exceed 656 members.

3. The Club shall meet on four nights in the week, at such times between January

and August as shall be most convenient, regard being had to the hunting and shooting seasons, and to the racing meetings.

4. The entrance fee shall be settled, from time to time, by officers to be appointed for that purpose, such officers for the current year to be MR. COPPERFACE, of the Reform Club, and MAJOR FRAIL, of the Carlton Club, and in case of any difference between them the decision of COLONEL SIBTHORP to be final.

5. That the Club be open on Wednesdays from 12 to 6, and no longer, when country members are especially requested to attend.

6. That politics, as such, be expressly excluded from the Club, but this rule is not to apply where the private interests of members are at stake, or to bets upon political topics. It is hoped that members will recollect that they are gentlemen, and that no subject of merely political interest should cause high words or divisions between them.

7. That all petitions shall be discouraged, unless on satin paper and perfumed, and that under no circumstances shall a member bring a dog or a petition beyond the hall of the Club.

8. That the Club shall be closed on the Derby, Oaks, and Emperor's Cup days, and at such other times as a committee of such members as also belong to the Jockey Club shall suggest, and shall on Opera nights be shut at half-past 8, P.M.

9. That the Managing Committee shall consist of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers for the time being, with the assistance of such leading members of the Opposition as may be agreed upon, and that, as heretofore, the first subject for their consideration shall be the tariff of refreshments and the quality of wines.

10. That the SPEAKER shall continue to give a series of House Dinners during the season.

11. That to avoid the unseemly contests which have recently taken place, when, in their eagerness to obtain cabs, members have beaten and kicked one another, no gentleman shall be eligible to this Club unless he keep a carriage, a brougham, and a private cab, one or more of which shall always be in waiting for him in Palace Yard.

12. That any member who shall rise in the Club-room and signify his wish of making observations upon the colonies, education, sanitary arrangements, law reform, or any topic of no interest to the Club generally, shall be forthwith provided with an empty committee-room, to which he may retire and make the same observations, and when he is quite sure he has quite done, he can come back.

13. That, in compliance with an old custom, the press be admitted, but that as many hindrances in the way of their publishing any account of the Club's doings shall be created as possible, by means of insufficient light, bad ventilation, chattering neighbours, and expulsion upon every possible occasion. In these respects, however, it is not probable that the present system can be improved.

Economical Suggestion.

THE valuable JOSEPH HUME, said, on Friday, that he had a plan by which exactly half the time of the House of Commons might be saved. The object would be gained at once, if the excellent Member for Montrose would speak on only nine out of every ten subjects which come before the House, and would abstain from repeating the same thing more than nine times in each speech.

THE OPPRESSED CABMAN.

THE Magistrate was seated on his bench;
A mild and quiet man before him stood,
Beneath his eye who, though he did not blench,
Sustained a modest and respectful mood,
He looked like one that never could be rude;
His name, he said, was CHARLES. A cab he drove,
And from his Rank was charged with having dared to rove.

A stern Inspector of Police preferred
The accusation with an air severe,
Which when the Minister of Justice heard,
To list the culprit's tale he turned his ear;
The Cabman with a sigh exclaimed "Oh, dear!
I beg your pardon, Sir—I am confused—
This is a sort of thing to which I am not used.

"I will admit—I'm sure I would not tell
A story for the world—I am aware
That I've transgressed, but Nature will rebel
When laws are made too rigorous to beal.
You Constable has sworn—I never swear—
I left my vehicle to drink; the fact
I will not contradict—but it is inexact."

"It was not Malt that, in a liquid form,
Seduced me from the line by Law prescribed;
Nor ardent spirits—whether cold or warm—
By me those fluids never are imbibed,
For which, by my companions oft I'm gibed,
Who say, 'Oh, nonsense, CHARLES! do pray come in,
And have a little—just a little—drop of gin.'

"But I was hungry. 'Twas the hour of noon;
For lunch severe exhaustion made demand:
I could be back again so very soon;
A pastrycook's, just opposite the Stand,
Seemed absolutely for my purpose planned.
I rushed across, and of a cake took part,
And then I had an open raspberry jam tart.

"Thereon I drank—the truth I'll not deny—
For thirst assailed me then, which I allayed
As I do generally when I am dry,
With the least little glass of lemonade;
That done, no longer in the shop I stayed,
But to my cab returned directly thence:
I do assure you, Sir, this was my whole offence."

His Worship said, "I do not doubt your word;
Of such a thing I could not think, of course:
But even if we deem a law absurd,
You know we're bound to put it into force.
To mitigate your doom's my sole resource;
At present, for the summons you must pay,
And mind you're not brought here again another day."

"Law!" cried the Cabman, of an injured one
Casting around him the appealing glance;
"What! am I for my lemonade and bun
Over the way and back forbid to dance?
Oh, bless your means of sight! In very France,
Not even the very EMPEROR behaves
So very absolutely to his very slaves."

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LIVERYMEN.

"MR. PUNCH,

"As a young man, anxious to improve his mind, I have been lately studying the writings of MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, in which occurs a very remarkable phrase—"the temporary hallelujah of flunkeys." I suppose that this hallelujah does not mean any service of the nature of sacred music, performed by menials, but is intended to express the adulation which is offered by mean and servile persons to mere success, and which cannot last. Do you consider, Sir, that I am right in this conjecture? And should you not say that the homage which LOUIS NAPOLEON received the other day from the deputation of London merchants, was a temporary hallelujah of the sort alluded to by MR. CARLYLE? Pray inform your constant reader,

"*Islingtonian Institute, April, 1853.*"

"STUDIOSUS."

WHAT LORD MAIDSTONE'S "DELUGE" HAS BEEN SENT FOR.—To clear away "BENJAMIN'S MESS."

THE NEW DECIMAL COINAGE.

THERE is no doubt that counting our copper coinage by fours and twelves very often throws everything into sixes and sevens—an inconvenience that would be avoided by making tenpence into a shilling. A proposition to this effect has been put forward, and as we are very glad to make the most of our money, we shall be delighted to hear that two shillings are to do duty for half-a-crown, and that if we owe the latter sum, we may pay the former in discharge of the small obligation. There is some difficulty, we believe, as to names for the proposed new coins, and somebody has suggested that a sixpence should henceforth be called by the old name of a "tester."

We do not see why the word "tester" is entitled to any particular recognition, any more than a "tanner," or a "Bob," and indeed a "Joey" would have an equal right to recognition by Act of Parliament. If brevity is desirable, let us carry out the principle to its fullest extent: let all our copper coinage pass indiscriminately under the name of "Browns," and let QUEEN, Lords, and Commons formally recognise as "Tin" the whole of our metallic currency.

The Emperor's Footman.

A MASTER I have, and I am his Man,
Cringe to him all you can,
Sing, creeping snail-way, New French Railway,
And I hope he'll concede our plan.

Pictures of Merit not Meretricious.

THE beauties of the Old Masters are generally allowed the praise of being natural. This is at least so far true, that the majority of those beauties at the National Gallery, in consequence of the frictional system of cleaning them that is practised there, threaten to become very soon beauties without paint.



SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 7.

Housemaid. "WELL, SOOSAN, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND NOT TO STOP 'ERE NO LONGER TO WORK LIKE NEGROES AS WE DO!"

Cook. "NOR I, NUTHER! BUT JUST TURN THE MEAT, WILL YOU, PLEASE, THE WHILST I FINISH MY CROCHET?"

THE INDIAN LAW REPORTER.

ONE of the most instructive Law Books that could be written, would be comprised in the notes of a few leading cases that have been decided in the inferior law courts of India, presided over by the nominees of the Great Grocery and Government concern in Leadenhall Street. This mixed despotism of Allspice and Patronage, carrying on a traffic in Indian places and Indian pickles, has certainly by its judicial appointments contributed to the "legal decisions" of the present generation a crop of injustice and absurdity very far beyond the European average. Our old Courts of Request, presided over by the old Commissioners who were not above taking a bribe in the vestibule for the decision about to be given on the Bench, were nothing in point of ignorance and absurdity to some of those who sit in judgment on the lives, liberties, and property of our fellow-subjects in India.

We furnish below a specimen of the sort of Law Book that would be produced by a selection of some of the leading cases decided by the luminaries to whom judicial power is entrusted by the Indian Government.

MURDER.—In this case the evidence was, that the prisoner was seen near the spot where the deceased was found dead. The jury found a verdict of Guilty, but as it was held by the Judge that the verdict was wrong, and the accused was probably innocent, the accused was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

FRAUD.—In this case the accused had presented a cheque, which was said to have been forged; but nobody had ever seen the cheque, which had probably never been in existence. The Judge, however, directed the jury to find a verdict of Guilty on the following grounds:—1st. That though there was no cheque proved to be in existence, still, if there had been one, the accused might have forged it, for his character was very bad.—2nd. That as forgery is on the increase, it is necessary to make an example of every person charged with the crime.—3rd. That though there was no direct evidence, the looks of the prisoner were enough to convict him in any Court of Justice.—4th, and last, That the prisoner in this case had conducted himself with great insolence towards the Court, and in a manner altogether inconsistent with innocence. Verdict accordingly. Sentence deferred, to see how the prisoner behaved himself.

ASSAULT.—A had knocked down B, and run away in the presence of

C, whereupon D remarks that B had been served perfectly right by A. Upon this E, F, and G begin to quarrel with D, and C having joined in the discussion, a fight ensues, in which E is much hurt by either F, G, D, or C; but the actual assailant is not identified. Held that as E was clearly assaulted by either F, G, D, or C, though it is impossible to say which, but it being clear that there would have been no assault unless A had knocked down B, there must be a verdict of Guilty against A, though he was never in custody; but as his being in custody could form no part of the evidence against him, and he has not objected to the *laches*, either in person or by his Attorney, the verdict of Guilty must be recorded. Verdict accordingly.

THE MERCHANT MERCENARIES.

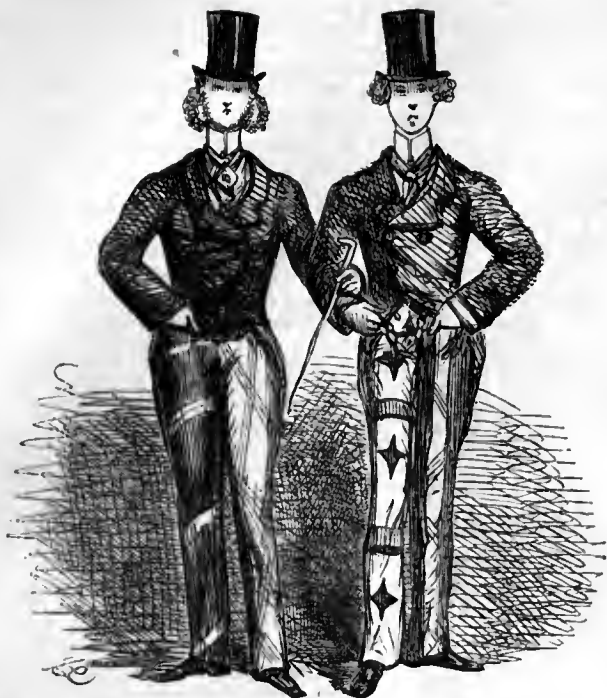
LORD MALMESBURY, our ex-Foreign Secretary, has characteristically enough defended the flunkeyism of the Cockney speculators who went over to Paris to lay their address at the feet of LOUIS NAPOLEON. LORD MALMESBURY calls the proceeding a "rash, but successful" step. There is no doubt that it deserves to be called "successful," for the miserable "concession" made by the getters-up of the business, has led to a "concession" by the French Government of a certain railway line in favour of some of the parties to the presentation of the address. It is complained by some that the degrading affair was not conducted through the proper channel. We can only say that the channel through which the deputation passed—we mean the British Channel—was very much degraded by the freight it had to carry.

An Excise Question to the Rappers.

Is Mrs. HAYDEN, the lady "medium" who attends parties wishing to communicate with the other world,—is she duly licensed to sell spirits?—

Answer.—No, she only sells the dupes who pay for what they don't get.

INSCRIPTION TO BE ENGRAVED OVER THE PORTICO OF THE HALL OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY IN PARIS.—"*Ici on danse sur un Volcan.*"



ELEGANT MATERIAL FOR TROUSERS;—ONLY TAKES TWO MEN TO SHOW THE PATTERN.

OUR HONEYMOON.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 18—.

"Well, LOTTY, love, shall we start to-day?"
 "Now, FRED, dear, how can you ask such a question? What would the world think? What would people say? That is, how can you be so cruel as to ask me to show myself?"

"Why not? Why, the cure's miraculous," and FRED stared soberly in my face. "Take away your nose, and there's scarcely a bite about you. Well, you won't go?"

"No: I won't!" and I spoke with such spirit that FRED made no answer; but beginning a low whistle, he immediately prepared to get up—for this talk was before we had risen. "You're never going to get up?" said I: when he made no answer, but straightway left the room. "Where *can* he be going so early?" was a thought that went through my brain like a needle. I had intended to go to sleep, but from that moment, sleep was impossible. It seemed to me as if something dreadful was going to happen.

Well, I lay for an hour and more listening for FRED, when, at last, I heard him leave his room, and he ran down stairs—without ever looking in—whistling and singing as happy as a bird. And I sick, and mortified, and abed! A shadow seemed to fill the room; and I was determined to get up. With sudden energy I rose and—faced the looking-glass! It was too much for me; weakened, humbled, I crawled back, and again hid myself. There never was such a nose. I felt, I may say, shut out of the pale of society. And FREDERICK could sing and whistle!

JOSEPHINE brought me my breakfast. "Well, Ma'am," said the creature, "I declare if you're not almost getting yourself again. Nothing like honey, Ma'am, for gnat-bites; all of 'em, with three or four not worth thinking of, all of 'em gone down."

"It's of no consequence," said I, as coolly as I could. "Not the least. Where's your master?"

"Master, Ma'am? Oh, swallowed his breakfast, and went off a fishing!"

"Fishing!" I cried. "Why, he went fishing yesterday!"
 "That's what I thought, Ma'am; but I suppose he liked it so well, that's the reason he's gone again. Besides, he said you were so fond of trout. Then to be sure you had trout yesterday. Still, two days running to go a fishing, and leave you in bed—when you could have gone with him there; as *there* you'd be seen by nobody."

"That's true, JOSEPHINE; very true: with my veil, I might have gone there: and he leaves me in bed—all alone in bed."

"And such a sweet day for fishing. Master said, with a laugh, the trouts would bite like gnats."

I said nothing; but I held my breath and bit my lips. To have my affliction made sport of to my servant! Oh, all my happiness seemed melting away like any sunset. I resolved to get up. Yes; I would wrestle with my sorrows out of bed. I rose; and after all, my face was not so *very* bad. I might with a good thick veil confront the world. Already I had taken resolution; and—when in anything like a passion I can dress in a minute at most—and in a minute I *was* dressed.

The landlady followed me into our sitting-room. Was so delighted to see me look so well; and made such apologies for the gnats which had come on purpose, she believed, to ruin her house, that I couldn't in my heart abuse her. "What would I like for dinner? The gentleman had ordered nothing. He only said, he might be late, but he should bring home some trout. I had trout yesterday; would I have trout again?"

"Certainly not," I cried, very angry. "And he said he shouldn't be home till late?"

"Why, ma'am, you know he can't if the gentleman walks all the way; for it's eight miles at the shortest over the fields to Diamond stream; and eight miles back, and that would make—"

"I'll go myself: yes, the thought comes like inspiration, and I'll see this trout-fishing. To fish two days together; and to go off singing and whistling, with never so much as looking into my room. And a little more than a fortnight married! No; if I'm put upon in this manner, and do nothing, the worm will never be allowed to turn." Now all these went, like sparks from a wheel, through my brain, whilst I just looked at the landlady. "I can have a carriage?" said I.

"Why no, Ma'am; I'm afraid not. To be sure there's the pony chaise—"

"That will do. JOSEPHINE, put on your things. We'll drive to Diamondstream; we'll see this trout fishing," and I felt my spirit rising with the determination.

"It's a long way round the road," said the landlady.

"No matter, 'twill do me good. Make haste. Get the chaise ready directly."

"To be sure, Ma'am: and it *will* hold three; one at the back so that you may bring the gentleman with you; whilst your maid rides behind. Ready in a minute, Ma'am," and the landlady trotted off.

I can't say what it was possessed me; but I felt as if something dreadful was about to happen, and it all depended upon me to stop it. My blood was getting into a fever; and my face burned and burned; and if the chaise hadn't been ready as it was, I felt as if I must have gone off on foot.

At length I and JOSEPHINE were seated—I was always a good whip when a very, *very* little girl—and the landlady gives directions. "The first to the right, then to the left, then go on to the Barleymow, turn to the right of that, then to the Plough, and then ask again, and I couldn't miss it."

How my spirits bounded, and my heart leapt, as the pony—a fiery little thing!—started. "This is beautiful," said I to JOSEPHINE; and somehow I felt an air of liberty that was strangely pleasant. "Beautiful— isn't it?"

"Lovely, Ma'am," said JOSEPHINE, quite in a glow. "La! how I should like to go round the world in this manner; and it might be done, Ma'am, with money and spirit, mightn't it? For myself, in daylight I'm afraid of nothing. Two women, and spirit, and a pony like this, with a bigger place in the chaise for the bonnets, and what life they might see! It *is* lovely!" and JOSEPHINE looked about her quite animated, as we tore along. After some minutes, JOSEPHINE said—"How master will be surprised to see you! Yes, when he looks in your face, he—oh, Ma'am!" and the girl clasped her hands in sudden fright—"oh, Ma'am!"

"What's the matter?"

"Matter, Ma'am," she repeated, at the same time placing her finger to her own nose in a manner I couldn't misunderstand—"matter, Ma'am! Why, if you haven't gone and forgot the veil!"

It was quite true: in the hurry, the agitation of the moment, I *had* forgotten it, and there I was in the king's highway, in broad daylight, and nobody could say who might pass—there I was, and such a figure!

"We must return immediately."

"Yes, Ma'am; though Ma'am we've come a good way, and master will have fished and been gone afore we get there; and the road seems very quiet—met nobody but a tinker, and two haymakers have passed, and who'd think of such creatures as them! Besides it isn't so very bad; and after all, the veil would only draw and heat it, and make it even bigger and redder than it is, and—"

"That will do; you *will* go on," and my conscience immediately smote me for what I dealt upon the poor pony—but the girl was so aggravating, how *could* I help it?

Well, we drove for an hour, and—inquiring here and there—still followed the road. At length, we approached Diamondstream. We inquired of a boy the direct road to the water. It was three fields off. Had he seen a gentleman there?

"Yes."

"What sort of a gentleman?" I asked; and it was wonderful with what accuracy the boy—a child of nature—described FREDERICK.

"A good-looking gentleman, green coat, blue handkerchief, and a lady a-fishing down stream, with him!"

Could I believe my ears? Was it possible? It couldn't be; nevertheless, I jumped from the chaise, and desired JOSEPHINE to stay where she was. I ran across two fields, saw the water winding like a snake—(like a snake! I remember the resemblance strangely, oddly affected me!)—like a snake in the distance. I crossed the third field, and saw nothing of FREDERICK. I turned a corner of the hedge, and—I thought I should have dropped!

There was FREDERICK, and there was a young lady. In an instant, I confronted them: FREDERICK, shewing no surprise, observed—"My love, I'm glad to see you; who'd have thought it! You see, this young lady and myself, fishing near one another, somehow the lines have become tangled;" and then, in the coolest manner, he went on trying with his teeth and fingers to separate those horrid lines, knotted as they were together.

Then I thought I *must* have dropped.

WHAT THE AUSTRIANS DO WITH BIRDS WHICH CAN SING AND WON'T SING.



I learned *dilettanti*,
who, in the Opera
pit,

On *contralti* and
soprani in awful
judgment sit;

Who tell us if a
basso, contra basso,
or *tenore*

May lawfully excite
our wrath, or simply
a *favore*;

If you would keep
your green-rooms
free from petty
feuds and jars,
And, as *MEDEA* used,
control your con-
tumacious stars,

I rede you, watch
the Austrians well,
and imitate the plan
They have tried
with *LA SIGNORA*
ALAIMO at Milan.

We had the lady
here, and thought
she couldn't sing
at all;

You told us that her
"register" was
poor, her "com-
pass" small;

That her "organ" in its "lower notes" was hoarse, and cracked, and weak;

And in its "upper," thin and flat—in short, all but a squeak;
And that, in *VERDI*'s stunning airs compelled to scream and shout,
Its "middle notes" for many a day had all been quite worn out;
But though you wrote these cruel things, yet on each Opera night,
You bore her song in silence with what fortitude you might.

But your true Italian critic, when a singer breaks a rule,
Or can't "sustain the D in alt," is *not* so calm and cool;
He thinks each slight offence against the laws of tune and time
Far worse than Austrian tyranny, and treats it as a crime:
And as he cannot write each day some withering critique,
He vents his spleen in many a groan, and shrug, and stamp, and shriek,
And howls the offending singer down, with a zeal and energy,
Which, rightly used, might long ere this have set his country free.

So that when within *La Scala*'s walls this hapless lady came,
The first few feeble notes she breathed stirred up a fearful flame:
"Ah, *scelerata!*" shrieked the Pit. "Ah, *traditrice!*" cried
The Boxes, as her piteous gaze she turned from side to side;
"Cinetta sventurata!" "Pavonessa maluletta!"

Were the mildest of the civil terms with which her audience met her,
Till wearied out, and choked with tears of shame, and fear, and rage,
The poor Signora turned at last, and bolted from the stage.

Perhaps, you think, her exit brought her troubles to a close:
Not so! The Austrian rulers put the finish to her woes;

For, knowing that the people *must* have something to abuse,
A singer so unpopular exactly met their views;
They hoped, that in the general zeal *her* errors to condemn,
The Milanese would for a time, perchance, lose sight of *them*;
So, saying that her contract had deprived her of the right
To quit the stage, they lodged her in the guardhouse for the night.

Next day before the Governor their prisoner they set,
(Just as, in *La Gazzu Ladra*, the soldiers place *Annette*),
And that functionary orders, to her infinite surprise,
That in *La Scala*'s playbill she shall first apologise:
(So that really *there* as well as *here*, the playbill, day by day,
Must be growing more dramatic and amusing than the play)
And then upon its boards—once more confront the hostile pit,
And take the censure critics think for her offences fit.

Oh, Italy! the fairest and the saddest nook of earth!
Thy lot, though oft we grieve for it, must often move our mirth;
And surely it is passing strange that, in a land so long
The chosen nursery and home of music and of song,
A singer quite unqualified to please the public ear
Should night by night upon the stage be driven to appear,
And that her audience, though it tries with sneer, and jeer, and scoff,
To mark its hatred of her song, can never hiss her off.

THE PALMERSTONIAN CATECHISMS.

LORD PALMERSTON having announced that it would, in his opinion, be a most desirable thing that all candidates for Diplomatic Offices should be duly educated for their work, and should, from time to time, undergo Examinations, in order to prove that they are properly qualified, *Mr. Punch* and his Lordship have framed a series of questions, with which LORD CLARENDON, the Foreign Secretary, has instructed our representatives to provide themselves, and to which they are to be prepared to reply. The following are addressed to the young gentlemen who call themselves *Attachés*—

1. Can you understand French when it is spoken to you?
2. Do you ordinarily comprehend an epigram, or if not, can you look as if you did?
3. Have you made yourself master of the great doctrines of Cookery, of the lives of its professors and martyrs, and of the principal points in culinary polemics?
4. Can you copy a dispatch, without its contents leaving the slightest impression on your mind?
5. Give specimens of the properly contemptuous tone in which an *Attaché* speaks of his Ambassador behind the back of the latter.
6. Give imitations of the Ambassador, or of any other member of the Ambassador's establishment.
7. By what excuses do you chiefly evade duty when you want to ride, pay a visit, or go to the Opera, instead of completing the papers entrusted to you, and how do you establish a good understanding with the physician to the Embassy?
8. Suppose, by some unhappy accident, you were made *Chargé d'affaires* in the absence of your chief, and naturally wished to shew your zeal and talent, in what way would you try to get up a misunderstanding?
9. Write a dispatch acknowledging the receipt of documents.
10. Now, revise that dispatch, and correct the grammar and the spelling.
11. Revise it again, and try and make it say what you mean.
12. Copy it, without leaving out the principal word.
13. State your chief reasons for hating the Secretary.
14. State whether, in society, you assume the extreme butterfly, or the profound diplomat, and whether you talk *entracte* or protocol. Give specimens of each style.
15. State, upon oath, whether you ever reported yourself to have, rather mystified PRINCESS L—. If not, what do you think of the diplomatic chances of the HONOURABLE CARNABY SPOONBILL, who, at 22, boasted to that effect in Carlton Gardens.
16. What, do you suppose, is the use of you?

A Warning to the Evil-Disposed.

MR. PUNCH, having received several threatening letters on the subject of the crusade against eccentric and revolutionary hats at Munich, warns the writers that by the kind permission of the authorities at the Home Office, police have been stationed on the premises, with orders to take into custody all persons depositing in his letter-box letters containing puns upon the expressions "mob-cap," "wide-awake," "nap," "felt," "crown," "light-headed," "the cap fitting," or other plays upon words of the same notorious family.

THE BEST PLEDGE.—If a man would only look at himself when he was drunk, he never would drink again.

WHO WILL BELL THE CAT?



QUESTION who on earth will Bell the Cat? is indeed becoming very serious; for unless the cat, as played in the streets by those well-known nuisances, "the boys," is speedily bell'd, the public eye will be knocked out or knocked in, which would entail about an equal amount of optical inconvenience. This mania for playing at cat is no less absurd than dangerous, for it is a game at which nobody seems to win, and which, apparently, has no other aim than the windows of the houses and the heads of the passengers. We have once or twice endeavoured to follow out the scheme of the game in our

"mind's eye;" but, when we have done so, our body's eye has come in for the fruits of our curiosity. We can only hope that it will not be thought indicative of cruelty to animals on our part if we express our desire for the extermination of this obnoxious cat, for, if instead of nine, it had ninety thousand lives, our deep disgust would have "stomach for them all."

A FALL IN WATERFALLS.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS has, in a very characteristic letter to the newspapers, announced his readiness to sell "the effects" in his last Easter piece. We sincerely hope that the offer will not be lost sight of by some of our Government departments, and particularly by that which is entrusted with the adornment of the metropolis. MR. BEVERLEY's beautiful waterfall might furnish a truly admirable substitute for those horrible basins in Trafalgar Square—basins which London should be glad to wash its hands of, at the earliest opportunity. If the waterfall in question is really in the market, why not remove it at once to Charing Cross, where it would be a most agreeable feature during the approaching summer; and though the real water could not enjoy a run at the Lyceum, it might be allowed to run throughout the whole season in front of the National Gallery.

The Invader's Guide-Book to England.

WE don't know how far it may be true, but it is reported that MONS. BILLOT's stupid pamphlet of the "*Lettres Franques*," is so often consulted by LOUIS NAPOLEON, that it is scarcely ever out of his possession. In fact, it is familiarly known now by the title of "THE EMPEROR'S *Invade-mecum*."

Puseyism in the Funds.

IT was feared that the Tractarian views of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would occasion him to abuse his trust as a Cabinet Minister for proselytising purposes; but as yet MR. GLADSTONE has made no attempt at conversion, except his proposition to convert the Three per Cents.

A PLACE WHICH YOU ARE CONSTANTLY BEING TOLD OF, BUT WHICH NO ONE EVER FOUND YET.—A place where to get a good Cigar.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE

CONTEMPLATES WITH DISMAY MR. GLADSTONE'S OPERATIONS ON THE FUNDS.

"Oh, Mr. Punch, if you please Sir, I really wish you would! "You've done your best to make me ridiculous, and if I'm not a perfect laughing-stock to the whole neighbourhood and even to my own servants, I'm sure it's no fault of yours. But if you would only explain what ever that MR. GLADSTONE's a-going to do with the Funds, for I can't understand it, though I've been in the habit of receiving my dividends regularly myself, as you ought to know, for you sent a young man to the Bank to watch me, in the meanest way, only three years ago, and he wrote an account of it, though there were many things he said then that never happened. But I don't mind that, if you'd only explain now. I've asked a great many ladies in the same situation as myself, and I've had in all the daily papers, and the Observer, which I'm told is connected with the Government and ought to know what's going on; and the more I've read about it, the less I can understand, but it seems clear we're to be robbed, and to have Exchequer bills, or bonds, or something, —whether we like it or not, to the extent of thirty millions—or what they call new securities, when I'm sure the old ones were quite trouble enough, particularly to females, and the clerks far from civil as it was; and how ever I'm to make them understand what I come for, next dividend day, is more than I can tell. I'm sure my poor uncle THOMAS little expected, when he left me the Bank annuities and the South Sea stock that he toiled and slaved for all his life, that ever they would be meddled with by your MR. GLADSTONE and your LORD CHANCELLORS OF THE EXCHEQUER. I've often heard my poor uncle say a thing was 'as safe as the Bank,' but those words I hope never to hear again, now Government's going to behave in this shameful way. I never was consulted about it, nor anybody else, I dare say, that had property in the Funds, and always paid income-tax upon it without grumbling, besides all the assessed taxes, because I thought and always said when people used to make a fuss about the Corn Laws and the POPE, and the French coming over, and KOSSUTH and those wretches, 'Well, my money's in the Government Funds, and that's safe, at all events;' a set of meddling artful people. I'm sure poor dear MR. DISRAELI wouldn't have thought of such a thing.

"So, if you please, if you'll advise me what to do; I declare I've a good mind to sell out and go abroad; and I know there are several

ladies of my acquaintance who are thinking seriously whether they won't go and take their money right out of Government's hands, and serve them right, too—and then I should like to see what they'll say, a pack of little better than rogues and swindlers. I do hope you'll be kind enough to say in your next whether you don't think that would bring them to their senses.

"And I remain, Mr. Punch,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"(bearing no malice for the uncarrantable liberties you've taken with me),
Late "MARTHA STRUGGLES," (now "MRS. JONES.")

CANINE MADNESS.

CAN the Animals' Friend Society produce an instance of friendship more touching than the subjoined advertisement?—

A GENTLEMAN, who, through the death of his lady, has a very small and exceedingly handsome BLACK and TAN TERRIER DOG, weighing a little over 3lbs., for which he has been offered a large sum, wishes to PART WITH it, to be kindly treated. Would be happy to exchange with any lady or gentleman having a horse, which they wished to be also kindly treated (and having no use for) for his own riding or driving. Undeniable references will be asked for and given. Apply by letter, post paid.

This must be the dearest little dog that ever yelped—too dear to be sold. The wish to part with it—arising, doubtless, from some very serious cause—can only contemplate an exchange of so beloved a pet for a horse. What sort of a horse? Would an ordinary hack do? or a hunter be expected? or would nothing be taken under the winner of the approaching Derby? Weighing only 3lbs., the canine darling must be appraised at its own weight in gold—a very nugget of a dog. We should like to take it at our valuation, and barter it at its proprietor's, in which case we should ultimately obtain a gallant steed by the original sacrifice of an old hat or pair of highlows. If any poor mantua-maker girl should happen to read this advertisement, we would exhort her to suppress the feeling of envy, should that baleful passion be excited in her bosom, by the comparison of her own hard pallet with the cosy clover which is probably the couch of this beatified little beast.

WHAT A CABMAN PARTICULARLY DISLIKES.—To drop a gentleman at his door, without being asked what his fare is, but to have it sent out to him by the servant.



Cabby. "DON'T BE ALARMED, SIR. IT'S ONLY HIS PLAY!"

OLD ENGLAND'S BABES IN THE WOOD.

In a nurse's uncouth telling, in a broadside's random spelling,
Or in statelier garb of story-book, with binding and gilt edges,
For ages has that story set Young England's tears a-welling,
That sanctifies the red-breast on our window-sills and hedges.

How oft with tear-drenched pinafore, has he sat and lost his dinner for
The death of those good parents, in that uncle too confiding,
And wondered in his innocence, what he was such a sinner for,
As to hire those cruel ruffians who took the babes out riding.

How oft the nursery's rattle has been hushed before the prattle
Of those pretty babes which wrought so on the milder-minded *Waller*,
That in the lonely forest he gave his fellow battle,
And slew him, thereby cheating the gallows and the halter.

And then, instead of staying to keep the babes from straying,
He weakly left them, with command to "stop there like good children;"
For Young England well remembered his own manner of obeying
The like order from the nurse-maid whom he gloried in bewildering.

With what hursts of tender sobbing he blessed the gentle robin,
Who the forest leaves their faces laid with pious beak and claws on,
And how heavily in school-days was he visited with cobbing
Who the robin's sacred nest laid his sacrilegious paws on.

That old tale with a new dress on, for Old England has its lesson;
Touching *his* "Babes in the Wood" he a hint from it may borrow—
In the wood through whose entanglements scarce manly strength can
press on—
The wood of sin and suffering, of ignorance and sorrow.

There the little children wander, while in mortal combat yonder
Those who call themselves their guides for the mastery are fighting;
There in striving for that wood's sour fruit their infant strength they
squander,
Deep and deeper in its hideous depths body and soul benighting.

The combatants are sturdy, skilled to use their weapons wordy;
And 'ere Chapel's got the hetter of Church, or Church of Chapel,
The children may be lying, while *Punch*, for pious birdie,
Strews his leaves on those that perished while their guides were in
death-grapple.

THE WHISTONIAN CONSOLS.

If any one should ask, like the capitalist in the advertisement, "What shall I do with my money?" he might be recommended to invest some of it in the WHISTON Fund, for one thing. This is a subscription which has been started in order to reimburse the REV. ROBERT WHISTON, MR. WHISTON is the Master of Rochester Cathedral School. Not content with flogging his own scholars, he flogged the DEAN and CHAPTER OF ROCHESTER. Boys sometimes evince their sense of a flagellation by "harring out." The DEAN and CHAPTER resented their chastisement somewhat in the same puerile manner. They extruded MR. WHISTON from his situation. In compelling them to let him into his school again, and by more than three years' loss of salary whilst they kept him out of it, MR. WHISTON has become the loser by these sacred gentlemen, and the creditor of a spirited public, to the amount of above £1,500.

Had MR. WHISTON a right to flog the DEAN and CHAPTER? A question to be asked before subscribing to his fund—and to be answered by the admission that he had certainly no more right than *Punch* would have to flog a Mayor and Aldermen for eating up property, of which they were the trustees, in the form of turtle-soup.

MR. WHISTON flogged his involuntary pupils for being greedy—the vice of some clerical as well as other corporations. Instead of kicking under the infliction they had much better have meekly kissed his rod, entitled *Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment*. For they have been obliged to swallow what they ejected, and disgorge what they swallowed. Their Bishop has reluctantly forced MR. WHISTON back upon them, and they have taken him, under compulsion, with wry faces. Part, at least, of the monies in dispute, they have also refunded.

Under these circumstances, surely MR. WHISTON must be regarded as a public benefactor, one of the class of dragon-killers; as well deserving to be indemnified as ST. GEORGE would have been; if he had found himself between one and two thousand pounds out of pocket by his triumph over his voracious antagonist.

Supernatural Amusement.

SPIRIT-RAPPING IS PERFORMED NIGHTLY at the PIG-AND-WHISTLE Harmonic Meeting, after each of the Songs and Gleees, by PERSONS under the INFLUENCE OF SPIRITS!!!

WHO SHALL EDUCATE ? OR, OUR BABES IN THE WOOD.





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CHARITABLE CONVIVIALITIES.



TO meet the objection which has been raised against charity dinners, as well on account of the discomfort attending them, as on the ground that their expense is so much devoured that might have been bestowed in alms—so much gluttony that might have been so much beneficence—a change is proposed to be made in the style and character of these festivals. To abolish them would be out of the question, as it is an established truth that nothing of any consequence can be managed in England without a dinner of some sort. It is therefore suggested, not that the banquet should be done away with, but that it should be of a light and cooling nature, consisting of the simple staff of life accompanied by the genuine and original draught which cheered but

not inebriated ADAM. A reasonable charge will be allowed for the room, in regard to the interests of the Albion and the London Tavern. The heat of cookery and recking viands will thus be obviated; and the dinner will become simply a device for saving the greatest possible amount out of the guinea paid for the dinner ticket.

LEADENHALL STREET MENDICANTS.

A DEFEATED candidate for an East Indian Directorship addresses his would-have-been constituency in the following melancholy strain:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—The unexpected issue of the Ballot at the East India House this day, has been to me a severe disappointment, the numerous promises of support which I had received from so many kind and influential friends having led me to expect a very different result.”

Has this gentleman a wife and seven children depending upon him for support? Was there nothing but the situation that he has lost between him and the workhouse? Will he now apply to the Union, or retire from the world, by making a suicidal plunge over one of the bridges? Well; it is a relief to know that he does not meditate self-destruction; for, he continues:—

“Under these circumstances I have only to tender to the 1,047 Proprietors who have done me the honour of recording their votes in my favour, my warmest and most grateful thanks, and to announce to them and the Proprietors, at large, my determination to proceed again to the Ballot on the occurrence of the next vacancy.”

So he won't play the Roman fool—this time at least; he will have another try first, anyhow. In the meantime he returns his supporters his “warmest and most grateful thanks”—thanks which doubtless have all the warmth and the flavour of curry and mulligatawny soup. But yet he hardly addresses them with sufficient humility. He begins his letter with “Ladies and Gentlemen.” A more suitable commencement would have been “TO THE AFFLUENT.”

A Rallying Cry for the Quakers.

SHOULD England ever be invaded, the Quakers ought to be the first to rush to the rescue, and make a rallying-cry of the old proverb—“A Friend in need is a Friend indeed.”

SECOND-HAND CANONICALS.

LORD Bishop!—you Curate so spare do you note?
How threadbare, your Lordship observes, is his coat,
No disgrace to his Cloth is that Parson so slim,
But his Cloth is a grievous dishonour to him.

How came that vile garment of rusty old black,
Do you fancy, my Lord, on his Rev'ence's back?
There's a Charity, haply your Lordship may know,
Which for “poor pious Clergymen” gathers old clo'.

Therefrom came that relic of ancient attire,
Redeemed, to invest a Divine, from the fire,
By a Jew, who a shilling had felt in the tail,
Where the owner had happened to leave an odd vail.

For once that same coat which, though shabby downright,
Sets off, in a manner, the neckcloth of white,
With a similar contrast distinguished a Swell
Of a Waiter, who served at a civic Hotel.

What service it saw when his shoulders it warmed!
The service that Minister daily performed;
With the Waiter it stood at the rich turtle feast,
But it sits down to poor bread and cheese with the Priest.

For carrying plates 'tis not good enough wear,
But it does for the office of preaching and prayer,
And, my Lord, if you'd poverty preach with success,
Let your Lordship in such like canonicals dress.

'Gainst riches with greater effect you'd inveigh,
If you were attired in that rusty array,
Than if you should hold forth, in a tone so severe,
And lawn sleeves that are starched with twelve thousand a-year.

The Protector of the Holy Places.

WE see by the advertisements and the show-boards that “Shortly will Close—Jerusalem.” Now this is a chance for M. LOUIS NAPOLEON to rush in and save Jerusalem—at all events, if he is a sincere Protector of the Holy Places, to do his best to keep it out of the hands of the Jews. By the bye, may we also offer to his notice the wood pavement in Regent Street?—for we think that at present that is about the holiest place in London.

A NOVUM ORGANUM.—A Jew buying BACON.

RAP-RASCALISM.

“THE WITCH OF ENDOR SUPERSEDED EVERY EVENING” will probably very soon be the heading of the newspaper advertisements put forth by the “Spiritual Rappers.” The following advert announcement of regular necromancy—or imposture—appeared last week:—

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS from departed friends, which so much gratify serious and enlightened minds, are exemplified daily from 10 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock, by the American Medium, MAS. R., &c., &c.

There does, to be sure, seem to be something peculiarly shocking in practising on feelings relative to departed friends; but as the “serious and enlightened minds” that are so much gratified by such sordid imposition are brainless dupes, their sensibilities are the least likely to be outraged by the heartless hoax.

The Americans appear to have such a passion for territory, that, having licked all Nature, as they conceive, they now want to annex the spiritual world also. In this scheme of aggrandisement, however, they have competitors; for, consulting English prejudices rather than English grammar, a wizard has issued the notification subjoined:—

SPRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—MR. HARDINGE and ENGLISH MEDIUM will give Spiritual Séances every evening, for the purpose of delineating the truth and use of these wonderful communications. Most interesting, instructive, and useful impressions are written out by the Medium while subjected to the influence of Spirits.

Whiskey, rum, gin, brandy, or hollands?

Those who wish to see a female under the influence of spirits have a peculiar taste; but if they must indulge it, they had better perambulate the neighbourhood of Seven Dials on a Saturday night, than go and pay their money to see that which, if worth seeing, is worth no more, and may be seen gratis in any disreputable part of town.

There is reason to believe that those who consult the Spirit Rappers do not, for the most part, do so in the hope of detecting the trick, but with “serious” if not “enlightened minds,” impressed with a belief in their professions. For the gratification of minds thus serious and enlightened, we may expect, as above hinted, to have, in a little time, performances and exhibitions of real sorcery and genuine witchcraft openly advertised amongst the public amusements; and perhaps a theatre will be established whereat an actual *Zamiel* will come on in *Der Freischütz*; apparitions of authentic fiends will ascend in *Macbeth*, and DR. FAUSTUS will positively raise the devil.

A PRETTY GO!

WE understand that in compliment to the position of Leader of the opposition to the Jew Bill, assumed by MR. CUMMING BRUCE, he will be allowed to take the title of the Cumming Man!



TASTE.

First Swell. "THAT'S A DEUCED NEAT STYLE OF PIN, CHARLEY!"

Second. "YA-AS—IT'S A PRETTY THING. A'VE GOT SET A SHIRT STUDS—AND AW—WAISTCOAT BUTT'NS TO MATCH—LOOK STUNNING AT NIGHT—'SURE YAH!"

A WAR CRY IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

EVERY now and then there proceeds from some little hole and corner of the country a cry of defiance, a moan of lamentation, or a shriek of alarm, which has the double effect of surprising the rest of the world, and reminding the aforesaid rest of the world that there is such a place in existence as the hole or corner which the cry, moan, or shriek—as the case may be—has proceeded from. A few nights ago the House of Commons found itself listening to a shrill shriek—echoed throughout the world in all the papers on the following day—from a no less and no greater place than Bromsgrove which, reference to a minute dot in a map informs us, is in Worcestershire. The public—after the first burst of astonishment at the intimation that Bromsgrove is at all—will be curious to learn what can Bromsgrove want, and why Bromsgrove has walked out from its little dot on the map, to arrest the attention of the world for a few hurried minutes? We should have been scarcely more surprised had modest little Mitcham attempted to seize the nineteenth century by the button, and murmured out a few mild words about itself.

But what has Bromsgrove got to say? is the question that now presents itself. Let Bromsgrove answer! or rather, as Bromsgrove has run back again into his little place in Worcestershire, we must answer for it. Well then, Bromsgrove has petitioned the House of Commons against a war between France and England! Has Bromsgrove been asleep since the peace of Amiens?—and does Bromsgrove timidly apprehend that war will break out again?—or has some "mad wag" of the present day walked into Bromsgrove to hoax it with the pretended news of war being about to be declared immediately? At all events, the petition from Bromsgrove came upon the House with all the *rococo* air of a request to Parliament not to sanction Catholic Emancipation, or to repeal the Test Acts, or to do, or abstain from doing some other act which has been disposed of and forgotten for half a century. The only reply we can suggest to the prayer of Bromsgrove is to send down all the necessary apparatus for a Commission of Lunacy, with full power to inquire whether Bromsgrove has or has not been in a sound state of mind, and capable of managing its own affairs, from the day of the date of its absurd petition.

THE QUAKER'S OATH.—Odd-drab-it it!!!

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 9.

THE name of CHARLEY CURETON has recently become notorious in connexion with the beautiful and eccentric COUNTESS VISCONTI. He was a contemporary of mine at the University, and an object there (as indeed he has been everywhere else) of contempt and admiration to an uncommon degree. He is one of those remarkable men who have only to appear in a new circle to achieve a reputation. He had not eaten three dinners in Hall before every one was talking of the extensive freshman at St. Peter's. The foreman of MESSRS. GALLOW'S, of Bond Street, came up before the commencement of Term to measure Mr. CURETON'S apartments, and in a few days arrived a dazzling vision of walnut chairs and tables, fanteuils, sofas, carpets, and flock papers. JOHN, the oldest College servant, had never seen the likes of it—not even in the Warden's lodgings—and portraits of haetresses in short petticoats, and Chinney shepherdesses and Hindian hidols, and halabaster hangels and things (which it was to be oped they was not Popish superstitions). The very Dons listened to the catalogue of wonders with curiosity.

The owner, perhaps, hardly seemed equal to his position. He was pale, slender, flaxen-haired, and only nineteen. But he had the *aplomb* of a Cabinet Minister. He was insolently serene and self-possessed. He had the invaluable talent of silence; and when he did speak, it was in a melodious lingo—not understood by honest JOHN—to his foring walet, a party with bushy whiskers and earrings, who answered to the name of GERONIMO. It is unnecessary to add that JOHN and his fellows would have looked upon the sudden death of this individual with feelings of great joy and thankfulness.

I was delighted to find that I had met the distinguished freshman of St. Peter's at Florence—where his father, SIR CLAUD CURETON, was an eminent physician—and hastened to pay my respects to him. He seemed pleased to see any one who had been out of England, and invited me to smoke the calumet of peace. While GERONIMO was artfully preparing a sumptuous hookah for my benefit, I had leisure to observe my host. He was reclining with languid grace on one of MESSRS. GALLOW'S incomparable sofas. He was like a large tropical bird—

silent, but gorguous. He wore a crimson dressing-gown of Oriental cut, voluminous trowsers, and yellow slippers. On his head was a scarlet Fez embroidered in gold by some dark-browed daughter of Damascus, and he was sucking away at the enormous amber mouth-piece of a long straight pipe which had accompanied him from Constantinople. GERONIMO obsequiously tendered the hookah and retired. CURETON motioned towards a tall square bottle of Dalmatian Maraschino, and we blew a perfumed cloud in company. I am not a talker, I was not in a hurry, the hookah was very cool and pleasant; and for half-an-hour no sound was to be heard but the bubbles gurgling through the rose-water.

At length he finished his pipe, sighed, and took up a guitar which lay beside him. He struck the chords with confidence, modulated a little, and settling down into a Barcarole accompaniment, hummed, not unpleasantly, a little canzonet which may be heard every day at Naples. A shake (rather indicated by the vocalist than expressed) and a very high falsetto squeak indeed, completed the entertainment. Another sigh, and I was informed that it was a sad souvenir of a friend (a very nice-looking party indeed, if like a portrait which he showed me) named EUPHRASIE, who used to warble the same barcarole in an exceedingly agreeable manner. "Ah!"—lighting a cigar a foot long—"poor EUPHRASIE! (*puff*) what a poetical temperament—all soul—but (*puff*) violent. Knocked me down once with a decenter—confined to my bed for a week—most delightful companion, though! It makes me miserable in this dismal place to think of the sunny South. I feel like OVID—the first of poets—relegated to the inhospitable Euxine, and have to exist on my recollections.

"Excuse me, but what a dreadful horde of barbarians the young men here are! When will civilisation reach them? They get up in the middle of the night to what is pleasantly called morning chapel, and go to bed before I have had my dinner:" (I must here say that CURETON only attended Hall as a form, and used to dine afterwards on GERONIMO'S cookery, in his own room;) "they eat raw flesh like the ancient Scythians, and swill oceans of beer as their ancestors did in the time of JULIUS CESAR. They associate from choice with horses, and dogs, and rats, and badgers, instead of human beings; and amuse themselves

with occupations, that in civilised countries form the laborious employments of the lowest class, such as postboys and boatmen. Figure to yourself my emotions yesterday, when I returned the visit of the elder MR. CODLINGS, and found him in his shirt-sleeves with large gloves on his hands, exchanging buffets with a person of ferocious appearance and manners, whose nose had been crushed nearly flat by violence, and whom he addressed as BILLY. I have a great regard for his mother, a very lady-like person, who was kind to me when I had a fever at Jerusalem, and am really concerned for the shocking pursuits of her son. Poor fellow! you know he cannot speak French, or Italian, or dance; he has literally no accomplishments; and his habits—I regret to use such language—are truly brutal. Yes, yes; I dare say you are quite right; no doubt his moral character is excellent—just the sort of person that would make a good scribe in the Guards; but he has no tastes, no refinement, no poetry. Ah! to hear him in the middle of some divine chorus of SOPHOCLES stop to wrangle about an obtrusive particle, or an unusual consecution of tenses—it is chilling, sickening. Then his conversation, like his friends, is always among boats and dogs. By the way he brought a specimen of his menagerie here the other day, in the shape of a hairy little animal—I believe from one of the Scotch Islands—a creature with a long body and short legs, like a centipede; the monster gnawed off three tassels from my sofa before he was observed. Conceive my disgust, and even alarm! Nothing but my regard for MRS. CODLINGS (a very ladylike and pleasing person) prevented my forbidding him my rooms for the future.

Before CURETON had finished his strictures on our English manners, I had become almost ashamed of my country, and began to think that, after all, the Epicureans had the best of it, or that one could live very well under a despotism, and surrounded by superstition. An easy sort of existence, no doubt, to lounge on one's sofa with a nargilly and Maraschino, listening to EUPHRASIE'S Neapolitan canzonets! But my morals were well braced up at dinner, for AUGUSTUS CODLINGS delivered himself, with honest fervour and some power of vituperative language, of his opinion of CHARLEY CURETON'S philosophy, which he declared was just what you would expect of those foreign beggars who could not call their souls their own, but was revolting when it came from the lips of a Free Briton. For his part he was a Tory, and wouldn't have your revolutionary humbugs at any price, but he would sooner have a fellow talk any Radical nonsense than ignore all interest in his country, and withdraw from politics to smoke his weeds, however good they might be. Then, taking a rapid survey of the present state of the Continent, into which he incorporated some of the most striking images of the Englishman's letters to the *Times*, he returned with a little asperity to CURETON'S reflections on his Skye terrier Rags, whom he vindicated as not only the most lovely, but the most amiable and wise of quadrupeds. The conversation here took a canine turn: some of the exploits of that brave and beautiful creature with rats, cats, and badgers were recounted by his master, and CURETON escaped further chastisement for that time; but I felt grateful to AUGUSTUS for his manly lecture, and the same evening I read the sturdy British papers, both Liberal and Conservative, with a glow of pride at the thought that there was still one place in Europe where the truth could be told and the devil shamed thereby.

Railway Safety put into something like a Ship-Shape train.

"Most ships carry, or are expected to carry, "an Experienced Surgeon on board,"—why shouldn't Railways be made to adopt the same regulation?—for, in our opinion, the one requires the services of a Surgeon just as much, if not more, than the other. In fact, it is a question whether a medical student wouldn't gain more knowledge of his business by occasionally riding on a railway than by diligently walking all the hospitals.

Retaliation.

Fain UWINS and SEGUIER would barter
With CLAUDE and with TITIAN their lot:
They get TITIAN and CLAUDE in warm water,
CLAUDE and TITIAN get them into hot.

Obvious Initials.

It was announced in the *Times* the other day, that "The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £15 in Bank of England notes from 'D. F.,' for additional Income Tax."

No need to ask what D. F. stands for. Decided Fool, of course.

A GENUINE STOCK.

"WE have all of us heard of a "Son of a Gun," but the "Son of a Pistol" must be a new branch of the family tree from which the stocks of fire-arms are descended: and yet, tracing the pedigree of one of COLT'S revolvers, it stands (and, if need be, fires) to reason that a genuine COLT must be the son of a horse-pistol.

THE GRAVEYARDS OF LONDON.



THE Church has of late occupied so much attention, that the public mind has been diverted from the Churchyard. Whether or not souls have improved from that circumstance, bodies have, in consequence of it, remained in *statu quo*. According to a statement published by MR. GEORGE ALFRED WALKER, the poisonous and abominable practice of intramural interment continues almost unabated. Graveyards get more and more crowded with tenants; corporations of corpses, with power to add to their number: for one dead body allowed to pollute the atmosphere makes many more. Repletion of intramural burial-grounds thus goes on in a constantly increasing ratio, and therefore becomes a matter of tragic and compound interest. Epitaphs are rendered a mockery;

for "Here Lies" cannot be said of anything under the tombstone, and can only be understood of the author of the inscription.

What ought to lie there is mostly chopped up and spread abroad, to make room for newer arrivals; and the rest of it is diffused in the form of pestilential gas in the air that we breathe. A man cannot go down to his grave in peace, without the prospect of evaporating and killing his relations. He foresees that as much of him as is mortal, will be a mortal poison; that he will be inhaled by his neighbours' lungs, and get into their stomachs as a solution of animal matter in the water which they drink. This consideration is enough to make us all stick to raw brandy: and the tee-totalers ought to look to it. The dead experience the wrongs, and not the rites of sepulture, which is enough to make them rise from their graves; and so they do by a sexton's resurrectionism. It would be much better if the parishioners would rise and depose the headle, who, in confederacy with the undertaker and the parish clerk, is chiefly responsible for intramural jobbery and corruption.

EIGHT CONUNDRUMS FROM THE COMMONS.

Why does a Manchester member pronounce "schedule" as if spelt sheddle?

What does an Irish member mean when he says he has examined the terruns, and believes from his hurrut (he is sorry to say ut), that they incur the purull of being misunderstood by a jewty?

Why does LORD JOHN RUSSELL feel himself obliged?

Why do MR. DISRAELI and the rest of the aristocracy speak of LORD DARBY?

Why are all the railway members artily willing to leave matters in the hands of the ouse?

Why does LORD DUDLEY STUART say he has no hesitation in giving utterance to his sentiments?

Why does SIR ROWDY DOW speak after dinner?

Why does MR. RAILWAY KING speak at all?

French Legislation.

A FASHIONABLE contemporary gives the list of the enormous quantity of Glaces and Sorbets, and glasses of Punch, which were consumed at the grand ball given by the Legislative Body to the Emperor and Empress. According to this it must have been a complete Assembly of Mutes and Liquids.

TOPOGRAPHY OF LONDON.

WE are credibly informed that, in honour of the London Merchants' and Bankers' Deputation to LOUIS NAPOLEON, Spitalfields for the future is to be called LICK-SPITALFIELDS.

LITTLE AND BAD.—LORD CAMPBELL has intimated that the Civic parasites of LOUIS NAPOLEON have been guilty of high treason. Considering the littleness of the whole affair, we think petty treason would be the more appropriate name for it.



SERVANTGALISM :

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 8.

'Ousmaid (from Town). "IS HANN JENKINS AT HOME?"

Suburban Cook. "NO; SHE HAS JUST GONE TO HER MILLINER'S."

'Ousmaid. "THEN GIVE HER MY CARD, PLEASE, AND SAY, I OPE SHE GOT HOME SAFELY FROM THE BALL."

YOUTHFUL SPORT IN THE STREET.

SING a song of mischief,
Policeman standing by;
Idle boys play "tip-cat";
Let's have a shy.
When the cat is started,
You don't know where 'twill spring;
And if it breaks a window-pane,
Oh, what a jolly thing!

As I was in my counting-house
A counting out my money,
I saw a game that ended
In something very funny.
Old gentleman was passing,
When "cat" was struck away;
Whack! came the knob of wood,
And knocked out his eye!

A Duke in Partibus.

THAT Government was quite right in strengthening our national defences will be almost admitted even by the Quakers themselves, now that the news has arrived from Italy that the POPE has actually offered to GENERAL OUDINOT the title of the DUKE OF ST. PANCRAS, which the General has declined. That was wise of the General. For a foreign power to create a Frenchman a British duke it is easy enough; not quite so easy for the duke so created to come over and take his dukedom. But see how spiritual aggression leads to temporal. From an ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER how easy is the transition to a DUKE OF ST. PANCRAS! HIS HOLINESS PIO NONO, perhaps, will next oblige us with an EARL OF ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, and a MARQUIS OF MARYLEBONE.

A LAZY FRAME OF MIND.—When you look out of window.

THE CROWN AND THE BROAD-BRIM IN BAVARIA.

THE following paragraph, though a genuine extract from the foreign Correspondence of a London daily paper, reads more like a bit of burlesque from some mock account of some imaginary revolution.

"BAVARIA.

"MUNICH, APRIL 5.—The police have been instructed to arrest all persons who are found with Calabrian broad-brimmed hats. These instructions have been carried out. Large numbers of young men have been arrested and taken to the stations. They were subsequently liberated, but the police retained their hats. Complete ignorance prevails as to the motives of this measure, but it is thought that the authorities have acted in consequence of advices which have reached them from abroad."

Surely the first of April, and not the fifth, should have been the date of this news—we cannot dignify anything so absurd with the title of "intelligence." We hope that none of our friends, the Quakers, will find themselves arrested on account of their broad-brims, under the shade of which treason is supposed to lurk; though, by the way, dissatisfaction with the Bavarian Government is far more likely to be met with in a Wide-awake. It is really lamentable to think of the inanity that must possess what ought to be the mind of that ruler who can have resorted to such a piece of imbecile tyranny as the arrest of everybody with a hat of a particular fashion. Imagine our own Government, in the days of Chartist tom-foolery, having ordered the arrest of everybody wearing point lace, or of every one pointing with his hand on the ground, under the apprehension that the point—particularly in the case of the hand with its four fingers and thumb—must indicate some sympathy with the five points of the Charter. Mental imbecility such as this must disqualify those who are afflicted with it for the duties of government. How any nation can be ruled over for a day by persons displaying such a puerile notion of the means and appliances of power, is a miracle only to be accounted for by the supposition that the mass of the people are still lower in the intellectual scale than their governors.

To complete the idiotic colouring of this picture, we are told that the persons arrested were liberated, "but the police retained their hats." The danger to the Government is thus imputed to the hats themselves, and not to the heads they covered. We shall not be surprised to hear that the hats have been all tried—on—by court-martial and shot, for it is quite impossible to suggest any bounds to the idiotic proceedings of a Government that has taken a lot of old hats into custody on a charge

of high treason. Of course every person who has been deprived of his hat by the executive will be known to have had relations with a revolutionary broad-brim, and the fact of his going about bare-headed will render him liable to arrest on bare suspicion. We have not heard the measurement of brim which constitutes the offensive width, but we believe the Bavarian Government allows very little margin. If this is not filling up the cup of oppression to the very brim, we know not what will constitute the full measure of tyranny.

"Come Back!"

THERE is a new steamer called the *Boomerang Propeller*. A Boomerang, if we understand right, is an Indian instrument which returns to the place from which it was flung. We can hardly imagine this to be the case with this new steamer, but we should say that *The Boomerang* would be a capital name for the Australian Mail Steamers and many of our Government steam frigates, for such is their attachment to the spot they have left that they are sure, after a few turns and useless gyrations, to come back as quick as they can to the places they have started from.

A QUESTION FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

WHAT is that Fund which is always buoyant, in which there is never any flatness, and the interest of which can never be diminished?
Why, *Punch's* inexhaustible fund of humour, to be sure!

FARRIERY AT THE DIGGINGS.

A GOOD opening presents itself in Australia for working Goldsmiths, who are wanted there to shoe horses.

THREE THINGS A WOMAN CANNOT DO.—To pass a bonnet-shop without stopping—to see a baby without kissing it—and to admire a piece of lace without inquiring "how much it was per yard?"

SPIRIT-RAPPING.—Gents knocking at the different doors as they go home late at night.

ART AND IDEAS.



With other distinguished connoisseurs and critics, *Punch* makes it a custom, at this period of the year, to inspect the studios of his friends the painters, who have pictures for the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. He regards this as a great privilege. It enables him to talk with considerable effect at the early dinner-table of the season, about "that charming female head of CARMINE'S," and that "delicious bit of *genre* of OLD CLOUGH'S," and so forth, and at the same time to throw in little anecdotes of CARMINE and OLD CLOUGH, in their private life; in short, to give himself the usual airs which belong to that imposing and effective character—the Artist's Friend. Such conversation is much re-

lished, and gives one a sort of perfume of the painting-room, which is not without its effect—on the young ladies especially—who have delicious dim notions that painters are gracefully luxurious persons, living in paradises of the most picturesque *bric-à-brac*, peopled with Houris of models. Alas! you and I know what dreary shifts poor BOB BLADDER is put to, to keep together even the dingy assortment of old casts, odd gauntlets, cracked mandolines, Brummagem rapiers, and Holywell Street tapestry, in the midst of which he takes his frugal steak and pint of porter, and smokes the vulgarest of clay pipes, with other RAFFAELLES in the bud, like himself. Still, if the dear young ladies, whom it is my privilege and pleasure to impress, will form extravagant and romantic notions of artist life, I don't see why I should knock down the cloud castle in which they locate the CARMINES, and OLD CLOUGHS, and BOB BLADDERS.

There is, however, one fact painfully impressed upon me by this ante-Exhibition round of mine. Every one to whom ideas—meanings of some sort—are a necessity, must have felt saddened by the alarming dearth of them in our annual picture shows. But when one comes into contact with the contributors to these shows, one by one, the sense of this vacancy is still more depressing. It is the difference between knowing as a general fact that all the world is out of town (as one does in September for example), and knocking at a number of doors, to find nobody at home.

This is the more painful, as the men seem unconscious, for the most part, of any such deficiency in themselves or their brethren. TOM MANNERIN, for example, when he exultingly sweeps his maul-stick across his composition with such a confident demand for my admiration, does not seem to reflect for a moment that I have seen those identical perriwigs, doublets, breeches, cavalier hats, and satin petticoats, just as well painted from the lay-figure—not to speak of the spaniel, and the chairs and tables—in every Exhibition these last twelve years. It never seems to occur to him that these clothes covering bodies without interesting action, these perriwigs framing faces with no expression—all these accessories so laboriously arranged to tell no story whatever—are to me simply as wearisome as was the display, a few weeks ago, of the Opera wardrobe spread out for inspection, when that Hall of Enchantment was in possession of the judgment creditors.

I flattered myself, two or three years since, that I had struck a severe blow at this masquerade-warehouse Art—that thanks partly to me the painter's range of books was enlarging, and with it the horizon of his conceptions. I thought I had put a stop to the wholesale robbery of the late DR. GOLDSMITH and M. LE SAGE; that the unhappy HAROLD would be allowed at length to rest in the grave, his body safe from future discovery; and the tender PHILIPPA permitted to repose on her tomb, without being called for, year after year, to repeat her popular performance of sucking the assassin's poison from her husband's arm.

But I grieve to say that my labours have had but little real effect. They may have frightened some old offenders. NUDELY, I see, has abandoned LEMPHRIER'S *Dictionary*, and PEACH will not have a single velvet coat this year. But NUDELY is expressing the same absolute lack of meaning with the aid of HORT'S *Pantheon*, and PEACH has only abandoned the era of GEORGE THE SECOND to fling himself with the same unbridled relish for textile fabrics into the clothes of CHARLES THE SECOND'S time. Besides, the young ones are perpetually rearing the old stock on the old ground of the *Vicar* and *Gil Blas*, and the *Artist's History of England*. The hardy annuals seem, in fact, to be perennials; and, so far as I can see, the young gardeners have no fresher seed from which to raise their crops than the old ones.

It has occurred to me that, in these times of Co-operation, the good which my single efforts have failed to produce might be effected by means of a Society or Association. The material wants of the poor and suffering artist are already

supplied by the agency of the excellent Artists' General Benevolent Fund and similar charities, all which may Heaven speed! Could not a Society be formed to relieve the alarming intellectual destitution of the same profession? In the anticipation that this notion will be taken up, I would suggest a programme something like this.

ARTISTS' GENERAL INTELLIGENCE FUND.

(A SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING IDEAS FOR ARTISTS IN THEIR OWN PAINTING-ROOMS.)

It is Proposed that a Society be formed for relieving the necessities of that large and increasing class of Artists, who labour under an almost entire want of the Ideas commonly necessary for their decent maintenance in the practice of their calling.

The founders of the Society have had brought to their notice, both by the yearly displays of this want at our Exhibitions, and by private visiting, the awful extent to which Painters are suffering under a lack of Ideas, while they are prevented from making any appeal for assistance, either by false delicacy or by ignorance that the will or means to relieve them exists.

It is proposed that a Society should be formed of persons willing to contribute Ideas for the use of Painters, who may be proper objects of the Society's bounty—a category which will be found to comprise, it is feared, a large majority of those gaining a livelihood by the Arts.

The Ideas thus contributed will form a common stock, from which advances will be made—no Idea being used more than once, and the Painter being bound by an undertaking not to avail himself of it year after year.

The Society will be open to accept Ideas upon all classes of subjects suitable for pictorial treatment, with the following exceptions:—

No Idea from the *Vicar of Wakefield* or *Gil Blas* can be accepted on any terms. Ideas from SCOTT'S Novels will be narrowly examined by the Committee, and accepted or rejected by ballot.

The following Ideas from the *History of England* will, on no account, be received or distributed by the Society:—

Alfred in the Danish Camp.

Iditto, burning Cakes.

Discovery of the Body of Harold.

Death of William Rufus.

Murder of Thomas à Beckett.

Richard Cœur de Lion pardoning the Archer who shot him.

Signing of Magna Charta.

King Edward the Third receiving the Burgesses of Calais.

Queen Philippa sucking the Poison from arm of ditto.

Death of Wat Tyler.

Prince Henry Striking the Lord Chief Justice.

Battle of Agincourt.

Murder of the Infant Princes in the Tower by Richard the Third.

Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn.

Execution of Lady Jane Grey.

Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort.

Mary, Queen of Scots, taking leave of her Attendants.

Iditto on the Scaffold.

Capture of Charles the First.

Iditto taking leave of his Family.

Cromwell Dissolving the Long Parliament.

Landing of William the Third.

The Pretender in Hiding.]

The Society believe that no Painter is so absolutely destitute as not to have Ideas on these subjects; while, in the almost inconceivable case of his not having any of his own, he can borrow from any of the many Painters who have already made use of the subjects above enumerated.

The Society hope to be able to prepare a new Classical Dictionary for the use of Painters, with an entirely fresh set of stories of Gods, Goddesses, Demigods, Heroes, and other mythical and historical personages of antiquity who have been hitherto unaccountably neglected.

The Society have directed their special attention to a field of Ideas, in respect of which the most shocking destitution prevails: they refer to the subject of Ideas on Contemporary Life.

The number of Artists possessing even the most limited stock of these Ideas is insignificant. And even of those

which they have found in circulation, the greater number belong to foreign manners.

The Society trust to the kindness of their contributors in this branch of their labours more than in any other. They hope to be able to turn upon the unfortunate class, which they are founded to relieve, a stock of notions and subjects from the life of our own times, by aid of which a sympathy, at present unknown, will be established between the Artist and the great public. Thanks to this, the Artist will, they trust, no longer feel himself an isolated being, condemned to support life on conventionalisms, detestments, and galvanisms, but may hope at length to be recognized as possessing the same interests, sharing in the same thoughts, quickened by the same impulses, moved by the same hopes and fears, occupied with the same topics, and dwelling in the same region of feelings and impressions as the public for whom he lives and works.

Ideas will be received on behalf of the Society at the *Punch* Office, where destitute Artists, requiring the aid of the Society, may apply any day from ten till four.

JUDICIAL IGNORANCE.



LEGAL Education has been much improved of late years; but, in one respect, it is still seriously deficient. An acquaintance—not to say a familiarity—with the language of those classes that are peculiarly apt to present themselves, or to be brought, before the tribunals of justice, might be supposed to constitute one of the primary qualifications of a British Judge. Yet scarcely ever does a term of extra-Johnsonian English occur in the course of a trial, but the dignity on the Bench exhibits the grossest ignorance of its meaning, though the word may be ever so popular, and indeed vulgar. Now there was MR. BARON PLATT the other day—according to the law reports—presiding in the Court of Exchequer, the case before him being an

action brought by a tobacconist against a fast young man for the balance of a cigar-bill: when the following epistle from defendant was read in Court:—

“Sir,—No one had authority from me to plead minority, and I never told any gentleman I had nobbled you out of cigars; if you give up the gentleman who has told you such a lie, I will pay you for what I have had, but no more.”

Whereupon the following question was put by the learned judge, that is to say, the judge learned in the law, and doubtless, also, in polite literature, but in no other, apparently:—

“MR. BARON PLATT.—‘Nobbled!’ I see that word is used by this young gentleman in his letter to you. What is ‘nobbled?’—what does it mean?”

Why any young lady, even of the “Belgravian Educational Institute,” would have known enough *Anglais* to explain that, in the language of

“THE PLAINTIFF.—Why, I suppose, my lord, it means doing me out of the goods. (Laughter).”

Really the ermine should not expose itself to derision in this way. For MR. BARON PLATT is not a solitary instance of the ignorance which forms the subject of this denunciation. His judicial brethren are as remarkable in that respect as himself; and they invariably mistake a “mill” for a grinding engine, a “crusher” for an agricultural implement, a “tanner” for a manufacturer of leather, and a “bob” for the abbreviation of a Christian name.

It is curious to observe such a singular want of the lowest information combined with the highest professional acquirements and personal qualities.

Intended Strikes of Operatives.

It is said to be the intention of the Union Surgeons throughout the country to strike for an advance of wages, which is certainly due to the labour and dexterity, as well as scientific knowledge, exacted from these hardy-worked operatives.

A STAFFORD ANSWER.

MR. JOHN BULL, now knows what kind of answers he may expect from his servants, should he again permit the EARL OF DERBY to take the direction of affairs. SIR BENJAMIN HALL has done the good service of enabling the public to understand what the DERBYITE rule of sincerity and frankness really is. We may therefore expect, after the next accession of the DERBLES and DIZZIES to office, to read something of this kind under the head of “Questions to Ministers,” in the Parliamentary Reports.

MR. HUME asked the LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, whether a pension had not been conferred upon an officer notoriously rich enough not to need it?

THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS assured the Honourable Member that the statement was untrue. At the time the pension was conferred the gallant officer in question (upon whom he passed a high eulogium) had not *one shilling* in the world. (Hear, hear.)

[The Minister was afterwards heard to remark, privately, to a member near him, that this was strictly true, for the officer had nothing but sovereigns, halferowns, and sixpences about him, and a round balance at his banker’s].

MR. GLADSTONE asked the Home Secretary whether it were true that a warrant had yesterday been issued for the execution of DAVID JONES, now under sentence.

THE HOME SECRETARY. Certainly not. (Cheers.) [The Honourable Gentleman winked at a friend, and said, in a low voice, “It was the day before yesterday”].

LORD PALMERSON wanted to ask the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, whether he had received dispatches announcing war between Spain and America.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY said that he had not. (Sensation.)

[We learned accidentally, that there had been only one dispatch, containing the important information].

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT wished to ask whether it were true that a Government Emigrant vessel, the *Washington*, had, as was reported, sailed without a surgeon on board.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY asserted in the most emphatic manner, that neither the *Washington* nor any other vessel in HER MAJESTY’S service had ever sailed without so necessary an officer. (Loud cheers.)

[He explained, privately, that the *Washington* was a steamer, and, of course, therefore, had not sailed].

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR asked the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, whether he intended to move the second reading of the Metropolitan Pavement Bill that night. If so, he must remain, having some observations to offer upon it—if not, he should be glad to leave, as he had a deputation to receive.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER pledged himself not to move the second reading that night.

[LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR left, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved the second reading at exactly five minutes past twelve, when, of course, it was the next day].

Shall Fitzroy have a Statue?

No, we think not. It would be inappropriate. A statue means a thing which stands still, and FITZROY is the reformer of locomotion. But we suggest that the Ladies of London do subscribe the amount out of which, at the lowest figure, they consider they are bullied or swindled by cabmen in one week. And with that handsome sum let them buy MR. FITZROY the handsomest cab and horse that can be got for money. And with the surplus hundreds, let them also present something handsome to *Mr. Punch* (say his portrait) for having so long and so nobly seconded MR. FITZROY in his crusade against the enemies of Womankind.

A Truth Seen in the Glass,

(And dedicated to our friend, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.)

THE French word, *Un Sol*, means, if we mistake not, a Fool, which same word “sot” means, in English, if we and WEBSTER are right, “a person stupefied by excessive drinking.” Perhaps the two meanings may be deanted into one, for they mean that the man who drinks to excess is generally *Un Sol*, or, in other words, generally makes a fool of himself.

Quadrilles for the Ceiling.

WE observe that “A GREAT MUSICAL CURIOSITY” is announced under the title of “THE DOUBLE, or Upside-Down QUADRILLES, for the Piano-forte, composed so that by turning them upside down they become another set.” We should like to know whether instruction in dancing these quadrilles could be obtained of the gentleman who was lately walking with his head downwards at Drury Lane.

THE MILLIONAIRE IN DIFFICULTIES.



H, what shall I do with my money?
 What plan will good interest insure,
 Affording the prospect so sunny,
 Meanwhile, of investment secure?
 A Bee, that's perplexed with his honey,
 Tribulation extreme I endure.

I must, if my choice be "Conversion,"
 Yield much of my income, or part
 With capital too; an exertion
 Which almost will break my old heart,
 Oh, worse than from loved one's desertion,
 When our property leaves us, we smart.

If out of the Funds I go selling,
 For eighties my hundreds will count;

And how I shall weep o'er, whilst telling,
 Each pound of the lessened amount!
 Which if my tears tended to swelling,
 I would pour a whole flood from their fount.

In Business I'd gladly bestow it;
 But where's the concern you can trust?
 For sometimes a party will "go it:"
 Sometimes of misfortune the gust
 Will puff—you may well exclaim blow it!—
 With a breath, all your stumpy to dust.

Like light of a marsh exhalation
 Of Railways the wild promise shines;
 I think they're a hallucination,
 Nor hope for much good out of mines,
 Anxiety, care, boheration,
 All such hazard with profit combines.

A mortgage or freehold were better,
 By far, than your shares and your scrip,
 For there is the land of your debtor,
 In case he should give you the slip,
 Of such a chance happy's the getter;
 But oh! where for such luck shall I dip?

They call this Prosperity's season;
 Which I cannot see, I confess,
 I think I have pretty good reason,
 My dividends since 'twill make less,
 And therefore I hope there's no treason
 In preferring the reign of Distress.

SELECT SPIRITUAL RAPPING SOIREE.

THE celebrated American medium, MRS. DORCAS A. JUGGLES, gave a spiritual *seance* yesterday evening, at her residence, to a select circle, including several distinguished members of the aristocracy.

Previously to the experiments an explanatory lecture was delivered by MR. EBENEZER F. HUMM, the gentleman by whose agency, according to the arrangement of the spirits, MRS. JUGGLES has been introduced to this country. The object of MR. HUMM's discourse was to show the universality of the intervention of mediums; which he accomplished very satisfactorily by illustrating the familiar maxim, that there is a medium in all things.

Preliminaries having been adjusted, intercourse with the other world was opened without ceremony; to which the spirits have informed MRS. JUGGLES that they are averse, declaring it riles them.

Responses of an interesting nature were obtained by raps upon the table, from HOMER, MOSES, ACHILLES, and WAT TYLER; from PYTHAGORAS, LORD CHESTERFIELD, and NEBUCHADNEZZAR; from XENOPHON, PLATO, DEAN SWIFT, ALCIBADES and DEAF BURKE; from CHARLES-

MAGNE, ÆSCHYLUS, and DR. WATTS; from WILTINGTON, VOLTAIRE, ST AUGUSTIN, ARCHIMEDES, and JOE SMITH; with numerous other celebrities of ancient and modern times.

The deceased relations and friends of several of the parties present made communications to them, of a nature highly satisfactory and convincing. The bereaved husband of a Patroness of ALMACK'S was consoled by his departed lady with the information, that she was a considerable some happier in her present abode than she had been below, and that the sphere she now moved in stumped the fashionable world slick out.

ROBINSON CRUSOE announced himself by fourteen distinct raps, and declared that his Life and Adventures as recorded by DEFOE were founded on fact. He said he was happy; and so was FRIDAY.

Another spirit then gave evidence of his presence by a thump so loud as to terrify the assembly. He stated that he also had been the hero of a romance, so called, but which was a true book. The wonders it contained, he added, were nothing to those which would be revealed by spirit-rapping. On being asked whether he could move the table, he replied that he guessed he could; and it instantly began to rock to and fro. Having made this manifestation of his power, he was entreated to declare who he was. His reply was, I AM BARON MUNCHAUSEN! He rapped out the last letter of his name with such force that the blow overturned the table, which fell upon the great toe of a lady of rank, where it would have crushed a corn, if that excrescence had not been extracted the day before by MR. EISENBERG.

With this extraordinary occurrence the *seance* closed. Among the visitors we remarked the EARL and COUNTESS OF NOODLEDALE, the MARQUIS OF HANWELL, LORD VISCOUNT SIMPLETON, and the LORD FITZOAP, accompanied by SIR SIMON and LADY DUPE, the HON. REGINALD GABY, and MR. MOONCALFE.



THE POULTRY MANIA.

"Don't cry, there's a Da-rling! And it shall have a Coch-in-China Egg—that it shall—a little Cosset!"

Not Screened.

SIR PETER LAURIE, the other day, made joyful the ears of the Corporation with the news that "the noise about the Coals was all over, and they would hear no more of it." We are sorry to differ with SIR PETER, but would suggest to him, that when he has given a good-for-nothing servant warning, he does not think it worth while to scold him through the remaining month. London will, in due time, as certainly have the Coals, as her Corporation will have the sack, and scuttle off in disgrace.

SMALL COMFORT.

It is an absurdity to say of a man who has just got through a whole bottle of wine that he has had a "drop too much," for the fact is, that he will have had about half a pint short, and consequently a good drop too little.

ALL SMOKE.—Why is a notorious Professor of Pills and Ointment like a tobacconist?—Because he thrives by puffing.

WHAT A VEGETARIAN CANNOT DO.—To say Grace before Meat.



THE CONSCIENTIOUS STABLE-KEEPER.

Gent (who meditates a ride). "HALLO! WHY, CON-FOUND IT. THAT'S MY SADDLE HORSE, ISN'T IT?"

Fly-Man. "YES, SIR! IT'S ALL RIGHT; MASTER SAYS YOU'RE WERRY PARTIKLER ABOUT 'AVIN OF 'IM EXERCISED REGLAR—SO WE PUTS 'IM INTO THE-BROOM WHEN YOU AIN'T OUT A RIDIN'!"

PARLIAMENTARY HONOUR.

We have all heard of words being used in a "Parliamentary" sense, which seems to be so very far apart from common sense that a Parliamentary dictionary is really becoming almost indispensable. The debate the other night on Dock-yard Appointments was full of examples to prove the utility of such a work, and we need but call attention to the Parliamentary interpretation of "Honour" in order to make good our position.

It seems that the late Secretary of the Admiralty had done and said certain—or uncertain—things that required explanation, and a debate ensued, in the course of which almost every one who spoke testified to the perfect "honour" of that individual. It is true that he had denied the fact of having had any correspondence with the Surveyor of the Navy, though letters had passed between the two; but possibly in a "Parliamentary" sense it may be said that, as the letters were on a point on which the parties differed, they could not be said to "correspond;" and thus the assertion that there had been no "correspondence" may be quite consistent with Parliamentary honour. However, in spite of these little variances from common-place truth, it seems to be quite settled in the House of Commons that the late Secretary to the Admiralty is an "honourable man," and, as they are all "honourable men," we must be content to take for granted their interpretation of the word "honour."

"The Untradesmanlike Falsehood."

THE bold assertion of the London Merchants and Bankers that they went to LOUIS NAPOLEON, because they had heard that the French believed there was an ill-feeling on the part of the English against them. We mean to say that the City Merchants and Bankers went over to Paris simply on matters of Trade, and nothing else, and that the above assertion can only be called "A MOST UNTRADESMANLIKE FALSEHOOD."

THE "CAT."

A NUISANCE is the small wheel which urchins drive along, A nuisance is the large hoop, of iron made so strong; But still a greater nuisance, you may be sure, is that Small piece of pointed wood, so absurdly called a "Cat."

The passenger of London who sees three boys at play,
All crouching near a gutter, fears mischief in his way;
To know "which way the cat jumps" he feels his terrors ask,
And wishes 'twas the fashion to wear an iron mask.

Just search the morning journals for letters that declare
The ill the wooden demon is doing everywhere;
"P. Q." and "Anti-Nuisance," their broken panes deplore;
"A Constant Reader" 's blinded, and won't read any more.

We should be most unwilling to mar the scanty joy
Which fate—in this a niggard—awards the London boy;
But we have ascertained, by long study of the same,
That "Cat" is anything but a bosom-cheering game.

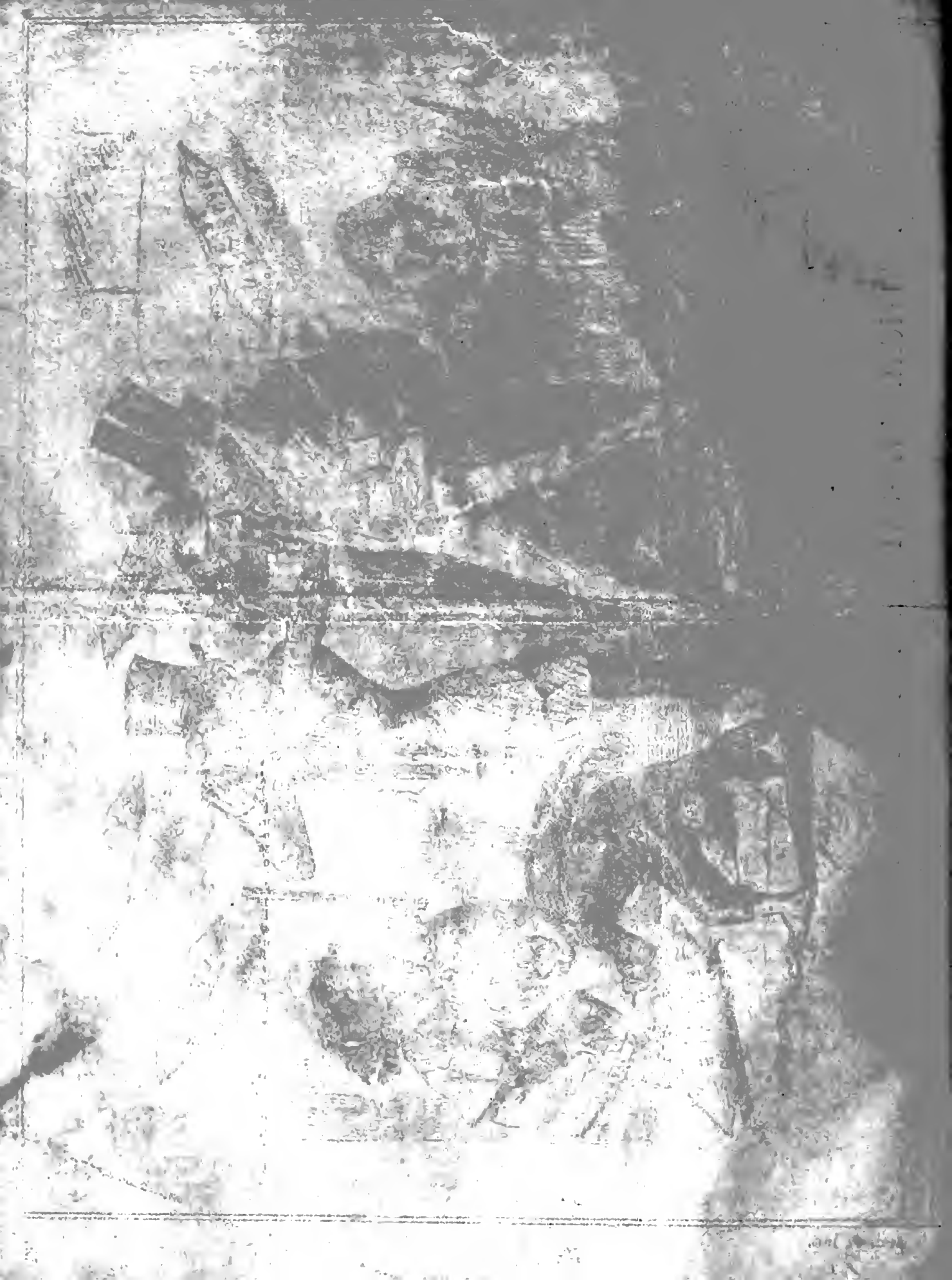
The gamester lays his "Cat" down with melancholy stare,
And dreadingly he watches its passage through the air:
Unlike sweet *Portia's* mercy (familiar to all wits),
It glads not him who hits it—it glads not him it hits.

Pedestrians of London, who through the streets must go,
Get up a strong petition against your common foe;
And let this declaration be fixed in every hat,
"Dispersion to Cat-players! Destruction to the 'Cat!'"

A PHILANTHROPIC PROFESSION.—We never saw the goodwill of a lawyer's practice advertised. Does such a thing exist?



POLITICAL "TIP-CAT"—A MONSTROUS NUISANCE.



OUR INDIAN COMMISSION. No. 2.



R. LIMPLEY has been thirty-seven years in the Bengal Civil Service. Has recently retired on his pension, £1000 per annum. Not a farthing more, is sorry to say. Has held some of the best appointments in the service. Has gone through the usual routine of offices. They are of various kinds. Has been an Under-secretary to Government. Has been in the salt and opium department. Has officiated as Postmaster-General. Has been in the Customs department. Had been Deputy Commissioner of an ultra regulation district. Has been a Magistrate, and afterwards a Collector. Was afterwards a Sessions Judge. While holding this last-mentioned office, was charged by a native with taking a bribe. Was perfectly innocent. A brother Civilian, deputed to investigate, so reported.

Believes that brother Civilian was qualified to investigate, and likely to be impartial. He had once been accused himself. Government was perfectly satisfied. Thinks that is all any honest man need care about. Is sure it is all anybody need care about in India. The opinions of the natives are worthless. So are the opinions of interlopers. Considers interlopers mischievous. Means by interloper every European in India unconnected with Government. Includes under this term, indigo planters, merchants, shopkeepers, printers, publishers, attorneys and barristers. Is not quite sure if he would include under this term HER MAJESTY'S Supreme Court. On the whole is inclined to do so. Believes the Supreme Courts do a great deal of harm. Is satisfied they are at the bottom of every species of discontent. They unsettle the Native mind. Has held a seat on the Sudder Bench, the highest Court of Appeal in India. This was after his triumphant acquittal. Believes all the Native officials in the Company's Courts to be honest men—that is, for Natives. Believes them to be slandered; has heard that they take bribes, but does not believe it. They are large and loose in their mode of expression. It is a peculiarity of the Native mind. Had good interest in India. It was earned by merit. Is first cousin to a Director. Considers patronage in India most fairly dispensed. Would suggest no alteration in the Government of India. If altered at all, would make it what it was thirty-five years ago. At that time liberty of the press was not established in India. Thinks liberty of the press a ridiculous conceit. SIR CHARLES METCALFE freed the press of India. Believes that person had not the smallest idea of the curse he was bringing on the country. His reason for thinking so is, that till then everything went on smoothly. Now-a-days there has grown up a habit of complaining of the Government and its servants. The Native mind has been warped by a free press. Believes it is made sensible of imaginary grievances. Thinks justice on the whole administered far better in India than in England or in any other country, except Austria. It is more summary in criminal cases and less rigid in civil. Magistrates and judges have a broader discretion to work upon. Would have no code of laws whatever. Would leave all to the equity and good conscience of those who preside in the various Courts. Had some thoughts of standing for a seat in the Direction. Was aware that he would have to stand a long time—seven years perhaps. Thought, nevertheless, that persons of such high standing as himself had standing enough already. Believes that no emolument, except the £400 per annum, attaches to a Directorship. Is satisfied that the honourable character of the position alone makes it so attractive. Has relations, of course. Considers it his duty to provide for his family. Has nothing further to add.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUMBLEBY can go back to the taking of Agra: that was upwards of fifty years ago. Has since then seen a great deal of India. Thought the condition of the people of India excellent—especially the Baboos in Calcutta. Founds his opinion on their appearance. They are usually fat and lazy. Has observed the working of the system in the East. It works easily on the whole. Should say its moving principle was brandy-and-water, and pale ale. Had several sons in the Bengal army. Has not been able to procure for any of them Staff appointments. Has tried. Thinks it natural to try. Has tried in all quarters. His sons have all passed in the Native languages, and have received medals for proficiency. Understands from them that

interest at home is required. Believes this to be a mistake. The Court of Directors assure him that they never interfere with the local patronage. Is given to understand that this extends to their own sons and nephews. Cannot say he ever knew a Director's son in the service, without a good appointment. Believes the Court of Directors a very high-minded body of men. Has heard it insinuated that they sell appointments, and make large fortunes by disposing of contracts to English tradesmen. Cannot think this possible. Is assured to the contrary. Has received such assurances from Directors themselves. Would vote for the renewal of the Charter. Would extend the period to forty years instead of twenty. Hoped his evidence would be published. Thought it due to the Court of Directors that it should be. Is incapable of interested motives. Spurns the insinuation of currying favour. Is ready to fight any one who hints at such a thing. May have expressed different opinions out of doors in a moment of haste. After mature deliberation is disposed to adhere to the opinions now given before the Committee.

THE BUDGET MADE EASY.

MR. PUNCH and MR. GLADSTONE. (After dinner.)

Mr. P. WHAT do you do with the Income Tax?
 Mr. G. It still must lie on the people's backs.
 Mr. P. What! to be a perpetual fixity?
 Mr. G. Not after 1860.
 Mr. P. Re-constructed, or lightened duty?
 Mr. G. Neither; for either would spoil its beauty.
 Mr. P. Extended to humbler incomes, I fear?
 Mr. G. To all exceeding £100 a year.
 Mr. P. Do you mean to lay it on Ireland, GLADDY?
 Mr. G. Divil a claim to exemption has PADDY.
 Mr. P. Legacy Duty reform we've prayed for.
 Mr. G. All successions must now be paid for.
 Mr. P. Any new tax on Spirit Distilling?
 Mr. G. From tipsy Scotland an extra shilling.
 Mr. P. Not on "L. L." or potheen, I'spose?
 Mr. G. We'll let PAT off for a couple of Joes.
 Mr. P. None of his burdeus to be abated?
 Mr. G. Yes, all his debt in Consolidated.
 Mr. P. I say, my WILLIAM, you're making a purse—
 Mr. G. Over two million—it might be worse.
 Mr. P. Now you'll talk of Remission, I hope.
 Mr. G. Oh! goes all the duty on Soap.
 Mr. P. Good! Go on till I bid you stop.
 Mr. G. At different rates these duties will drop;
 On Life Assurance, on 'Prentice Stamps,
 On Lawyers' Licenses.
 Mr. P. (aside). Bless the scamps!
 Mr. G. On Cabs to keep up the tax were shabby,
 As FITZROY'S going to deal with Cabby:
 Receipt Stamps we'll abolish—instead,
 Stamp your bill with a penny Queen's head.
 From the eighteenpence Advertisements pay
 Deduct a shilling—nay, hear me, pray!
 We'll sponge out the crimson patch diurnal,
 On the supplemental sheet of the journal.
 Mr. P. I think I know who will like *that* move;
 However, we've got you in GIBSON'S groove.
 Mr. G. I give up something from various sources—
 Servants, carriages, dogs, and horses.
 Mr. P. (with intention.) Fill your glass.
 Mr. G. The sarcasm's fine;
 But I can't take off the duty on Wine:
 No chance of that, as it seems to me,
 But fourpence-halfpenny off your Tea;
 And in just three years that duty shall sink
 To a shilling a pound on the feminine drink.
 Mr. P. TE DUCE? As will be, I trust, the case.
 Mr. G. Puncho juvenile, I'll keep my place.
 I can't give wine, but I'll give dessert;
 The following things shall be cheap as dirt:—
 Nuts and cocoa, raisins and cheese;
 Eggs and butter from over the seas;
 On lemons a lighter duty shall fall—
 Mr. P. One of the wisest provisions of all.
 Mr. G. On a hundred-and-twenty items, I say,
 The whole of the duty I sweep away;
 And much reduce the duty that bore
 On just a hundred-and-thirty more.
 Mr. P. How many millions of taxes cease?
 Mr. G. Two-and-a-half, if we keep the peace.
 Mr. P. Well, *altogether*, it does you credit.
 Mr. G. (earnestly). Think so?
 Mr. P. (patronizingly). WILLIAM, my boy, I've said it.

SEIZURE OF WARLIKE MISSILES.

WE earnestly entreat that the Metropolis will not go into fits at what we are about to communicate, and we particularly beg the neighbourhood of the New Cut to perseve with calmness the following Alarming Intelligence. If Lambeth should feel itself particularly low, or Blackfriars should have a fit of the blues, it would be better for those districts to postpone for at least a week the perusal of the particulars we are about to disclose of an

EXTENSIVE SEIZURE OF TIP-CATS,

At a house on the other side of the water, within a pea-shooter's range of Bermondsey.



For some time whispers had been in circulation, which had received further confirmation from certain mysterious winks, and on one occasion these proofs had even taken the still more convincing form of nods, conveying a suspicion that something was going on somewhere, at the instigation of somebody. Acting upon this information, the police, under SUPERINTENDENT Y. Z., have been for many months engaged in watching everything and everybody, following coal waggons, looking into donkey carts, tracing trucks, purchasing—and eating—meat pies, for the purpose of getting a glimpse of the interior of the cans in which they are carried; stopping muffin boys, holding dustmen in conversation while a detective glanced at the contents of their dust carts; and, in fact, leaving no stone or rubbish heap unturned to obtain the evidence they required.

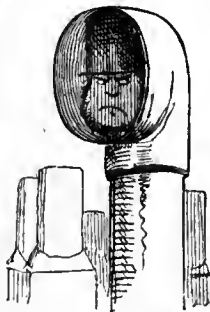
At length a well-known detective, after having consumed nearly two hundred kidney puddings in his hunger for information, and imbibed upwards of three hundred pints of "Saloup" in his thirst for knowledge, succeeded in finding a clue to a cellar in the vicinity of Blackfriars, where he had reason to believe that the manufacture of Tip-cats was being carried on for aggressive purposes. Having obtained the assistance of a strong body of A. B. C.'s,



SUPERINTENDENT Y. Z. proceeded to the spot, and so planted his men, that all escape—except perhaps for the gas—would have been impossible. Six of the most active officers were stationed on the cellar flap; one on the iron plate, through which coals are usually shot; another on the grating at the corner of the street, to prevent any tampering with the drains; four were seated in a room

in a beer-shop over the way; one was in a chimney-pot, commanding a sort of general view, where his head was protected by a commodious cowl from observation; another, disguised as a waterman, had taken his stand at an adjacent cab-rank; and about a dozen more were in "reserve," at numerous places of refreshment in the vicinity. Immense credit is due to SUPERINTENDENT Y. Z. for the mode in which his plans had been laid, and at a given signal—a sneeze from the acting Inspector—the cellar was entered by a strong body.

On the entrance of the authorities a curious scene presented itself. On the floor of the cellar were several thousand Cats in various stages of preparation; while in the corner was a small dog, who seemed to be placed for the purpose of guarding them. The dog having been first secured, the police took possession of the Cats, which are of the kind now so familiar to the public eye—as well as to other portions of the public face and head—under the name of Tip-cats. There can be no doubt that they are designed



for the warlike purpose of disturbing the peace of society, and preventing persons from pursuing in safety the ordinary paths of industry.

It was expected, when the immense pile of Tip-Cats was thoroughly examined, some foreign refugee would be found at the bottom of it;



but it is only justice to the numerous strangers in this country to say, that there has been, hitherto, nothing in the way of proof that any subject of any foreign state has been compromised by the Tip-Cat discovery. It would be premature to say whether any of these dangerous projectiles were intended for exportation; but it is probable that many of them were designed for the other side of the water, as

several were found to be tied up in bundles ready for removal. It is possible, therefore, that inroads would have been made on the Western frontier, and the Tip-Cat war might, perhaps, have been carried into the very heart of Belgravia. Remonstrances have been already addressed to the Bermondsey authorities by the Eastern, Northern, and Western powers allied, and a joint note from the City, Clerkenwell, and the Strand Governments will, perhaps, be agreed upon.

While admitting the right of Bermondsey to extend the shelter of its smoky hospitality to the Cis-pontine refugees of every description, we cannot help feeling that those who desecrate the liberty they enjoy, by carrying on a manufacture intended to disturb the tranquillity of other places, should be taught that they cannot so abuse the favour that is shown to them. At a period when the whole of the metropolis is in a state of apprehension, from the intelligence that reaches every quarter of it, that a blow has been struck by the Tip-Cat party, in some place or other, every minute of the day, it is shameful that any facilities should be given for the manufacture of the destructive missiles that are spreading consternation everywhere. When we make the serious reflection that a single Tip-Cat fired off in one of the streets at the West End, in the midst of a crowd, might lead to confusion, of which nobody could see the end, and of which there is sure to be no policeman to see the beginning, we feel justified in calling upon Bermondsey to give pledges to its neighbours that no preparations shall be made within its precincts for making an aggression on its allies, and throwing an incalculable number of the most destructive species of dead Cats into the face of civilised society.

THE EMBROGLIO AT THE PHILHARMONIC.

Done into Verse by a very Old Subscriber and Poet.

STERNDALE BENNETT was Indignant with COSTA,
For not playing BENNETT'S Composition faster,
COSTA flew into Excitement at LUCAS
For Showing him BENNETT'S Order, or Ukase,
Haughtily Resigned the Seat which he sat on,
And Contemptuously told LUCAS himself to Take the *bâton*,
Moreover Stipulated this Year with the Directors
That Nobody was to read Him any more Lectures:
Also, he made it a Condition Strict,
He was Only to conduct what Pieces of Music he lik'd,
Whereby this Year COSTA doth Prevent
Any performance of Music by STERNDALE BENNETT:
Likewise Excluding the young and gifted MISS GODDARD,
Whom with Admiration all the Critical Squad heard:—
All to be Deplored, and, without more Amalgamation,
The Philharmonic will Tarnish its Hitherto Deservedly High
Reputation.

WARM WORK IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

IN the course of the proceedings in the Bail Court the other day, the learned judge—who, evidently, was not one of the justices in Eyre—asked the Bar if they would have any objection to have one of the windows open. One of the learned counsel was so overcome by the heat that he must have thrown up his brief if somebody had not thrown up the window. It is really dreadful that justice should be stifled for want of a mouthful of fresh air, and that there are no arrangements for letting a little of that "ill wind that blows nobody good" find its way into Westminster Hall for the good of the barristers. Considering the falling-off in the business of counsel, and the difficulty many of them have to raise the wind, it is too bad that the usual means of ventilation should be denied to them.

GOVERNMENT PAPER.



DIFFERENT people have different tastes—in papering their rooms for one thing. One covers his walls with postage stamps, another with caricatures: which latter method of adorning the interior of a chamber we approve—of course not from any interested motive.

But there is one Government Office for which, although a highly appropriate lining might be formed of instructive and amusing designs extracted from these pages, we would suggest one composed of other wood-cuts to be found in other periodicals.

It is true that the works of art which we propose should constitute the internal investment of the Office

alluded to, would perhaps diffuse a gloom over the apartment which they were meant to decorate; but, like death's-heads and tombstone emblems in a churchyard, they would be becoming, if not lively. The Office that we mean is the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S; and the embellishments recommended for its walls are the illustrations of certain productions of cheap literature, such as the *Lives of Jack Sheppard* and *Claude Duval*, the *Hanman's Daughter*, and the like, consisting of horrors and atrocities whereon the little boys feast their eyes at the windows of the small news-venders' shops. Galiant highwaymen blowing gentlemen's brains out in all the varieties of dramatic attitude; romantic ruffians cutting throats; mysterious robberies in the course of commission; savage assaults on unprotected females; burglary, arson, murder, and capital punishment presented in the most interesting and attractive point of view to the vulgar mind, are the subjects of these edifying engravings. It is impossible to look at them without feeling that the publications of which they indicate the contents, must powerfully tend to familiarise the large classes amongst which they circulate with villany, and to enamour them of crime; and therefore they ought to be constantly in the eye of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, to remind him that such rubbish exists to demoralize the people, because the Stamp Duty prevents it from being superseded by wholesome news.

[FASHIONS] BY A "FIRST" HAND.]

THE fashions in millinery and dress-making present some of the usual features. Fingers are very much worn—nearly to the bone—skirts and accounts are still very long, while bodies, particularly those that think themselves somebodies, are excessively low, with a great deal of stiffness and a quantity of bone about the place where the heart is likely to come, if there happens to be any. In evening dress the petticoat is usually very full and the pocket often very empty. The material of the bosom is frequently *glacé*, and covered with a transparent tissue of imitation stuff, which may be seen through easily. Flowers are not much worn this sea-on in the hair, but the cheeks are got up as usual with artificial roses.

THE LAST CHANCE !

Now 's the time, JOHN BULL, or never,
'Gainst the Income-Tax to fight,
MR. GLADSTONE'S very clever;
Let him dazzle not your sight.

Tolerate that confiscation
Oacc again, you 're only sure,
Unredeemed by alteration,
Two years more that 'twill endure.

Time will certainly be hatching
Some excuse, at which, you 'll find,
Government, adroitly catching,
On you will the load rebound.

Have that imposition 'bated
Now, or ne'er its end you 'll see;
Under it, perpetuated,
Groaning you 'll remember me.

Unexampl'd Culinary Feat.

MR. FITZROY, M.P., has at length succeeded in an exploit which has baffled the culinary forec of the age, and to which even the boldness of the M.P. who cooks accounts, has not aspired. He has cooked the Cabman's Goose.

PUNCH AND PARCHMENT.

A LAW-STATIONER, of Chichester Rents, Chancery Lane, has published a Circular, deprecating, in mild terms, some remarks made a short time ago by *Mr. Punch* on an advertisement that had appeared in the *Law Times*, which were also mild. He avows himself the author of that advertisement; and it is but fair that *Mr. Punch* should give the benefit of publicity to his protest against the opinion that the labour of copying eighteen sheets or seventy folios per day, at 30s. per week, is excessive. He says that to copy 70 folios is an easy day's work for a practised writer, and that a hand in his employ will do double that quantity in the time specified. He may be right and *Mr. Punch* may have been mistaken. *Punch*, as all the world knows, is no copyist, and was liable to error on that point, which is a question for clerks, who, if he was wrong laughed at him instead of with him—and rendered it unnecessary for his friend the law-stationer to publish any vindication. But *Mr. Punch* cannot but consider service of 12 hours' quill-driving a-day, in confinement to a desk in an office, with intermission of only half an hour for dinner, and a quarter of an hour for tea, hard labour with something like imprisonment. It may not be unusually hard; but so much the better reason for insisting that it is hard. If customary, it is not salubrious; if common, so are bilious disorders, nervous complaints, and a host of other ailments, the consequences of sedentary occupation combined with the holting of meals; and the causes of the consumption of pecks of quack pills, to say no worse. It was the general system of fagging that has originated the very name of fag-clerks which *Mr. Punch* animadverted upon, avoiding indeed, particular reference to the individual law-stationer, who in reply to him has rushed into print, and whom he has permitted to engross this paragraph.

March of Politeness.

THE Cabmen in Palace Yard have profited so much by the remarks of their fares, the Members of Parliament and Reporters, that in abusing one another they now never say, "You must be a precious stupid donkey," but, "You must be the man wot ventilates the House of Commons."

A BOLUS FROM ITALIAN DOCTORS.

A NEWSPAPER calling itself the *Official Journal of the Two Sicilies*, but for which a fitter title would be the *Mareclous Chronicle*, announces, according to the *Times*, another miracle of a Continental character, said to have taken place on Good Friday last, at Bari, and consisting in the bleeding of a certain thorn, alleged to possess a history which need not be repeated. Another such thorn is also stated to have bled on the same day at Andria: and we are further informed that the wonder is no novelty, having been observed several times; the last before this in 1842. It is declared that the Bari prodigy happened in the presence of a numerous concourse of people—on a scale ample enough to have been apparent to all of them? The circumstance may have occurred from natural causes. Such phenomena seem to be connected with atmospheric influence. They are developed in the air of sunny Italy, and, as FATHER NEWMAN says, "in the Roman States." Sometimes they are exhibited in countries less enlightened by the solar rays, and more illuminated by those of science and reflection, as in France, but, examined in the latter species of light, they are apt to result, as in the case of MADEMOISELLE TAMISIER, in the committal of their authors to the House of Correction.

Unreported Remarks.

"I do not see," said an Honourable Member after the Budget speech, "what GLADSTONE meant by saying, that taking off the duty on soap would diminish the Slave-trade."

"Clearly," replied his facetious friend. "If you soap a nigger he will be more difficult to catch."

"Ah!" said the former. And they went to the Carlton to supper.

SYMPTOMS OF SPRING.

SEVERAL hotel-keepers at Greenwich and Blackwall advertise that "Whitebait is Now in Season." Coincidentally with the interesting circumstance thus announced, we observe the Return of the Swallow.

THE COLLAROTYPE; OR, SUN PICTURES OF SCOUNDRELS.

(BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE PREDATORY PROFESSION.)

A VULGAR print has just come out,
To aid the low detective scout;
Appealing chiefly to the eye:
The *Illustrated Hue and Cry*.

The object of this journal base
Is to facilitate the chase
Of gentlemen, for whom the air
Is warmer than their health can bear.

To coarse descriptions not confined,
Which are most personal in kind,
Your portraits also it appends,
Or superadds to them, my friends.

This periodical—excuse
The literary slang I use,
Strange in our fashionable haunt—
Is issued to "supply a want."

That is, in short, should you, or I,
From legal persecution fly,
'Twill circulate the stations round,
That we, the Wanted, may be found.

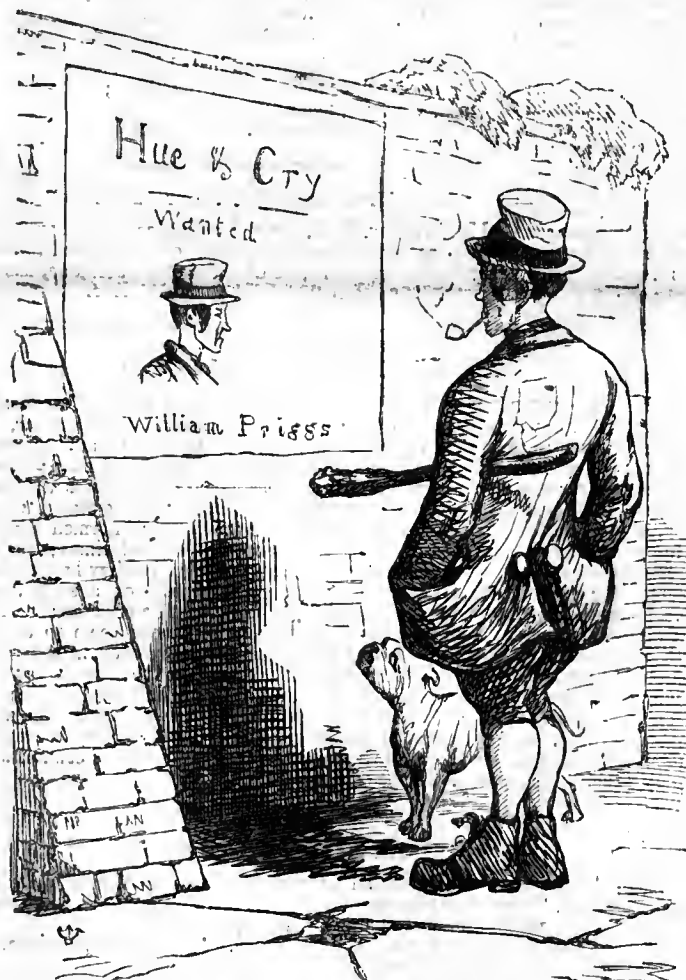
And—can you fancy any one
So void of taste?—the very Sun
Its soulless publishers degrade
The common Constable to aid!

Grave as the fact is, one might laugh
Almost, to see the Photograph
So ignominiously applied,
To serve as the Policeman's guide.

The likeness most correct you'd deem.
Indeed 'tis rather too extreme;
The least obliquity it shows
Of eyes converging to the nose;

The faintest lines our feelings trace
On our characteristic face;
The cast that to the visage cleaves
Of those called harshly, Rogues and Thieves.

Oh, Sects! for mastery that fight,
And do obscure a deal of light,
Would you could intercept the rays
Whose pencil thus the Prig betrays!



WILLIAM PRIGGS, *log*. "Why, that's my Pictur! Well, if that ain't the meanest thing I ever see!"

TURNING THE CORNER.—It is an awkward turn in a man's life when he begins talking about "his Solicitor."

GETTING RID OF A "GOVERNOR."

THERE has just been printed and laid before the House of Commons a letter, showing how coolly the late Administration could get rid of a Governor. The communication is addressed by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON to SIR JAMES BROOKE, to whom something like a month's warning was given, that he would, at the end of the year, then near its close, be "relieved" from his office as Governor of Labuan. SIR JOHN tells the Rajah in plain terms that Sarawak cannot stand the expense of a governor, except at "a very moderate salary;" and SIR JAMES BROOKE is left to the agreeable necessity of looking out for another situation, unless he wished to be out of work altogether when his brief warning should have expired. Probably the warning was revoked, as we saw no advertisement among the "Want Places" from the RAJAH OF SARAWAK, and indeed, it would be almost a waste of money to advertise; for a Rajah out of a situation is not quite so likely to get into one as a butler, a single-handed footman, or a coachman anxious to drive a serious family.

We do not know whether it is for the advantage, but it certainly is not for the dignity of the public service, to turn off Colonial Governors, or any other class of functionaries at a few weeks' warning, in the off-hand style in which SIR JAMES BROOKE had his *congé* given him. The Rajah could scarcely have had time to pack up his things and get his box corded up—much less to suit himself with another situation—in the very brief space allowed him by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON. It is true that there is an offer, made indirectly, to give the Rajah a character, should he have anything else in his eye; for the letter says,

"In announcing to you this intention, I have to convey to you the assurance of HER MAJESTY'S Government that they neither overlook nor undervalue the important services you have rendered in the formation and establishment of this settlement."

The "valuation," whether under or over, is evidently represented by the few weeks' wages that will be payable from the date of the warning to the day on which it expires. Something rather better than a month's salary is the extent of appreciation set upon the "important services," rendered by the RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

There can be no doubt that this "written character" appended to the warning is intended to be useful to the Governor, should he be a candidate for a situation in the Police, or on a railway. Probably the Government which gave him his dismissal may have thought that a great favour was done to SIR JAMES by letting him know, in time to apply at the Crystal Palace or the Dublin Exhibition, at either of which places a live Rajah (and such a Rajah!) in some official position, might have been an attractive novelty!

FOOD FOR HAIR POWDER.

By advice from America we learn that a white hair dye is wanted at Washington, for political purposes, "because old fogies are in the ascendant" at the seat of Yankee government. In the United States newspapers we may now expect to see advertisements headed "No More Black Hair," and "Loss of Teeth Promoted." Stump-atory will accordingly acquire a lisping character, and harangues at caucus or in Congress will be delivered in the accents of *Justice Shallow* and *Sir Peter Teazle*.

There would be one advantage, certainly, if American statesmen were all aged. The inclination of senility being to dwell upon the past, they would talk, in that case, more about Bunker's Hill, and less about Cuba.

An Error of the Press.

It is quite wrong to suppose—and it shows, besides, but a very slender knowledge of the man to fall into so absurd a supposition—that MR. LUCAS is the Editor of the *Civil Service Gazette*.

A PICTURESQUE TITLE.—The porters, &c., of the Royal Academy, whenever they see approaching the Members of the Hanging Committee, cry out, "Here come the Austrians!"

A NEW FAST PROVERB.—A living Brick is better than a dead wall.



DISCERNMENT!

Clever Child. "OH! DO LOOK HERE, MAMMA DEAR. SUCH A FUNNY THING! MR. BOKER'S GOT ANOTHER FOREHEAD AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD."

[BOKER is delighted.]

WHAT article of dress are Cooks most attached to?—The Pelissc.

HARMONIC RAPPING.

IF spirits can rap upon a table, it stands to reason that they are also able to strike the keys of a piano. The rappers should therefore extend the range of their entertainments by adding a BROADWOOD to their mahogany, and by combining the harmonic meeting with the spiritual *séance*. WENER, who was such a capital hand at supernatural effects, and whose amiable character during life renders it probable that his disposition is accommodating after death, would doubtless willingly oblige the company with an air or two from *Der Freischütz*, or *Oberon*, or perform the overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits*. The ears of the visitors might also be gratified with a genuine "Ghost Melody;" the effect whereof upon those organs would probably be to add, in a preternatural degree, to their natural elongation.

No Little Goes.

AN emigrant to Australia writes:—"People do not mind what hard work they undertake. Very many graduates from Oxford and Cambridge might be found at the bars of public-houses, and in similar places." Considering how utterly unaccustomed these gentlemen must be to such scenes, their fortitude does them credit. One of them is stated to have knocked down his employer for telling him to give short measure, which he described as a "false quantity."

POLICE! POLICE!

OUR HONEYMOON.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 18—

I SAY, I thought I should have dropped. (To-day is a blank day: I'm all alone; nobody with me but the fears and anxieties of a wife; so I continue the story from the dreadful yesterday.) When I saw the *young lady*—not that her looks or her manners appeared to me to be too much of the lady—standing coolly by FREDERICK, and smiling—yes, boldly smiling, as with his dear white teeth he now and then tried to bite out the tangle of the filthy knots of those stupid fishing-lines—I *did* feel all the spirit of a wife boil in my heart, and burn up in my face. My face! With the very flush, came the dreadful consciousness, the terrible recollection of those odious gnat-bites; and I could clearly see the *young lady's* eyes—(eyes of treacherous, mischievous black; a colour I never could abide,)—see her eyes wander up and down my face; and then, with a simper of insolence, make a dead settlement on my nose; on the very place where the gnats had been. I could have—well, at the moment, I wouldn't have answered for what I could have done. If I'd only brought my veil! But there I stood, as I felt, an injured, gnat-bitten, lawful wife, and looked down upon by that *young lady*. And then the coolness of FRED! Did I ever think he could be such a savage?

"You see, my dear, as I've told you,"—and he kept trying the knots with his teeth—"as I've said, fishing near one another—by the way, you should see what an admirable angler the lady is. How beautifully she"

And at this moment, with FRED still biting, she had—yes, before my very face—she had the impudence to hope he wouldn't hurt his teeth! What right had she to hope anything of the sort? Such familiarity, and as I say, *I*—his wife—present! But I knew there was something: I felt it all the way coming along—I was certain that he wouldn't go out two days together fishing; and for trout, too. Yes: very pretty trout. Never saw trout in a *straw bonnet* before. All this I couldn't help thinking as I stood and saw their lines knotted and twisted. I am not superstitious; certainly not; but can't be deaf and blind to omens so loud and so plain.

"LOTTY, my love"—said FRED with aggravating coolness—"one would think this knot the marriage knot; it seems impossible to undo it. Don't you think"—and he laughed in his old provoking way—"don't you think it is the marriage knot?"

"No, Sir, I don't: I think it"—and I darted a look like a flash of lightning at her—"I think it quite the reverse."

"It's a beautiful sport angling," said the young lady, *mincing* her words. The kitten!

"Yes; very likely," said I: "especially to people without that inconvenience, a heart."

"Oh," said the bold thing, "you mean the cruelty? But I always fish with an artificial fly."

"I should think it very likely," said I, and I made her a curtsy, that if she'd had even the feeling of a dormouse, *ought* to have withered her.

"And very beautifully—in fact much finer than Nature—the lady makes them. Yes, LOTTY, much finer than Nature—quite outdoes the real thing," said FRED.

"Oh, I have not the least doubt *you* think so," and I could have cried, but I *wouldn't*.

"Look, love"—and he would shew me a lot of rubbish; I don't like to use a vulgar expression, but it *was* rubbish—"look, love: what do you think of the young lady's Green-drake?" and I did stare; for it was as much like a Green drake, as the *young lady* herself was like a Blue Duck; and more, I had it on the tip of my tongue to say as much.

And then the young lady herself would put in *her* talk. "We anglers"—and she looked at FRED in a bold, strange way—"we anglers call it the Green-drake fly."

"Oh, it's meant for a fly, is it?" said I; "well, I shouldn't have thought it. I should rather have taken it for a frog, or a grass-hopper."

"Ha, the fish are the best judges; you should see, LOTTY, how they rise to it," said he.

"I can understand *that*, dear FREDERICK: fishes, like *other* people, are so often taken by what is *false*, and artificial," and my temper began to get up.

"But they may be made so natural," said the *young lady*: "and then they may be used so humanely. You see, to make a Green-drake"—

"Or a green goose," I murmured with a look—yes, muttered quite loud enough for FRED to hear me. More: I repeated it between my teeth—"a green goose."

"To make the fly according to authority"—and the *meek* and *timid* creature went on—"you must take camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the down that is combed from a hog's bristles"—

"Well, I'm sure," said I, with the loudest laugh I could manage, "camels, bears, and hogs! What strange company for a young lady! And yet for all that, you seem quite at home with them. Ha! ha! quite at home."

"Quite so," she answered, never touched; "with green silk, with long hairs of sables, and feathers of a mallard—but I see you don't care for the gentle art, so I won't weary you. But when you have perfectly made your fly"—and she looked, I couldn't mistake my eyes, at FRED—"when you've really beaten nature, making a finer fly than nature herself, you are sure of your trout. I've caught twenty!"

"At one ball?" I asked, and I gave her a look in return.

"In one hour, in one stream," and then she curtsied. "Oh, you don't know what may come of a Green-drake!"

It was wonderful the thrill that, with her words, went through me! I was carried back to the day after my marriage. There I was, at the White Hart; and there stood the landlady, asking "if we'd like ducks for dinner?" Now I'm not—I'm persuaded—superstitious; but those ducks had, it was plain—oh! it all came upon me—plain, some meaning with the *Green-drake*. I felt that I was doomed to be unhappy. I could not help contrasting my feelings that morning, when the landlady talked of ducks, and the present desolate hour when that *young lady* minced about *drakes*. FREDERICK never looked so ill—positively ugly; it was, of course, only my fancy—but remembering my fairy-tale days, he seemed to have almost the face of a trout.

And then the thought flashed upon me! I had eaten trout for dinner yesterday. Now who caught that trout? I would know. Looking at the *young lady* from top to toe, I asked her if she—that is, if they—had had good sport yesterday?

"Yesterday? She didn't fish yesterday. She had only come home last night."

"Indeed! Didn't fish yesterday?" as if I believed her!

And all this time, there stood FRED—sometimes laughing, sometimes picking the tangled lines with his fingers—sometimes using his teeth.

At last—I could see it by the twitter she was in—her fingers began to move as though she'd use them, too. What next? thought I, and my blood began fairly to boil.

I said nothing. I motioned JOSEPHINE to my side. She had followed me—for all I said—as hard as she could, leaving the pony in charge of a boy, and had—I could see that by the good creature's face—had been a feeling witness of the injuries I was suffering. How the poor thing raised her eyes, and lifted her hands, and wondered at the manners of that *young lady*.

"I never did, in all my days," said FRED, "fall into such a tangle." As if I was deceived by that! As if I didn't see that he was making the tangle greater and the knots tighter, only that he might torture me, and keep me standing there, looking at him with all her *black eyes*, that *young lady*!

"Seems quite united for ever," I observed to the *fisherwoman*, at the same time sidling nearer to my husband. "What's to be done, FRED?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. Most extraordinary tangle: tremendous knots!"

"As you observed, FRED, every knot like the knot of matrimony. Now what is to be done, when you can't untie a knot?"—

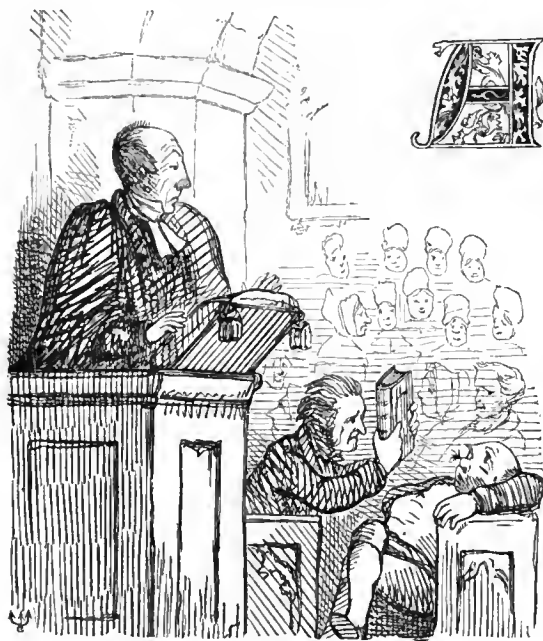
"Well, there is only one alternative, my love!"

"Just so," said I, "only don't love me. Just so; when you can't untie it, you must cut it!"—

And at the word, I drew forth JOSEPHINE'S scissars—(she always carried scissars)—and with a *tremendous snip*, I cut the lines *in two*!

How the *young lady* stared, and didn't I give her a look! FREDERICK turned red and frowned; and I—just to spite him—I *kissed* the scissars.

POLEMICAL PUFFING.



ATTENTION is hereby directed to the subjoined extract from the *Morning Post* :—

"THE ORATORIAN AT BROMPTON.—A rumour has for some time prevailed that the Roman Catholics are about to found a large religious establishment for this order in the field immediately in front of the parish church, which adjoins the land purchased by the Royal Commissioners. The excitement of the neighbourhood has greatly increased by the boarding in the premises during the last few days, and the frequent visits of CARDINAL WISEMAN and his Priests. The Vicar and Churchwardens, with a very proper regard to the peace of the parish, as well as its local and religious interests, laid the matter before the Secretary of State in January last, and (in a memorial forwarded by him to the Royal Commissioners) pointed out the effect of the project on the whole neighbourhood."

The vicar and churchwardens of Brompton

should not have done that. Mr. Punch must deprecate any attempt to prevent fair competition. CARDINAL WISEMAN has a perfect right to set up an opposition-shop over against Brompton church, if he pleases. Nay, he is to be commended for so doing. It is consistent in him. Does not his EMINENCE continually advertise, or cause to be advertised, his pontifical performances in the *Times* newspaper, in the same, or nearly the same column, with JACOBS, ventriloquist and Wizard? This is not untradesmanlike, but quite the reverse. By all means let the CARDINAL go on in the same way. Let him send acolytes to march along the curbstones, with a placard-board, each, fore and aft of his person, inviting the public to try the Infallible Church. Let him appoint the Brothers of the Oratory an exercise in humility, and make them useful at the same time, by causing them also to perambulate the streets, bearing long poles, whereon are hoisted posters, announcing "Immense Attraction at Moorfields," or "Great Success at St. George's Cathedral." A few advertising vans, driven by barefooted friars, in costume, and illuminated after the manner of mediæval missals, might also be recommended as a means of obtaining publicity for Roman Catholic services and ceremonies. Nay, WISEMAN AND CO. might even try the TOWZERY plan of sending round circulars, announcing the public admission of a convert, or a taking of the veil, as "Enormous Sacrifice," and "Awful Results of Wild and Unprincipled Speculation."

On the front of the edifice about to be erected under the auspices of the Cardinal at Brompton—a locality for it which the vicinity of Belgravia renders very suitable—should be placed the inscription "Established to Supply the Public with the Genuine Roman Doctrine"—for which the spurious imitation of it, called Puseyism, has so long been offered in the neighbourhood. To which might be added "No Connexion with the Establishment Over the Way."

In recommending our Cardinal the improvements in puffing above suggested, we are sure that we advise him to do what is so far entirely orthodox, that it is warranted by the decided authority of MOSES—the tailor.

ACTIVITY IN THE DOCKYARDS.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

I STOOD in Portsmouth, on the Dockyard ground,
And looked about for industry's display;
But when of work I did not hear the sound,
I thought, of course, it was a holiday.

I was mistaken; things pursued their course
According to the customary track:
I saw nice men uniting all their force
To move what one might carry on his back.

I saw four stalwart fellows, tall and stout,
Who with their arms compactly folded stood,
Looking at one, who as he stared about,
Morticed—by fits and starts—a bit of wood.

I saw two brawny men with feeble blows
An iron hoop upon some timber drive;
And when 'twas on—for practice, I suppose—
To take it off again they did contrive.

I saw four others working at a mast;
But their pursuit I scarce had time to eon,
When I perceived with admiration vast
Nine more at the proceeding looking on.

I saw two horses drag a single stone;
At scarce two miles an hour their pace I fix,
Though by one horse the job could have been done—
Not at two miles an hour, but five or six.

Yet Portsmouth boasts, they say, a model yard;
We've heard that story many a time and oft:
But he who henceforth thinks they're working hard
At Portsmouth Dockyard, will be precious soft.

A LANCASHIRE THREAT.—Always threatening to rain.

GOOD NEWS FOR HUSBANDS.



WESTMINSTER Hall has still some virtue left—we mean no reflection upon the Bar when we talk of virtue as a rarity in the Superior Courts—and in proof of our assertion, we beg to quote a case decided by some of the Judges in Banco:—

“LIABILITY TO A WIFE’S DEBTS.—This was an action by which the plaintiff, a fashionable milliner at the West End, sought to recover from the defendant, a gentleman residing in St. John’s Wood, an account of about £32 for articles of dress supplied to his wife. Upon the trial it was proved that the defendant had an income of only £350 a year, that he allowed his wife £30 a year for dress and private uses, besides giving her many presents; that Mrs.— was expensive and extravagant in her ideas, and ran up bills for her husband to pay over and above her allowance. The articles included in the plaintiff’s bill had been supplied without the knowledge or sanction of the husband. Upon the trial the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, on the ground that the defendant

did not make a sufficient allowance to his wife. Cause was now shown against a rule which had been obtained for a new trial.

“The Court held that a tradesman was not warranted in trusting any married woman without her husband’s authority, and that the rule ought to be made absolute for a new trial.”

This is indeed excellent news for husbands of every class, from the highest to the lowest, from those whose “ladies” go “on tick” with HOWELL AND JAMES, to those whose “missusses” run in debt with the tallyman. We earnestly pray that no other judges and no other court will, in that spirit of contradiction which too often constitutes the spirit of our laws—or of our lawyers—proceed to run counter to this perhaps the most salubrious principle that has ever been laid down in the old Hall of Westminster. We will be bound that there has never appeared among the “fashionable intelligence” of the newspapers a paragraph that will cause such a deep sensation in the fashionable world, as this judicial intimation that extravagant wives cannot run their husbands into debt, and that tradesmen will, in future, have to pause before they proceed to “tempt” ladies to what has too often proved their husbands’ ruin. We have, however, still more reason to rejoice in the blow that will be struck at the iniquities of the “tally” system, which has introduced misery, over and over again, into the family of the industrious mechanic whose thoughtless partner has been cajoled into pledging her husband’s credit, and often breaking up his home by the facilities for debt afforded by the “tally” man. There can be no doubt that the old song which connects the words “tally, high ho” with the characteristic name of the “Grinder,” originates in the grinding practices of those whose calling it is to draw female weakness within the talons of that rapacious bird of prey, the keeper of the “tally” shop.

Barbarous Feudal Punishment.

AT Preston, a man charged before the magistrates with drunkenness, denied the charge, and asked to be allowed to read a newspaper to them, alleging that “a man who could read a newspaper, could not be intoxicated.” A worthy magistrate handed him a copy of the *Morning Herald*, (kept for the punishment of Evil-doers), but on coming to the eleventh “great and good man” in the first article, the poor fellow begged to be spared further ordeal, and paid his fine.

Justice for Ireland.

REMISSION of all Taxes whatever.

Fixity of Tenure.

Optionality of Rent.

Emancipation of the Roman Catholic Priesthood from all accountability to the laws.

CAUSE WITHOUT EFFECTS.—The Court of Chancery is like the description which THOMSON in his “Spring,” gives of a Rookery: some “ceaseless caws” may always be heard there.

STRIKE OF THE WORKING CLERGYMEN.

A Ditty for Visitation Dinners.

The working men are striking, striking, striking,
The working men are striking, in all directions round,
Higher wages liking, liking, liking,
Higher wages liking than hitherto they’ve found;
Cobblers and tailors,
Joiners and nailers,
Merchantmen-sailors,
Day after day.

The journeymen are striking, striking, striking,
The journeymen are striking for better rate of pay.

The weavers all are meeting, meeting, meeting,
The weavers all are meeting, to get a larger sum;
The miners too are beating, beating, beating,
The miners too are beating the agitating drum.

Painters of houses,
With all the “blouses,”
One spirit rouses,
So the fact is.

The journeymen are meeting, meeting, meeting,
The journeymen are meeting to get their wages “riz.”

The plumbers and the glaziers, glaziers, glaziers,
The plumbers and the glaziers insist on an advance;
The tinkers and the braziers, braziers, braziers,
The tinkers and the braziers; then haven’t we a chance?

Poor working clergy,
Who, by theurgy,
Steer through Life’s surgy
Billows and rocks,

Slaving for the graziers, graziers, graziers,
Slaving for the graziers that live upon their flocks.

Curates then, so needy, needy, needy,
Curates then, so needy, in rusty coat and gown,
Strike, until the greedy, greedy, greedy,
Strike until the greedy pluralists come down.

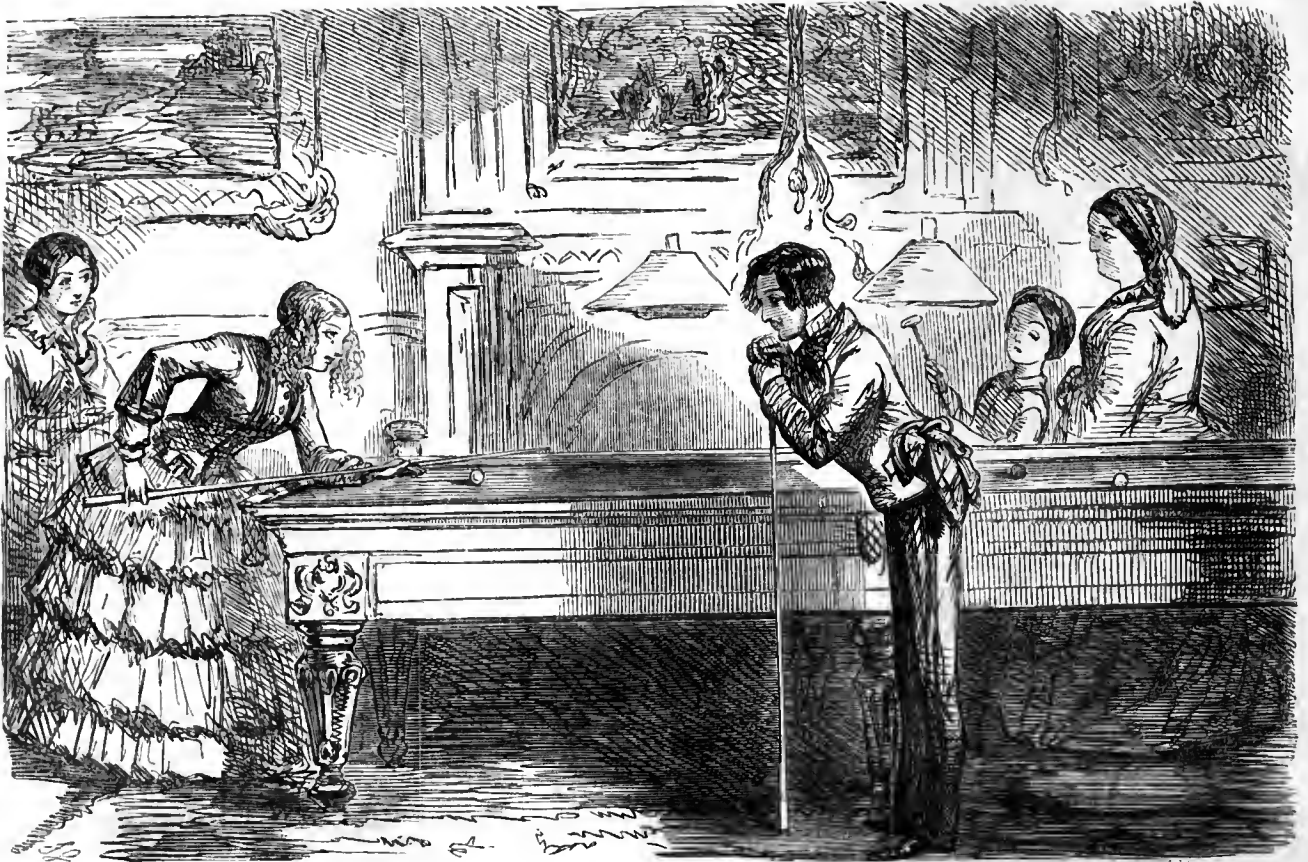
Strike, each lean spectre,
Fag of fat rector,
Port’s ruby nectar
Purpling his joles:

Journemen so seedy, seedy, seedy,
Journemen so seedy, employed in cure of souls.

BOARD AND LODGING FOR MURDERERS.

An unfortunate scamp gave himself up the other day to the police authorities on the charge—supported by his own confession—of having murdered somebody in Edinburgh. The self-accusation turned out to be a hoax, and upon inquiry it appeared that the pretended Murderer had no other object than board and lodging, which he obtained readily enough when he was supposed to have committed a murder, though, to use his own words, he had been “kicked out” when he offered himself up in a state of innocence to the “proper authorities.” The brand of blood, like the stamp on a newspaper, seemed to have given him a sort of legitimacy, and conferred upon him the privilege of passing free of charge to his desired destination—the Station-house. Here he was entertained with a supper, for no one can present himself to the Police in the interesting character of a blood-stained guest without becoming exceedingly popular. Crime is obviously the price that must be paid for Station-house hospitality, and it might therefore be as well to issue a tariff for the information of criminals, showing how much petty larceny goes to a slice of bread and cheese, or what amount of felony will entitle the perpetrator to an egg or a rash of bacon.

The supposed murderer was invited to a *déjeuner à la lots* of bread and butter, and there would no doubt have been a series of similar entertainments provided for him, had not the discouraging discovery been made that he was no murderer at all, when he was ignominiously hurried out of custody as unceremoniously as he had been refused a lodging when he first demanded one without the qualification of a murder to gain him admittance. Everybody seems to have been thoroughly disgusted with a fellow of whom high hopes had been entertained, and even the penny-a-liners dismiss him with an ignominious kick of indignation at the idea of his having balked them—as well as himself—of many a meal by his not having become a qualified candidate for the gallows. Everybody is irritated at the result, from the detectives who expected the *éclat* of tracing a chain of evidence, and the parson who hoped to preach him into a state of “abounding grace” over his cocoa, down to the servant “gal” who was looking out for a good column of “murder” in several successive Sunday newspapers.



A NICE GAME AT BILLIARDS.

Pretty Cousin. "LET ME SEE, FREDERICK! I'M JUST EIGHTEEN TO YOUR LOVE!"

Frederick (who is always so ridiculous). "THAT IS PRECISELY THE STATE OF THE CASE, MY DEAREST GEORGINA."

Mamma (with severity). "COME! LUNCHEON IS QUITE READY."

ADMIRALTY "INDISCRETIONS."

ACCORDING to the general run of opinions expressed the other night in the House of Commons, on the disgraceful Dockyard affair, the parties implicated have been guilty of "indiscretion." It may be useful, therefore, to the public to understand what it is that passes for mere "indiscretion," according to the judgment of that very honourable body, the Lower House of Parliament. The evidence given before the Committee on Dockyard Appointments, on the very first day of its sitting, will throw some light on this subject.

MR. STAFFORD is proved to have denied the existence of a letter which he is proved to have talked about, and which is proved to have been in the hands of one of the parties in the room, while he, Mr. STAFFORD, was discussing the contents of it. Mr. STAFFORD is also proved to have cancelled a minute of the Board of Admiralty, without the consent of the Board. And he is also proved to have asserted that he had the authority of the Board to do so. These are among Mr. STAFFORD'S "indiscretions."

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND is proved to have asserted that he had never heard of or seen a letter which was proved to have been put into his own hands, and the purport of it explained to him. This is, we suppose, merely a ducal "indiscretion."

ADMIRAL PARKER having denied that he had given permission for two letters he had written to SIR B. WALKER to be read to the Committee, is proved to have given such permission in the presence of two witnesses, who prove the fact denied by the Admiral, who is thus also guilty of an "indiscretion."

The greatest "indiscretion" of all, will be on the part of the nation, if it ever allows its affairs to get into the same disreputable hands from which the Government was rescued by the overthrow of the DERBY-DISRAELI Ministry.

HYPOCRISY.—A great deal of what is called hypocrisy frequently arises from the delicacy one has in offending the feelings of another.

POOR LITTLE MO'!

My name is MO SAMUEL, a poor little Jew;
Tro de Shety I trampsh it, de Commonsh in view;
But though I am shent dere, 'tis bootlesh to go,
For de Lordsh sets deir face agin poor little Mo'!

My constitentsh often have ehose me in vain,
And shent me to Parliament over again,
Determined the shpirit of Britonsh to show;
But de Lordsh sets deir face agin poor little Mo'!

Every year LORD JOHN RUSSELL proposhes a bill
To give de Electorsh of England deir will;
As often he finds 'tis no use to do so,
For de Lordsh sets deir face agin poor little Mo'!

NON-DISCOVERY OF POWDER AT PUNCH'S OFFICE.

YESTERDAY a body of police, consisting of a single constable, acting on his own warrant on behalf of the Secretary of State, entered *Punch's* Office, to search for a quantity of explosive matter.

He was informed that this periodical was not a magazine, and contained nothing calculated to cause any explosion more dangerous than a burst of laughter.

On wanting to know if any gunpowder was concealed on the premises, he was offered a cup of tea, which contained all that was left in a damp state.

Demanding whether there was in the establishment any composition for filling rockets, he was answered in the negative, and assured that the only fireworks dealt in at 85, Fleet Street, were squibs.

Having with some difficulty apprehended a joke, the Police retired.



POOR LITTLE MO'!

Lord Sh-sb-y. "DON'T MAKE A NOISE HERE—YOU'LL GET NO RELIEF FROM THIS 'HOUSE,' I PROMISE YOU."



THE BRITISH STEEL

THE BRITISH STEEL CORPORATION, LIMITED, 100, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C. 3, ENGLAND.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 10.



AS RAILTON and I were standing talking at the gates of his College, we saw a young fellow approach from the inner quadrangle. We moved aside to allow him to pass, but like an Admiralty steamer, he steered wild and could not fetch the opening. He stumbled over the bottom bar of the wicket, and nearly came on his nose, for which, to my astonishment, he begged my pardon. I entreated him not to distress himself on my account; and, as he floundered away, all arms and legs, and blushing amazingly, JOE RAILTON burst into a great rude peal of laughter, which gave me pain. Certainly, the boy's appearance was funny enough. He was dressed like MR. BUCKSTONE in *Box and Cox*. His trousers,

of an inconceivably bright blue, were a mile too short for his long shanks. A plum-coloured waistcoat, adorned, or at least varied, with sprigs, and which possibly fitted him when he was twelve years old, struggled to meet the pantaloons. In vain—a layer of shirt was obtrusively visible between the two, as well as the mechanism of his braces, which, like French harness, were eked out with string. He wore a short brown coat, in which his great grandfather might have sat when a child to SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. A fancy cotton handkerchief of gay rather than chaste design encircled his red neck apparently five or six times, and was ultimately tied in a very small bow under one ear. Two walls of crumpled linen rose halfway up his cheeks, and were separated by a wide gap behind. His hair was cut according to the historic tonsure adopted at Christ's Hospital, which gave his poll the air of a large spherical tooth-brush. He wore the black tattered rag on his shoulders which denotes a commoner, and a seedy college cap hind before. It is only my University readers, perhaps, that will fully perceive the grotesque effect of this, as well as of an immense walking-stick which he carried in ignorance or defiance of Academical etiquette.

I never insult anybody, and, therefore, retained my composure till the poor lad had shambled in apologetic awkwardness out of sight. I was then informed that he was "VERDURER, of this College"—a freshman, and a character by force of having none. His father was a provincial lawyer, and, according to RAILTON, a very Rum Old Cock, who had no knowledge of the world (JOE, who has passed through a quarter of a century, is very fond of talking of the world and his experience of it). "He thinks this place is a sort of large boarding and day school, like the 'College' just established in his town of Stumpingham. He made his wife write to Mrs. Provost, to see that young Hopeful's sheets were aired, and that he took a little cooling medicine every week, of which she enclosed the prescription. The Provost was in such a rage, that he almost determined not to receive the new lamb into his flock. Only he didn't like to do anything against MUFFINS, who had introduced him. Not know MUFFINS? not old MUFFINS? REVEREND METHUSELAH DITTO, D.D.?—why, M. M. has done more for Protestant interests than any one since ah—what's his name?—one of those venerable divines, you know—you recollect who I mean, of course—the fact is, I take a great interest in these things. MUFFINS wrote 'Three words to the Pope of Rome,' a very powerful work. It's in process of republication by the Barebones Society; and I take it in. Eighth volume just delivered. Like to see it? no? Well, young VERDURER comes here from the parental care of M. M's curate, of whom he is the perfect coloured sketch. His favourite literature is *Telemachus* and *Sandford and Merton*, and I understand he models himself after the good boys in MRS. BARBAULD'S STORIES."

It is unnecessary to state that VERDURER was a universal butt. The clever men harassed him with epigrams, and the stupid men (it appears the majority) with practical jokes. Every traditional trick upon freshmen was exhumed for his especial benefit, and his life was made of no good to him. The worst of it was, that his head was so soft, or his hearing so hard that *nothing ever failed*, and even MOONEY and SROONEY, men of his own stamp and standing, could practise on him with success. "Of course he is screwed up in his rooms over and over again; he never finds it out till the morning. Quite an ordinary spectacle to see

him coming down into quad by the porter's ladder in an awful funk, with all the men chaffing him about the shape and price of his legs. GRIG, STENCIL, and some other fellows pulled him out of bed the night before last, and after adorning him with emblems and patterns in red and black, for which STENCIL has really a very pretty taste, turned him loose on the staircase. 'Gad, Sir, he looked just like CHINGACHOOK in his war paint, previous to burying the pipe of peace. Really quite an illusion. After sufficiently admiring the exhibition, and making overtures to him about appearing at Cremorne in company with the Bosjesmen, they wished to escort him to his chamber in a triumphal procession, when it was found his oak had been sported accidentally (I believe GRIG did it on purpose myself). They communicated to the youth the impossibility of inhabiting his wigwam for that once, and the necessity for conching on the war-path, when he takes to a sudden and terrific howling, a regular scapling yell, I assure you; and they bolted in perfect raptures at the evening's entertainment.

"It came out the next morning that old BOWSER took him in, gave him hospitality, and lent him a nightshirt, to which of course he transferred the productions of STENCIL's fancy. I only hope it's a good impression, and that BOWSER will appreciate the good fortune of possessing a unique proof before letters. VERDURER went to the Vice to complain of the outrage on his person and privacy, but he could not point out his assailants (he is as stupid as a cow), and PACKINGTON declined to interfere, recommending him to keep a thick stick in his room, and defend himself as STIFLES did last Term. Never heard about it? oh, capital fun! PUMPVILLE, after dining with some other 'Tufts,' and getting rather cut, said, 'Suppose we go and draw little STIFLES,' and proceeded to draw him accordingly; but STIFLES, though not big, is very plucky. He locked the door, took down his hunting crop, thrashed my Lord to his heart's content, and did not let him go till he roared for mercy. Well, VERDURER purchased the plant you just saw, and has used it already, though not very luckily. WALKER, the junior exhibitor, came into his rooms last night to borrow a Greek testament, and found him in bed. VERDURER, thinking every visitor a foe, jumped up, seized his bludgeon, and running at his friend as if he was mad, administered to him a clipper over the head which brought him down like a shot. And I don't know but what he would have finished him outright in spite of MRS. BARBAULD, but he happily found out his mistake, and helped the poor little beggar on his legs again. On the whole I think he had better stick to a good Bramah to defend his fortress and leave endgelling alone. He's not fit for it. He's too nervous. You saw what a stew he was in when he kicked against the door going out. He's always doing that sort of thing.

"His entry into chapel is quite a public event. He hustles every one within reach; bangs up against the eagle; if possible, smashes a candle-glass; and, on passing to his place, kicks the shins of each individual man who is already seated with unerring precision. Gad! I don't wonder they pull him out of bed. I expect to hear of his being burnt as a Guy in the middle of quad next Fifth of November. Then, as soon as he is seated, down goes his folio Prayer-book on the marble pavement with a crash that startles every one. This ceremony he repeats generally three or four times during service at those portions where it is likely to be most effective.

"His manners in private are harmless, I believe. He regales himself and his friends with some of the paternal jam and the ginger wine for which STIVENS is so justly celebrated. He calls his servant Sir, and wants to ask him to tea, only he's shy. He used to be very fond of playing the 'Flaxen-headed Cow-boy' on a little flageolet, till that instrument came into constant use by his friends, as a poker; and at last obstinately refused to blow at all. But he's going to replace it by an accordion, which is very sweet for chants, you know."

Poor VERDURER! he has had to pay pretty heavily for the privilege of having been kept from the corruption of a public school. I hope he is grateful to his sagacious parents and the Venerable MUFFINS who have so carefully protected him.

A Mitre Full of Money.

SOME people object to the largeness of the income attached to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; but they do not consider that a metropolitan must be a capitalist.

A TAKING TITLE.

It is proposed to publish, in a series, the Thieves' Calotypes, after they have figured in the *Hue and Cry*, under the title of "Constables' Miscellany."

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.—Though dry measure and long measure are not the same, it is a curious fact that wet measure—in bottles—and short measure are equivalent.

CALLS TO THE BAR.—LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI are about to be called to the Bar—of Public opinion.

ART AND IDEAS.



WELL done! My little *ruse* has succeeded! I have won my wager; I said I was sure they would find it out. But I must explain. Before writing my article under this title last week, I had been talking about the education of artists with my friend CHAINMAIL, himself an artist and a learned one, especially in all that appertains to English history and costume. He had been lamenting the ignorance of his brethren, and, I thought, exaggerated it. But he declared it surpassed all bounds of belief. I argued that, at least, with certain incidents and epochs of our history they must be well acquainted; and I gave, as instances, the very list of subjects

which I set out in my prospectus of the Artist's General Intelligence Fund last week. He declared that I might commit any blunder, even within the limits of this list, and that it would escape detection from his brethren of the brush, and suggested the substitution of the THIRO for the FIRST EDWARD, and of the resolute PHILIPPA for the shrinking and tender ELEANOR. It was done, and lo! the result.

I have to acknowledge with pride and triumph, that I have received no less than twenty-four letters pointing out the blunder, and administering to me the severest and most withering castigations for my presumption in assailing others, when myself so vulnerable. With this explanation, and thanks for their letters, I might leave my four-and-twenty correspondents. But there are some remarks in some of their communications which deserve a few words of comment. "What do you mean, Sir," asks an indignant young friend, CIMABUE POTTS, "by forbidding me to exercise the genius, with which it has pleased Heaven to crown my brow, on any of those glorious subjects from English History which you enumerate? Are you, too, leagued with the Academy to crush me? That miserable clique refused to hang my JOHN Signing Magna Charta; but do you think I am to be put down in my Heaven-inspired work of enshrining in immortal form my country's *Historic epochs*, by their impotent envy, or your ignorant sneer? No, Sir, I have ordered a canvas twice the size of my former one (which was 16 feet by 12), and rubbed in *another* picture of the same subject, *with twelve new Barons!* This is my answer to your sneers.

"And I tell you, Sir, as a man of genius, it is my intention to paint a picture of every event in that series, if only to prove that the subjects are grand ones; and that, if consecrated by power like mine, they will command the admiration of the world when the Academy is buried in oblivion, and when your *paltry print* has ceased to cumber the shelves of the *low* publishers with its accumulations of *unsold* back numbers. I am assured by my tobacconist (who also is a news-agent), from whom I used to have your weekly trash, that your sale has declined *enormously* in this neighbourhood, and that he expects you will shortly be *discontinued*, as it is *notorious* you are going on at an *enormous* weekly loss."

To the more personal part of this letter I have nothing to say; I can only bow my head before the prospect of ruin, which must impend on the heels of MR. POTTS's discontinuing to take in my journal.

But on MR. POTTS's Art argument, I would remark that he is quite right in his contention that every incident, last week enumerated, might form the subject of a grand picture in the hands of a man of genius. But he should remember that my programme contemplated a distribution of ideas, not to men of genius, for they do not want them, but to those who have embraced the profession of Art without Ideas, or at least appear, by their works, to labour under a lack of them.

A man of genius cannot choose his subject ill. By the act of choice he makes a good subject of it, and far be it from me to say that of the subjects I mentioned, great pictures have not been, and may not again be painted. In fact, it is their suitability for pictorial treatment which has made them as hacknied as they are, and hence it is that to the most vacant mind notions of composition and incident and treatment will occur, in connexion with any of these subjects, which the thinker is likely to flatter himself are "ideas"—"thoughts" of his own, when they are, in truth, but faint reflections of what others have done of that kind on the same subject already.

Hence it is desirable that young men should be warned off ground so often trodden, that they can scarce plant a sole but it will fall into some other man's foot-print. With this explanation we leave our enterprising CIMABUE to his twelve extra Barons, and wish him health, strength, and capital to cover his 24 by 32 foot canvas.

A Cup Too Much of Tea.

If, as is stated, the rebellion in China has involved some of the tea districts, those provinces must be in a state of hot water, and consequently are in danger of being swamped by the draught which cheers but not inebriates.

THE STATE OF THE WEATHER.

HERE we are in Springtide merry,
And the Apple and the Cherry,
That should bloom in silvery glory,
All white frosted, sparkle hoary!

Lambs in flowery meads should gambol;
Children, picking cowslips, ramble:
Children cry, and lambs are bleating,
Whilst the squally sky is sleeting.

Groves with song the thrush should favour,
And the blackbird ought to quaver;
And the nightingale should tune up
When you have the cloudless moon up.

'Stead of which, the grim North waileth:
Ice-shot rattles, as it haileth
Through the covert's leafless branches,
On the venison's living haunches.

Bloom should flush the fresh young faces
Of the little Loves and Graces:
Where, alas! are all the roses?
On the summits of their noses!

And the forms of lightness fairy,
Which, in gauze and muslin airy,
Robed should be, dark furs do muffle,
And the gentle voices snuffle.

Bring the lemons; set the bowl on:
Brew the punch, and fling more coal on:
Let us push about the flagon,
And the children play snap-dragon.

Make the most of moments flying,
Whilst asparagus is dying,
And the green peas loom more distant,
With the weather inconsistent.

Loss of Spring a Foggy grudges,
More, as down the hill he trudges;
Every year that passes o'er him,
Counting fewer Springs before him.

MR. GLADSTONE'S FANTASIA.

THE Exchequer *fantasia*, as played by MR. GLADSTONE, is a performance which has elicited considerable approbation. It may, however, be considered whether, clever as is the execution of this eminent violinist, his composition is not rather brilliant than correct, and more calculated to dazzle by display than to satisfy the taste of a judicious public. The *diminuendo* on A, B, and C, and so on alphabetically in the scale, takes vastly at first hearing; but on consideration it will hardly reconcile the audience, at whose expense the whole is played, for the want of change in the key of D, where some modulation is felt to be so imperatively required, whilst the whole burden in that weary key, as well as in C, hard and the corresponding sharps—a specimen of severity without grandeur—is amplified, and protracted to the period of a full seventh; without rest or relief for the present, and with a prospect of cessation too remote to be indulged in with any confidence.

An Honest Living.

As it will in all probability be expedient for the late Secretary of the Admiralty to withdraw from political life, we may be excused for suggesting to him, that he may still find a field for the exercise of his peculiar powers by taking out patents for some of his numerous "inventions."

NEW EXPRESSIVE TERM.—It is usual now to call any extortion—that is to say, the art of asking or getting more than what is morally, or legally, fair—CABB-AGE.

TURNING THE TABLES.



SOMEbody wrote an excellent farce called *Turning the Tables*, but it is not so great a farce as one that is now having a run in private circles, where the entertainment of turning the tables is being got up in a very novel manner. The performers are linked together by a finger of one hand, while they place the thumb of the other on the table, which they surround; and it is asserted that, after they have continued in this position for about half an hour, the mahogany will begin to spin round with fearful velocity. That a table will go round, occasionally, in the eyes of those who are sitting at it we can readily believe; but we suspect that the circulation of the table is rather intimately connected with the circulation of the bottle. We have not much faith in the experiment of putting the thumb to the mahogany, but we believe between them, are raised very

that, if the fingers, with a full glass often to the lips, the phenomenon may be at last realised.

We have seen cases in which a rotatory movement has been imparted to objects of a more fixed nature than furniture; and, indeed, it is not an uncommon thing for a lamp-post, a pump, or even a public building, to commence a series of rapid whirls under the influence of what—without reference to the rappers—may be called the “spirits.” We suspect that, if the cause of the revolution of the tables were to be closely investigated, it would be found to result from that species of electricity, of which—although glass is said to be a non-conductor—the glass and the bottle are the principal agents. Perhaps Scotch philosophy may be able to throw some light on this subject, for now that Scotland is proved to be the drunkest of the three kingdoms, we may safely leave such subjects as that of turning the tables in the hands of our staggering neighbours.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

CHINA—from the last advices—appears to be cracked, and is in danger of going to pieces. It seems that the acerbity of the Tartar rule has caused a fearful degree of fermentation; and, indeed, there is nothing surprising in the fact that a considerable effervescence should arise where Tartaric acid is prevalent. There appear to be at least two or three Pretenders, and civil war is raging to such an extent that, however freely the Chinese may sell their Twankay or Congou, they are likely to require for home consumption the whole of their Gunpowder.

Whether we shall suffer much from the Chinese disturbances is doubtful, and, indeed, we know not how there can be any falling off in our usual supply of tea as long as we have our native hedges, our British cabbage gardens, and our old English sloe plantations to fall back upon. Somebody has hinted at the possibility of our interfering with a view to cementing the various ruptures existing in China; but, further than our sending over a bottle or two of Poo-Loo's cement—which is warranted, we believe, to keep China together, however numerous the divisions in it may have been—we should not feel ourselves justified in going to any outlay. Our chief interest in China arises from the possibility of our losing our tea, and a great deal of nervous excitement has been occasioned among the elderly female part of our population, who are afraid of being brought “a cup too low”—as the saying is—by the stir that some fiddle-headed spoons have been making in the tea districts. We confess that our most recent tea-papers, or advices, are a good deal “mixed” in the intelligence they contain; but the majority has, what may be characteristically called, a “roughish flavour.” If, however, the whole of the tea countries should be thrown into hot water, we can only suggest that the natives may as well send us over our tea ready made, instead of in the leaf as heretofore.

The Dockyard Dodger.

AN advantage o'er WALKER has STAFFORD to claim,
Inasmuch as SIR BALDWIN'S but WALKER in name,
Whilst AUGUSTUS is such an equivocal talker,
That though STAFFORD by name, he by nature is WALKER.

THE ELECTRIC PARLIAMENT.

AN Electric Telegraph is now laid down from the House of Commons to the principal railway stations, and the echo of a legislator's wisdom has hardly died upon Mr. BARRY'S rafters, when the wisdom itself is crying aloud in the news-rooms of York and Edinburgh. FINE-EAR himself is beaten dead by a score of telegraph clerks scattered over the kingdom. It is also announced not only that wires are being arranged all over that vast labyrinth of the New Palace at Westminster, so as to summon the Members, in whichever of its thousand cells they may be hidden, when wanted for divisions, but that lines are being laid down from the House to the Carlton, Reform, and other Clubs, so that men may dine in peace, and yet save their country. Is not the orator's trade made easy—“as easy (as Hamlet says) as”—we really forget the simile.

But why not carry out the plan a little further? Instead of merely sending electric messages to the Members at the Clubs, why not make the Members send their speeches down to the House by the same medium? The Speaker and a couple of clerks might then do all the work at Westminster. And how oratory would gain by the abbreviation which would ensue on a Member's finding he had to pay for every word he sent down. How prating and platitudes would be checked when a cheque was necessary for their utterance. How patriot-eloquence would be boiled down into terseness, as a whole basket of spinach is boiled into a little dishful. How men who now find it quite impossible to hold their tongues, would find it very possible indeed, as the clerk in the Club-hall counted out their words. How—but let us try and realize so blessed a reform.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE is in his chair. A brace of clerks, in wigs, is before him, and the reporters are shivering in the fierce blasts behind him, coughing consumptively, and calculating how much, at their premature departure, their widows will receive from the Assurance Offices. The House is empty. But the Members are at their Clubs, and the clerk has proceeded to telegraph the order of the day. The silver bell rings—there is a message.

“Who is that?” asks the Speaker.

“COLONEL SIBTHORP, Sir.”

“Read his message.”

“Sturdy opposition—twaddle—a job—Ministers wallowing in turtle and champagne—humbug—*bis dat qui*—people want food not flummery—always opposed it—always shall—*timeo Danaos*—utter disgust—contemptible swindle—Crystal Palace—ruin of country—*sera nunquam est*—hearty hatred.”

The next is from an Irish Member, penuriously careful of his money, but, as spoken words cost nothing, Mr. CROWLE used never to speak under an hour.

“Sirr—having hurried the spache of the learned mover of this beel, I feel ut me juty to say that I would be failun in me pledge to the Cath'lic clergy if I did not be offerint the firmest opposition, though in me conscience I hleave the beel is a good beel.”

Then comes a financier, who was wont to pour out floods of figures, until the columns of such of the newspapers as were foolish enough to report him looked like a new edition of the “Tutor's Assistant.” How Mr. PIRAXIONS is improved by pressure!

“I support the bill, Sir. Take two millions and a quarter from three millions and a half (I omit details, which would occupy three hours), and you have a balance of one million and a quarter, which in the £3 per cent. Consolidated Reduced South Sea determinable Exchequer Loan Long Annuities, will produce twice what the bill asks.”

Or, once more, hear Mr. FITZORANGE, who used to bring down a ton of blue books, a pleasing collection of the works of our best divines, and a wheelbarrow full of papers, under which the table groaned during his four hours' harangue to prove that little children should be taught in his way only. He is obliged to be short and frank now.

“Sir, I oppose the bill. I have been called an enemy of these schools. Heaven forbid, Sir; I love to honour education, and I only aim at putting down the teaching and transporting the teachers. The child who does not learn to spell out of my primer will never read anything but wicked books all his life, and will become an infidel, a democrat, and a Socialist.”

Why, at this rate reports would become readable. And if Members would talk in this way, the difficulty of giving increased representation would be got over. Now, two-thirds of 656 wise men dally and dawdle over everything until the public wearies. But when men give merely a Table of the Contents of their mind, instead of the volume itself (foolscap octavo), a thousand Members may express themselves, through a few active clerks, in a night's sitting.

“But they would not hear one another speak, and so would lose the opportunity of being convinced.”

“Who said that?” as LORD DERBY cried to the Bishop the other night. Not one of *Punch's* million readers will answer in LORD CLARENDON'S choice English, “It was me.” For *Punch* flatters himself that his readers know better than to make such a green speech as that. Who was it that talked of conviction? Could it be MR. STAFFORD?

HOW MR. PETER PIPER ACCEPTED AN INVITATION
FROM THE RAJAH OF RHUBBURDUBDUB TO HUNT A "ROYAL BENGAL TIGER."—PART I.



ELATED BY HIS RECENT TRIUMPHS, MR. PETER PIPER IS DETERMINED TO PERFORM PRODIGES OF VALOUR, BUT IS SOMEWHAT DISCONCERTED ON TRYING TO MOUNT HIS ELEPHANT IN AN ACTIVE MANNER.



ON ENTERING THE JUNGLE AN APPALLING GROWL IS DISTINCTLY AUDIBLE; THE ELEPHANT IS SEIZED WITH A PANIC AND GETS RID OF MR. PETER PIPER BY A SUMMARY PROCESS.



BEWILDERED CONDITION OF MR. PETER PIPER ON BEACHING THE GROUND. (ANOTHER GROWL.) WHEREVER HE TURNS HIS FRENZIED GAZE HE "MAKES SURE" HE SEES THE TIGER. HE BEGINS TO FEEL NO LONGER VALIANT—



—AND IS ON THE POINT OF "LIFTING UP HIS VOICE" FOR HELP, WHEN THE MAHOUT RE-APPEARS WITH THE ELEPHANT, WHICH PERFORMS A TIMELY SERVICE BY LIFTING UP HIS BODY. MR. PETER PIPER IS RESCUED FROM THE HORRORS OF HIS POSITION.

None so Deaf as Those Who Won't Hear.

MR. AUGUSTUS STAFFORD declared, very pathetically, a little while ago, that he found consolation in the "voice of his conscience." Considering the moral deafness Mr. STAFFORD has exhibited, we are afraid that the voice of his conscience is what may be vulgarly termed, "a stunner."

CHARGE! CHESTER, CHARGE!—One cause of the great revenues of our Bishops may probably arise from the fact that when their Clergy ask them to give them advice, they always make a Charge.

A Lucky Find.

THERE is one consolation left in the midst of the disclosures of demoralisation and falsehood among the members of the DERBY-DISRAELI Administration. We may at least congratulate ourselves that the men will never again be found in, after having been so effectually found out.

EVEN ODDS.—It is difficult to say whether the decimal coinage will be established or not, for whether it is, or whether it isn't, it is precisely ten to one.



OXFORD COSTUME.

First Swell. "AWFUL SHIRT! EH?"

Second Ditto. "YA-AS, LINEN'S SO DEUCED COMMON NOW—I'M GOING TO SPORT EMBROIDERED SILKS."

First Ditto. "HAH! CHEESY IDEA, TOO! BUT YOUR GILLS WANT ELEVATING!"

OUR HONEYMOON.

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 18—

As I have said, I kissed the seissars. The *young lady*, after colouring a bit, had the impertinence—can I call it otherwise?—to burst into a fit of laughter: not that it was *real laughter*—I could see that; but that was not the worst. FREDERICK, after a minute, began to laugh also; and then *both of 'em*—as if it had been quite a concerted thing: yes, as if it had been a planned *duet of laughter* between them, laughed as who should laugh the loudest! I cast a look at JOSEPHINE and—I shall like her better for the rest of my life—I saw she felt for her mistress; for her face never moved a muscle. No: the good creature stood and looked like a stone at the *young lady*; who, to make the insult the deeper, after a time tried to recover herself, and then—with her giggling still spirting out at the corners of her bold mouth—and then, she dropt a curtsy—a *bitter curtsy*, I could see that—and begged my pardon for laughing; and hoped I was not displeased.

"Certainly not," said I: "quite the reverse." Though I may confess here to myself I felt very unhappy: I may say I felt just a little small—there was such an *easy boldness* in that young lady; which, I suppose, she meant for *innocence*. Like her *impudence*!

At this minute, who should come bustling up, but an old gentleman in a suit of nankeens! A very nice-looking old man he would have been at any other time—a man looking over sixty, and all his years comfortable and rosy in his face; and his hair like thistle-down. Well, the young lady—directly she saw him—ran into his arms, and kissed him very tenderly, very dearly.

(Now, I don't know why that should have relieved me; why, for the moment, I should have felt more comfortable; but I did: but why, I can't say. Still I felt a load taken off me.)

"Why, MEG, my darling!" said the old gentleman; and then they kissed one another again. And then, after a time, it came out that he was the young lady's father; that he had been away from home when she returned last night—for that, it appeared, was all true; that he had just come back, and changed himself, and had then hustled down to Diamondstream to find MEG, "she was such a little *pudding*," he said, "for fishing."

FREDERICK, in his own easy way; it is wonderful how, when he likes, he can glide—like a *snake* I was going to write, but I *won't*—like

a snake into the confidence and good graces of people; FREDERICK congratulated the old gentleman at so soon finding his daughter—as if, having any eyes at all, he could have missed her!—told him, with a laugh, how their lines had got tangled; at which the old gentleman laughed like a whole playhouse, and said that in this world such things would happen. And then the old gentleman—as if at last he'd found me out—with twinkling eyes, and taking off his straw hat, made a bow that ought to have gone like a dagger to the conscience of FRED; but it didn't—not a bit.

"Oh!" said FRED, as if he'd just remembered a parcel, or a port-manteau: "my wife, Sir."

Upon this, MEG—since that was her name—MEG made me another curtsy; and I—*bowed*. I can't explain why it should have been; but the easiness, the cordiality of FRED—and Miss MEG's face lighting up at his every word, like—like a tulip bed in the sun—all this seemed to call up such a spirit in me, that I found myself—without knowing it—clenching my hands, and just grinding my teeth, whilst I'd have given anything in the world to have been calm and cold and civil. At this minute a peal of bells, of church bells, rung across the fields; and smothering my feelings that seemed suddenly to rise all up in arms, I turned pale—and was nearly fainting.

"LOTTY, my love," said FRED, in a moment with me, "you're not well?"

"Quite well," said I, with a struggle; "it's merely"—and I looked at her—"a little too warm."

"It is warm," said the old gentleman; "and so, Sir, without ceremony will you and your good lady come up to Beanblossoms—my house; my name's BLISS, known in the county as SQUIRE BLISS,—it's only a quarter of a mile away"

"Well," thought I to myself, "that's very kind; and we *will* go."

"Not a quarter of a mile"—said MEG.

"We *won't* go," was my next determination. "Not a step," I was inwardly resolved.

"And if you and your good lady can stop and spend the rest of the day with us; and then return in the cool of the evening—we're all alone; spend the day with us and"—

"You're very kind, indeed," said FRED; and no doubt he thought so: for positively he bowed and looked as if, at once without consulting my feelings, he accepted the invitation.

"You know, FREDERICK, that we have to get ready for our journey to-morrow;"—I said to-morrow, as if I'd liked to have talked pins and needles—"you know that."

"Ready, my dear!" answered FRED: "Why, I thought all your things were packed?"

"Now, how should you know?" and I laughed. "But that's so like you"

"Well, if you can't stay, and I wish you could," said MR. BLISS with his good-natured face a little serious—"at least you'll come and rest yourselves, and take a"—

"I thank you," said I, with a sudden firmness, and a *will of my own*—but I'd rather not." The old gentleman, I could see it, pulled himself up; and MEG looked grave.

"You had really rather not? you have quite made up your mind to the matter?" said FRED, with calm, settled looks, and speaking slowly every word; and I'd have given the world to unsay what I'd said, but I *couldn't*.

"Quite made up—I'd much rather not." Whereupon, MR. BLISS made a formal bow to FRED, who—with his face all flushed—returned it; MEG curtsied, and I stooped a little; and—in a minute, and hardly that—MEG and her father, who would carry her fishing-tackle and basket, had turned from us; and JOSEPHINE—as I'd mentioned to her before—was crossing the fields back to the chaise.

FRED and I were alone. Somehow I tried to look every way, but towards his face. "Shall I help you to put by your tackle, love?" said I, with a chirruping voice.

"No," said FRED, flinging the word at me, that I'd rather the word had been a snowball.

"I didn't know, FRED," said I, "that you really made your own flies. Do you?"

"Sometimes," answered FRED, putting up his fishing things.

"And of duck's feathers?" No answer. "Didn't the young lady say of duck's feathers?"

"What young lady?" asked FRED; and I could see his aggravating eye.

"Why, the young lady that was here; the young lady there"—and I nodded in the direction.

"I am sorry, CHARLOTTE—sorry for you as for myself, that you seem only to have discovered that she is a young lady when her back is turned."

"What do you mean?" said I. "You wouldn't have had me run up and embrace her, would you, when I found you both in a tangle? Very odd—I must say that—very odd, that your lines should have caught. Very odd, when I was left at home"

"Now, CHARLOTTE;" and he spoke as I didn't think he could speak—"didn't I wish you to get up, and"—

"Get up! Yes; the figure that I was! With my face in such a state, but"—

"CHARLOTTE," said FRED, "when I married you"—

"Well, you needn't put such a solemn face upon the matter," said I. "I suppose I may say when I married you"—

"I thought your face, as far as its fair looks went, belonged to me; and to nobody else soever. I thought your face was face of my face; nose of my nose; mouth of my mouth;" and he broke into his old way again.

"And when I married you"—said I—"it was my belief that if you went fishing with anybody, it should have been with me, and me only. But I see I am mistaken. It's a little early, to be sure; but my eyes are opened." FRED had sat himself down upon the grass. He made no answer. "Yes," I repeated: "at last my eyes are opened," and then I sat down upon the grass beside him. He said nothing; but in my own mind I could feel he was in a bad humour.

"How lucky"—at last he said, for all the world as drily as a rusty hinge—"how very lucky, CHARLOTTE, that you had those scissars."

"You think so?" said I: "you really think so? Well, it was lucky."

"CHARLOTTE," said FRED, a little languidly, "are you superstitious? I mean, do you on eventful occasions believe in accidents that—I mean do you believe in omens?"

"I don't know what you mean," said I.

"I mean do you believe in the scissars?"

"Believe in the scissars!" I cried.

"Why not? You kissed them"—

"Did I?"

"Oh yes," answered FRED, "kissed them with great fervour: had they been a lover's present from old VULCAN to VENUS in her days

of maidenhood, she couldn't have kissed the gift with greater warmth."

"Now, don't be foolish, FRED," said I, for I felt I'd been wrong; and I sidled towards him, for I wanted to get him into a good humour again. "Don't be foolish, there's a dear."

"I never was more serious, CHARLOTTE: for, I am sure of it, there is an omen: a fatal omen to our happiness—to mine at least—in those scissars."

"What can you mean?" and I was becoming really afraid.

"Marriage, my dear CHARLOTTE, should be a union of hearts."

"Of course. Should be? Why it is!"

"An interknitting of the chords of sympathy; of the very strings of the heart. How many begin marriage, thinking marriage this!"

"To be sure: or why marry at all?" said I.

"And then, after a time, they find their mistake,"—and he spoke the word *mistake* like the tolling of a bell.

"Mistake!" said I.

"But then, when they discover that the whole scheme goes wrong with them—that the union between them is not a union, but a tangle of temper, a tangle of feelings, a tangle of interests—they discover what is worse, more bitter still: they find, too late, that however they may desire them, there's *no* scissars to cut the tie."

"I don't see what you mean," said I, with a cold shudder.

"I mean, CHARLOTTE, that your scissars of to-day, exercised with your temper of to-day, *may* make us wish that *law* had scissars for marriage lines, even as ready as your scissars for lines to fish with."

"FREDERICK!"—

"CHARLOTTE, you have marked some of these days with flowers. Mark mine to-day with *this*," and turning, he plucked and held before my face a nettle.



A PHOTOGRAPHER ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.

Duffy and the Days of Chivalry.

DUFFY said the thing that was untrue, and DUFFY has apologized! Woe! woe unto Erin! The days of Irish chivalry are gone! SMITH O'BRIEN on such an occasion heroically went into the "Cellar." DUFFY ought—as an Irish patriot—to have spurned the Speaker, folded his arms, and magnanimously have walked into the Dust-hole! Ashes to ashes, DUFFYS to dust!

Doubtful Dealing.

If, as a newspaper paragraph states, the prisoner KIRWAN has been transported for life, we should like to know what for? He was convicted of the murder of his wife, and condemned to death. Is there a doubt that he ought to be hanged, or a doubt that he is guilty? If the latter, we should think there is also some doubt that he ought to be transported.

MR. DRUMMOND ON BRIBERY.

TUNE—"Sir Roger de Coverley."

MR. SPEAKER,—I pray, let us

Our feelings of purism high bury:

I wish we made less fuss

About Corruption and Bribery.

Fiddley diddley dee!

We are all birds of a feather, Sir,

To be bribed if 'tis roguery,

We are all of us rogues together, Sir.

My voter—if I bribe him

By giving his wife a yard or so

Of halfpenny ribbon, to trim

Her cap, or embellish her pardessus—

Is not half such a flagrant case

As some—if the truth is confest of 'em—

Who sit in Another Place,

With a Ribbon in front of the breast of 'em.

By an Earldom the Baron is bought,

And the Earl, in his turn by a Marquisate;

By a Dukedom the Marquis is caught;

And the Duke by some kind of a perquisite;

The Garter, we'll say, is the prize

That his Grace's ambition itches for,

And we know what price he ties

It beneath the knee of his breeches for.

By the Sovereign's favour, more

He is bought for political valet, Sir,

Than the fellow behind the door

That is purchased in Sovereign Alley, Sir.

For whatever you can afford

In this House, too, supporters are sold to

you;

As for instance, a seat at a board,

In the hope of which they hold to you.

A Place Market, and Office Bazaar,

We have here the honour of sitting in;

Hither gentlemen come, from the Bar,

Their mark expectation of hitting in.

That this is all wrong I don't say:

I believe 'tis the height of propriety

That the pocket should here hold the sway

Which it bears in all human society!

"BEAUTIES WITHOUT PAINT."—The "Old Masters" at the National Gallery.

PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEE ON POLITICAL DELINQUENCY.

IN consequence of the recent alarming and disgraceful disclosures of political delinquency, we have constituted ourselves a Select Committee for the purpose of inquiry, with power to examine witnesses, call for the production of documents, and, in fact, do precisely as we please, with a view to eliciting the truth for the information of the public. In pursuance of this power, we have collected the following evidence, and proceed to lay before the world the result of our labours. As some of the parties examined will criminate themselves, we omit the names of the witnesses.

BLANK BLANK called in and examined:—

Q. You have been, I believe, in the public line, and have been employed at the QUEEN'S ARMS, in the Admiralty?—Yes.

Q. It is understood that you admit having been guilty of some indiscretions?—I do.

Q. What first drove you into it; was it necessity, or some other cause?—Partly necessity, and partly bad training. In fact, I was led into it.

Q. You were led on little by little?—Yes, by degrees!

Q. Did you not dread detection?—Not at that time.

Q. Are there many little rogues employed by bigger rogues than themselves?—There are, for the bigger rogues think the little rogues may escape, when they themselves might not be let off so easily.

Q. Can you tell us one of what you call your "indiscretions"?—I meddled with something I had no business with.

Q. Was it for your own personal gain?—Oh no! not at all. It was for the good of the "gang."

Q. Are political rogues, then, generally collected together in "gangs"?—Certainly. There are two or three parties, each having one or more leaders.

Q. Are those parties friendly towards each other?—Not at all. They are always quarrelling. In fact if they did not quarrel, they would do a great deal more mischief.

Q. You mean to say, perhaps, that when a certain class fall out, another class of people get their own? That is what I mean.

Q. Can you name any of these parties or "gangs"?—It's quite notorious who they are, or rather, who they used to be; but there is not quite so much of that sort of thing now. There has been LITTLE JACK'S party, but that is nearly all broken up. Then there was YOUNG BENJAMIN'S party—a very disreputable party—that I was persuaded to join.

Q. Do you trace your "indiscretions" to the influence exercised over you by that party?—Yes. I was foolish enough to become one of the "gang."

Q. Was the connection profitable?—It seemed to be so for a time. The "gang" found its way into a set of offices, and we all thought we could do just as we pleased.

Q. I believe it was while you and your "gang" were in these offices that you attacked some of the old and faithful servants of the crown?—We certainly did tell them that they must hand over to us all the property that had been entrusted to them, for our "gang" had been a long time without such a chance, and the members were eager to make the most of it by getting everything they could lay their hands upon.

Q. It is said that you wanted the old and faithful servants to connive at the introduction of some improper persons into a dockyard?—No: we didn't exactly want them to connive; we only told them they must keep quiet while we let our people in.

Q. Did it not occur to you that this would be, in fact, robbing their employers?—I did not think about that. Besides, I was not the Captain of the "gang," and I could only do as I was ordered.

Q. But I think I understood that you exceeded your orders in at least one instance?—That's true; but I knew very well what our leaders wanted, and I was sure I should not get into trouble with them by exceeding my authority, so long as it brought anything to the "gang."

Q. But had you no fear of being found out?—No! I never thought of that. If I had, I should never have done it; for I was quite sure they would throw me over, as they have done.

Q. You spoke just now of there being several gangs or parties; can you mention any besides the two you have named?—There used to be a very bad and noisy lot called the Irish party, but they are such a set of quarrelsome fellows that they seldom work well together; and if any one of them gets hold of a good thing the others are so savage with him that they will not allow him to enjoy it in peace.

Q. Is a "gang" generally faithful to a leader?—Generally; but I have often heard the complaint that the leader deserts his "gang," and is the cause of breaking up the party.

Q. Is this usually the fault of the "gang" or of the leader?—I think it is more often the fault of the "gang" themselves, all of whom wish to have the largest share of the plunder; and as the leader cannot satisfy all, the "gang" get dissatisfied, and declare that their leader has deserted them.

Q. But to return to the little "indiscretion," as you call it, which has been so much talked about lately, have you any objection to say how you fell into it?—Well, I hardly like splitting upon the leaders, though they have not served me well; but the truth is, they drove me to it. They were always at me. They were always saying, that the party was dissatisfied, and that I ought to throw more into their way.

Q. Why did you not tell them to do their own dirty work for themselves?—Well, I sometimes wish I had. But those big rogues have so many ways of coming over us little ones. They always try to put us in the hole; and they are in the habit of saying to us, "You needn't care; for though we should be too big, you are sure to be able to creep through, however small the loophole may be that you have to get out by."

Q. You spoke of LITTLE JACK'S party having been broken up. Can you tell us how that happened?—I can't say that the party is broken up; but it has gone into a more respectable line, and has shaken off some of the worst of the lot.

Q. Is it as prosperous as it used to be?—I think it is doing better than before; and, as many people give it credit for a sincere wish to "reform," it has the advantage of character.

Q. Did the "gang" to which you belonged care anything about character?—It would have been invaluable to us if we could have got it; but we knew that was out of the question, so we never even tried for it.

Q. Had not some of the "gang" a reputation to lose?—There were some that had, but there were one or two that had none to lose, or rather they had a reputation which it would have been very desirable for them to lose, if such a thing had been possible.

Q. Your own character was good, I believe, until this unpleasantness happened?—It was; and I very much regret that I allowed myself to be led away by evil companions. If I had never been tempted to go into that office this would never have occurred, and I will take care that I never get into such another scrape again.

The Witness was here allowed to retire.

DEAN SWIFT'S "JACK" ALIVE.

IT is delicious, in these hard times of straightforward reason and common sense, to see Cant and Hypocrisy retiring from the busy hum of men, to indulge in that hum which they like better in the sequestered retreats of rural innocence. In a rapture of nausea, accordingly, we quote from the *Scotsman* the subjoined interesting paragraph:—

"INTOLERANCE IN SCOTLAND.—It is a not uncommon custom on the part of the farm labourers in the Lothians to relieve the tedium of the winter evenings by amateur representations, or rather recitations, of ALLAN RAMSAY'S beautiful dramatic pastoral *"The Gentle Shepherd"*—a practice innocent in itself and sanctified by long usage. Will it be believed that a party of farm labourers, who lately indulged in this harmless amusement, were actually summoned before the kirk session of Ratho, to answer for doing what was "unbecoming their position as professing Christian communicants?"

Our Caledonian contemporary then proceeds to quote documents, in proof that such was the delightful fact. The precious pietists who sympathize with the saints of Ratho will, however, smuffle with sorrow to learn that their holy brethren made what is vulgarly termed a mull of their attempt at interference with other people's business, and that, having shown the cloven foot, they were ultimately obliged to draw in their horns.

Punch has great pleasure in proposing their very good health—in antimonial wine.

Dissolving View of the Budget.

THE two principal boons conferred upon us by the Budget require one thing additional to give them due effect. Cheap Sonchong, alone, is not sufficient for a cup of good tea. A proper solvent is also requisite for the infusion. And, however well we may be off for Soap, that article will avail us nothing, unless we can convert it into lather. To both of these ends an essential condition is an adequate supply of good soft water.

A New Parliamentary Rhyme.

(For the Nursery of Young Protectionist Statesmen.)

RICKETTY, Ricketty, Dock,

He bribed like one o'clock.

But it strikes one

That STAFFORD'S done.

Ricketty, Ricketty, Dock. (*bis*.)

LOST, OR STRAYED—THE SUN, WHICH HAS NOT BEEN seen now for the last two months. Any one who can give information as to where it has gone to, or where it is likely to be found, or when it will return again amongst us, will be handsomely rewarded by a body of disconsolate daguerreotype Artists, who find it impossible to get on unless the Sun gives them the benefit of its countenance.—Address to the Photographic Institution, New Bond Street.



ODE ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT SAVINGS' BANK.

To MR. CALCRAFT.

ALTHOUGH, friend CALCRAFT, I incline
 Against judicial strangulation,
 And think we might wind up your line,
 Allowing you fair compensation:
 Albeit, I could wish the drop
 Brought altogether to a stop,
 So far from wanting, in the least, to see
 The restoration of the good old times;
 When, thick as apples, upon Tyburn tree,
 Small rascals expiated petty crimes:
 Good CALCRAFT, notwithstanding that
 About a fellow-creature's throat
 I would not have your fasten your cravat,
 Because the scoundrel forged a five-pound note;
 Or dislocate a villain's neck
 Merely for passin' a fictitious cheque:
 Yet there's one species of offender,
 A caitiff so detestable; a wretch
 So base, so cruel, that I could surrender,
 Almost, that special miscreant to JACK KETCH.
 If any man is hanged for any thing,
 I think that knave deserves to swing
 Whose acts of counterfeits and theft
 The poor and frugal have bereft—
 The blackguard!—of their little all.
 What hearts are broken through his greed!
 Is cutting throats a blacker deed?
 CALCRAFT, I say, let him be *sus. per coll.*
 Whilst by thy hand one malefactor's strung
 To gibbet beam; whilst yet thou pull'st thy trap;
 It is unfair that he should go unhung—
 That heartless rogue, that execrable chap,
 That lowest reptile in the race of Snobs,
 Of criminals the vilest in the rank,
 The fittest thief to tread the fatal plank,
 That gallows-worthiest vagabond, who robs
 A Savings' Bank!

Cousin Emily. "AND SO IT'S LITTLE ALFRED'S BIRTHDAY TO-MORROW. NOW, WHAT WOULD HE LIKE BEST FOR A PRESENT?"

Alfred (after much reflection). "WHY, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE A—I SHOULD LIKE A TESTAMENT—AND—A—A—AND—OH, I KNOW! I SHOULD LIKE A SQUIRT!"

WICKED AND UNFEELING HOAX.—Directing an elderly gentleman, who wishes to see one of the burlesques upon *Macbeth*, to the Princess's.

PRESERVES OF THE SEE OF DURHAM.

A PAINFUL mistake has been committed by the *Times* in the course of some remarks on the slight increase which has accrued to the BISHOP OF DURHAM's pittance. It shows how cautious all secular writers (except *Mr. Punch*) ought to be when they meddle with spiritual matters. Among certain accounts sent in by the BISHOP to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in evidence of his outgoings, our contemporary publishes the following little bill:—

"PARK, MANORS, AND MOORS.		£	s.	d.
Auckland Park, and gamekeeper		101	0	6
Merrington gamekeeper		58	6	6
Two permanent watchers at Auckland		78	0	0
Weardale gamekeeper		80	0	0
Two permanent watchers on the Moors		80	0	0
Additional watchers during the grouse season		172	15	0
Sundry extra expenses attending this department		40	0	0
The chapel at Auckland Castle		15	0	0
The gardens, lawns, and grass walks		490	19	2
Total		£1,116	1	2"

Whereupon the *Times* very naturally—and therefore very erroneously—observes, "only £15 worth of bread to all this intolerable deal of sack!"

This comment is, to repeat the epithet which custom applies to all observations made at the expense of the cloth, very "painful." Proportionally pleasing is the task of proving it groundless.

How strange that to so acute a journalist as our irreverent contemporary, it should never have occurred that the idea of a Bishop's gamekeeper obviously presents two aspects—may be regarded in a figurative as well as in a literal point of view.

The gamekeeper of a Bishop is a person employed to prevent poaching on the Bishop's manor. And what is a Bishop's manor? Why, his diocese of course; and the poachers thereon, who are they but the Romanist priests that infest it, with the pseudo prelate, pre-

tending to "govern" it in virtue of having been illegally dubbed by the POPE, at the head of the band? The gamekeepers are clergymen appointed by the lawful Bishop to preserve his spiritual game or flock, and to frustrate the stratagems and destroy the snares of the illicit one, and his subordinate depredators. The gardens, lawns, and grass walks, are the true Protestant grounds of faith and right paths. The document, in short, is simply a bill of the charges incurred by the BISHOP in resisting Papal Aggression; the special period thereof being particularly denoted by the "grouse season;" when it was necessary to employ "additional watchers."

The word "watchers" indeed, might have suggested to the *Times* the true meaning of the interesting little account which it has misunderstood so "painfully." The *Times* should have considered that the word may be taken to signify angelic spirits, and that "angel" is often to be construed, minister of the Church. At any rate, the salaries, being from £58 odd to £80, and the highest not exceeding £101 Os. 6d., ought to have manifested the fact that the so-called episcopal gamekeepers were simply—CURATES.

On Certain Outrageous Puffs.

WHAT ISAAC at morn to our HARRIS supplies,
 Our SAIREY at evening extols to the skies;
 A union, the Radical VOLSC! to flutter,
 The *Herald* with BUTT, and the *Standard* with Butter.

Scotch Fiddle Fiddle.

SCOTLAND has recently been complaining of her position in the Royal Arms; but when we look at her disgraceful drunkenness, we cannot help feeling that she should be able to keep her own legs before she talks about her position in the arms of Royalty. We must, however, admit that she has at least one ground of complaint; for, in the Royal shield Ireland is allowed a quarter for her Harp, surely Scotland might ask another quarter for her Scotch Fiddle.



THE DOCKYARD "JOB."

"ALL RIGHT, BEN. LITTLE ST-FF-RD CAN DO IT: IT WAS TOO SMALL FOR US."



"ART IN THE CITY," BY GOG.

WITH A COMMENTARY BY MAGOG.



AVE you heard the wondrous tidings, Brother MAGOG, Brother MAGOG?"

Thus a voice was heard inquiring, 't other evening, in Guildhall,

"They've bought statues for the Mansion House!" Another answered, "Ay! Gog, These civic yearnings after art prognosticate our fall.

When MACDOWELL, BAILY, MARSHALL, LOUGH, and THRUFF have done, adorning

The Mansion House with statues, hitherward they'll surely turn,

And we, poor battered images, without a moment's warning,

Shall be sent away, in Baker Street a resting-place to earn."

"Nay! my MAGOG," quoth the other, "they've commissioned MR. BAILY, The 'Morning Star' of MILTON with his chisel to portray;

And louder will the revel grow, the feast go on more gaily, When 'tis honoured by the presence of that harbinger of day."

"Stuff!" said MAGOG, "Did you ever know a gay convivial meeting,

That didn't think 'day's harbinger' had come an hour too soon? Let me tell you, too, the people will be joking while they're eating, And comparing that 'Bright Morning Star,' with our 'Bright Sheriff Moon.'"

"But consider, worthy MAGOG, how the form of patient GRISSEL, Or GRISELDA, as they call her now,—that best of womankind,—Will live again amongst us, by the help of MARSHALL'S chisel, Our wealthy civic matrons of their duties to remind."

"Bah!" said MAGOG, "If a sermon in these stones they would be preaching, And inculcating patience unto Aldermanic souls, Let them banish patient GRISSEL, and illustrate their teaching, With statues of the men who pay the City tax on coals."

"Nay! my MAGOG," said his brother, "Thou art getting rather crusty; Think how beautiful a vision MR. FOLEY will provide!

How EGERIA (his subject) 'mid the banners torn and dusty, Will beam upon our civic chiefs assembled in their pride."

"A fig's end for the goddess," muttered MAGOG, "I presume her Sweet form will be intended civic wit to represent; But to make the work completer, there should be a Civic NUMA, A SIR PETER cut in marble, and before the goddess bent."

"Then MR. LOUGH, from *Comus*, with a statue will provide us, Though what his subject is to be, we don't exactly know—"

"Confusion!" shouted MAGOG, "Does he venture to deride us? We must be greatly fallen, if they dare to treat us so!

If our revels be attended by *Sabrina* or the *Lady*, Some terrible calamity will surely come to pass; And, as the loving cup goes round, the MAYOR will be afraid, he Shall see it smashed before his eyes, like *Comus'* magic glass."

"Come! Come! MAGOG, don't be captious!" said his kinder-hearted brother, "For, if so very bitterly you cut the project up,

I really cannot venture to afford you any other Remarks upon the statues of MACDOWELL or of THRUFF.

I don't know what their works will be, but thus much men can gather, That two statues by these artists will complete the civic plan."

"Then," quoth MAGOG, "if they really don't know what to carve, I'd rather They should come and carve a noble haunch of venison, if they can."

THE WONDER OF THE AGE!

SUCH is the phrase commonly applied to Railways, in general, but here it has a special reference to one. *Mr. Punch*, having occasion to travel by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, with that condescension which ever accompanies true dignity, and in that spirit of economy which is suggested by the renewed Income Tax, took his place in a Second Class carriage. He was rewarded for his graciousness and for his thrift by a very comfortable seat. The carriage, in striking contrast with the Second Class carriages of other lines, had the agreeable peculiarity of being lined and padded, so that the dorsal convexity of *Mr. Punch* met with a gentle reception, instead of experiencing a stubborn and galling resistance. Under these agreeable circumstances, he fell into a refreshing slumber, when he dreamt that all the other Railway Companies had followed the example of the London, Brighton, and South Coast. He heartily congratulates that Company on having comprehended the duty and the policy of rendering the Second Class carriages commodious. He commends them for having conquered that nervous anxiety for profit, which causes the generality of Railway Directors to make their Second Class carriages unpleasant and ineligible, with the design to drive as many people as they can into the First; a trick of overweening rapacity which defeats its own purpose, like the greediness of the cur in the fable of the Dog and the Shadow. With an enlightened eye to business, it is perceived that the cleverer scheme is to endeavour to get both First and Second, and also Third Classes, as well filled as possible, by affording every accommodation that can be afforded in each. The superior classes may safely be trusted to patronize the corresponding class of carriages; paying their money accordingly, and taking their choice, which is to be select: just as they prefer the boxes at the theatre to the pit.

In informing Europe and the universe of his ride in a decent Second Class carriage, *Mr. Punch* is conscious of a quite singular gratification; an entirely new sensation of delight: the pleasure of expressing his approbation, for once in the way, of a Railway arrangement.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF PARLIAMENT!

DURING last week much of the time of the House of Commons was consumed in personal altercations between the Members, several of whom were accusing each other of bribery, corruption, and guilty consciences. Demands were made on all sides that certain abusive words should be "taken down," but the vituperation was so plentiful in amount, and so coarse in quality, that nothing short of a PETER LAURIE power could have succeeded in "putting down" the nuisance. Several of the Irish members were for having each other "taken down" at once, and it is to be regretted that they did not succeed, for some require to be "taken down" in a very decisive manner. We ought not, however, to feel much surprised at the coarseness of the Commons, when such examples are set in the Lords as that of applying the term "smiling villain" by one nobleman to another. We hear occasionally some talk about the morality of public men; but if we are to take as correct resemblances the pictures of the Lords and Commons, as painted by themselves, we fear that the result will present a very sorry exhibition of some remarkably ugly features.

Sights for the Working Classes.

THE labouring classes in this Metropolis have no other day to devote to sight-seeing but Sunday, on which day a considerably numerous party of sectarians would, if possible, prevent them, by stopping all omnibuses, trams, and steamboats, from quitting London. Under these circumstances, should they be brought about, our industrious fellow-citizens may wish to know what objects of interest, within the sphere which they will be restricted to, they may contemplate to refresh their minds. We may enumerate the Monument, the Duke of York's Column, and the *outside* of the British Museum and National Gallery, to which may be added Aldgate Pump—but the Statue at King's Cross is gone for ever!

THE HUSBAND'S BEST EXCUSE.—"I was detained upon business, my dear."



Emma. "WHAT DO YOU THINK, DEAR GRAN'MA? THE LADIES IN PARIS WEAR THEIR HAIR TAKEN OFF THE FOREHEAD AND SPRINKLED WITH SILVER!"

Grandma. "DO THEY, INDEED! WELL, MY DARLING, SO LONG AS THEY ARE RESPECTABLE, THERE CAN BE NO HARM IN GREY LOCKS!"

TEST OF SABBATARIAN SINCERITY.

THERE are certain persons of the semi-Hebrew persuasion who hold by the observance of Sunday with the rigour of the Mosaic Sabbath, yet keep their Sabbath on the first day of the week—and not, as MOSES prescribes, on the seventh. These demi-Jews, not content with abiding in their own forms, endeavour to force others to conformity with themselves, and are, accordingly, trying to get the Crystal Palace closed on Sunday, in the face of the non-Judaizing Christians of the community. They must, however, see that if laborious townspeople are obliged to keep one day in the week holy—in the Levitical sense of the word holiness—they ought to be allowed for health's sake, both of mind and body, to keep another day holy, after the ordinary manner of a holiday.

Nature and Common Sense exclaim, that working folks ought not to be cooped up on their only leisure day, in the heart of London, with nothing better to do, when out of church, than meditate, like an unfortunate kind of HERVEYS, among intramural tombs. Our demi-Jewish friends, therefore, should agitate for the establishment of a secular Sunday, in addition to the regular one; and they would make a good beginning of this movement by releasing all manner of persons employed by them from labour on one working-day in every week, and continuing to pay them wages as before.

Measure for Measure.

GIVE an inch to some people and they will take an ell; but buy a quart bottle of wine of some o'her people, and a pint and a half is all you will get out of them.

MR. PUNCH AMONG THE PICTURES.

Is it a show, or a shop, or a library—that suite of rooms under the Punch-bowl and Pepper-boxes?

Are the pictures which cover the walls of those apartments—from the lordly LANDSEERS in the Great Room to the poor little outcasts in that condemned cell, where they confine and execute too, and so, I suppose, have eight sides to it, that more may be hung at one time—are these pictures, I say, put there to be stared at, or to be sold, or to be read? Do the thousands who keep that unhappy stout gentleman in the entrance-hall dealing out tickets from morn till noon—from noon till dewy eve—come there to gaze only, or to buy, or to read?

These questions occur to me every year, when I am asked that distressing question so prevalent this month—"What do you think of the Exhibition?"

For my answer, I feel, ought to be guided by a knowledge of what the Exhibition means. If you ask me what I think of the Exhibition as it affects the arts of painting and sculpture, I have an answer—not by any means cheerful, or likely to be pleasant to the gentlemen who write R.A. after their names.

If I am to say what I think of it as a lounge—a place to meet my acquaintance in, and to rub shoulders with charming ladies in the freshest spring *toilettes* (for I am given to understand the Exhibition is a spring blow and great disencouragement to husbands, and other male relatives who pay the bills), and to exchange shakes of the hand and compressed criticisms with my good friends the painters—then, I say, those rooms under the Punch-bowl and Pepper-boxes are delightful places to spend a morning in, and as pleasant this year as usual.

If you wish to know what sum of money is likely to go into the funds of the Royal Academy, or into the pockets of my old acquaintances CARMINE, and OLD-CLOUGH, and MANNEKIN, and BOB BLADDER, and CIMABUE POTTS, and VERDITER, then I can only refer you to their respective bankers' books, and butchers and bakers, and landladies, and laundresses, and colourmen. But I have no reason to doubt that the demand for coloured canvass is as brisk as ever. Nay I am inclined to think the trade of canvass-stainer is getting a better one, year by year, for the industrious capitalists of the North have gone into it; and when Manchester, and Leeds, and Birmingham, and Liverpool take to investing in pictures, we may be tolerably sure there will be a brisk market, and a rapid turning over of capital.

But if, my dear young lady, when smiling so sweetly under the half-shadow of your pink erape, you ask me with that charming voice of yours,

"But seriously, dear *Mr. Punch*, what do you think of the Exhibition?" you wish for an answer that refers to the Exhibition as I look at it—I will tell you. I go to those rooms, as to a library, where I may read books written in form and colour, and light and shadow—just as poor students, whose pale faces and white-seamed coats proclaim them too poor to buy libraries of their own, go to the reading-room of the British Museum. I go there to refresh my mind with thoughts and impressions, whether they be of great historic actions, or the sweet simplicities of fireside life, or the pleasant passages of sentiment, or the great struggles of passion, or the beautiful harmonies or deep mysteries of earth, and sea, and sky—just as I go to the reading-room for THUCYDIDES, or LIVY, or HOLLINSHED, or FROISSART, or for BURNS, or CRARBE, or SHAKSPEARE, or MILTON, or WORDSWORTH, or TENNYSON.

And thus, you see, when you ask me what I think of the Exhibition, you ask me what I find there to read and think upon, and gather knowledge, or insight, or impression from. And in this way the question becomes very much narrowed, for, putting it so, you have unpeeled nine-tenths of those walls for me. The picture-books that cover those nine-tenths have no meaning for me. Either there is no meaning in them, or it is so familiar and trite that it awakens nothing in my mind, or the language it is written in is a mystery to me, a cuneiform character, to which, for me, there is no GROTEFEND, or RAWLINSON, or LAYARD. But, if you please, I will begin by telling you of some of the picture-books I *did* read, and with a relish not common. You must not expect me to respect established order and the painters' table of precedence. I leave that, with as much more of their practice as possible, to the gentlemen who criticise in the serious papers, and who find it convenient always to begin at the R.A.'s.

Will you throw a very withering expression of contempt into those tender grey eyes of yours, if I say that I begin with the "Pre-Raphaelites"—or suppose we drop a word that has been a good deal abused and may lead to misconceptions, and say with MILLAIS and HUNT? Will you consider me ridiculous or blind when I assure you, on my honour as a puppet and a public performer, that these young gentlemen have written for me this year four of the sweetest and deepest and most thoughtful books I have read since I laid down MR. MILLAIS'S historical romance of the *Huguenots*, last year? I am sensible of the omniscence of the daily, and some of the weekly papers, and I am aware that this is an opinion which should not be breathed within ear-shot of places where they take in the *Times*, and the *Morning Post*, and the *Examiner*. But I am a sort of chartered libertine, and nobody will believe anything I say is serious, so I can

enjoy the luxury of saying what I feel, having no character to keep up. Then I tell you frankly—not forgetting EDWIN LANDSEER's two grand cantos of his Highland poem, *Night and Morning by the Loch-side*, or STANFIELD's noble pœan-picture of the Battered Hull that carries the body of Nelson, like a Viking with his ship for bier—not forgetting these and other picture-books well worth reading—I tell you that HUNT's *Claudio and Isabella* is to me the book of this collection, though it records in colours what SHAKSPEARE has written in words; and that little, if at all after it, comes MILLAIS's *Order of Release*, and then the { *Strayed Sheep*, and *Proscribed Royalist*, } of the same authors. I do not mean to put either after the other, so I bracket them.

I am glad to say, too, that notwithstanding the infallible judgment of the *Examiner* critic, who talks about "Pre-Raphaelite, and other follies," my *Claudio and Isabella* has quite a large reading public; nay, I find that it draws round it a denser cordon than even the noble LANDSEER at its side.

You wish to know what I see in the picture? My charming young friend, I see in the head of *Isabella* what I think I should see in your own sweetly serious face in the like circumstance. I see in those grave, tearful eyes, that set brow, the dawn of the suspicion—till now kept down—that this brother, for whom she would die without a fear or a regret, is about to choose his own life before his sister's honour. Do you see how she presses her hands on his heart, as if to quell the fluttering fear that is about to unman the poor wretch, and how he has clutched her wrists in the abject terror that the images of what he fears of death bring storming in upon him? How skilfully and delicately he has marked in the character of her head, with all its beauty, that strong temper which will soon rise to her lips in scornful rejection of "that warped slip of wilderness"—that unworthy *Claudio*.

And the *Claudio* too—ungraceful, say some—as graceful, I say, as a man in mortal terror of death is likely to be. I like that perplexed clutch of the fetter, that cowering figure, those wide-open haggard eyes, and that mouth adust and clammy with apprehension. I see "the horror in his hair." And all made the more palpable by the fresh life of the apple-blossoms outside the grated window, and the distant church-spire telling of a peace beyond the grave which his coward-fear will not let *Claudio* see, though *Isabella* has seen it all her life long, so fair and fast, that no terrors can shake her hold upon that hope.

Do not ask me to go into technical criticism of this picture: as well pause upon the typography of a great book. But if you will have it

so, as some of my daily and weekly brethren have disparaged these works in this particular, I will tell you that truth and care and force of execution cannot, to my mind, be carried farther than this young man has carried them in this picture. The *Claudio* is as finely coloured as the finest figure of GIAM BELLINI, and the convent draperies of *Isabella* wrought up to the highest pitch of accurate effect. But I must warn you again and again that this is not what you must look at and love, the picture for. It is for the thought that the painter has put into it—that tells out of it, by the means of all this admirable labour, the labour itself being of value only as the letters are that embody the thought in readable form.

But this is as true for Mr. MILLAIS' *Order of Release* as it is for Mr. HUNT's *Claudio and Isabella*. It is the sweetest and most moving passage of domestic romance! He has been wounded and is prisoner, in the '45. And his brave young wife has walked, with her bare feet and her hale body, their child in her arms, a weary way, before she got that order which tells the suspicious old soldier-gaoler that he is free. The faithful colley has followed her from the hills, and leaps up to lick the well-remembered hand. In her wifely and womanly triumph she hands the precious paper, but you see her eyes are brimful of tears, through all her exulting, and that crusty old fellow in the red coat will no sooner have taken himself and his filthy mundungus out of the cell, but she will be sobbing and crying on her husband's neck, as he is now on hers—for the man is the woman at this moment, and the woman is the man, but with all her woman's tenderness welling up under her bravery. And then, when they have the cell to themselves, they will wake the child, and the father will be woman again as he devours it with kisses, and the dear old colley will frisk about, and yelp and whine in an agony of inability to express himself otherwise, and thump the floor with his tail, and they will sit quiet together for a while, and forget all in the joy of being together, with life and love, and their Highlaid hills before them once again. Here again, if you will have me talk of painting—I could talk —Gods, how I could talk!

But what is the use of discussing *how* the painter has said all this? It is enough for me, a reader, to feel in my heart that he has said it. It is for them who want to say as much to find out the means by which this young man of twenty-four speaks to my affections and those of thousands with this potent truth.

Heaven forgive me! I forgot all this while the critics of the *Times* and the *Examiner*!

THE PUBLIC HEALTH, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS.



WE are delighted to find, from official reports on the subject, that marriages are on the increase, and that the population is quitting rapidly the state of single blessedness for the purpose of getting doubled up and, domestically, done for. Such has been the velocity with which the connubial noose has been recently tied, that single ladies have been going off at more knots an hour than we are able to calculate. There is, however, a mystery which we feel ourselves wholly unable to solve in the statement which informs us that, in the last quarter of the year 1852, "one person in 48 was married." How "one" person can be married we are quite at a loss to conceive, unless we come to the conclusion that the "one" alluded to is the female, or better, half of the wedded pair, and that the male fragment being less than one of the two, may be set down as nobody, and accordingly ignored by the registrar. We are told that marriage is a sign of prosperity, and as people are said to be never satisfied to leave well alone, we may, perhaps, conclude, that when a population is found rushing into matrimonial cares, it may be presumed to be flourishing.

The statistics of the public health are not quite so cheering as could be wished, but we may hope that Nature having been weeping for so many weeks, and having gone to the country

with a protracted cry—almost had enough to cry her eyes out—we may, at last, look for sunshine and salubrity. Every place is happily getting healthier, but we cannot help being struck by the pertinacity with which certain complaints stick to certain localities. For example, the Mumps have seized Coggeshall in Essex by the ears; and, though the report says nothing of the fact, we have reason to believe that the Blue Devils have been raging at Bayswater. Streatham has been suffering severely from the Stitches, Mitcham has been a martyr to the Megrimms, Battersea has had a sty in its eye, and there is not a house in Dulwich that has not been visited by the Vapours. As to Scotland, it has been brought frightfully low by the hiccups, Brighton has been laid up with chilblains, the neighbourhood of the New River has had a cold in its Head, and the City has been groaning under corns, which have been frightfully irritated by the patient's toes having been unmercifully trodden on. Population has on the whole increased, but there has been a diminution at Herne Bay, which has fallen, by the discharge of a beadle, from forty-six to forty-five individuals. These numbers will not perhaps tally with the official return, but the error arises, naturally enough, from the donkeys having been accidentally classed with the other inhabitants.

Memorandum of the Month.

IN the merry Month of May
Exeter Hall, like bees, doth hum,
And pale young men in sable array
Through thither to beat of polemical drum.

A CONVERSION CARDINAL WISEMAN IS PERFECTLY WELCOME TO TRY.—The Conversion of the National Debt.

HOW MR. PETER PIPER ACCEPTED AN INVITATION FROM THE RAJAH OF RHUBBURDUBDUB TO HUNT A "ROYAL BENGAL TIGER."—PART 2.



ONCE MORE SECURELY SEATED ON THE RACK OF THE ELEPHANT, MR. PETER PIPER PURSUES THE CHASE WITH RENEWED ENERGY. TERRIFIC APPEARANCE OF THE "ROYAL BENGAL TIGER."



UNGOVERNABLE RAGE OF THE INFURIATED ELEPHANT. THE "ROYAL BENGAL TIGER" FALLS, TO RISE NO MORE. IN THE INTENSITY OF HIS EXCITEMENT, MR. PETER PIPER LOSES HIS EQUILIBRIUM.



ON REGAINING HIS PERPENDICULAR, MR. PETER PIPER PERCEIVES THE DANGEROUS CONDITION OF THE "PELVIN MONSTEE," AND DETERMINES TO "POLISH HIM OFF AT ONCE." HE DOES SO IN GALLANT STYLE.



MR. PETER PIPER RECEIVES THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HIS FRIENDS FOR THE "INDOMITABLE COURAGE" AND "RECKLESS DARING" HE HAS MANIFESTED THROUGHOUT THE PERILS OF THE DAY'S ADVENTURE.

Engrossment of Church Property.

CONCERNING THE BISHOP OF DURHAM, the *Times* says that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners "proved to demonstration" that his "gross income" was not under £23,800 a year. They took a little unnecessary trouble. The amount was all that needed to be demonstrated. That the £23,800 a year of the BISHOP was a *gross* income, is self evident.

SOYER'S SAUCE.—SOYER says "An alderman lives on the Green Fat of the Land."

Plea for the Proctors.

PEOPLE complain of the plunder to which they are subjected at Doctors' Commons, and yet there is no institution in the world where a greater amount of wealth is acquired by sheer Probaty.

DISRAELI ON "PRIVILEGE."

DISRAELI sees no difference between the privileged noble and the privileged tobacconist. *Punch* sees a great difference. The privileges of the noble are by no means to be sneezed at.



THE CONSTITUTIONAL WALK.

Lady. "DEAR, DEAR, IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN! RUN, JAMES! QUICK, AND FETCH AN UMBRELLA AND TWO PARASOLS. I'M AFRAID MY POOR DEAR COCHINS WILL GET THE RHEUMATISM!"

A "SWELL'S" HOMAGE TO MRS. STOWE.

A MUST wead *Uncle Tom*—a wawk
Which, A'm afraid's extremely slow,
People one meets begin to talk
Of MRS. HARWIETBEECHASTOWE.

'Tis not as if A saw ha name
To walls and windas still confined;
All that is meawly vulga fame:
A don't respect the public mind.

But Staffa'd House has made haw quite'
Anotha kind a pawson look,
A Countess would pasist, last night,
In asking me about haw book.

She wished to know if I admjawd
Eva, which quite confounded me;
And then haw Ladyship inqwaw'd
Whethaw A didn't hate LEGWEE?

Bai JOYE! A was completely flaw'd;
A wish'd myself, or haw, at Fwance:
And that's the way a fella's baw'd
By ev'wy gal he asks to dauce.

A felt myself a gweata fool
Than A had evaw felt befaw;
A'll study at some Wagged School
The tale of that old Blackamaw!

A Parliamentary Move.

SIBTHORPE is vastly indignant at the fuss that is being made about "moving the table," which, he says, any broker's man can do, but what is it, he asks, compared to the fact of his being able, any night he chooses, to "move the entire House?"

OUR HONEYMOON.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 18—.

TO-DAY, a blank; and so to end my *sad, sad* story of yesterday. When FREDERICK offered me the *nettle* to mark the day with—*his* day, he said, I put on my glove as coolly as I could—just to *shew my spirit*, and took it from him smiling, as if it had been a rose. I *would* let him see, that I *would not be stung* by his cruelty. A nettle, indeed! And in a honeymoon!

Well, we had scarcely risen to go home, when JOSEPHINE came flying back across the fields. I knew something dreadful had happened. "That limb of a pony had broken from the stupid boy, and had toru back like mad." I expected to see FREDERICK in a rage; but no, he only laughed—laughed as if he mightily enjoyed it.

"No matter," said he, "'tisn't above eight or nine miles back over the fields."

"And in this weather," said I, "with the sun over one's head and in one's face; and I *think* I've suffered enough."

"If we step along," said FREDERICK, with all the carelessness in the world, "we shall be at home before the gnats are out. Gnats, you know, only make up evening parties."

"Oh, certainly"—said I—"if you desire it: of course you know my strength better than myself: you *ought*, of course; man is such a *superior* creature: you *ought* to know."

"Well, LOTTY," said he, and my heart began to melt at the softness of his voice; and I did *not* feel the gnat blotches on my face, he looked so tenderly into it—"Well, poor LOTTY, I tell you—as you're tired—I tell you, dear, what we'll do."

"Yes, love," I answered, very happily.

"We'll cast ourselves upon the hospitality of SQUIRE BLISS—he can hardly have got home—and, amending our resolution, put up for an hour or two at Beanblossoms."

"Just as you please," said I, with such a sudden tightness of the heart, I'd never felt the like. "*Just—as—you—please*. But for myself, I can walk."

"What! alone?"

"Yes; why not? Quite alone; that is, JOSEPHINE and I can walk together. You, if so *very* tired, can rest yourself with Mr. and Miss BLISS; and *perhaps*—if we don't walk very fast—*perhaps*, long before we get home, you'll overtake us."

FREDERICK made no answer; but I thought I heard him sigh: and then, for a moment, he passed his hand across his forehead.

"Have you got the headache, dear?" said I.

"No; not the *head*," and he walked on, merely adding, as he pointed the way, "This is the shortest cut; this will bring us the nearest way to the comforts and delights of our own fireside;" and then he broke into a low whistle.

For a time, we walked on in silence. For myself, I never believed that we should walk all the way. I made certain we should find a house where we might put up, and get another chaise home. And so we went on, the sun burning fiercer and fiercer, and JOSEPHINE—quite red hot—casting such pitiful looks about her. And so we crossed field after field, and found nothing.

"When shall we come to a house, FRED?" I at last ventured to inquire.

"Well, the house—the only house—this way across the fields—the only house from the inn,"—

"Yes, dear?"—

"Is the house we've turned our backs upon. Beanblossoms, my love, is the only house I know; and as you're very tired—I can see you are; and with this heat, you'll be brown as any mulatto"—

"Oh, no matter for that. I'm sure I needn't care anything for complexion, now. That's all over now,—since *nobody else* cares about it."

"Your philosophy, CHARLOTTE, is delightful. After all, what is complexion, especially when a woman's married? If the sun burns her face to a cinder—what then? The husband has taken the face for life; white or pink, black or brown. So why need she care? The great first business of a woman is to get a husband: when he's *got*, her anxiety may be said to be over: she's so convinced that the *law* must hold him, she may make herself quite easy and independent of the matter."

I knew he didn't mean a word he said; but I made no answer, for I knew he was in one of his aggravating humours, so I was resolved—suffer what I might—to say nothing. And still the sun burned hotter and hotter—and I'd had nothing to eat since breakfast—and as I kept walking on, I felt every step fainter and fainter, and I thought with every step, I should drop. And so went on broiling and boiling—and for all the weather, FREDERICK was as cool as a frog—but this was to aggravate me.

"We must have come seven miles at least," said I.

"Not three," said FRED.

"And is there no inn, no habitation, no roof between this and"—

"Not a door, not a thatch," answered FRED; stepping out at the words, as if he'd got on a pair of three-legged boots.

"Well, then," said I, "if only for five minutes, I must sit down somewhere. I wonder if there's a stream! I'd give the world for a cup of water."

"And couldn't you eat something, ma'am," said JOSEPHINE, rather provokingly,—"if it was only a bit of the hardest bread-and-cheese?"

"I'm sure I could," answered FRED. "A tankard of fine, amber ale, now; with a delicate, creamy froth; milk for giants. I could see the bottom of the silver, were it any depth," and then he smacked his lips. "Couldn't you take a cup, LORTY?"

"Well, I confess I could, FREDERICK," I answered; and my lips seemed hot coals with thirst.

"And then a nice slice of ham, with the true odour about it? Or even a few wings of cold chickens; with some cream cheese and—eh, LORTY?"

"Yes," I gasped.

"And there they all are," said FRED.

"Where?" I exclaimed.

"No doubt there;" and FRED pointed back: "there, in the full cellar and crammed larder of Beaublossoms."

"And there," said I, "let them be;" and with *new spirit*, I immediately rose from the grass; and began to walk on, as if I hadn't walked a step before. And so for another half-hour; and—for it became hotter and hotter—and then I thought I should have dropped.

And all of a sudden, all about me it became stifling as an oven; and the clouds gathered as black as night.

"Talking about ale"—said FRED, carelessly enough—"there'll be plenty of thunder, in a few minutes, to trouble it." And just as he spoke, there shot down such a flash of lightning, that it seemed to fall right at his feet, and I screamed, and ran into his arms. And then there burst such a roar of thunder, the very earth trembled, and seemed to me to heave under us.

In that minute I felt myself so wicked! What would I have given to be seated at—yes, at Beaublossoms, with anybody and anything, so that FRED were there, too! I cried—I couldn't help it; fairly sobbed, as he held me in his arms. "Oh, if we get safely home again," thought I, "how different all in future *shall* be." Again and again the thunder, and JOSEPHINE ran screaming, and huddled herself right into a hedge.

Then came down heavy rain-drops, and then a torrent. "Courage," said FRED, pressing me, "and let us push on." And I had new strength with the words; and we seemed to fly, the rain pouring for some minutes about us; and then, as suddenly as the storm began, it ceased. The black clouds rolled away, and all the sky burst out blue again; and the birds poured out their songs; and only that we were wet to the skins, we might have thought it even beautiful.

Well, we crossed a stile, that brought us into a green lane; and there—shall I ever forget it, for it seemed at the time like a fairy hut to me?—there was a gypsy's tent snugly sheltered in a nook; and there was a gypsy family; and there was a fire that seemed to blaze and sparkle, as though in gay defiance of the storm. Just as we'd crossed the stile, JOSEPHINE—picking herself somehow out of the hedge—followed us.

As soon as the gypsies saw us, one tall handsome fellow—with one of those faces that we sometimes see in pictures—came up to us; and with a glance at our clothes, all soaking, asked us if we wouldn't come and dry ourselves under the tent. And had the man been owner of a mansion, he couldn't have made the offer more politely, or with better grace. He'd hardly done speaking, when his wife—with a young baby in her arms; such a brown, plump *little dear*—also came up to back her husband's offer.

FRED, just glancing at me, at once accepted the invitation: that is, if there were not too many for the tent to hold. "Not a bit," said the gypsey; "we gypsies lie close like young rabbits in the flick."

In less than a minute we are under the tent; and the fire is fed and heaped with sticks, and although it is a little smoky, it's *very warm*; and wet as we are, *that's* much.

Almost before we could place ourselves, the kettle hanging over the fire was emptied; and how delicious was the smell! It was very odd; and I saw FRED's lips curve, and his eyes twinkle,—it *was* odd, but the young gypsey wife offered me a share of their dinner, or supper, or whatever it might be. I *was* hungry and wet; and—at once I took the offered meal and—I could hardly help laughing—I found myself eating in a gypsey-tent—and eating with such an appetite—beans and bacon!

"I wonder what SQUIRE BLISS has for dinner to-day?" whispered FRED; but I made no answer. I was hungry, and a little humbled, and so—saying nothing—I went on with my beans and bacon.

THE POOR CLERGY AND THEIR FRIENDS.



THERE has lately been a sharp contest among two or more different parties, who are struggling for the benevolent privilege of befriending the poor clergymen. Two rival societies—rivals, of course, in nothing but Christian charity—have been advertising, dinner-giving, letter-writing, sermonising, and will soon be speechifying, to prove themselves the best and truest friends of the poor clergy. One association is so hungry for the satisfaction of "assisting poor curates, pensioning their widows and daughters, and educating, apprenticing, and providing outfits for their children," that it can scarcely tolerate the existence of another society engaged in the

same humane pursuit; and with an almost morbid appetite for the luxury of aiding, pensioning, outfitting, and apprenticing, it requests that its own "title may be borne in mind, in order to prevent mistakes which frequently arise from another society having recently been established for similar objects." We cannot quite understand this jealousy of "another society" with "similar objects," for we should have thought that all persons working conscientiously in the cause of charity would be delighted to meet with as many fellow-labourers in the same field as possible. Benevolence ought to be the last thing in the world to ask for a monopoly, and to wish for protection against competition.

That there is an opposition between the two societies engaged in helping the poor clergy is clear enough; but it is—on one side, at least—not the rivalry of an honest endeavour to do the most good to the objects of its bounty, but of a rather spiteful effort to do the most harm to the other society "recently established

for similar objects." Both societies put out their strength for their anniversary, and it is difficult to say which of the two got together the best names in its bill of performances. Both began the day with a sermon, the old concern offering the attraction of an Archdeacon in St. Paul's Cathedral against a Bishop in one of the parish churches of London, advertised by the younger society. Each had, of course, its dinner; and in this the new association seems to have had the best of it, for it succeeded in getting LORD JOHN RUSSELL as chairman, in opposition to the LORD MAYOR, who is no novelty in the City, and who presided at the banquet of the old original, which, in its eagerness to do all the good work that is to be done, has warned the public against the younger promoter of "similar objects."

For ourselves, we can only wonder that any poor clergyman remains to require relief at all, when there is such a struggle going on for the satisfaction of befriending him. As we, nevertheless, do hear occasionally of clerical distress, we can only imagine that the two societies which so hotly contest the privilege of helping the poor clergy are practically a couple of stools, between which an unfortunate clergyman does, now and then, happen to fall to the ground.

Nose Cartridge.

THE *Illustrated News* has put its readers in a new way up to snuff. It tells them that—

"A MR. DANIEL CANNON has been fined by the Excise £25 for mixing chromate of lead with snuff. The full penalties were £300. The defendant said he only did it to add brilliancy to the mixture."

MR. CANNON may be regarded as a brother in misfortune of MR. HALE, having, like that gentleman, got himself into a scrape by the manufacture of a dangerous substance, which may certainly be regarded as *poudre à Can(n)on*.

We Cannot Help it.

WE hope it is not ill-nature on our part, but we cannot help fancying that there is something rather suspicious about a young man who takes to wearing spectacles and a white neckcloth. We should think twice before we trusted that young man with the loan of our name on a piece of Government paper.

A HOUSE OF HUMBUGS.



VERSION to humbug of any description has led MR. DRUMMOND into a speech in which he plainly told the House of Commons a "bit of his mind," and proclaimed the Government, the Legislature, and the whole system, from the Throne downwards, to be a mass of bribery, corruption, and regard to self-interest. Without "accepting the situation" on the part of the public, we must admit that the House of Commons received the description of itself with a degree of good humour that found vent in frequent bursts of merriment. As it is well that the opinion held by one legislator of the whole legislative body, should be placed permanently on record, we have translated into what will no doubt become "immortal verse," the contents of a full mortal column of the daily newspapers.

A SONG FOR THE SESSION.

(As sung by MR. DRUMMOND with unbounded Applause in the House of Commons.)

Now listen to me, boys, I'm sorry to find
That by making a speech I may p'rhaps spoil your dinners;
But I cannot help saying a bit of my mind,
And calling this House a collection of sumers,
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

It's all very well to begin to cry "Oh!"
You may talk about "purity" glibly enough;
But every one round me must very well know
All that kind of thing is the purest of stuff,
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

Electoral Freedom is all very fine,
But, really, I take its true meaning to be,
That, if to make use of my vote I incline,
To sell it I ought to be perfectly free,
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

This House independent! Ridiculous thought.
Will any one venture my words to assail,
When I boldly assert that the House may be bought,
By India Directors and Kings of the Rail,
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

Your purity! pooh! leave the subject alone;
'T were better that nothing about it be said.
For all is corruption, right down from the Throne,
To the voters we buy at a sovereign a head,
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

And as to mankind! why the ways are but two,
By which to subjection they are to be brought,
There's nothing but force or corruption will do;
Mankind then must either be bullied or bought;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

This House independent! Why, only just look
At your CORPOCKS and BROWNS who, you all must confess,
Just move you about like a Bishop or Rook,
Employed in a game they are playing at chess;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

We all of us know why the gents of the bar
To get into Parliament struggle like mad;
It is that the House is in fact a bazaar,
Where places, by bargain and sale may be had;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

E'en recent experience easily shows,
In spite of the purity doctrine we preach,
A barrister who his true interest knows,
May get a good berth by a partisan speech;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

You really are some of you stupidly nice,
Or, perhaps, you may think that JOHN BULL is an ass;
He knows very well that you all have your price,
The higher the figure the higher the class;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

It's true fifty shillings won't purchase a peer,
But, allow me to tell you what's equally true,
A lord may be bought, he be never so dear,
For a few yards of ribbon—especially blue;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

Some seek for advancement, the more and the more,
Though the Government don't for their claims care a pin;
But one who becomes a continuous bore
May finally manage to bore himself in;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

If the Ministry now may be said to be weak,
'Tis from shortness of places for little and big;
The voice of hostility is but the squeak
Of some teatless, and therefore dissatisfied, pig.
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

Let bribery therefore go fearlessly on,
Let all opposition be put to the rout;
And this is my final advice to LORD JOHN,
Stop in—you're a fool if you ever go out;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

THE GREAT SARSAPARILLA MOVEMENT.

THERE is an evident affinity between physic and the dogs—a fact that shows the master mind of SHAKESPEARE in suggesting the throwing of the former to the latter—for it is clear that every medicine, like every dog, has its day. Pills have had their popularity, and Elixirs have had their run. Lozenges have taken their turn on the wheel of Fortune, and even Pastes have been stunk to for a time by crowds of adherents, but the period has at length arrived for Sarsaparilla to have its fling. Everybody is being asked in a hundred different ways to buy Sarsaparilla at almost a hundred different establishments. At one concern we are tempted by a gaudy picture of a heavily freighted vessel arriving amid enthusiastic millions, eager to purchase its cargo of Sarsaparilla, and it is delicately hinted to us, that we should rush to purchase a bottle of that precious decoction which is the object of so much interest to assembled crowds. At another shop we are allured by full length portraits of our own QUEEN VICTORIA and the American President, both of whom, it is ingeniously insinuated, are large consumers of Sarsaparilla, and thus are supposed to preserve the excellent constitutions of the countries over which they are in authority.

A few doors further off we are enticed by a portrait of a bald-headed individual, and we are requested to apply for "OLD DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND'S Sarsaparilla," which we have no sooner made up our minds *not* to do, than we are reminded that there is a still older DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND, with still better Sarsaparilla, a few doors off. Having crossed over to avoid the Sarsaparilla nuisance, we find ourselves assailed by men whose chests are placarded with an invitation to try somebody else's genuine article, and having re-crossed in disgust, we tumble into the arms of the bill-deliverer of the Hygeist, who offers to pour his own peculiar Sarsaparilla down the throats of the public at a contemptibly low figure. One would think that London had gone Sarsaparilla mad, to judge by the present state of the Strand. For our own parts we look at the Sarsaparilla Movement as belonging to the *haute école* of Humbug; or, to make use of a characteristic illustration, we regard it as Quackery *par sang*.

A Toss Up. Man or Woman.

A COMMITTEE is, it seems, about to sit on the cleaned pictures of the National Gallery. We would suggest that the Committee, instead of being presided over by a Chair-man, should submit itself to a Char-woman, who will be a likely person to judge of the effects produced upon the national pictures by the scrubbing brush.

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

THE announcement of the intended Camp at Chobham has at present had no other effect than causing a general demand for camp stools, which, though recently so unsettled as not to have had a leg to stand upon, may now be quoted as quite firm.

A DEFINITION TO A HAIR.—The greatest failure of the crops—having one's hair very wretchedly ent.



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 9.

Lady. "WISH TO LEAVE! WHY I THOUGHT, THOMPSON, YOU WERE VERY 'COMFORTABLE' WITH ME!"

Thompson (who is extremely refined). "HOH YES, MAM! I DON'T FIND NO FAULT WITH YOU, MAM—NOR YET WITH MASTER—BUT THE TRUTH HES, MAM—THE HOTHER SERVANTS IS SO 'ORRID VULGAR, AND HIGNORANT, AND SPEAKS SO HUNGRAMMATICAL, THAT I REELY CANNOT LIVE IN THE SAME 'OUSE WITH 'EM—AND I SHOULD LIKE TO GO THIS DAY MONTH, IF SO BE HAS IT WON'T ILLCONVENIENCE YOU!"

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE ceremony of Marriage seems to be getting more difficult than it used to be; for we seldom find that it can be performed in these days by one clergyman, without his being "assisted" by another. A recent advertisement seems to show a rather unusual amount of difficulty in tying a nuptial knot, which might have been a porter's knot, to judge by the quantity of parson-power employed in bearing the weight of it. We give the advertisement—merely omitting the names—though we shall perhaps offend the parties by suppressing what they have been so ready to publish.

"On the 15th inst., at St. Mathew's, Brixton, by the REV. —, assisted by the REV. — and the REV. —, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, chaplain of —, to ELIZA, youngest daughter of —."

Here are three Reverend Gentlemen engaged in the task of uniting in matrimony a solitary couple—a fact that offers to the ill-natured the temptation to remark that the young lady must have been rather difficult to get off, since it took no less than three clergymen to marry her.

As the price of advertisements is about to be reduced, we shall expect to see the names of the clerks, sextons, beadles, pew-openers, and others, included as "assisting" the parson by whom the marriage ceremony is performed; and indeed there are frequently so many names brought in to the announcement of a marriage, that we often give the lady to one of the two or three Reverends concerned in the affair, instead of to the bridegroom. We constantly experience great difficulty in sorting the couple really married; and when the underlings are dragged in, as we expect they speedily will be, we shall now and then, by mistake, find ourselves congratulating a young lady of our acquaintance on her marriage with the beadle, or some other "party" named in the nuptial announcement.

CONVICT COLONIES AT HOME.

AN idea is just now prevalent that transportation must be discontinued because the earth has, it is said, become too full. We confess we do not yet look upon the world as an overcrowded omnibus, and we are inclined to believe that there is yet room for a few more outside. If transportation is to cease on account of over-population abroad, let us begin to look at home. Why, even in the very midst of the metropolis we have abundance of localities which are as yet untenanted by man. We have only to refer to the Exeter Arcade, where the headle, like a CRUSOE without a FRIDAY, walks from Monday to Saturday the inhospitable stones of that sequestered spot. If any one doubts whether those cavernous recesses are really untenanted, let him ask the landlord. But even supposing that the spot we have indicated should be thought too near the centre of civilisation, there are still other localities to which the convict might be banished, without sending him to our over-populated colonies. The common finger of consent points at once to Herne Bay, whose brickly wildernesses seem to invite the outcast to their empty embrace. Under the influence of convict labour, Herne might rise, if not from its ashes, at least from its brickdust, and none will deny that if the criminal should be kept at Bay, there is none more suitable for the purpose than the Bay of Herne. When the Legislature asks, Where shall we send our criminals? Echo and the pier-master, with a chorus of inn-keepers, answer simultaneously, "here."

A HIBERNIAN LEADER.

THE honourable Member for Meath is considered, by his constituents, to be the first fiddle of the POPP'S Brass Band.

MOTTO OF THE NORTH-EAST WIND.—"Cut, and come again."



A ROW AMONG "THE POPE'S BRASS BAND."

(SEE THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.)



A-HOH AMONG "THE POINTS MISS BAND"

(THE POINTS MISS BAND)

MR. PUNCH AMONG THE PICTURES.

I HAVE received another drenching from the vials of wrath of my friend CIMABUE POTTS, on my last article under this title.

"What!"—he asks indignantly—"devote two columns of praise to the giggling, stippled, tortured, stiff, tea-boardy productions of those benighted young men, HUNT and MILLAIS, and not even come as far as New-Bake Villas, Piccrust Row, Camden Town, to see my rejected picture of *The Barons and King John signing Magna Charta*, though I took care to send you a ticket! There, Sir, if you like, is a work that may be read (to use your own affected phraseology)—a stately folio volume of British History, and not a miserable duodecimo after the style of the Pre-Rafaellites. There, Sir, is a canvas such as TITIAN, or PAOLO VERONESE, or TINTORET would have revelled over! I maintain that, if these young men be right, all the great masters—MICHEL AGNOLO, RAFFAELLE, GIULIO ROMANO, ANDREA DEL SARTO, TITIAN, VERONESE, RUBENS, and the CARACCI,—were wrong. Look at the broad handling of these men, their sweep of brush, the breadth of their distribution of light and shadow, their manner of indicating leading points only! That is the way, Sir, that history should be treated; and there is no true Art that is not historical. Conceive MILLAIS or HUNT attempting to fill a side of Westminster Hall, or a lobby of the New Houses of Parliament—one of those spaces abandoned now to the tender mercies of the Academy *pets*; although I have sent in my sketches for a series that would really do honour to the Art of England, the receipt of which the Fine Arts Commission have acknowledged; but for which, owing to the influences of Academy *cliques* and *coeries*, I never expect to receive a commission—conceive the giggling feebleness, the petty detail of these coxcombical boys displayed on *that* scale!" And so on for four closely written folio pages.

MR. POTTS's criticism is that of a great many, both artist and lay judges. As it really involves considerations which lie very near the root of the theory of representation by painting, I feel inclined to pause upon it longer than mere respect for MR. POTTS would lead me to do.

I begin, then, by taking for granted that in Art, as in all things, we must consider the thing to be done with reference to the circumstances in which it is to be done. Thought has, in all civilised times, striven to express itself in form and colour, as well as in speech and writing. The Egyptians had one mode, which combined both representation and writing; the painted walls and pillars of Luxor, and Carnae, and Aboo Simboul, are confessedly and by intention books and picture galleries in one. The Greek uttered his thoughts through the grandest sculptured forms the world has seen; and not less in pictures, too, though not one square inch remains from which we can guess what were the wall paintings of the Lesche or the Pœcile. And from the Greek, degenerated to Byzantine, grew up the Christian Art of Italy and Germany, through CIMABUE and GIOTTO, to RAFFAELLE and MICHEL ANGELO, and thence by the Venetians and the Eclectic schools of Bologna, to the feeblenesses of MARATTI and BATTONI, the sprawlings of VERRIO and TIEPOLI, and the deadly-lively classicalities of CAMUCCINI and the modern Italians.

But note how all these differed from each other; and how, in proportion as Art became a tradition, and an affair of schools and Academies, instead of the reproduction of a living impress from things, a simple honest utterance of real thoughts, and beliefs, and meanings, it sunk down and down towards a dead level of pretty, graceful, no-meaning—such as it reaches in the CARLO DOLCES and MARATTIS, and others of that kidney.

Two things kept it alive—portrait and landscape painting—for in them the old giant Art touched Mother Earth and Man, and sprang up refreshed. A man's face always had a meaning, and Nature always had her story to tell, her speech to speak, of all which, if the painter could succeed in faithful copying, he became an interpreter.

But this function of interpreting what a man's face or a landscape says, is a lower one than that of conceiving the man and the landscape, and so the great conceiving and creating artist is an incomparably higher potentate than the copying and reproducing one.

In our time and country, matters have tended irresistibly to develop the lower power rather than the higher. We have no churches on whose walls to open the awful books of Judgment and Redemption—the legends of saints and martyrs—the story of missionary peril and triumph; no family chapels wherein to record the memories of ancestors. Our palaces and town halls, our courts of law and railway stations, we have never yet looked upon as reading-rooms, on whose walls might be spread out for the public eye the records of historic achievement, of kingly acts of justice, of popular triumph, of law overriding force, of mechanical discovery of the progress of the people, in short, through all influences—from woad and sheepskins to broadcloth and batus and wash-houses.

Public Art Libraries of this kind England has not yet attained to. But private and personal picture-books she *has* had, enough and more than enough; she has been a large transmitter of faces, more or less foolish from generation to generation; she has always rather liked pretty

pictures—as children do—and has hung them about her rooms as I used to paste over my nursery screen with childish daubs, simply and purely for the pleasure of the eye. But the want of the greater works has told upon the lesser, and the mere art that copies has declined more and more since the art that creates ceased to have a field for its working.

This being so, our CIMABUE POTTSes can have but to despair and die. And what there is of creative art must seek some other fashion of expressing itself than the great men of old had. Art must adapt itself to the conditions of the time and the life it has to reflect.

See what follows.

If pictures are to be hung in rooms instead of churches, and public halls and palaces, they must be small.

Work on a small scale, being meant for the satisfaction of a close eye, must be highly finished.

These conditions did not affect the old painters and must affect the moderns, and these conditions my young friends the Pre-Rafaellites appear to be conscious of and to submit to, for which I cannot blame them, but praise them rather, for wisely recognising the necessity of adapting Art to surrounding circumstances.

What have they recognised besides?

That the truest representation and grandest creation may and must be combined by the great artist; that as man works in a setting of earth and air, all the beauties and fitness of that setting must be rendered—the more truthfully the better—and that the most accurate rendering of these need not detract from the crowning work—the creation of the central interest which sums itself in human expression.

They have refused, for example, to admit, that if two lovers are to be painted in a garden, you may put in slovenly or fancy leafage and impossible or random flowers, because the rapture of the faces is the point of the picture. They say, "I will render the rapture of the faces as powerfully as I can, and the roses round about shall be as like roses as I can make them, and the green leaves that close in the trying-place shall be as true green leaves as eyes and hand can succeed in putting upon canvas." If roses and green leaves be more in the picture than the lovers' faces, the painter has reversed the true order of these objects in importance, and has so far committed a blunder. But the remedy is, not to paint roses and leaves more carelessly, but to render the expression of faces better.

The practice of painting, hitherto, has seemed to challenge the possibility of combining these two things,—human expression, and accurate representation of inanimate or lower nature. These young men take up the gauntlet, and say, "We are prepared to do this—at least to try to do it." Their first-fruits are before the world, and already it has felt that the undertaking is new and startling and cheerfully courageous: nay, more: that to a certain point—and further than might be expected from such beardless champions—it has already succeeded.

So God speed these young LUTHERS of the worn-out Art-faith; they have burnt the bull of the Painter-popes of their time. They have still work enough before them, such as their spiritual father before them went through—devils of their own creating to hurl their palettes at, and many mighty magnates to wrestle with, and confute, and put to shame—by trust in their gospel truth—Accurate Representation is the first requisite of Art.

MARRIAGE IN VERY HIGH LIFE.†

MARRIED, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, the 11th instant, by DR. WYLDE, MUSIC to IMMORTAL VERSE; the latter having been selected from MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, and the former composed by DR. WYLDE himself. The marriage ceremony attracted a large concourse of persons, to whom its performance appeared to afford high gratification. We have much pleasure in stating that the match is considered a very satisfactory one by the friends of both parties, notwithstanding the exalted position of one of them in the poetical world. The other, however, it should be remarked, is of genuine English parentage; a fact which refutes the fashionable supposition that the higher class of Music is necessarily of Italian or German origin.

A Mythological Conundrum.

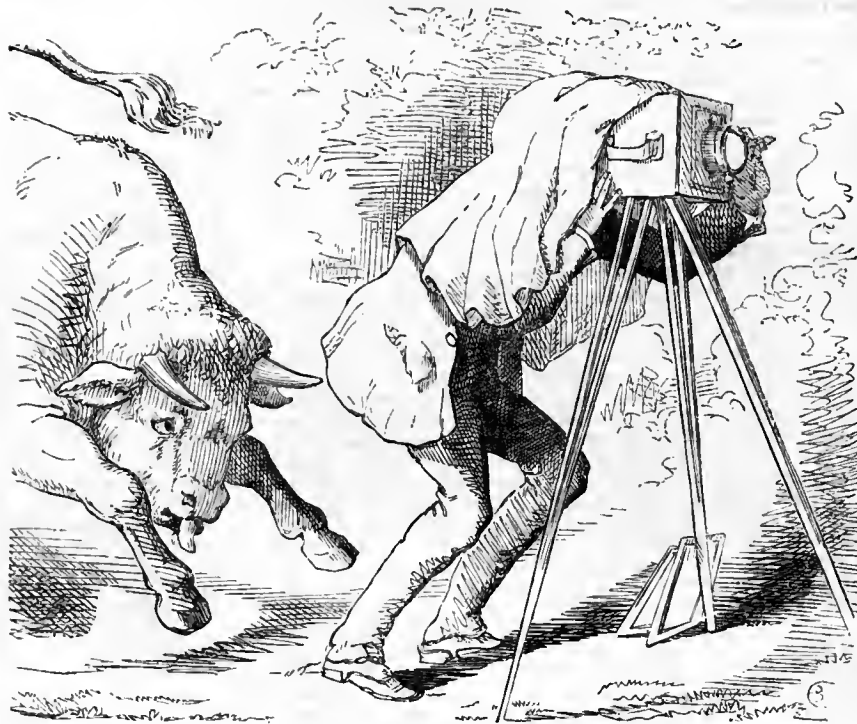
(Only for Young Ladies.)

Q. WHO was the first Spinster on record? †

A. ARACHNE, when she was turned into a Spider.

Reasons for a Singer's Cold.

"WHAT is the reason that fellow is always indisposed at the moment he is wanted to sing?" inquired an Exeter Hallite, just as a sort of SIMS REEVIAN apology had been made for a popular singer. "Oh! it's easily accounted for," answered his stall neighbour, "when you think of the great airs he is continually giving himself, it's no wonder he so often catches cold."



PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED PHOTOGRAPHER,

WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED IN FOCUSSEING A VIEW TO HIS COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

PAROCHIAL PARLIAMENTS.

WE really shall feel compelled to act the part of CROMWELL, and walk in some fine Saturday afternoon to dissolve the Long—or long-winded—Parochial Parliaments that infest the neighbourhoods of Paneras and Marylebone. It would, we are sure, be a source of great satisfaction to all lovers of sense and decency, if *Punch*—acting the part of the Protector—should make his entry into one of these self-constituted senates, and order the taking away of “that bauble,” the beadle’s staff, which we believe does duty for the mace in the assembly room of the parish politicians. The affair is becoming such a nuisance at last that, unless the absurdity is checked, we shall have the Paneras and Marylebone vestrymen going clean out of their minds, and imagining themselves—in their madness—real Members of Parliament. Already there are indications of disordered intellect among a few of the leaders; and it was only last week that MR. SOMEBODY, SENIOR, or MR. NOBODY, JUNIOR, got up and talked incoherently about his conduct “since his accession to power,” and his determination to relinquish “office” when he could no longer hold it with satisfaction to his own conscience.

Those unfortunate imbeciles who fancy the vestry a Parliament, are beginning to talk about the influence of party, which is divided apparently into the “Old Orientals” and other sections, named after the various public-houses at which they are accustomed to congregate. The “Oriental party” sounds very grand indeed, and has something of Eastern magnificence to all but those who happen to know that the “Oriental” is a tavern, where the “party” which takes the name of the “house,” is or has been in the habit of smoking the “calumet” of anything but peace, and perhaps, occasionally, the bird’s-eye, or short-cut of discord. At the risk of being summoned by some “honourable member” to the bar of the House—which would of course be the bar of the public-house “used” by the “party”—for breach of privilege, we must declare our determination to put down all this nonsense, which is likely to delude a lot of otherwise decent tradesmen into the idea that they are called upon to manage not only the affairs of the parish in particular, but of the kingdom in general.

Already we are inundated with resolutions and debates by these suburban Cabinets upon nearly every measure of importance that the Legislature has in hand; and we shall not be surprised, if Paneras or Marylebone should favour us with a budget next year in opposition to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. When SOMEBODY, SENIOR, and NOBODY, JUNIOR, begin to talk about “accession to power,” or “indifference to office,” or “sacrifice of party” in a vestry, it is quite time that these gentlemen should be recommended to mind their own business—wholesale or retail, as the case may be—and leave the management of Imperial affairs to the Imperial Parliament.

Convents and Castles.

AGAINST MR. CHAMBERS’S bill for the inspection of nunneries it may be urged by the Irish Brigade that every man’s house is his castle; but even if the houses of women can, in some sense be so denominated, their character, as castles, need not be so complete as to include a dungeon amongst their arrangements.

SOUND SENSE IN SINGING.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN, in one of his lectures the other day, alluding to the circumstance that Italian was the language exclusively used by modern fashionable Syrens to sing in, appeared to hint that English lyrical poetry might rather advantageously be substituted. The suggestion provoked a genteel smile from the PROFESSOR’S titular and ornamental audience. Of course. In English song more is meant than meets the ear; in Italian—present Italian—precisely nothing more than just that. Nothing else is meant; nor is it desirable, to the Syrens in point, that there should be meant anything else. The end in view is simply to give the greatest possible effect to the Syren’s notes; every adjunct to her singing is accordingly objectionable that in the least tends to distract attention from the mere tone of her voice. The less sense, therefore, in proportion to the sound, the better; not to think even of the expression of earnest feeling or emotion, to which, besides, all well-instructed young females of the superior class ought, of course, to be superior.

THE OLD MAY MONTH.

AIR—“Young May Moon.”

THE Old May Month is here, my love,
With its weather wet and drear, my love;
How sad to rove through Peckham Grove,
With the frowzy trees all bare, my love.
Then awake: the heavens look dark, my dear,
See the snow how it covers the Park, my dear!
And the best of all ways, to shorten your days,
Is to go out in May for a walk, my dear.

Now all the world is waking, love,
For the ’bus damp clerks are making, love;
But I, whose star unluckier far,
Have to walk through the wet all quaking, love.
Then sleep on, for the wind is East, my dear,
Neither fit for a man, nor a beast, my dear;
’Tis the worst of all Mays to lengthen your days,
Lie abed till July at least, my dear.



QUEEN OF THE MAY.

CULTIVATION FOR CABMEN.—If MR. FITZROY’S Bill should not amend the department of the Cabman, it will at all events improve his Carriage.

SELF-SUSTENANCE; OR, THE LOST PET.

A TALE OF A RURAL TAVERN. I



"Come gie's a zong," cries MOSES GALE,
"Wi' all that are strong beer avore
'ee."

"Can't zing, mate," answered SIMON
DALE,

"But vust I'll drink a drap o' ale,
And arter that, I'll tell a story;

"A tale I read on 'bout a Pig,
Vor I can rade, although no scollard,
And—just let's ha' another swig—
As zoon as ever I was big
Enough to work, the plough I foller'd.

"Now as for this here
Pig, 'twas in
The Peaper as I
read about un;
And when I tells thee
he was thin,
I zays enough to make
thee grin:
Thee doesn't look
vor much good
out o'n.

"Well, I 'ool own
that I do love
To look on a good
pig—a vat un,
Of varty score or
thereabove,
One upon barley male
that's thruv,
I likes to punch his
ribs, and pat un:

"And then to hear un, when you pokes un,
Make answer to 'ee in a grunt,
Much as to tell 'ee you provokes un,
And that it bain't no use to coax un
To move, because a zays, 'I wunt'!"

"And sich a precious Pig, mayhap,
Was he whiereof I'm now a spakun,
But layun down to take a nap,
This Hog did in his valley drap,
By manes o' lozun all his bacon.

"The Pig, at Ripple Farm, nigh Deal,
Was lost, and five long weeks a missun;
Stole, as 'twas thought; vor zome don't feel
No shame nor fear a pig to steal;
However he warn't stole, not this un.

"One day, a shepherd working 'bout
The yard, to his surprise and wonder,
You'd ha been took aback no doubt,
Lo and behold! the Pig ereeps out
Of a straw-heap as he'd got under.

"It zeems the Pig had fell on sleep,
As many pigs have done afore un:
Thrashing machine hard by kept pouring
The straw upon un, 'neath the heap
Whilst a lay comfortably snorun.

"A couldn't stir wi' all that load on,
And did to sitch a shadder pine,
The zow as bore 'n ood scarce ha know'd un,
For livun Skelnton I'd ha show'd un,
If he'd a bin a Pig o' mine.

"But, now, a Pig, spiled droo starvation!
There couldn't be a crueller loss,
'Tis bad enough to zee a hoss
All skin and bones; but wuss vexation
A skinny Pig to come across."

When SIMON thus had made a finish,
Brisk MOSES, with a grin, replied,
"Without thy victuals for to bide
That while in straw 'd make thee look thinnish,
I vaney, too, 't 'ood shrink my hide."

A SUM FOR SOMEBODY.

If wheat is 44 shillings a quarter, how much is it a year,
and what will be a fair average price for chaff?

THE LOCOMOTIVE TABLE COMPANY,

PROVISIONALLY REGISTERED.

Capital, £20,000,000, at Twopence Halfpenny a Share.

A LETTER in GALIGNANI'S *Messenger* having fully proved the facility with which Tables can be moved by means of a Company, through mere volition, after the hands of the Company have been placed for a short time on the Table, it is proposed that a Company shall be formed for the application of tabular locomotion to practical purposes; to be called the "Locomotive Table Company." The principal object of the Association will be, to supersede Steam Engines on Railways; an improvement in travelling by which, it is hoped, many serious accidents will be prevented which would otherwise have occurred. The Table will be placed where the engine is at present, in front of the train; it will go on grooved castors: and a certain number of the Directors of the Company will be seated at a board in connexion with it; which will insure that additional guarantee of safety so much wanted on railroads.

As the movements of the Table can be guided by the volition of one individual, the Chairman of the Company will supply the place of Engineer; assisted by the Secretary in the capacity of Stoker.

The expenses involved in carrying out the Company's object will not, it is expected, be very considerable; but Shareholders will be required to pay down the whole of their subscriptions, as the projectors anticipate some little difficulty in obtaining credit.

Three things a Married Man cannot do.

(By one who has reason to know them.)

To keep his temper because dinner is not served the very moment he comes in.

To see how it will be possible to take his wife out of town *this* year.

To go out to dinner without wishing to "give five pounds to stop away."

A PHILOSOPHER WANTED.

We have heard of advertisements for a hermit; and, indeed, we believe that there is now an opening for a respectable recluse at Vauxhall to sit in his cell, surrounded by his cat and his cabalistics, till the hour fixed for the fireworks; but we never, until the other day, met with an announcement intimating that the services of a philosopher may be made available. The following *bona fide* extract from one of the papers is rather curious:—

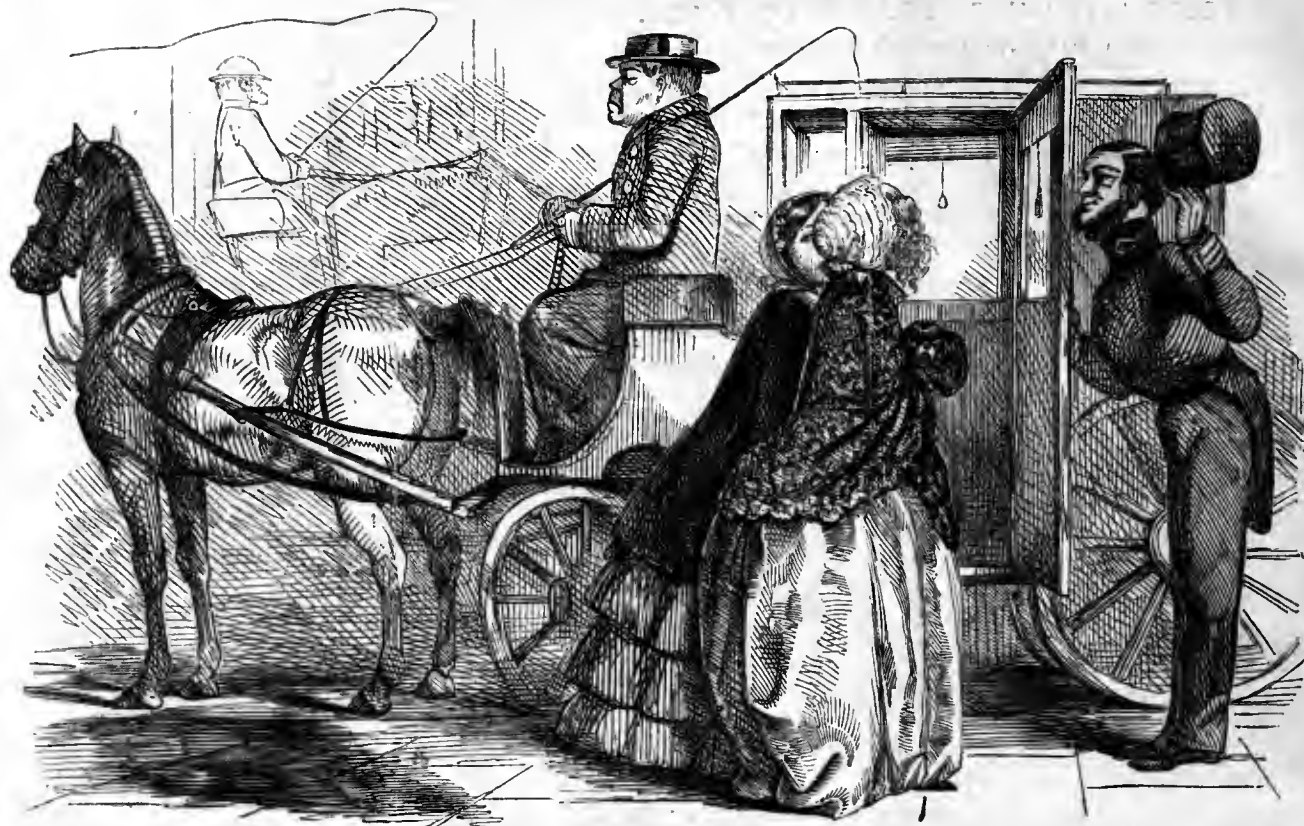
WANTED, A YOUTH OF GOOD CLASSICAL EDUCATION (well grounded in *composition* and *logical analysis*), as Clerk, to aid in *arranging* and getting up a *New Edition* of some *Philosophic Works*, illustrated with diagrams, and for *general business*.—Address, stating *height, age, &c.*, to —, Post Office, — Court, London. Salary to commence, **10s. 6d.** per week; and if found suitable, he might reside in the establishment.

A youth of good classical education who is expected to live on ten shillings and sixpence a week should indeed be accustomed to composition, for he will probably have to effect a composition with his creditors. He is, it seems, to aid in getting up some philosophic works; but the most philosophic work of all will be the labour of looking with philosophy at his own position. The stipulation that the young philosopher shall state his height seems a strange one; but, perhaps, it is the moral elevation to which he has attained that he is required to notify. If the young philosopher is found "suitable," he may, it seems, share the privilege conferred by MOSES on his poet and reside on the premises. He would, of course, be treated as a philosopher of the Attic School in the apportionment of his lodging.

A FINANCIAL ACHIEVEMENT.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has a right to expect that his repeal of the duty on eggs will be illustrated in his hatchment.

FINE ARTS.—They are busy embellishing Buckingham Palace again. We wonder what architectural enormity it will be like when it is completely beautified?



THE UNPROTECTED PROTECTED; OR, CABS AS THEY WILL BE.

Polite Policeman. "THE DISTANCE, MISS, IS EXACTLY TWO MILES, AND YOU WILL HAVE THE GOODNESS TO PAY THE DRIVER ONE SHILLING."

AN ODD PATTERN FROM MANCHESTER.

If there is anybody unable to form a conception of chaos, here is an advertisement, extracted from the *Manchester Guardian*, which may assist him in that difficulty.

TO BE LET Cheap, yet (several houses been lately let) the Strongest, Best-built and Finished **HOUSES** in the county, lately thoroughly beautified, stand high and dry, and on the healthy, clear, airy west, and to windward of Manchester, away from the swamps near the river northward, and the stench of the river and canals, &c., southward, the flats south-easterly, and altogether with smoke, &c. &c., to leeward of the whole easterly and north-easterly, at from £26, all prices to £100 per annum, some with coach-houses. Two splendid **MANSIONS**, at £100 per annum each (the faculty often urge patients to go up towards Pendleton); and Building Land, one plot of freehold, adjoining Swinton Park, and about an acre full of very pure filtered spring water, fine for a brewery. Numerous other plots, in the best localities for building, at various rates. Windsor Bridge Junction Railway Wharfrage to all parts of the kingdom.—A few Houses, in gardens, yet on Sale: many sold to pay 8 or 10 per cent. The new measures of government are likely to reduce interest to 2½ per cent.—All true, and no puff, as may easily be seen, on correct examination, by any person sufficiently interested to do so.—The rents of the above to commence on the 24th of June.—Apply at Iligh Street Cross Lane, Salford.

Not much else than the idea of mere confusion may at first sight appear derivable from this masterpiece of incongruity; but on a closer examination of it, we learn that there are some directions in which the wind never blows at Manchester: the wonderful abodes alluded to therein lying to the windward of that city, and having on their leeward all its exhalations, including smoke and unspeakable &c. &c., to the north, south, east, north-east, and south-east. It might nevertheless be imagined that these various effluvia were offered at from £26 to £100, if we were not informed that there are some with coach-houses, with which &c. &c. of that sort are not usually connected.

In order to be satisfied on this point, we should be under the necessity of applying at the Weather Office, if there is one at Salford, as well as at the place to which the reader is directed for further particulars. Assuming the statement in question to be correct, and to relate to a locality lying towards Pendleton, we can have no hesitation in admitting that the faculty have good reason to urge their patients to go up in that direction, wherever it leads; that the hint as to investment is well worth the notice of capitalists who want more than

MR. GLADSTONE'S per centage for their money; and that the announcement in so far as it is intelligible, is "all true, and no puff"—not even the slightest puff of unpleasant &c. &c.

SCULPTURE FOR THE LONDON CORPORATION.

WE are enabled to give the subjects of the six pieces of Sculpture which are to adorn the Mansion House:—

1. The LORD MAYOR Screening his Coals.
2. Lame Ducks Dabbling in the French Funds.
3. The Death of the Stag in Capel Court.
4. LOUIS NAPOLEON hugged by a Stock-Exchange Bear.
5. City GANYMEDE carried away by the French Eagle.
6. SIR PETER LAURIE "putting down" a sovereign for the benefit of a poor Needlewoman.

The latter subject, however, has been cancelled; it having been considered too personal, or perhaps, too figurative for the hard realities of stone. The following idea has been substituted, and is to be executed *in alto relievo* on the portico of the Post Office:—

6. Expulsion of the Franks from St. Martin's-le-Grand by ROWLAND HILL.

The Exeter Hall Ring.

DR. CUMMING is always challenging CARDINAL WISEMAN to meet him—and CARDINAL WISEMAN is always too wise, or too indignant, or too frightened to accept the invitation. Amongst religious sparring circles, these two belligerents are known by the names of:

THE MAN THAT'S ALWAYS CUMMING, and
THE MAN THAT ALWAYS AVOIDS CUMMING.

OUR insane Correspondent informs us that the RT. HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is familiarly called, in monetary circles, "Exchequer BILL."



"I say, Old Fellow, how do you go to the Derry this year?"
"Oh, the old way—HAMPER AND FOUR."

OUR HONEYMOON.

SUNDAY, MAY 18, IS—

VERY late this morning; so worn out and tired by the storm of yesterday. However, very happy indeed, and very thankful, and *no temper*—that I felt assured of—*no temper* to perplex me. All things seemed to return to me with their first happiness upon them. I was so happy! I sat waiting for FREDERICK, all ready for church—that dear little church! And the sound of the bell—sweeter and sweeter still—came over the fields, and my heart seemed to open to the music.

At this minute JOSEPHINE with staring eyes and pale face glided into the room. Something was the matter. I saw it: something, and all my happy feelings were but to mock me.

"Don't be frightened, Ma'am," said JOSEPHINE, "for it may be nothing after all."

"What's the matter? some of your idle apprehensions," and I tried to be indifferent.

"But to be sure," said she, "it was nothing less than tempting fate to eat a morsel with such cattle,—I mean the gypsies, Ma'am."

"You didn't think so with your spoon in the dish, JOSEPHINE."

"Why, Ma'am, cold and hunger can't be over nice. Still, we may all of us pay pretty dear for that beans and bacon. Eating of stolen goods! What *could* come of it? As I say, it was tempting fate."

"What *is* the matter? Speak at once, or go about your business."

"Well, Ma'am, it's this. That gypsy tent, Ma'am—don't be alarmed; but you recollect that baby?"

"Of course I do. What of the baby?"

"Well, they've all been down with the small-pox, and the baby worse than any of 'em."

Suddenly I felt cold at the heart. "Ridiculous," I said, and shivered.

"Bless you, Ma'am, you should have seen how the landlady jumped when I told her."

"And what right have you to tittle-tattle with the landlady?"

"Why, Ma'am, it was only natural; for though I said nothing about eating beans and bacon with the creatures, still I *did* say how we'd taken shelter with the gypsies, and warned ourselves over their fire; and how you nursed the baby, and how the baby's mother wanted to tell your fortune and—and all that time the landlady, who'd started from me, as if I'd been any snake, stood and stared, holding the toasting-fork atween me and her, as if I was pison. 'Been with the gypsies!'—says she—'then you'll sicken and have it! Why, MR. SIMMONS—our parish doctor—has been in such a pucker with the creatures. Never, he tells me, in all his practice saw such small-pox in his life.' Oh, Ma'am! I don't care for myself *much*—and I don't think you do. But, Ma'am, has master ever been vaccinated?"

"That's a very tender question, JOSEPHINE," said FREDERICK, coming into the room at the time. "Are you particularly interested in the subject?"

"Missus is, Sir," said JOSEPHINE, stealing a look at me. "For my part, I wonder why in a decent Christian land, they suffer gypsies at all. I'd have 'em all burnt."

"If that's your Christianity, JOSEPHINE," said FRED, "I think you'd better make the shortest way to church, and change it."

"Not that I bear malice to anybody"—cried the girl—"only supposing, now, that you or Missus, or both of you—for I don't care much for myself; beauty's only skin-deep—both of you was to be pitted!"

FREDERICK stared, and then I told him the bad news. He laughed, but I could see he was vexed, anxious.

"Wasn't it a pity, Ma'am," said JOSEPHINE, and I could have killed her—no, that's wrong, but the world's down, so let it stand—'wasn't it after all a pity you didn't go to SQUIRE BLISS'S house—to Beanblossoms, and then you wouldn't have had beans and bacon, with perhaps the small-pox in the bargain, in a gypsey's tent?"

I felt the blood rush to my face, and I fairly trembled with passion. "Come," said FRED, "a brisk walk over the fields—we shall not be too early—and we'll pray for ourselves and the gypsies."

"La, Sir!" cried JOSEPHINE, with a look of wonder at the monstrous notion.

"It may do us good, and can't do them any harm," said FRED, and away we went; and somehow my heart was lightened by his manner; and although, now and then, a gloomy thought would steal upon me, I was—considering the circumstances—very cheerful. At times, I felt a little faint, and then I couldn't help asking myself—and how my heart did *knock*—"if this should be a symptom!" We'd gone on for some time in silence, and still my mind brooded: still I caught up again and again the looks of the gypsies, and again and again dismissed the thought with a smile at its folly. It was plain that FREDERICK knew all that perplexed me.

"I'm certain, LOTTY," said he, "it wouldn't make the least difference."

"What?" I asked—for I couldn't do less than ask.

"Not the least difference, love. In fact, after a time—a reasonable time—there's no beauty between man and wife."

"That's as it may be," said I, a little drily.

"None whatever. In six months, and I don't think I shall know whether you've a nose on your face."

"We'll, I'm sure!" said I.

"It is even so, LOTTY," continued FRED. "Even so, my love. And I much doubt whether—in less time it may be than that—whether you'll remember it as a daily matter, if I have two eyes or only one."

"Indeed, FRED," said I, "you are very much mistaken. *Quite the reverse*. However, you may overlook my nose, I trust I shall never be blind to your eyes."

"That's a pity, my dear," said FRED, "a very great pity."

"I don't see it. Quite—I mean, quite otherwise."

"For this reason," and FRED laid his hand over mine. "Man and wife make—or should make—to one another faces that are not faces of the flesh. The mind, LOTTY, and the affections gradually make the noblest and the brightest looks of no more account than so much stuff in garments. And thus, as I say, I shall forget whether you have or have not a nose—not but what it's a nose of the nicest self-assertion—and you'll equally forget."

"I can't," said I, "whatever you may."

"And thus, my love," continued FREDERICK, quite as if I hadn't spoken, "thus, at the very worst, and with your very darkest apprehensions realised, I shall love you quite as well mimed by the small-pox."

"FREDERICK!"

"Mimced by the small-pox," he repeated, in the coolest manner,— "as now, with your face as smooth, as white and pink as face of shepherdess in Dresden china. And for this reason, as I say; you will have made for me such a beautiful face in your daily mind—such a sweet and lovely presence by your affections—that the mere visible outside"

"Don't tell me," said I, "a husband is just as proud, or ought to be, of his wife's beauty, as ever; and if not, it's only a proof of the insincerity of the sex. I quite agree with you that"

"What's the matter, LOTTY?" asked FRED, as I thought, very seriously.

"Matter! What do you mean?"

"Ar'n't you well? You look a little pale."

"Ridiculous, FRED; never better," though I thought I should drop. "Depend upon it, although the face of the mind, as you call it, may make people forget their other faces, I shall take care of *mine* to the last."

"Very right, my dear; very proper. Only if accident or sickness—such evils *do* happen—should spoil it, 'tis as well to have something ready—that neither age nor disease can change or tarnish—something ready behind it. I feel rather odd symptoms, myself"—I hardly knew whether he was in jest or earnest—"but what of that? I know you'd love me all the better, the uglier I looked to the rest of all the world."

"To be sure," said I.

"And here we are at the church-door, where we ought to take off, and set aside all the pride and vanities of the flesh, even as one takes off one's hat."

And as FRED spoke, who should come up, but SQUIRE BLISS and his

daughter, and with her—and her arm in his—a gentleman, evidently *no relation*. I don't know how it was, but all my temper seemed to die within me, and I felt quite happy, seeing them so *comfortable*. FRED bowed; and I made my *best* curtsy to Miss BLISS, and then into the church.

We had a beautiful sermon; but the text startled me a little—from JOB: "*I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.*" And as the dear good man went on in his homily upon the dust and ashes of flesh, and upon the vanity of blooming looks, and perishable beauty, I did—once or twice—seem to be in the gypsy tent; and do what I *could*, could not help smelling the beans and bacon.

On leaving the church, we again met the BLISSES in the porch; and the Squire shook FREDERICK by the hand, and MISS BLISS offered me hers. I grasped it very kindly; and then a pang went through my heart; for I could not but think, if it should be all true about the gypsies!

A SCHOOL FOR CABMEN.



THE alarming ignorance of certain cabmen was alluded to by an honourable member, in the discussion on the New Cab Bill, who complained that a driver frequently did not know the East from the West End of the Metropolis. We should not be surprised at the introduction of a clause into the new Bill to compel every cabman to wear a weathercock in his hat, with the points of the compass distinctly marked to prevent the possibility of his mistaking the East for the West for the future. We confess that, though we have met with some very lamentable specimens of ignorance in the cab-driving fraternity, we have not found the sort of Gothicism complained of, though a driver's want of information of other kinds has been painfully manifest. For example:—we never met with a cabman, who upon his legal amount of fare being placed in his hand, was not perfectly mystified, and who did not exhibit a thirst for knowledge by exclaiming, "What's this?" with peculiar emphasis.

On points of distance, also, we have found a fearful amount of error in the cab-driving mind, and a tendency to exaggerate space, which, though indicative of what may be called enlarged notions and a grasp of idea, is too closely connected with a grasp—or take in—of another description, which is far from respectable. The arithmetical qualities of a cab-driver have always seemed to us considerable; for we never met with one who in multiplication and addition was not advanced far beyond ourselves, when he came to multiply miles and add up eightpences. It is proposed to submit cabmen to an examination previous to granting them their licenses; and as we know the effect of a cultivation of the "*ingenus artes*" in softening the manners, we may hope for a good result from acting on the suggestion.

When we remember, however, that education *non sinit esse ferus* (does not permit us to become brutes), we may, perhaps, fear that it may not permit any part of the population to become cab-drivers. This would be true if cab-drivers were to remain what they are; but Mr. FITZROY'S New Bdl will, we hope, tend to that elevation of the species, which will tempt us to look upon the cab-rank as one of the most polished ranks of society.

Haberdashers Eclipsed.

SINCE the time when children were offered to MOLOCH, the most alarming sacrifice on record—not excepting the sale of MESSRS. RAGSWORTH'S Stock at a loss of sixty per cent.—is the sacrifice of £7,000 which Mr. SMYTHE confesses that he performed in 1841, in order to obtain a seat in Parliament for Canterbury.

Royal Sport in Austria.

WE are sorry to learn that the physicians of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA the other day interdicted His Majesty from his snipe-shooting. They might as well have allowed him to amuse himself by shooting snipes, and contented themselves with recommending him not to shoot patriots.

TARTUFFE AT THE CONVENT GRATE.

(DEDICATED TO MR. CHAMBERS.)

THE tinkle of the convent bell, so dolefully that rings!
I hear grand music in its chimes; they promise famous things.
Toll, sexton, for the dead-alive: there's triumph in thy knell,
More glorious than the conquest-peal, or jocund marriage-bell.

Lo! there the wither'd Brides of Heaven, so wan, and pale, and gaunt,
Are stalking, in their wedding shrouds, a nuptial dirge to chaunt,
With ghostly love the eyes are glazed behind their veils that shine:
Of all those souls the masterdom and lordship may be mine!

Say I am their Confessor!—what need hinder me to be?
To me they'll bare the secret heart, and crook the lowly knee;
Ay; they will kneel, I know, to me, and that is all I know,
For aught the holy Brotherhood, whose mask I wear, can show.

Oh joy, oh pride, to hear my Nuns wail out their dismal hymn,
To organ's growl, mid tapers' blaze with curling incense dim!
Oh brave, for me to hearken while their grim hosannas rise,
And sniff the thurible's rich smoke of fragrant sacrifice!

Revered for might to loose and bind—the false priest as the true—
Will they not wor-ship me, indeed, with soul and body too?
Our portals closed against the world—who list outside may knock—
This is the Power of the Keys!—the Convent gates to lock!

For that no thanks to PETER: to more generous friends owe we
Religious prisons, suffer'd on Religious Freedom's plea:
Hurrah for such like Liberty!—that Priestcraft soon may reign—
Will they withhold the Stake from us who trust us with the Chain?

MODEL HOUSES OF CORRECTION.

NOT know what to do with our convicts? Don't we!—we should rather think we did. Set them to hard labour; keep them at it from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, with intermissions of just ten minutes at each meal to swallow their victuals in—wasting no time in mastication. Let them not perform their task in an airy and spacious ward, but fag them, by gangs of ten or twelve, in almost airtight garrets of about a dozen feet square, whereof the atmosphere for many hours is flaring hot with gas, and is at all times loaded with a deleterious excess of carbonic acid. Put their lungs on short commons, as well as their stomachs; stint them to a limited quantity of oxygen, the same allowance to last them a long while by being breathed repeatedly over again. Half suffocate them perpetually by way of secondary punishment; wring it out of the rascals in perspiration. As for their sleep, never suffer them to take it coolly in a ventilated cell; give them dormitories, each barely capable of holding six rogues of moderate dimensions, and squeeze into every dormitory six large rogues. Huddle them together so that they may be mutually unpleasant. Afflict them, by these arrangements, with heat, giddiness, headache; give them the benefit of an occasional fever; let them carry away the seeds of consumption in their chests for prison keepsakes. Moreover, and into the bargain, give every one of them, finally, a sound thrashing, without which, in undergoing the sufferings above prescribed, they will endure no worse hardships than those which honest milliner girls, earning their living by their industry, are subjected to in the City of London workrooms.

Nitrous Devotions.

By our *Times* Correspondent we are informed that a certain GENERAL PERRODON

"has been appointed Director of the service of gunpowder and saltpetre at Paris."

This service is performed, both at Paris and at Rome, for the maintenance of the present order of things.

THE PROPERTY OF THE BRIGADE.

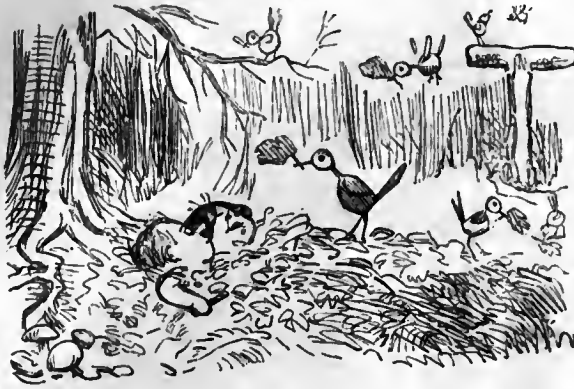
THE Irish Members object to the Income-Tax; but we should think that the impost which they would feel most oppressive, would be the duty on personal(i)ty.

THE CHINESE REBELLION.

If the Emperor of China does not take care, the rebellion in his dominions will present us with the most wonderful case ever known of "Tea and Turn-out."

POCKET LEGISLATORS.—Considering how many members purchase their seats, most of the Laws that are made in Parliament may be called Buy-Laws.

THE ROBIN OF HYTHE.



AKE note, Mr. PUNCH! as you listen for a while, Whilst the crystal fount of Helicon I hob in, And I'll sing a little ditty, your attention to beguile, Of a most phrenological Robin. Not that Robin who of old fell in love with JENNY WREN, And—declaring her to be his “winsome marrow”—

First treated her with cherry pie and currant wine, and then Was feloniously slain by a Sparrow; But an heir of those good birds, who on finding in a wood, Two little babes, with hunger sick and weary, Sat and nursed them till they died, and then built, as best they could, A tomb, that will be still *perennius ære*. In the ancient chureh of Hythe they've a quantity of bones, Skulls, *humeri*, and *scapulae*, (ah! drat 'em! I Forget the other names,) ranged in order on the stones, Of the crypt by some student of anatomy. And the sextoness affirms, as this cheerful sight she shows, (And in Hythe 'tis the only Exhibition,) That the owners of these bones, by the ancient Saxon blows, Were brought to their present sad condition: They were Britons, she declares, who to perish in the fight

For the sunny hills and vales of Kent were willing; But poor fellows, all they've gained by their valour, is the right Of now and then procuring her a shilling. Now, not very long ago, as she swept the crypt one day, She was startled by a funny kind of tapping; And knew not, for a moment, if to faint or run away From what seemed to be a Spiritual Rapping; And you'll readily imagine her terror and surprise, When she found that the funny noise proceeded From a highly-polished cranium, within whose hollow eyes Was a something that *would* move whenever she did. In the greatest trepidation off she ran to fetch the clerk, The sexton, and the beadle, and the vicar: Says the sexton in a passion, “It is some howdacious lark!” Though the tapping grew much louder and much quicker. Says the beadle in a tremble, “I shall soon see what it is In this skull that is a wrigglin' and a bobbin'!” But as he put his hand to it, there came a sudden whiz, And out scuffled—not a lark, but a Robin. At her eggs the vicar started, and so did all the rest; 'Twas so strange in such a resting-place to see 'em, And they all of them concluded they would confiscate her nest To the profit of their singular Museum. But ever since that day when the skull and nest are shown, A little bird *will* whisper the spectator— “I'd as good a right as they, if the truth were fairly known, Of that skull to make myself the conservator; Pray what *have* these Britons done, that every stranger's hand With their bones should be familiar, if it pleases? Or that in a crypt, on shelves, their honest skulls should stand, Ranged in order, much like gallipots or cheeses? And if to save their native land their lives they really gave, In that native land I think there can be no man To say their relics should not have a sexton and a grave, Instead of a mere theatre and showman.”

ON THE PRESENT INFERNALLY LOW STYLE OF DOING THINGS.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

“MY DEAR PUNCH,

“I HOPE you see now the consequences of that free-and-easy style in which you have been accustomed to talk about Ministers and gentlemen, and generally about persons infinitely your superiors in station. Low people are losing all sense of their situation. The country is going to the deuce, and will soon be unfit for a gentleman to live in. In fact it will soon be as bad as America.

“Now do look at matters, like a man of the world, without any of that infernal humbug about duty, and public interests, and progress, and the masses, and sanitary reform, and baths and wash-houses, and all that sort of trash. By Jove! it's enough to make a man sick. My good fellow, I know what ‘shop’ is. I've not been in Parliament these fifteen years, and six of them a Lord of the Treasury, without being perfectly well aware that newspapers, like public men, must go in at that style of thing. It pays—tells on circulation and popularity, as the case may be. I know that. Of course, if I were an editor or a Minister, I should talk the same rubbish myself. I often do, as it is, in the House. But what I want now, is to speak *seriously* to you, as one man of the world to another.

“Things are really looking infernally nasty in our direction—for what you call the upper classes—that is for the right sort of people—people one knows and can get on with. There's an ill-natured, meddling, democratic spirit at work everywhere—I don't mean only in politics, but in private life, Sir. Now there's sporting. As a man of the world, of course one goes to the country for hunting and shooting. Well now, here are these infernal railroads cutting up some of the finest counties in England—all to pieces. The fellows get their Act of Parliament, and go slap through a man's country without with your leave or by your leave, or any consideration whatever for one's amusements. That settles one's hunting. Then, as for shooting. Your low, canting, Manchester radicals have poisoned the farmers' minds about game preserving, and hedges, and so on, till I expect in ten years' time there won't be a hare, or a partridge, or a pheasant, in the three kingdoms. Now I ask you candidly, how is a gentleman to take an interest in his place without his hunting or shooting? Turning farms into a set of cattle or corn manufactories! Upon my soul it's sickening! And then to see men—really of some standing—men like CARLISLE and STAFFESBURY, going about and lecturing to those discontented, infidel vagabonds, the ‘operatives,’ as they call themselves, and getting up baths and wash-houses, and bringing forward long-winded rubbishing

motions about ‘Health of Towns,’ or ‘Common Lodging-houses,’ or ‘Vaccination,’ or something or other of that kind. I always feel as if touching one of the bills would give one the itch.

“But what's worse than all this sentimental cant, is the stuff people are beginning to talk this session about purity, and public virtue, and conscience, and so on, in connection with matters between one gentleman and another—such as the Elections, and the Public Offices, and the House. If it stopped at the newspapers, and the spouting clubs, and the public-houses, one wouldn't mind. But by Gad, Sir, it has got into the House of Commons with the low fellows who've found their way there since the Reform Bill.

“And really, now-a-days, a gentleman never knows where he's safe. Those Election inquiries this Session. Was ever anything like them? Raking up a man's arrangements with his agents, and turning a fellow out, by Jove!—as if it was nothing—for some twopenny-halfpenny matter of a tavern bill, or a breakfast, or a few sovereigns given to some drunken vagabond for his vote? As if these things were not necessary—as if they weren't regularly done, and hadn't been going on always, and weren't perfectly understood among people who know what things *are*; in short, among gentlemen and men of the world. And then there was that ‘W. B.’ business; and now there's this Dockyard Inquiry. What business on earth have the public with that sort of thing? It's not in their way, any more than the etiquette at a drawing-room, or the rules of the Jockey Club. Gentlemen understand the thing. These ‘revelations,’ as they call them, are matters of A B C with us. Nobody thinks the worse of BERESFORD or STAFFORD, poor fellows! But then there's the bore of being found out, or rather of having low people thrust their noses into the matter, and talking infernal nonsense about it, and forcing Ministers and fellows in the House of Commons to talk a lot of stuff about Purity, and Principle, and all that sort of thing. It's all nonsense.

“The fact is, the masses, as they call 'em—that is, people one doesn't know, people who don't go anywhere, people who are not in society—*can't* understand these things, and have no business to meddle with them; and I don't believe they would care a rap about them, if it wasn't for you editors and fellows, who keep writing down every thing that's at all the thing, and putting nasty, infidel, democratic Yankee notions into other people's heads. But you'd better mind what you're about, or I can tell you you'll be bringing another French Revolution about your ears. That began with putting down the Aristocracy—but see what it came to before it stopped. By Jove! you'd better mind what you're about.

“Your constant Reader (though you *do* publish a great deal of rot and cant),

“A MAN OF THE WORLD.”



THE HAT-MOVING EXPERIMENT.

IT IS NECESSARY TO GET A HAT. TWO OR MORE PERSONS PLACE THEIR HANDS ON THE RIM THEREOF, THE LITTLE FINGERS OF EACH PERSON BEING IN CONTACT. IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES OR HALF-AN-HOUR, OR PERHAPS MORE, THE HAT WILL BEGIN TO JUMP, AND REVOLVE RAPIDLY.

(N.B. The Party above, with the Moustaches, thinks that in the pursuit of Science he could perform the Experiment over and over again.)

THE LIVING—AND THE DEAD.

“CIVIS”—a Parishioner of St. Botolph Without, writing to the *Times*, informs us that

“The present very excellent incumbent has voluntarily closed the churchyard, and his income from surplice-fees is consequently reduced to £90 per annum, making in the whole £140 per annum, out of which he has to find himself lodgings.”

It is to be hoped that this truly reverend gentleman will be reimbursed to the amount of the surplice-fees which he has resigned—with a trifle over, in consideration of the saving in human life and doctors' bills which he will have effected in his parish by closing an intramural burying ground. In the mean time, cannot the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the Bishops lay their heads together to make some arrangement, which may prevent necessitous parochial clergymen from being driven—like the Ghoules of Oriental story—to get their sustenance out of churchyards?

THE POET'S CORNER.—Any corner but the Cornucopœa!

LIBERTY FOR LADIES.

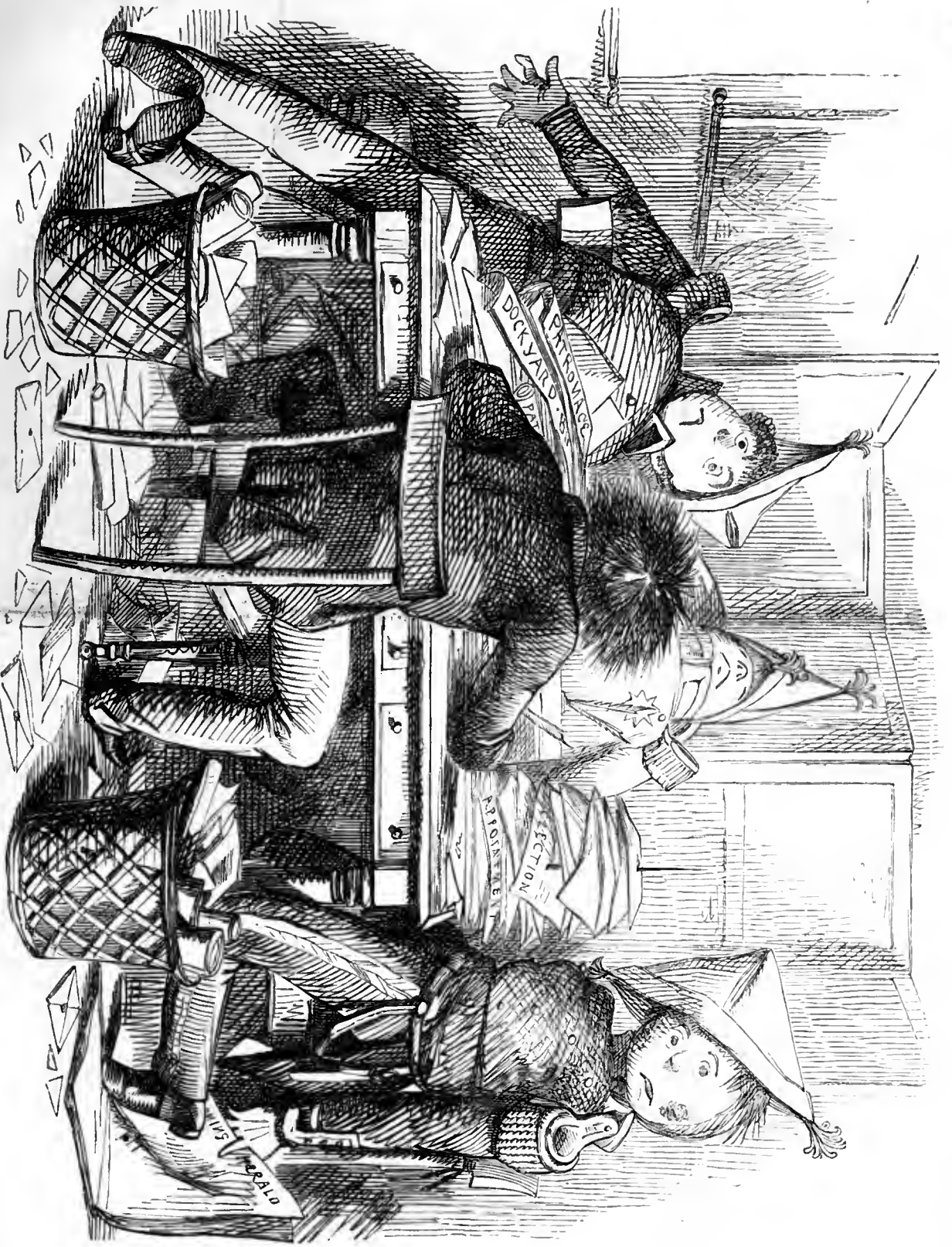
“MR. PUNCH,—They say something about there is to be a bill or a law, whatever you call it, for the recovery of personal liberty in certain cases, to protect *nuns*. I wish LORD-WHATSHISNAME or MR. COBDEN, or whoever it is, would make it apply to *married women*; there are some I know, who would be sure to take the benefit of the *Act*.”

“Yours' ever, PATIENT GRIZZLE.”

“P.S. My husband has been *cross* all the afternoon, because the *potatoes* were not done, and is now consoling himself with a *cigar* in the *dining-room*; besides which, I long *in vain* for a change of air, to go and stay a month at the *sea-side*.”

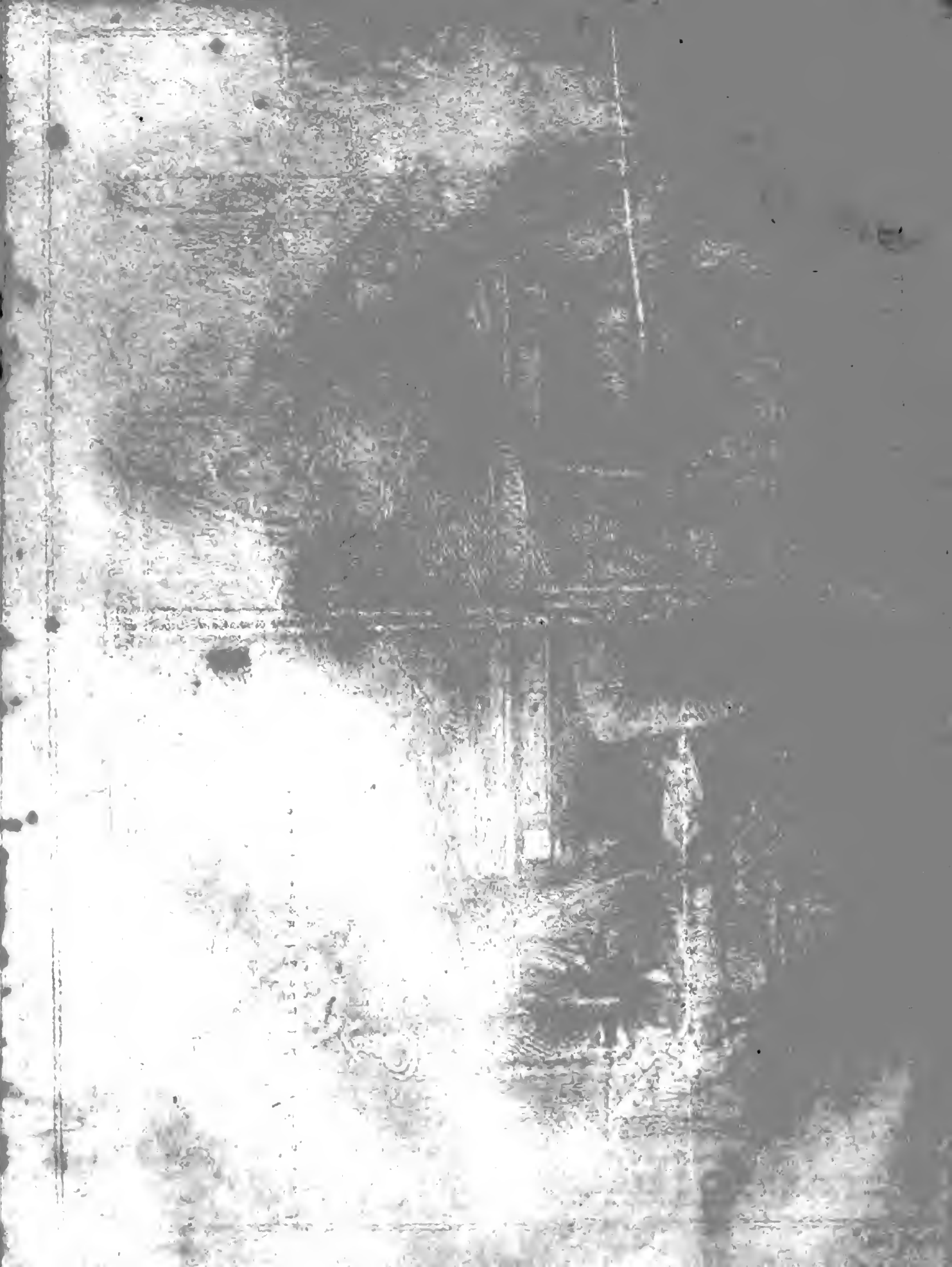
An Injured Patriot.

A LIBERAL Member convicted of having bribed his constituents ought to have a statue instead of losing his seat; for is he not a true patriot, seeing that he has bled for his country?



PORTRAIT OF AN "ADMIRALTY BOARD."

(After a Design by the Duke of Northumberland.)



THE BRIBERY RHYMER.



VERY man has his price," said WALPOLE, and, judging from the late exposures, we think the same may be as safely said of every borough. The "rotten" ones especially are now in such bad odour, that the fittest agent they could have, we think, would be a Disinfecting Agent: and we fear there are but few which, like the water of the Thames, are not chiefly noted for impure constituents. We may almost question the existence of a "free and independent," whose vote is never influenced by the way in which he's treated: and we regard as a myth that highly moral Agent, whose "expenses" once were known to bear the test of a Committee-room. In short, we are convinced that our elective system, as at present exercised, would furnish us with quite as many cases of corruption as any of our naval depôts for "preserved" meats.

That the evil is extending there can be little doubt, and only a SIBTHORP would venture to defend it. Various antidotes have been prescribed both by Parliament and the Press, and as members of the latter body, we may fairly move for leave to bring in our amendment.

We consider then, that by an early course of treatment the cure for Bribery should be intimidation. Belonging, like a baby, to the class of crying nuisances, we think it may be fairly dealt with in the cradle: and we would, therefore, have our nurseries instil a wholesome horror of it. Its name henceforth should be the infantile "Old Bogey," and our nurses should parentally be aided in investing it with all the alarming attributes of that mythic personage. Fractional infants might be threatened with the "dark room" of the Carlton; while the "black man in the cellar" would have a fitting substitute in that terrible individual who is known as "W. B." Instead of introducing them to imaginary "Forty Thieves," we would have our children made acquainted with the rogues of an election. *Beware of Bribery* should be their second round-hand text, and the first thing in the spelling-book a spell against Corruption.

The same wholesome lesson might be taught through the medium of those senseless rhymes which are indigenous to the nursery, and which the present May of Intellect ought to put aside as obsolete. We have a national contempt for these unmeaning *Humpty-dumpty's*: and we are resolved, that when our stereotyped "press of business" suffers, we will seriously incline ourselves to the task of their amendment. Meanwhile, upon a subject so suggestive as the present, it were easy to throw a little reason in the rhymes: and so, calling on the Mothers of England to use their voices in the matter, to them we specially dedicate the first page of our intended *Bribery Rhymer*.

AIR—"Hush-a-by Baby."

Bribe away, Agent, to the Poll-top,
Where the wind's raised the voters will flock:
When the House meets a Committee they'll call,
Exposed will be Agent, voters, and all!

AIR—"I Remember, I Remember."

I'm a Member! I'm a Member!—
But my time will soon pass by:
They'll unseat me in December
For my treating in July,
All my buying, all my buying
Has turned out a perfect sell:
And in wishing for admission
I have been let in as well.
I'm a Member, &c.

AIR—"Humpty Dumpty."

DUMPTY STUMPY sat for Blackwall,
Until a Committee they happened to call:
All his Club's money, and all his Club's men
Can't make poor STUMPY a Member again.

AIR—"Sing a Song of Sixpence."

Sing a song of Bribery
Done upon the sly,
More than twenty Members
Eating humble pie:

When their case is opened
How very small they sing,
Protesting on their word they never
Sanctioned such a thing.

The canvassing was innocent,
The Agents pure as honey—
But somehow the elections cost
A pretty sum of money:
And cross-examined voters
Will probably disclose
That some of the "expenses"
Were contracted 'neath the rose!

THE PRINCE OF THE PENNY-A-LINERS.

DURING the Whitsuntide holidays, our contemporaries of the Newspaper Press were sadly at a loss to fill up the gap occasioned in their columns by the absence of what is called—by courtesy we suppose—Parliamentary Intelligence. It has been hitherto customary to look at an early gooseberry through the magnifying glasses of the imagination, and make the alleged enormity of the bulb the subject of a lengthy paragraph. The public, however, are not made gooseberry fools of quite so readily as they used to be, and even the monster cabbage has lost that hold upon the general sympathy which an abundance of greens among newspaper readers could once secure for it. Mountainous gooseberries, and forest-like cabbages having—as subjects for paragraphs—run thoroughly to seed, the penny-a-liners have fortunately caught hold of one SIDI, an African prince, who having luckily dropped in for a night at an hotel at Southampton, has furnished food to the paragraph fraternity.

We are told, in twenty-one pennyworth of very passable newspaper prose, how SIDI "sat in the hall of the Hotel smoking cigars;" how, "although highly intelligent, he did not betray any emotion in his countenance;" how "his diet consisted chiefly of mutton chops;" how "he slept in a bed;" and finally, how "he wore European trowsers, which were almost concealed by his robe"—a fact, therefore, that could only have been ascertained by the inquisitive penny-a-liner having rudely raised poor SIDI's petticoats. As the newspaper historian has carefully chronicled these facts, we must presume that he regards it as a marvel that SIDI went through the various processes described; and we must confess our own surprise at the absence of all emotions on the part of SIDI, whose conduct would have seemed perfectly natural to us had he betrayed a strong inclination to tomahawk the penny-a-liner for his impertinence. That SIDI's diet "consisted chiefly of chops" was, perhaps, fortunate for the Reporter, since, if SIDI had taken a fancy to calf's head, there is no knowing what might have happened to the "Own Correspondent" of a respectable newspaper. The African seems to have astonished the weak mind of our informant by sleeping in a bed, though we really cannot see where else SIDI was to have slept, unless he preferred the tap-room, whose sanded floor might have reminded him of the Desert.

How to improve your Style.

THERE is one great benefit to be gained by imitation, however annoying or disgusting it may be at the time. A man learns his errors, and improves his style by it; for, however blind a person may be to his own faults as long as they are kept to himself, he very soon detects them when he sees them in another; and as imitation loves to exaggerate everything it imitates, there is very little fear of his not seeing them. For this reason every popular author should encourage, or even keep an imitator; and the more imitators he has, the more he will improve his style.

SPADES CALLED SPADES.

FOREIGNERS do not well understand the constitution of our British Parliament. They would comprehend it better if one place were to be denominated the House of Inheritance, and the other the House of Corruption.

EPIGRAM ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE trustees of this place on such daubs spend their gold,
That the picture is bought whilst the buyers are sold.

A BELLYFUL FOR FRANCE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON proposes to restore the Political Chop. [His friends, the Jesuits, will perhaps persuade him to revive also the Theological Stake.

POOR GROG.—The Rapping Spirits pay no duty; but then they don't rise to proof.



"Going to the Hortycudral? Eh? Well, I shouldn't wonder if you got the Prize!"—"Noa! Do yer think so?"

CLERICAL CASUALTIES.

THE writer of "Notes and Sketches," in the *Morning Post* remarks that "The possession of affluence in certain cases is one of the accidents of the clerical profession."

Accidents will happen in the best regulated families. This is one that occurs rather frequently in the household of Mother Church. We daily hear of reverend gentlemen, who are already well provided for, tumbling into benefices and bishoprics: and public attention was called only the other day to the case of a prelate who has tumbled into some lucrative coal-pits.

Paterfamilias to the Priests.

CEASE your nunning.
Force or cunning
Never shall my ehild trepan;
All the wires pull'd by friars
Shall not hook my MARY ANNE!

GREEK PIPE.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON have published the *Bacchæ* of EURIPIDES, which may be recommended to undergraduates in preference to cigars.

Rules of the Election Market.

(As laid down by the Free and Independent Candidates and Voters.)

THE CANDIDATE'S RULE.—To Buy in the Cheapest.
THE VOTER'S RULE.—To Sell in the Dearest.

SINCE LORD WARD has become the purchaser of the properties and costumes of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, some wicked wag has conferred upon him the title of LORD WARDROBE.

THE FASHIONABLE FRENZY.—The poultry mania may be defined to be a morbid tendency to brood over chickens.

THE ROYAL ARMS IN DANGER.

It was with truly affectionate alarm that we witnessed the erection of a scaffold a little while ago in front of Buckingham Palace. We began to fear that it might be again necessary that the Royal residence should be permanently enlarged, to correspond with the recent permanent enlargement of that very popular periodical (every new number of which is greeted by the nation with all the affection due to number one)—the Royal Family. We should have been extremely sorry to find that the comfort or convenience of the inmates demanded a further outlay in bricks and mortar on Buckingham Palace, and we were, therefore, delighted to discover that the scaffold was only rendered necessary by some repairs that were needed to the arms of Royalty. It appears that the Unicorn had got something which turned out to be a sparrow's nest—some believed it to be a mare's nest—in his eye, while the Lion was suffering severely from the loss of the tip of his tail, which was frost-bitten, and had crumbled off during the continuous cold weather in April.

We are happy to say that everything which skill could devise has been done for the noble animals, and the application of Paris plaster to the Lion's tail has restored it to the proud position which it ought to occupy. The Unicorn's eye has been cleverly couched, and its cure is now a matter of ocular demonstration to everybody. The wounds of the animals having been dressed, the interesting creatures were supplied with an entirely new coat of whitewash, in time to correspond with the new uniforms that will be worn on the occasion of the birthday of HER MAJESTY.

THE SACK OF THE CARLTON.

THERE is division in the Tent,
Split is the Camp of Toryism;
The Carlton Club—the hope of Rent—
Is rent, itself, in twain with schism.

The Derbyites, that gallant band,
Against the valiant Peelite crew,
Stand foot to foot, and hand to hand,
As French and English used to do.

Arise! oh, Manchester! arise,
Now is the time your game to bag;
Go, take the Castle by surprise,
Plant on the walls your cotton flag.

Up with the drab: down with the blue,
Ye men of peace, ye sons of twist;
For you the fortress may subdue
Without the need to clench a fist.

By GLADSTONE'S aid you're safe to win,
His friendship your success insures;
For when he let his party in,
Of course he made a breach for yours.

The Slave-Owner's Testament.

It would be a gainful speculation for an enterprising publisher to get up, for circulation among serious slave-owners, a Family New Testament with the objectionable passages expurgated; the passages to be expunged as objectionable being those whereby the practices of buying, selling, flogging, and otherwise treating black men and women like beasts, or worse than beasts, is forbidden in the injunction to act towards others as we would have them act towards ourselves.

A Growl over the Counter.

THERE is a law sadly wanted to enforce something like civility on the part of those who sell the postage-stamps at the different post-offices. Really, unless you purchase a quarter of a pound of tea, or a quire of paper, or a pot of pomatum, the discontented shopman begrudges his services, and fancies he is conferring a favour by letting you have a postage-stamp.

AN EMINENT ARTIST.

WHY does the French Emperor's genius resemble that of a Dutch painter?—Because His Majesty evinces a turn for Execution.

WOMAN THE WOOLER.—An eminent legal functionary, in sittings after dinner, defined an action for breach of promise of marriage to be "Nisi Prius Courtship."

PRETTY STUFF!



MERCHANT of Vienna has succeeded in manufacturing spiders' threads into woven tissues. We cannot tell how our young ladies will like to wear dresses that are made out of spiders' threads. Even though the stuffs which are manufactured from them, are said to be "far superior to those of silk in beauty and delicacy of fabric," still we cannot for a moment believe that our elegant beauties will like to go to a ball in a *glacé de Spiders*, or will care about heightening their charms with a lovely *Tortilane*

d'Araignées. [If the mere sight of a spider—if the mere knowledge of one being in the room—is more than sufficient to send any delicate-

minded lady into hysterics, what, in wonder, we ask, will be the effect when she is asked to put on a dress that is confessedly made from the threads of those "nasty little creatures?" It is not a bit too much to say that it will fairly be the death of her.

We are sure this odious tyrannical fashion (and we ardently hope that all English housemaids will be more vigorous than ever in sweeping away cobwebs this year) has been invented by some iron-nerved *marchande de modes*, who wishes to encourage her trade by making up these dresses, and taking very good care not to inform her customers of what sickening material they are made, until they are completely finished and sent home. There is no doubt the fashion will be a great boon to ladies'-maids in general, as no lady will think of keeping by her such a dress, when once she has been made acquainted with the secret of its manufacture. There is nothing wanting to complete the *mauvais ton* of these spiders' dresses, than to have ladies' shoes made of rats'-skins, and their gloves manufactured from the cuticles of little mice. All the horrors—all the objects of woman's fear—should be concentrated together—but we have written so much upon this disagreeable subject that we feel positively unwell, and must leave off to ring the bell for some burnt feathers, or else we are sure we shall faint. We have only sufficient strength left to gasp out the hope that JENKINS, our dear JENKINS, will, as he values his reputation, write something upon this hysterical theme. All our hopes are in JENKINS!

ADMIRALTY PROVERB (*for the use of young Lords*).—"You may take a Ship to the water, but you cannot make it swim."

THE BREAK-DOWN OF THE DERBY LOT. BY W. B.

(*Late Whipper-in, and now ready for any job about the Carlton Stables*).

It was in the Carlton Stables
As I was bred and trained;
At first I served my time as vip,
And at nuffin never craned,
And ven the 'untin season
Was over for the year,
I took my turn at Jockeyin',
'To sarve my Guv'nor dear.

Me and my mates we made our books,
At any hodsds we got on;
On our own lot for the Derby
Didn't we just put the pot on!
For we 'd 'ands as 'ad no ekal
At patchin' hup a screw;
And for turnin' coats of man or 'oss
We knowed a dodge or two.

The fust 'oss in our stables—
YOUNG BEN, it wos 'is name,
His blood it was Arabian,
Or hall as is the same;
An uncommon lively goer,
Though his month was rayther 'ard;
And YOUNG 'ARRY LENNOX rode him best
Of all boys in the yard.

Then we 'd a nag called WALPOLE,
A pleasant thing to ride;
But for DERBY work, Lor' bless you,
He 'adn't it in 'is 'ide:
I always told the Guv'nor
He warn't an 'oss to trust—
And he warn't; for he showed nowheres
'Arter his starting bust.

COLONIAL wos a clumsy 'oss,
And 'evy in the 'and;
For performances provincial
'E werry 'igh did stand:
They thought he 'd make good runnin',
Though they howned he wanted show;
But I always told our Guv'nor
The pace he couldn't go.

Then we 'd a black colt, JOHNNY,
From the well-known BELVOIR Stud;
Some was uncommon sweet on 'im,
'Acos they knowed the blood;
But 'is legs they wasn't well set on,
And he warn't strong in the hack—
Just the thing, though, for a lady,
Or a hout-an-hout Park 'ack.

And some upon the STAFFORD colt
The hodsds did freely take,
A beasy-going nag he was,
Springy and no mistake.
As lively as a kitten,
In his gallops makin' play,
But when it comed to doin' work,
I knowed he couldn't stay.

The hugliest 'oss of all the lot
Was MALMESBURY by chalks,
He was lazy in his gallops,
And sulky in his walks;
An 'oss as on the British turf
Could never 'ave a chance;
I did 'ear talk as 'ow they said
He 'd been shipped hoff for France.

Well, our DERBY lot was hentered,
And we laid our money free:
There was BROWN and 'ARRY LENNOX,
And cute OLD MACK, and me.
To make the other stables safe,
In course, it was our haim;
Blest if we stuek at trifles,
Bein' hup to hany game.

Both at the Corner and the Ring
We freely laid our blunt;
The race came hoff, the DERBY lot
Got well away in front.
YOUNG BEN made all the runnin',
(I always knowed he would,)
Waited on by JOHNNY RUSSELL,
And artful CHARLEY WOOD.

Our other 'osses was dead beat
Before they reached the turn;
There was WALPOLE reg'larly pumped out,
COLONIAL far astern:
The RUTLAND colt and MALMESBURY
Was both at their last kick;
STAFFORD tried every dodge he knew,
But couldn't do the trick.

I soon saw it was H - U - P,
Unless YOUNG BEN could stand;
He still made gallant runnin',
Though not well 'eld in 'and,
Till they come to Budget-Corner,
Where the ground was soft and loose;
He went at it with uncommon pluck,
But it warn't no sort o' use.

RUSSELL challeng'd him o' one side,
And WOOD upon the other,
Neck and neck then for a minute
They were all in dust and smother:
BEN's jock tried whip and iron,
But it wasn't to be done;
And they passed the post afore him,
Nigher three lengths than one!

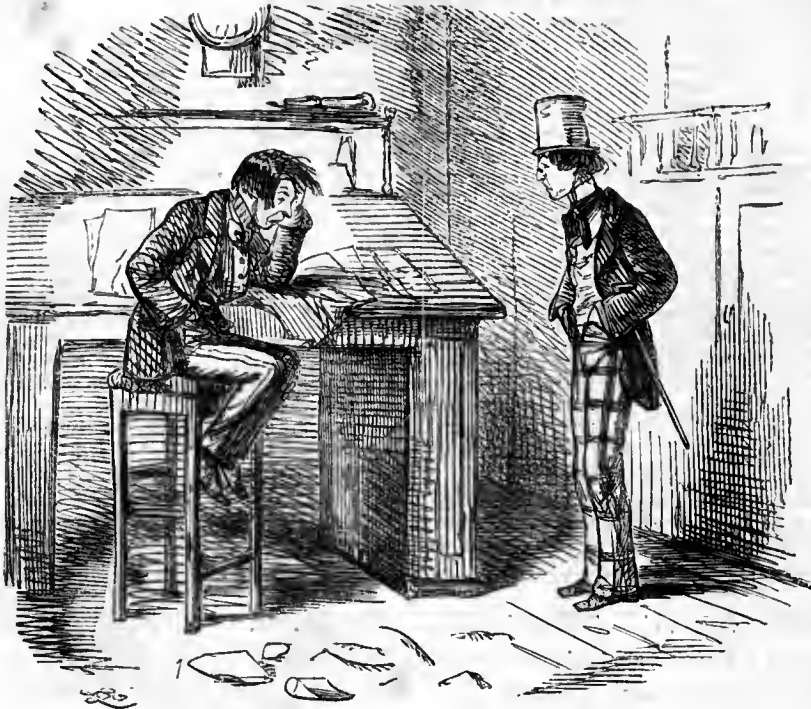
Well—I never did see nuffin
(I've seen most things I may say)
Like the folks about our stables,
When it come to settlin' day:
We 'd took the 'hodsds-like Britons,
'Cos, in course, we rode to win;
Not thinkin' if so be we lost,
Where we wos to find the tin.

Well: in course, we did the best we could,
But we all was werry sad;
And some on us lewanted,
And some went to the bad:
And the nastiest thing about it
Was a parcel of low snobs,
As went blowin' of our dodges,
And little stable jobs.

And when they peached about us,
The Guv'nor, I must say,
He didn't stand by the stables
In a hupright, downright way.
Wouldn't give us no characters,
Nor swear through thick and thin;
We 'd tried to pull him out o' the 'ole,
And he let 'em put hus in.

So I lost my sitivation,
And my parkisites and all,
And to look out for another
It ain't no use at all.
If it warn't that as a vip I gets
A hodd job now and then,
I might starve about the yard, I might,
Like hother "good, safe" men.

So if you 'll stand a pot, master,
It's thankful I should be;
I little thought 'twould ever come
To this, with W. B.
I've seed the day I 'd turn my nose
Hup at less than 'arf-a-crown,
But that was in old times, afore
Our DERBY lot broke down.



THE MORNING AFTER THE DERBY.

First Gent. "WELL, NED, HOW DID WE GET HOME LAST NIGHT?"

Second Gent. "OH, I DON'T KNOW! DIDN'T I GO HOME WITH YOU?"

LIVE LEGGED TABLES.

HEY! The world goes on improving,
Really, at an awful rate;
Now we've got to Table moving:
Quite absurd it seems to state.

People sitting round a table,
Hands conjoined upon it lay,
Presently, unless they fable,
It begins to spin away.

If mesmeric power is in you,
And sufficient force of will,
You can cause it to continue,
Disconnected, spinning still.

Am I sleeping, am I waking?
In my boots or in my bed?
Walking on my heels, or making
Progress with inverted head?

All discoveries this surpasses,
Which of marvel are a theme,
None will now remark, but asses,
"Wonderful invention, Steam!"

What will't lead to that's a question,
To be ponder'd on—because
It concerneth our digestion,
Which must rather give us pause.

At our dinner whilst we're sitting,
With vitality imbued,
Suddenly the board may, flitting,
Walk away with all our food.

Heedless of our prayer to tarry,
It may start, defying chase,
Out of window fly, and carry
Our provisions into space!

THE GROCERY GRIEVANCE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE grocers have been meeting in great force on the subject of their alleged wrongs, and are so indignant about what the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER intends to do with tea, that they threaten to make "tea and turn out" their watchword against the Government. Somebody having spoken of "raisins," there was a general recommendation that they should deal with nothing but tea, and keep tea separate from everything else: a resolution which we hope may be carried into effect, for "tea, separate from everything else," is a luxury we have never been accustomed to. We cannot believe that any body of grocers can keep tea distinct from all the various articles that go to turn eight ounces of sloe leaves, two of birch broom, and about six of half dirt, half Congou, into a pound of Twankay. When the tea trade moves against the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER he must be prepared to meet the rod, for a body of tea-dealers, holding so much birch in their hands, must always be formidable to a Government.

One of those present at the meeting objected to the payment of duty on the lead and wood in which tea is packed, and he asked indignantly what on earth could have put it—meaning the lead or the wood, or both—into the head of MR. GLADSTONE? It is rather too much of a good thing to find such a love of justice and fair dealing arising in a class who have, hitherto, written honesty in sand—and such sand as they have charged at the rate of fivepence a pound under the saccharine *soubriquet* of sugar. It is somewhat too late for them to talk of keeping tea separate when, for years, they have been in the habit of mingling the small genuine leaf of China with the foliage of our native hedges, and our British cabbage grounds.

Imperial Wonder.

STRANGE! I must govern with an iron rod,
Elected notwithstanding I have been
By Universal Suffrage. Very odd!
I can't get on without the Guillotine!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR OF PUNCH presents his compliments to LADY ELIZABETH BOUCEF, and is extremely sorry he cannot possibly oblige her Ladyship with the "Orders for ten," which she has been kind enough to write for "any day next week" for the Royal Academy, as it has never been the custom of the Press (Mr. P. regrets to state) to write Orders for that "most amusing Exhibition."

ADMIRALTY PITCH AND TAR.

THERE is a particular quality about Admiralty Pitch and Tar that does not defile. Touch most Pitch—dabble in most Tar, and you cannot help coming out a little dirtier from the process. But Admiralty Lords have something so pure about their persons that no dirt, no stain, nothing defiling, will cling to them. Somehow, the more they are smeared over, the cleaner they look afterwards. It is like cleaning spoons; it only dirties them for the moment. Give them a good rubbing—and they have had rubbing enough lately—and you will see they will shine with a higher aristocratic polish than ever. Look at the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND. His stars, and garters, and coronet, were all over pitch and tar. He was up to his neck in it; and yet is he any the less clean, the less bright for it, now? Does he shine with less dual radiance than before? Has not the Admiralty Pitch and Tar only been so much rose-water (it wouldn't be a bad name, by the by, for the Lords of the Admiralty to call them ROSE-WATER TARS!) sprinkled over him? What would have defiled any one else, has been a bower of fragrance, a fountain of perfume to him! In fact could not MR. DELCROIX, or BREIDENBACH start a new perfume? He might call it "*Le Bouquet de Tar*," or "*L'Extrait de Mille Fleurs de Pitch*." No Government officer's handkerchief, no First, Second, or Third Lord's dressing-case would, we are confident, be without it.

Untaxed Successions.

WHILE the Government was about imposing a new tax on Successions, it might have recollected that there will be a Succession to the Registrarship of the Canterbury Prerogative Court, and have taxed that abominable sinecure. It might also have taken a pretty percentage out of the succession to monstrous episcopal incomes, super-opulent stalls and rectories, and all other lumps of ecclesiastical fat, which are at present bolted entire by gaping pluralists.

THE BRIGADE'S BLUNDERBUSS.

SOME of our own regiments are armed with the new Minié rifle; in others old Brown Bess still reigns as the queen of weapons; whilst the arm on which the Irish Brigade relies may be said to be the Pope-gun.

TOAST FOR REFORM BILL ANNIVERSARY.—Every Borough its own Monger.



First Swell. "WHAT AN ASTONISHING COAT, GUS!"

Second Do. "YA-AS! YOU SEE ALL THE SNOBS DWESS SO INFERN'LY LOUD—THAT FWED AND I THOUGHT WE WOULD COME DOWN VEVY QUIET!"

OUR HONEYMOON.

MONDAY, MAY 20, 18—.

ELEVEN days longer, and then—home!

I never thought to count them, but a letter from the Cottage—after all, I can't abide to call it the *Flitch*, and so I told FRED at breakfast, when in his *own odd way*, he advised me to change it for *Beans-and-Bacon Lodge*, which I certainly shall *not* do—a letter *does* make me anxious. SUSANNAH's gone—married herself off at a day's notice—and dear Mamma advises me, if possible, to bring up a nice, innocent, country servant with us.

"A delightful idea," said FRED, when I'd foolishly read as much to him. "Blushing, budding innocence; fresh as a Covent Garden bough-pot. If you like, my love;"—he said, with all the ease imaginable, "I'll beat up the farm-houses."

"You're very good, FRED"—said I, a little nettled. "Very good. Perhaps, Miss BLISS might be able to—"

"How lucky! How *very* lucky," and he clapped his hands so delighted, that it actually brought the blood into my face. "If you hadn't named her, I should have quite forgotten"—

"Forgotten what?"

"Why, the lines. Can't get any lines here. So I've sent to London, and if they've not come down, why—the fact is, as you will allow, my dear LOTTY, we can't quit our quarters to-day."

"And why not?" I asked with my best astonishment. "And what, I should like to know, have fishing-lines to do with the matter?"

"Everything, my darling. You remember that you cut Miss BLISS's line?"

"It mayn't be very much to speak of,"—said I, getting a little warm—"but I should think I did;" and I felt as if I could have cut it twenty times over.

"Very well. Having destroyed the young lady's property, it is nothing more than merest honesty to make it good again. I have written to town, and if it's sent, we'll step over to Beanblossoms, and you—my love—as the offender"—

"What do you mean by offender, SIR?"

"My dear!" cried FREDERICK, jumping from his chair and seizing hold of my hand. His looks quite alarmed me.

"What's the matter, FREDERICK?"

FLOWERS OF PROMISE.

AN orchard in bloom in the sunny spring
To me is a wondrous lovely thing;
The silver cherry, and creamy pear,
And the pure white plum look passing fair;
But fairest of all is the apple, o'erspread
With its ladylike blossoms of white and red.
With strange delight on the scene I dwell,
It breathes a soft and dreamy spell;
Such magic as the Past can raise;
It conjures up my early days,
When I learned to read in Nature's book;
And oft was wont, with earnest look,
On the flowery trees to stand and muse,
Whilst rapture would my eyes suffuse,
And I cried as the bright thought flashed on me,
"What a jolly lot of fruit there'll be!"

Campaigning at Chobham.

SOLDIERING, as about to be practised in the "Camp at Chobham," appears likely to be not at all dry work. The journals have announced that

"Indeed, the locality is altogether damp, so much so, that an order has been issued by the Commander-in-Chief, granting permission for the troops to sleep on palllasses instead of upon the ground as usual."

The military experience of the Chobham Camp will, at this rate, probably include actual service in the face of the enemy; as the forces will doubtless be attacked by Rheumatism.

French Literature.

LAMARTINE has already written one "Restoration"—the Restoration of the Bourbons. Let him now employ his pen (that pen which, remembering the noble things it has written, must have been made out of a quill dropt from one of the wings of Liberty) in writing another Restoration, that of the BONAPARTES—THE RESTORATION OF THE GUILLOTINE!

He never answered; but with a serious, sad eye looked closely in my face—then drew his head a little back, taking another long look. Then he put his fingers on my pulse, and taking out his watch, shook his head, and sighed. I felt quite terrified.

"Dearest FRED—I do feel ill—but no—it can't be—it isn't—you know what I mean—it isn't the gypsies?" (I couldn't say small-pox; it would have choked me.)

"CHARLOTTE, my own wedded CHARLOTTE," said FREDERICK, and so solemnly that the words froze me—"CHARLOTTE, my beloved, show me your tongue."

"FREDERICK!"

"The crisis may be very serious"—he said, with the same dark face—"very serious. Still, nerve yourself for the occasion, and—show me your tongue."

I knew he always knew something of medicine—indeed, what is there that he doesn't know something of?—and so, with an odd feeling of unwillingness and I—I don't know what—I *did* show him my tongue.

"Well, I'm very much relieved," said he. "I thought, from the fatal symptoms that your tongue—and it looks in perfect health, my dear"—what a load flew from my heart!—"that your tongue had suddenly become as black as a parrot's."

"Black!" said I.

"Black," said FRED. "The symptoms, my dear; the symptoms," and he shook his head.

"What symptoms, FRED? Do tell me, there's a love; what were they?"

"Symptoms of ague. Didn't you shiver—from your heart up to your mouth?"

"When?" I cried.

"Just now; a minute since. The heart-ague? And the very first symptom, the cold shiver that from your heart to your lips, and so out, shivered icily upon the husband of your bosom the cold, cold word, *Sir!*"

I did feel ashamed; and just to hide my confusion I threw my arms about his neck and hid my face. And then—and then—he declared that, although the symptoms had seemed suspicious, I had no ague at all: *not a bit.*

At this minute—and that girl is always running to and fro when she's not wanted—JOSEPHINE brings in a little parcel. It is the fishing-lines. Finding this, I send her away directly.

"Well, then," said I, managing to get the words out, "I'll stay and pack two or three matters, while you ride over to Miss Bliss with the—the lines."

"There's a good girl!" said FRED; and I felt quite faint with his praise. "But on second thoughts, I'll send them. And I tell you what—I shall be busy for a few minutes, and 'twill come better from you—write a little note to Miss Bliss, to accompany the present."

"With pleasure, FRED!" said I; and in a minute I was seated alone at my task. After biting and biting my pen, and spoiling two or three sheets of paper, I wrote this letter:—"Mrs. — presents her very best compliments to Miss Bliss, and entreats to be allowed to beg her acceptance of the accompanying lines as some small, though ineffectual, reparation for the damage unwittingly committed by Mrs. — on the line of Miss Bliss. Mrs. — further entreats to be allowed to hope that the future destiny of Miss Bliss may be intertwined where neither she, nor any OTHER may wish to sever it."

I was looking at it, considering if I could at all improve it, when FRED came back. Twitching the note from me, he ran his eye over it.

"Yes; that will do—very good. Quite a bee of a billet, honey and sting." The packet was made up, given into the charge of the landlady to be despatched, our luggage was all prepared, and at last we were to go.

At this moment comes in one of the men with a long face. The axle-tree of the phaeton had been found broken, and we could not leave until it was repaired.

"My dear"—said I in a whisper to FRED—"depend upon it this is all a scheme to make us stop and spend our money here."

"How about the gig?" said FRED with a determined look.

"Gig all right, Sir," said the man, as I believe taken by surprise.

"Put to the gig, then," said FRED. "JOSEPHINE and the luggage must go on by the coach. They'll be at Brighton before us, then:" and then in a low voice to me, "We shall be all the cosier, LORRY, in the gig by ourselves. Shau't we?" And I pinched the nicest little *yes* in his arm in answer.

JOSEPHINE seemed rather to enjoy the arrangement; and I felt so happy that we were about to move at last. All that was wanted was the bill. The bill was brought, and FRED, taking the money from that big leather foreign looking pouch that he would bring—as if he were going to spend the Bank of England as poor dear Mamma said—settled the account.

"And now, FRED"—said I, "for the rest of the trip, I insist upon being treasurer. Why, what a lot of money you've squandered; and when so many things are still wanted at home. Now, my dear FREDERICK, you must not refuse me. I say, I must be money-keeper till we get safe home again."

"As you like, love," said FRED, in his dear good-natured way: "but 'twill only trouble you. The cares of housekeeping," and he was going to preach, but I put my hand to his mouth; and in another minute, up comes the waiter, and the gig is ready.

JOSEPHINE has her directions, and snug in the gig—with that spirit of a pony that ran away before, not that I was a bit afraid with FRED with me—we do at last drive off, and looking back I see through the dust the landlady still curtsying, and now we turn the corner, and I feel so happy.

"We've stayed a long while at that White Hart, FRED!" said I.

"How long? Six weeks?"

"Now, FRED! I mean we might have seen more variety, not but what I've been as happy as"—

"As the gnats would let you. And after all, LORRY, I've discovered that we fell among the wrong gypsies. Altogether made a mistake."

"A mistake!"

"Yes, they'd never got beyond measles; now the other tribe"—

"Don't be foolish, FRED," and although he declared I should throw him and myself out of the gig, I wouldn't let him speak—at least, not about the gypsies. Still I did thank goodness for our escape! What a calamity to have gone home with!

Well, we enjoyed the weather and the ride; and the time flew, and the evening approached, and we drew near to our destination. It was a day all to ourselves, without a single circumstance to cloud it. We arrived at our journey's end as the dusk was setting in. And I felt it had been the most economic day we had yet passed, for FREDERICK is extravagant—in fact, I'm afraid it's true what I've often heard dear Mamma say, that *all* men are extravagant—the most economic day; we had only stopped twice, dining upon next to nothing, and promising ourselves—that is, I promised for both—to make it up at supper.

We were shown to our apartments at the inn. "All the luggage, Sir," said the man bringing the things from the gig.

"FREDERICK," said I, "the pouch—the"—

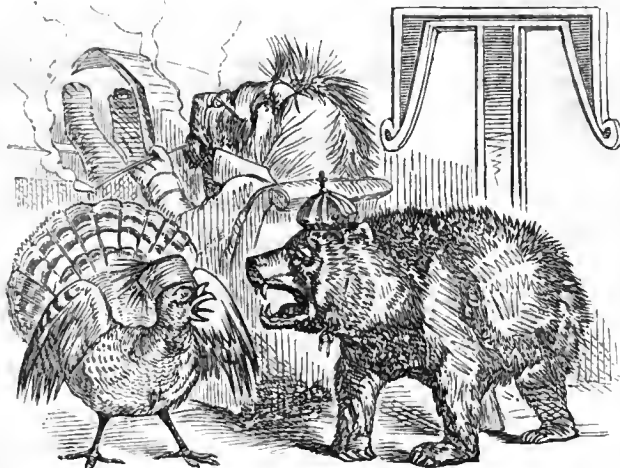
"A leather bag, Ma'am," said another servant, bringing it at the same moment into the room. I took the bag, and—I could have fainted. There was not a farthing in it. I felt myself turn very pale, and couldn't speak. FREDERICK took the bag from my hand; and at the bottom was worn a large ragged hole.

"Why, LORRY, where did you stow this in the gig?" and he almost laughed.

"Why—I—I hung it as I thought at the side of the gig, and—and"—

"Yes, I see; just where the wheel has caught it, and going round and round has worked a hole clean through and—to conclude, we've marked our way with guineas!"

PAWS OFF, BRUIN!



animal. The menaced bird has all the sympathies of the British Lion; but it would be lamentable that the noble animal in question should be roused into a warlike demonstration at the sound of poor dismembered Turkey's drumsticks.

We recommend the Bear to hug himself as comfortably as he likes, in his own security, but we would advise him to keep his paws off from Turkey, who, though incapable of the noble art of Self-defence, may find "troops of friends" when occasion requires. Should Turkey call upon this country, how are we to refuse the aid of our vast establishments, when there are so many establishments in London where a fine Bear is slaughtered every week with fearful facility? We have taught the Russian Bear to shed his dearest grease for our advantage; and though he may vaunt his triumph over the Pole, we would have him remember, that he occupies but a very ordinary position among the heads of our countrymen.

HOMEOPATHIC SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

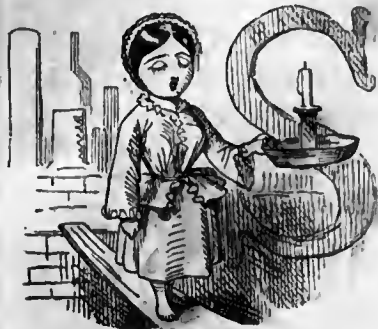
THE *Morning Post* gave, the other day, an account of a homeopathic *conversazione*, whereat, together with musical and other entertainments, amusement was provided to the visitors by means of a microscope. Our contemporary omits to add that the company were gratified by an opportunity of inspecting, through this instrument, an infinitesimal dose of medicine, which was thus rendered as palpable to sight as it can be to any other sense or perception. The *Post* also neglects to state that the active powers of infinitesimal doses were similarly demonstrated in exhibiting the destruction, by the billionth part of a grain of arsenic, of the parasite of a parasite of a lap-dog's flea; to the great diversion of the male spectators: though the death-struggles of the suffering animalcule were a rather painful exhibition to the ladies.

Spirit Mediums.

THE great medium of Spirits, in *Macbeth*, is a piece of gauze, behind which the witches and spirits rise; and in the *Corsican Brothers*, the great spirit medium is MR. CHARLES KEAN, before whom his brother's spirit, or his own spirit, or somebody else's spirit, is continually rising. In other Spirits, we do not know of any particular Medium, for they are generally either very good or very bad—better illustrations of which we cannot instance than real Eau-de-Vie and British Brandy.

PROPOSED MAGNETIC EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.

Under the Patronage of the Mesmeric Exclusive Circles.



SONNAMBULISTS are very bold. They do things in their sleep which they would never have dreamt of doing in their waking moments. Since last we saw *Amina* walk the plank in the Opera, however, we have not known an instance of greater daring exhibited by a Somnambulist, than the following, addressed lately to the *Morning Post*: whether when the writer was asleep or awake, he does not say. The *Post* heads it "*Mesmeric Divination*:"—

"Sir,—Fully aware of the impartiality of your Journal, and of the encouragement which you extend to all who desire to avail themselves of the means your widely-circulated paper affords for the promulgation of useful ideas, I feel confident that you will accord to this letter a place in your columns.

"Up to the present moment, all the attempts made to find the whereabouts of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN have been fruitless, and his family and all interested in the fortune of himself and companions in danger are still left in painful doubt respecting their fate. Every possible means have been adopted—the experienced have been by times consulted. Everything has been tried, with the exception of a Clairvoyant possessing in a high degree magnetic lucidity.

"Thirteen years of my life have been devoted to Mesmerism, and my proofs of the fact of lucidity at a distance have been constant, having myself been the subject of experiments always successful. I am convinced that, by being identified with SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, I shall be enabled to afford valuable information to those who are now anxiously searching for him. In the prosecution of this object, I shall neither regard trouble nor fatigue. Actuated by disinterested motives alone, I am above criticism, and beyond the influence of prejudice. To arrive at the result so much desired would afford me the highest satisfaction, as I shall advance by another step the progress of science.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"16, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

"ADOLPHE DIDIER."

Now this is indeed a most courageous offer. It beats any instance of bravery recorded of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. It beats, indeed, any conceivable act of heroism except one: that of fearlessly declaring to the British public, outright, at once, without preamble or equivocation, where SIR JOHN FRANKLIN is.

The reward of the valour exerted in a declaration so venturesome would be very great. Could a generous nation be too grateful to the seer who had proved the means of rescuing and liberating our brave navigator and his companions from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice?"

All that MR. DIDIER would have to do—according to mesmeric authorities—would be to procure a specimen of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S handwriting, or a lock of his hair, or some other personal chattel or appurtenance of his, and thereby, having had himself mesmerised into the lucid state, communicate with the missing officer, and ascertain his whereabouts. To take such little trouble for so great an object would be worth his while; if only for the sake of the pleasure which attends a benevolent act.

Perhaps MR. DIDIER'S letter in the *Post* was an intimation to the friends of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN that he wished to be furnished with the wherewithal to be placed in "rapport" with him. He means, may be, to say that on receipt of the requisite lock of hair, letter, or pocket-handkerchief, he will set out at once on his mesmeric Arctic voyage of discovery; and publish the results of his expedition as soon as he returns.

But MR. DIDIER is mistaken, in spite of his clairvoyance, in supposing that for the exploration which he proposes to undertake, no trial has been made "of a clairvoyant possessing in a high degree magnetic lucidity." DR. HADDOCK'S celebrated clairvoyante, "E.," went after SIR JOHN FRANKLIN several times, and found him; though she has not enabled anybody else to find him. MR. DIDIER may convince himself of this fact by shutting his eyes, and applying DR. GREGORY'S book upon animal magnetism, at page 410 and the following pages, to the nape of his neck, or whatever other part of his person than the regular organs of sight, he is in the habit of reading with.

If any expense is involved in fitting out the mesmeric expedition into which MR. DIDIER offers to resolve himself, and some difficulty should be occasioned by that circumstance, we are quite sure that, provided MR. DIDIER will, in the presence of competent witnesses, accurately describe what LORD BROUGHAM is about and where he is, at any particular time, in his Lordship's absence, the noble Lord will readily, in his zeal for science, verify the statement: on the strength whereof, the successful sonnambulist may confidently appeal to public liberality.

MR. DIDIER is convinced that by being identified with SIR JOHN

FRANKLIN, he will be enabled to afford valuable information to those who are looking for him. We should rather think so. But his conviction is too modest, it has reason to extend very considerably beyond that. If MR. DIDIER can be identified with SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, then SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, alias MR. ADOLPHE DIDIER, will be found at 16, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

THE PARLIAMENTARY BUSINESS PAPER.

(AS ENGLISH AND SCOTCH MEMBERS APPREHEND IT WILL BE IF SOMETHING IS NOT DONE WITH THESE IRISHMEN.)

No. 98. *Jovis 2^o die Junii, 1853.*

ORDERS OF THE DAY for *Thursday, 2nd June, 1853.*

1. Irish Fisheries Bill.
2. Encumbered Estates (Ireland) Bill.
3. Fights and Ructions (Ireland) Bill.
4. Irish Bogs and Shillalagh's Bill.
5. Workhouses (Ireland) Bill. Committee.
6. Hibernian Harbours Bill. Committee.
7. Ireland's Eye and Hill of Howth Junction Bill.
8. Perjured Witnesses (Ireland) Bill.
9. Irish Elections and Riots Bill.
10. Exemption from Taxation (Ireland) Bill.
11. Orange and Ribbon Lodges (Ireland) Bill. Second Reading.
12. Irish Priests' Protection Bill. Committee.
13. Faction Fight Licences (Ireland) Bill.

NOTICES OF MOTIONS

At the Time of Private Business.

1. MR. LUCAS.—That all English and Scotch Bills be postponed until the Irish ones have been attended to.
2. MR. SCULLY.—That it be a standing order to the Speaker not to see any English or Scotch Member when an Irish one wants to speak.
3. MR. CONELLY.—That the reporters of the London papers be reprimanded at the bar, for not taking the Irish speeches *verbatim*.

Leave of Absence at Half-past Four.

All the Members, except those from Ireland, for the rest of the Session.

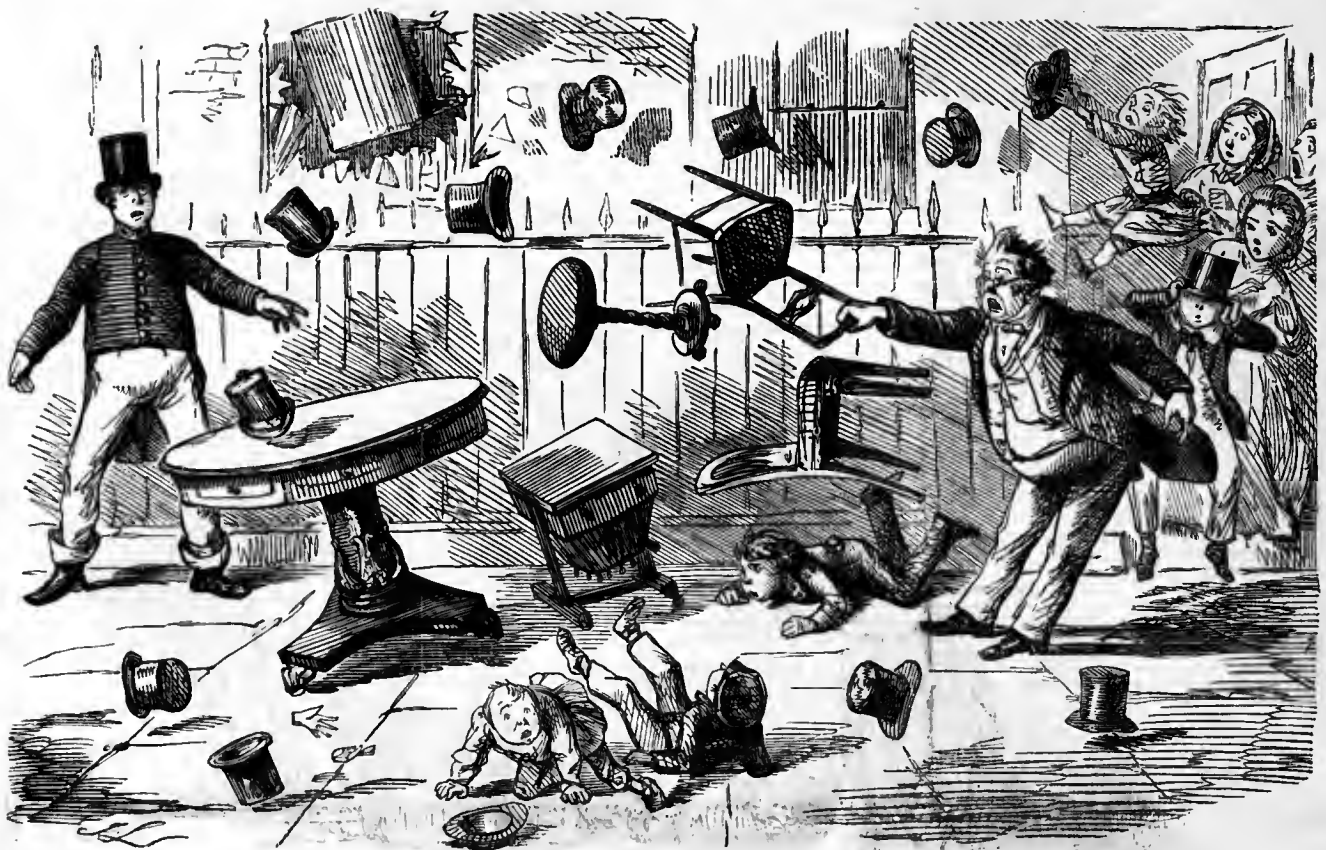
1. LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON.—Daguerreotype portraits of all the young ladies confined in Irish Nunneries.
2. COLONEL DENNE.—Address for a Commission to inquire whether the Crystal Palace at Sydenham should not be moved to Killarney.
3. MR. FITZGERALD.—Select Committee to ascertain how many of the statues in the New Houses of Parliament may be advantageously removed, with a view to the substitution of edgives of BRIAN BORUMÉ, ST. PATRICK, THE IRISH GIANT, DARBY KELLY, TIM MOORE, BIDDY the Basket-woman, and other Irish celebrities.
4. SIR DENHAM NORREYS.—Address to HER MAJESTY, the Queen of Ireland, England, &c., that she will be graciously pleased to order, that at public ceremonies, theatrical entertainments, and other festivities, "*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning*" may be performed in lieu of the National Anthem.
5. MR. G. H. MOORE.—Bill to provide that the Crown Jewels shall be sold, and the proceeds applied to the enlargement of Maynooth College, and that Irish diamonds shall be substituted.
6. MR. ROCHE.—Bill to provide that the laws of the United Kingdom shall henceforth be printed in the Irish language only.
7. MR. FAGAN.—To move that in future the Irish Members shall sit upon the front rows of the Ministerial and Opposition benches; and that places in the Strangers' and Speakers' galleries shall by preference be given to any one applying with a brogue.

In Committee on the Income Tax.

8. MR. M'MAHON.—To move as an amendment, that whatever may be supposed due from Ireland shall be paid by her in the following manner:—viz., two thirds by England; one-sixth by Scotland, and one-sixth by Wales, as heretofore.

[*And so on throughout the Session.*]

ONE (PERHAPS) IN TEN MILLION.—It is a strong matter of doubt where there can be found a man in the world who doesn't owe something to his Tailor.



SINGULAR BUT RATHER ALARMING EFFECT PRODUCED BY IMPRUDENTLY TRYING THE HAT AND TABLE-MOVING EXPERIMENT.

SIR JOHN KEY FOR STUMP-ORATOR!

THE sublime, which generally borders on the ridiculous, has hitherto been considered to be remote from it in the City of London; where the ridiculous was understood to reign alone, or to hold an empire divided only with the LORD MAYOR for the time being, GOG and MAGOG. But a flash of genius has illumined, as with a dying glory, the Corporation whose departure is at hand. Here is a blaze of civic eloquence!—At the late election for Chamberlain—as the papers report,

“SIR JOHN KEY, upon being called upon, came forward and said, that often as he had met the Livery within the walls of that hall, he had never done so with so much difficulty and pain as he did upon that occasion—with pain, because, in the spirit of the warrior who wept upon looking on his army that in a few short years such a number of noble men would be in the silent grave, as he felt pain on looking back and finding that so many coadjutors of early days had passed from the scenes of this world into another state of being.”

Up goes SIR JOHN KEY like an eagle—but he immediately comes down again like another bird, which is in season at Michaelmas:—

“He regretted that statements should have appeared in the public papers, from the other side, very devoid of truth. MR. SCOTT had said, in one of his advertisements, that he was ‘placed in a very painful position’ [A voice—‘Why does he not retire?’]; that he ‘comes forward as the champion of the City of London’ (laughter), and that he would not have come forward if a stranger had not done so. The fact was, that MR. SCOTT was the tool of another person (‘Hear!’ and confusion). SIR PETER LAURIE was that person (Uproar and cries of ‘Shame!’)”

This is indeed a transition from Major Key to Minor Key; this drop from the contemplation of hereafter to SIR PETER LAURIE. It is as bold a plunge into the gulf of bathos as ever we had to notice; and it shows that, however distant the civic ridiculous may be from the sublime, the civic sublime is very close to the ridiculous. But why all this squabbling about a Chamberlainship which will probably soon be numbered with the dodo? The City of London, with the Commission impending over it, is falling out like the city of Jerusalem, with TIRUS and his army before the walls; or rather, like a rookery whose greedy denizens are screaming at one another, whilst the timber merchant is marking the trees.

DUMBERTON'S DRUMS—AND TRUMPETS.

“DUMBERTON'S DRUMS” is denounced by a rather fanatical gentleman in “Waverley,” as “a profane and persecuting tune,” but what shall be said of Dumberton's trumpets, after the following choice *morceau* from the *Dumbarton Herald*. Recording the ceremonies attending the arrival of the Judges at Inveray, the northern MRS. HARRIS remarks:—

“There were two trumpeters whose thrilling notes, in the stillness of this peaceful retreat, must have struck such terror into the hearts of the guilty prisoners, if heard by them, as must vividly recall to them the days of their former innocence, if any ray of the light of conscience were yet flickering within them.”

Very fine, as becomes a virtuous writer; very cannie and cautious, as becomes a Scotchman. The splendid moral lesson read by the too-too-rooey-tooey is duly noted, but there are three “ifs” between that reformatory flourish and its application. “If” the prisoners were guilty, “if” they heard the sound (rather important this), and “if” any ray of conscience, and so forth, the blast did its salutary work. If not, we suppose the trumpets were only as silly blatant as the scribe of the *Dumbarton Herald*. Well, we knew that the Scotch used “three blasts of a horn in the market-place” for the discomfiture of civil debtors, but we never before heard of the trumpet being used by them for the reformation of criminal offenders. It must be a great blow at vice.

Well off for Soap.

THE late Ministers ought to thank the present Government for the repeal of the Soap Duty, since the doekyard disclosures show their hands to be in a state, which ought to make them appreciate the benefit of that remission.

TRUTH AT THE TUILERIES.

My yoke on France does not quite easy sit;
The knife's required her neck to make it fit.

THE SEWERS' RATE.—A continual drain on the purse.



PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS; OR, THE OLD
FRENCH GAME OF THE GUILLOTINE.

THE GREAT GAMES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE
AND THE RIGGED GAMES OF THE OLD

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.



marquees, BAKER AND SON, of Newgate Market, who could bring into the field innumerable barons—of beef—and GUNTER, the very genius of pastry-cooks. Everything is being done to enable the military to realise the idea of a regular campaign, and the undulation of the ground is loudly proclaimed as a proof that the soldiers are to be exposed to the ups and downs of actual service.

It is intended that the gallant fellows shall be exposed as far as possible to all the horrors of war, and there are to be occasional "night surprises," or hoaxes, by which "the camp" will be pulled out of bed at all sorts of unseasonable hours. Whether a system of false alarms is likely to make the soldiers ready at the time of actual danger is best known, perhaps, to wiser heads than ours; but we have heard of the cry of "Wolf" being raised so frequently "in fun," that when it came in earnest, those who had been repeatedly taken in by it were not forthcoming when their help was really required.

We shall watch the ensuing campaign at Chobham with intense interest; and we shall avail ourselves of the access promised by the omnibus proprietors, by taking the box seat at the seat of war, when the military commence their operations. We understand that some engineers will be engaged in destroying fortifications—after having first built them up—and that the process of raising up and knocking down again, will be carried on with all the vigour of a besieging army before an enemy. Unless it is actually intended that the combatants shall kill each other, we presume the weapons used will be of a harmless character; and we should recommend garden engines to the engineers, who by constantly playing upon an opposing force, would harass it rather effectually. If the soldiers are not to be made to stand fire, their courage may be tested by seeing how they can stand water; and in the absence of swan shot, a good ducking would be found an excellent substitute.

AN M.P. IN THE WITNESS BOX.

In a cause which was tried yesterday before MR. JUSTICE PUNCH, a witness was called, who said his name was JOHN TOMPKINS, and that he was a Member of Parliament.

MR. JUSTICE PUNCH said that, considering the peculiar circumstances of this person's calling, and of the society in which he was accustomed to mix, he felt that he could not permit his evidence to be received, without ascertaining what his ideas were with respect to the obligation of veracity. He therefore inquired whether the witness recognised the duty, under all circumstances, of speaking the truth.

The Honourable Gentleman said he would not say that he did not consider that he was bound to be invariably exact in all his statements.

MR. JUSTICE PUNCH desired to know whether the witness was ever in the habit of making assertions in a Parliamentary sense, that is to say, at variance with fact?

The M.P. replied that they were true in the sense alluded to, namely, in a Parliamentary sense.

The learned Judge asked if the Honourable Gentleman would venture to make a statement, in the sense which he termed Parliamentary, on his oath?

MR. TOMPKINS was free to confess that he should not make a statement on oath in that sense, without some degree of hesitation.

MR. JUSTICE PUNCH inquired whether witness was aware of the consequences of swearing in a Parliamentary sense?

The witness gave an indistinct reply to the effect that he had some apprehension of going to another place.

His LORDSHIP said he was aware it was customary not to mention the House of Lords to ears polite in the House of Commons. He was not satisfied, therefore, with the witness's answer. The distinction between Parliamentary truth, and common veracity, was a most immoral, and improper one. The sense called Parliamentary by Hon. Gentlemen was the same thing as the sense called non-natural by the Puseyites; it was simply synonymous with falsehood. A man who would not speak the truth on so serious and solemn an occasion as that of transacting the business of his Sovereign and his country, was not to be expected to do so on any other. He must decline to hear the Hon. Gentleman's evidence; for, by his own admission, he was not to be believed on his oath.

THE END OF BRIBERY.

TUNE—"Portugal."

My friends, with sorrow and with shame,
The circumstances I'll relate,
Before you, why, relief to claim,
I come in this degraded state.

With affluence I once was blest;
But wealth could not my pride content:
Ambition reigning in my breast,
I wished a seat in Parliament.

I therefore for a borough stood,
Which nearly all my substance cost;
And, notwithstanding, 't was no good,
For, after all, my seat was lost.

Upon my agents I relied;
And they in bribery did throw
My cash away on every side,
As husbandmen their seed do sow.

Their secret acts I will disclose,
Which they performed unknown to me;
And you, good people, I suppose,
Have never heard such roguery.

They hired a band of drunken knaves,
With banners to parade the town,
And armed with bludgeons, sticks, and staves,
To knock the other party down.

They paid them at a monstrous rate,
Besides their victuals and their beer;
And what they drank and what they ate,
You never would believe, I fear.

They charged I don't know what for flies,
To bring the voters to the poll,
Who scarce could see out of their eyes,
And could not walk, but only roll.

My money, too, they gave away,
In holes and corners close and sly,
Where, hidden from the light of day,
The voters base they lurked to buy.

And men with faces to the wall
Were bid to hold their hands behind,
And, how they did not know at all,
Gold in their palms did straightway find.

From windows and from curtains thrust
Were arms which sovereigns did bestow,
For which the rogues betray'd the trust
That voters to their country owe.

And now behold my fortune's spent,
And I have been unseated too,
Condemned unto that punishment
For bribery my agents through.

Take warning by this shocking sight,
Your charity the whilst you show,
Since now you see the shameful plight
That Bribery brings a Member to.

Two Things Looming in the Future.

THE Repeal of the Income Tax in seven years.

THE gradual decrease of the Tea Duty until it becomes a shilling per pound.

These things, far distant though they be, are infinitely better, however, than the things hinted at by MR. DISRAELI as "looming in the future," who never would fix any date, or tell us when we might reasonably expect them.

DIPLOMACY.—The art of saying something when you have got nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you have really got something to say.

GREAT CITY RACE.—THE CHAMBERLAIN STAKES.



THIS interesting event has excited a remarkable sensation in civic circles, and betting has been going on during the week to an extent of which the timid West Enders can form no idea. On the Stock Exchange two hats to one were freely offered on SCOTT'S lot (both in beaver and gibus), and a Leviathan book-maker is said to have no fewer than eleven cod's-heads and oysters to match on KEY. Of course this is an exceptional state of things, and we should be sorry to think that it was likely to continue, for the betting mania has, we are informed, penetrated the counting-houses and warehouses of the City in the most distressing manner, and even stockbrokers' little boys are wagering half-sausages and penny Pickwicks on the great event. A trial over the course has taken place, and our artist, as will be seen above, has sketched the scene with a fidelity honourable alike to his powers as a

painter, and his feelings as a sportsman; and, indeed, so vivid is the way in which he has depicted the affair, that we should not be surprised to learn that he had been as near the spot as most other sporting artists ever go to the races they delineate with annual accuracy. In the above the favourites, *Reputation* (KEY), and *Pluck* (SCOTT'S lot), are not shown, but the artist has seized the moment when GILLS, on *Cocklobster*, was thrown, but alighting on the softest part of his person (need we mention his head?), escaped unhurt. *Wheezy* is seen checking the ardour of *Turkeycock*, while *Turtle*, *Cochin China*, and *Cod's-head* are making play, the latter looking a little fishy. *Solan Goose*, ridden by TARTAN, is also shown, with *Michaelmas Goose* by DUSTMAN, and altogether we have great pleasure in presenting our subscribers with

SOMETHING LIKE A SPORTING PICTURE.

LANGUAGE THAT REALLY SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"THE *Times* says, and I'm ready to swear as I copy out the abominable words—

"Was, or was not the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND the most inefficient of dignified nonentities, knowing nothing, learning nothing, and inquiring into nothing?"

"Now, by Jove, that is too bad! Mind you, *Punch*, I do not care whether the Duke is efficient, or not a deuced bit of it! It is a matter of the sublimest indifference to me whether he is really guilty, or not, of all the stupid things that are brought against him; but I do mean to say that language like the above should not, and must not be tolerated in gentlemanly society. All our mess has condemned it. It is uncommonly low, isn't it? Now, supposing the Duke was as black as the pitch he had the privilege of soiling his fingers with at the Admiralty; or even admitting that his conduct was fifty times more corrupt than a jar even of GOLDNER'S filthy preserves, still I maintain that the above is not the style of language that ought to be addressed to a British nobleman! I wish to know whether it is the proper sort of thing to say of a Duke—a Duke too who is alive, a Duke who has a ribbon, and a star and a garter, besides a magnificent house with a big lion on the top of it; and who, into the bargain, had a seat only in HER MAJESTY'S late Government?"

"I wish to know whether it is the proper sort of thing to say of a Duke like that that he knows nothing, and has learned nothing, and won't trouble himself to inquire into nothing? I tell you what, I should like to come across that editor of the *Times*; I would very soon let him know something. The idea of his calling a Duke a dignified nonentity! I wouldn't associate with a man who held such vulgar language; I wouldn't belong to the same club with him; I'd have him expelled—and, I tell you what, if ever he asked me to give him a light from my cigar, I would blow the smoke in his face, on my honour I would. If a Duke is a dignified nonentity—and it's too bad to be called so without the slightest apology—I should like to know what we're coming to, and where we're going to? I hope there's no fear of a filthy revolution, for I have just given 200 guineas for a new horse.

"Just give the chap a rap or two, my dear *Punch*, and teach him to be more civil. I wouldn't give a fig for a man who didn't respect our aristocracy, that I wouldn't. It shows a want of good breeding. I call it deuced low. Isn't it, now, eh?"

"Yours, my dear Fellow, precious put out,

"ONE OF THE GUARDS.

"I say, this camp business promises to be a pretty bore, and in the Opera season, too! Egad! I think I shall sell out."

Safe on Both Sides.

OF all Government appointments, SIBTHORPE says he should like being Warden of the Cinque Ports best, as he should then have the option either to "Cinque, or Swim."

ELECTORAL VICE.

THE *Times* in reviewing DOD'S Electoral Facts says, "There is great virtue in a fact." That may be, generally speaking, but in reference to Electoral Facts, as recently disclosed, we should say, quite the reverse.

Extraordinary Delusion in a Clergyman.

WANTED by a Rector, who is a disciple of HAHNEMANN, a Curate, who will undertake the cure of souls by homoeopathy—on a corresponding salary.

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEEP.—A Tectotaller taking gin-and-water as medicine.

THE BARREL ORGAN.—The vested interests of the Big Brewers appear to be defended by very WIRE-drawn arguments.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—A fast undergraduate does not deserve much credit—but he gets it.

BIG WIGS AND LITTLE WIGS.

It has been long ago "settled," as the lawyers say, that the wisdom is in the Wig; but it now "seems," as the lawyers also say, that the loyalty is likewise in the wig, as well as, perhaps, a number of other grand qualities we had no conception of. The following scene occurred the other day in the Court of Common Pleas, and we transfer it to our own columns with the remark, that it seems to have been expressly got up with a view to our own periodical. We know that there is not much doing in a professional point of view in Westminster Hall, and if some of the Courts amuse themselves now and then by turning themselves into voluntary contributors to the pages of *Punch*, we ought, perhaps, to thank our distinguished *collaborateurs* for their gratuitous—very gratuitous—services:—

"COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, WESTMINSTER, MAY 24.

"(Sittings in Banco, Easter Term.)

"THE BAR COSTUME.

"This being the QUEEN's birthday, their Lordships entered the court in their scarlet robes and full-bottomed wigs. At the bar there were present in the front row SERJEANTS CHANNELL, MILLER, and THOMAS, in their ordinary bar dress. The two former gentlemen, on seeing their Lordships, immediately left the court to change their robes, MR. SERJEANT THOMAS remaining

"The CHIEF JUSTICE.—I am sorry I cannot call upon you, brother THOMAS, as you are not in proper costume.

"MR. SERJEANT THOMAS apologized to their Lordships, and said he had put on his full-bottomed wig, but hearing that the Judges in the Queen's Bench had on their bar wigs, and that the Queen's Counsel in the other courts appeared only in their bar wigs, he had taken his full-dress wig off again.

"The CHIEF JUSTICE was sorry that his brother THOMAS had not paid due respect to HER MAJESTY. His Lordship then called on the outer bar to move.

"SERJEANTS CHANNELL and MILLER, having returned in their full-dress robes, were then called upon to move. The bar having been gone through, the first cause in order for argument was called on, and MR. EDWIN JAMES, Q. C., was sent for, and appeared in a bar wig. On hearing from the bar what had occurred he immediately left the court, and the next case was called on. He shortly returned in his full-dress wig; but not attired in a court dress.

"The CHIEF JUSTICE.—I am sorry, MR. JAMES, you should not have had time to attire yourself properly.

"MR. JAMES begged to apologize to their Lordships. He meant no disrespect to the occasion, but he had found the leaders of the bar in the other courts not in full dress, and their Lordships in the Queen's Bench not in their full dress, and had been thus led into an unintentional breach of etiquette.

"The CHIEF JUSTICE was very sorry to hear that the leaders of the bar did not pay proper respect to HER MAJESTY's birthday. It was the first time that such an omission had occurred in his experience. On the occasion when the LORD MAYOR visited Westminster Hall the Judges were in the habit of receiving them in full costume, and he did not see why any more respect should be shown to the LORD MAYOR than to HER MAJESTY.

"MR. JUSTICE MAULE said the observation of LORD KENON on a similar occasion to a learned Serjeant who did not appear in proper costume might, perhaps, apply to the learned counsel.—"His brother might be excused, for when he came to show cause he would be well dressed."

The reader cannot fail to remark the admirable sense of dignity with which SERJEANTS CHANNELL and MILLER scampered out of Court on catching a glimpse of the scarlet and full-bottomed glories of the Judges. "Brother THOMAS," however, persisting in his most indecent undress, was sorrowfully out according to his cloth by the Chief Justice, who, rather mournfully than angrily, rebuked him for his improper costume. FRA TOMASO was not, however, wholly to blame, for he had, in the first instance, loyally enveloped his head in that ample mountain of horse-hair which, though in form resembling a hay-rick, is in spirit the forensic emblem of loyalty. When, however, the big-wigged brother discovered that the Judges of the Queen's Bench wore only their customary exons, then FRA hurried back to the robing room and divested himself of that hoary pile of equestrian fibre, which, in the first burst of enthusiasm for the QUEEN, he had run his head into. Nevertheless, the unfortunate "Brother THOMAS" was doomed to a further "wiggling" from the Chief Justice, who was "still sorry that Brother THOMAS"—alas! poor TOM!—"had not paid due respect to HER MAJESTY."

By this time SERJEANTS CHANNELL and MILLER had got themselves into a sufficiently loyal state by burying their brows in crinoline, and having taken their seats like a couple of miniature Mont Blancs, they were "called upon to move," and moved accordingly. This "moving" scene was scarcely over, when MR. EDWIN JAMES, Q. C. popped in in a bar wig; but, hearing what had occurred, popped out again. He, however, shortly returned with a head labouring under the several additional pounds of horse-hair required for the occasion; but the Chief Justice, having taken a survey of the learned leader's legs, missed that display of calf which was looked for as a proof of loyalty. The long and the short of it was that MR. JAMES wore long trousers instead of shorts on this imposing occasion, and the Chief Justice glanced at the disrespectful pantaloons with a grief quite inexpressible. MR. JAMES, however, had been quite alive to the intense significance of wigs and breeches; but, having looked to the Judges of the Queen's Bench to set the fashions, he had found those dignitaries "not in their full dress," and had thus, from following the judicial example, been "led into an unintentional breach of etiquette."

After the high authority we have for looking at the full bottom of the wig as the seat of loyalty, we ought, we suppose, to pay more than

ordinary respect to that forensic horse-hair which commands so much attention in Westminster Hall, though it commands so much a pound—and nothing more—in the market.

A PLEASANT SMELL OF POWDER.

IN connexion with the subject of national defences, it may be mentioned that some young gentlemen belonging to a "crack" regiment have raised a subscription in order to constitute a prize, to be offered for the invention of a Perfumed Gunpowder. The realisation of this desideratum will, it is considered, remove the principal objection to eartridges. Gun-cotton, impregnated with musk, is the nearest approach to the odoriferous explosive substance required that has been proposed as yet; but would, it is feared, prove overpowering to friend as well as to foe. A great boon, certainly, would be conferred on delicately organized officers by the discovery of a gunpowder, which, in exploding, would, at the same time, diffuse fragrance around, and scatter destruction afar; delighting those who fire it, and being offensive to none but the enemy.

THE NECESSITY OF MEDICINE.



ONE of the cheapest commodities in these times of cheapness is medical science. A great reduction has occurred in surgical ability; there has been a tremendous fall in pharmaceutical and obstetric skill. Witness the rate whereat those articles are appraised in the subjoined advertisement, which lately appeared in the *Lancet*:—

A SURGEON IN PRACTICE IN the Country is in want of a Gentleman to dispense, occasionally visit, and attend Midwifery. A comfortable home, with board, lodging, and washing, with the opportunity of seeing private and union practice will be considered equivalent to salary.

If the "Surgeon in Practice" had wanted a Gentleman's Gentleman, he would at least have tendered him some amount of wages, besides the victuals which, with lodging and washing, constitute all the remuneration which he offers to the Gentleman whom he desiderates. He could not have his boots cleaned on the terms on which he expects to get his prescriptions compounded; he would be unable to have his horse groomed for the consideration that he proposes to have his patients attended to.

It may be questioned whether this individual, in want of a gentleman, has any notion of that which he wants; but we can easily enough conceive that he has. We have little hesitation in expressing our belief that, appearances notwithstanding, he is quite a gentleman himself—a medical gentleman: that is, a poor one. His advertisement looks shabby, but so, probably, does his coat. He cannot afford to pay his assistant a stipend: neither, most likely, can he afford himself table-beer: and is, perhaps, obliged to live principally upon bacon. His ideas in regard to an assistant's salary may be beggarly enough: but the scale whereon his own services are remunerated may be equally miserable. For, observe, he is a Union Surgeon: and knowing how mean and wretched are the pittances allotted to the most part of Poor Law Medical Officers, we cannot wonder at one of that unfortunate body, worse paid, probably, than a footman himself, desiring to obtain an assistant for the hire of a knife-boy.

The Convenience of being Short-sighted.

THERE is a great convenience sometimes in being short-sighted. If you should happen to meet a creditor, or a friend who is rather "seedy," or a bore who is an untiring button-holder, you quietly pass on; and, when challenged with it afterwards, all you have to say is:—"My dear fellow, I'm extremely sorry; the fact is I did not see you, I'm so excessively short-sighted." We know a large man in the City who is always short-sighted directly he spies out a poor relation, and yet drop a bank-note at his feet, and you will see how very quickly he will pick it up.

DERIVATION OF THE CLASSICAL WORD "BOSH."

It is derived, evidently, from "Rubbish"—as thus: Rubbish—R'bbish—'bbish—'bush—(and so, gradually and imperceptibly)—BOSH!

PATRIOTIC DISINTERESTEDNESS.—The Irish members opposing the extension of the Income-Tax to Ireland.



! NOTHING LIKE FORETHOUGHT.

Captain (to Brother Officer). "WHAT AM I ABOUT? I'LL TELL YOU, OLD BOY. THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT MAY HAPPEN WHEN WE ARE ENCAMPED ON CHOBHAM COMMON, SO I AM LEARNING THE NOBLE ART OF MAKING OMELETTES, IN CASE ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO OUR CHEF!"

"BLESS US, AND (IF YOU CAN) SAVE US!"

THE French priests love to bless everything. No *fête*, or rejoicing, or grand ceremony, is complete unless a priest is brought in to bless something or other. One day it is a flag with *fleurs de lis*—the next it is a red—the day after a white one, and so on through all the colours of the political rainbow. One year blessings are poured, like wine, upon trees of liberty; the next the same fertilising shower descends upon the head of the Emperor. When they have nothing better to bless, they lay their hands upon steam-engines, or heads of cattle. Lately, however, there has not been much in the blessing line; and we were afraid the POPE, on his approaching visit, would have to quit Paris without leaving a single blessing behind him, excepting LOUIS NAPOLEON, and no true Frenchman would look upon him in the light of one. However, a grand institution has recently sprung up, and the POPE, of course, will be called upon to bless it. It is extremely lucky that PRUS will be just in time to bless the Guillotine! It might be made the pretext for the grandest *fêles* the Emperor has yet given, and we have not the slightest doubt that it will. LOUIS NAPOLEON knows exactly how to take off the French people.

Prince Menschikoff's Ultimatum.

THE ultimatum of PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF has been boring every newspaper reader for the last fortnight. We only wish we could see it—so as to see the last of PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.—Being tossed for several days off the Cape.

THE SOLDIER SIBTHORPE.

THE gallant COLONEL SIBTHORPE has been recently in his element at the head of his army—the Militia of South Lincolnshire. The military chieftain who has no confidence in anything or anybody in the House of Commons, who hates the humbug of Opposition as heartily as he despises the "gammon" of Government, has at last found in the Lincolnshire Militia a "something" to rely upon. There has lately been a grand review of the regiment at Grantham, and SIBTHORPE has been playing the part of a Lincolnshire NAPOLEON with all the gusto of a GOMERSAL. In his address to the army, he may be said to have beaten BRUCE "all to fits," and put upon HENRY THE FIFTH's spirited appeal a permanent extinguisher. Even SHAKSPEARE becomes weak by the side of SIBTHORPE, as the following specimen—which we have wedded to immortal verse, and we care not who forbids the ban—will powerfully testify.

SIBTHORPE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

My gallant soldiers! brave Militia men!
 Heroes of iron hearts and iron heels;
 Where'er you set your heavy-highlowed feet
 You stamp the print of freedom on the soil.
 Now, by my troth, my spirits rise as high
 As the fierce fountain in Trafalgar Square,
 When the mad turncock, in eccentric mood,
 Turns on, with superhuman might, the main.
 My feather'd hat sits lightly on my brow;
 My eager sword—like soda-water cork
 Leaps forth—all too impatient to be drawn.
 Now, all the youth of Lincoln are on fire;
 The honest ploughman leaves his frock of smock,
 And dons the flaming coat of scarlet huc.
 His leather gaiters sternly he discards—
 A rustic clown in martial pantaloons;
 The pitchfork now he pitches far away,
 And grasps the sword: the mild artificer,
 Or dealer in tobacco, coffee, tea,
 Now cries for canister, or talks of grape,
 And the sloe poison he has sold for tea
 Is now for deadlier gunpowder exchanged.

My brave companions, soldiers, brothers, friends,
 Who will refuse to march where SIBTHORPE leads?
 What, though I traverse all our native fens
 Up to our knees in marsh—our way a swamp:
 Ourselves a sop, our stockings all in soak,
 Our military costume sorely splashed—
 What matters, so our honour be not stained?
 The milk-sop is the only sop we scorn.
 My gallant fellows! You shall have a band
 Complete with squeaky fife and hollow drum,
 Gaunt ophicleide, and horn with *extra* keys,
 To blow and kindle up the martial flame,
 Which, like a spark in tinder, smoulders deep
 Beneath your coats, your waistcoats, and your shirts.
 Ha! ha! I thank you for those grateful cheers—
 They tell me that you all will do your duty,
 That JONES will emulate the zeal of BROWN,
 And JOHNSON catch a spark from the bright flame
 That bursts from THOMSON'S honour-heated breast;
 I know that SIMMONDS cannot coldly stand
 While DIXON rushes on to glory's goal:
 Your valour, like your dress, is uniform.
 Hurrah for England and for England's QUEEN!
 Hurrah for SIBTHORPE, Lincolnshire and Co.!

[Exit on a cock-horse, followed by the whole of the army.]

A New Letter-Box.

WE are glad that the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand have been giving the Provincial Letter-Carriers the privilege of carrying a new Box, (which, considering the hard work they have to do, and the little they receive for it, ought never to have been taken away from them) in the shape of a Christmas-Box. We only hope, for the sake of these poor, hard-worked, underpaid servants of the public, that this Box may always be as full as it can hold.

PEACEMAKERS IN SCARLET.—Of the two rival Peace Societies, that one which will endeavour to insure peace by providing for war will meet this year at Chobham.



FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE UNIVERSAL "FAVOURITE."

OUR HONEYMOON.

TUESDAY, MAY 21, 18—

I NEVER closed my eyes all night; or if I did—as I afterwards told FRED—I had better been awake, for I didn't feel refreshed but stunned. And to think that I should be so unfortunate; that I should have placed that odious bag—but I had a feeling that some evil would come of it—placed it where the wheel should wear a hole in it, and I don't know how many guineas—for I can't get the number out of FRED—lost in the highway! I couldn't get my thoughts off those guineas all night—the very night-light seemed to burn round like a guinea, as I lay awake, and almost in a fever, thinking what I should do, and watching it.

Well, men are the strangest creatures! There is no knowing 'em! There was I, ready to tear myself to bits with anxiety, quite, I may say, in a fever, and FRED asleep all the night as sound as any new-born baby! The truth never struck me so strongly, so forcibly, I may say, before; but—men are strange creatures. So much money out of pocket, and to go *ast* range!

And then, I thought—for I liked to consider the brightest side of things—I thought, perhaps, FRED went to sleep out of compliment to me; purely to spare my feelings. Yes—dear fellow! He wanted to convince me that he thought nothing of my carelessness—I mean of my misfortune—and so slept out of the purest kindness. I wished to think so; but then I know he is constitutionally careless, as Mamma says—thinking of money only as dirt, when, as Mamma also says, it's what people—that is, people who are anything at all—are made of!

I lay and saw the first bit of day-light—heard the first bird's chirrup; and then the thought flashed like an inspiration upon me. Yes—I would immediately get up. FRED would make no stir about the matter so late last night—was so determined upon that, that I could say nothing—but now, thought I, I'll be my own mistress.

Whereupon, I withdrew myself in the gentlest way from bed,—not, indeed,—and I *did* feel a pang at the thought—not that I need have taken so much trouble, FRED seeming almost perversely to sleep the sounder for my rising—still I *did* get up, and, walking on tip-toes, went into JOSEPHINE'S room.

How *she* could sleep I couldn't understand; but there she was, I may say dead and buried in sleep, with no more thought of the lost money than of the last month's moon. But *that* is so like servants. I thought I should never wake her; and when I did, she jumped up, and opening her eyes and mouth was going to scream—as she afterwards told me—to scream "thieves and murder," as she was at that very minute, as in duty bound, dreaming of the lost property.

"If I didn't think, ma'am," said the girl, rubbing her eyes, "that you and I was in a field together, and guineas were growing for all the world like buttercups, and we was picking 'em by lapstulls,"—and then she bustled out of bed.

In three words I told her what it was my intention to do; to go back some of the way at least—and search for the dropt money. Coming in so late and going out so early, there might be a chance; and I felt—though I said nothing—that the girl's dream of the growing guineas—(not that I'm superstitious, certainly *not*)—was very promising.

"But where's Master, Ma'am?" asked JOSEPHINE, in a solemn whisper.

"He's asleep," said I, with my finger at my lips.

"La!" said JOSEPHINE, "but you'll never go out without him?" I nodded yes. "Well, why not?" said the teasing creature—"why not? Ten to one, Ma'am, that he never wakes, and you may find the money and come back and slip into bed again, and him never the wiser."

It was not a time to rebuke her—so I let her talk, the more so, as the more she talked the more she hurried to dress herself. So I slipped back into my room and I listened—I crept back again to the bed-side—I looked between the bed-curtains—and positively, there was FREDERICK just as I left him—*fast asleep*. I really do think I never dressed myself so fast in all my days. It was not the work of five minutes and—*still he slept*. I wrapped myself well up, and I was stealing out of the room when I heard him wake. I paused—I crept back again to the bed and—no, he had never moved; he was still fast asleep. Suddenly wrapping my shawl tight about me—not that I felt hurt *much*,—though I couldn't help thinking that I shouldn't have slept so under the circumstances. Nevertheless, men—but, I thought, it's no matter.

I met JOSEPHINE in the passage. "La, Ma'am," said she, "if nobody should be up! And upon my word, I do think, they keep a big dog in the passage. If he should bite us—that is, if he should bark and wake master!"

"Silly creature! I saw no dog," said I; though I wasn't quite sure, and quite easy on the matter.

Fortunately, the cook or housemaid, or somebody of the sort, met us in the passage. "We're No. 10"—said JOSEPHINE with more presence of mind than I thought in her—"going to take an early walk." The woman stared at us as if we were ghosts, and without saying a word opened the door.

There was not a soul stirring. "You turned this way, Ma'am, I think?" said JOSEPHINE leading on, and I following rather wishing myself in bed again—for it blew chilly.

"You don't think it will rain, JOSEPHINE?" and I paused.

"Quite the contrary," said she, bustling on. "But if you please, Ma'am, we'd better make the best of our time and begin to look directly, for fear anybody should be afore us."

Although I knew it was absurd to expect to find anything so near the inn, still we went on, with our eyes searching every piece of ground, and so we went for more than half-an-hour, or an hour quite.

"When do you think the hole in the bag was worked by the wheel, Ma'am?" asked the stupid girl.

"How can I tell?" I cried almost out of patience.

"Because you know, Ma'am, if the hole was soon made—and the way the wheel turned round and round, rubbing the bag, the hole *must* have soon come—why, we ought to be at the other end of the journey for any luck, because the money must have been lost close to the White Hart. As you come along, Ma'am, you didn't hear anything drop?"

"You stupid creature"—for I began to be very vexed; began to think it a little silly leaving my warm bed.

"Very well, Ma'am; any way this is the road back, and now we're quite in the open country; and here, to be sure, in the fields are the buttercups; but I'm blessed if I see ever a guinea. The hole must have been made very early, Ma'am."

"I'm afraid so," I answered; for—it *was* chilly, and I thought of my warm bed.

"How many guineas did you lose, Ma'am?" asked JOSEPHINE.

"What's that to you?" for I was quite in a passion. "When you've picked up all that's lost I'll tell you, and then you can go back again to bed."

"Yes, Ma'am. Talking of bed, Ma'am, how would you have liked to have been born a skylark: up and out, and in the clouds there, singing away, with hardly a soul to listen to you. Here's a guinea, Ma'am!" she cried with a scream, and I ran forward. "No, it isn't, Ma'am, only a bit of yellow chaney."

And so we went on and on, and with every step I felt the folly of going further. At last I sat down on a felled tree by the road-side.

"JOSEPHINE, I'm tired and a little hungry."

"That's just like me, Ma'am"—said JOSEPHINE. "I tell you what, Ma'am—should you—there's the smoke of a farm-house—should you like some rum-and-milk?"

"I'll return immediately," I cried and with determination; and a little ashamed of my goose-cap adventure, I turned back again. JOSEPHINE kept her path, running as hard as she could. After a little time, she came back, overtaking me.

"There's no rum-and-milk, Ma'am"—said the girl—"but I've picked such sweet water-creases, and I'd brought some biscuits!"

I declare, I sat down and *did* enjoy those water-cresses and biscuits. We got back to our inn about seven. If, now, I thought—if I can only get back, and FRED know nothing about it, what a tale to have against him!

Well, we went up stairs—I stole into my room, and—would anybody believe it?—*there*, just as I left him, was FRED *fast asleep*. It was plain enough anybody might have run away with me for what he'd have cared. Fast asleep. I looked at him for a minute, and really thought I should have cried. I *didn't*.

"There"—thought I to myself—"there, and *you* to know nothing about it."

"LOTTY, my love"—said FRED—"where, in the name of the holy state—where have you been?"

Well, I did feel glad he'd missed me. "Been!" cried I.

"Been"—said he—"why I've been a widower these four hours."

"Well, then, I've been—like a good wife, I hope, anxious for her husband's property—I've been to try to pick up some of those guineas?"

"What!" cried FRED.

"Some of those guineas we last night lost?"—

"Guineas!" and FRED shouted so with laughter that the bed shook again—"Guineas, my darling! Halfpence! halfpence!"

THE POPE'S PRISONERS.



Among the Notices of Motion, the other day, we were astonished by the following:—

"MR. LUCAS.—In Committee of Supply on the Miscellaneous Estimates, No. 3, and in reference to vote 9, to call the attention of the House to the unequal and inadequate provision made for Catholic prisoners both in the Government convict establishments, and in local prisons."

Really, our old friend—if he will allow us to call him such—improves. MR. LUCAS is becoming quite liberal. Here we find him actually recognising

for something else than conscience sake; felony and larceny to wit. He does not even insinuate the supposition that these Catholic convicts are persecuted confessors; or, indeed, anything better than common rogues: if a Catholic rogue can be a common rogue as well as a Protestant one can: as is probable: for there is no reason to imagine that every rogue of the Catholic persuasion is an uncommon rogue. We rejoice that MR. LUCAS is aware that Catholic prisoners are to be found in such places as Government convict establishments, and in local prisons. Perhaps he may make sufficient progress in enlightenment to discover that there are also Catholic prisoners in prisons which neither belong to the Government nor to any municipality, but are institutions of a foreign power—namely, convents and monasteries.

The Art of Conversation.

FRENCHMEN are good talkers; Englishmen good listeners. It is rarely you meet with a Frenchman who can listen as well—or even, half as well—as he can talk. The two gifts may be combined in an Englishman, but in a Frenchman never. Your Frenchman may cease talking, he may allow you five minutes to have your say; but then do not flatter yourself he is listening to you, he is only thinking of what he shall say when you have finished.

BETWEEN THE ROPE AND THE KNIFE.

A POOR Italian, whose business condemns him to live at Rome, says they have not only the Austrian Rope, but also the French Guillotine. He declares "the former is a worthy *penant* of the latter."

AN ANOMALY.—Sending a man back to his constituents for bribery and saying he was not returned.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.—To call a drunken groom a stable man.

THE MELBOURNE MAIL BAGS.

By way of preserving the correspondence between this country and Australia it seems to be the practice of the Steam Packet Companies by whom the service (?) is performed, to keep the letters saturated in sea water—like so much beef in brine—during the voyage: the bags that arrived by the *Melbourne* were found on being opened to contain a quantity of soft pulpy matter, which was alleged to be the letters forwarded from England. This pulpy matter was of course quite incapable of being portioned out to any one to whom it might be supposed to have been addressed, and it therefore became the subject of a sort of scramble at the Melbourne post-office. Here and there a kind of attempt was made to trace a dim vision of legibility on something that was once an envelope; but by the time the supposed letter, after having been hung up to dry, had been folded and made ready for delivery, the slight traces of ink had vanished, and nobody could guess whom the missive could have been intended for. As it appears to be utterly hopeless to carry letters to Australia by steam, with the smallest prospect of their being readable on their arrival, we can only suggest the expediency of adopting some course to render written communication superfluous. Perhaps some individual could be found with powers of memory like those of the individual who could learn to repeat *verbatim* the contents of the *Times* newspaper with a double supplement, after two or three perusals, and if such a mnemonic agent could be met with, he might be employed to read all correspondence intended for the Melbourne mail bags, and to deliver the contents *vivâ voce* to the parties concerned on his arrival in the colony.

CÆREMONIUM IN ENCÆNIIS OXONIENSIBUS HABITUM.

The CHANCELLOR, VICE-CHANCELLOR, Heads of Houses, Proctors, and other Dignitaries being in their places, the REGIUS PROFESSOR OF CIVIL LAW advances to the Members of Convocation, and, first having bowed, readeth the list of those that are to be called to the degree of Doctor of *ſ* Civil Law, in the best Latin that he can compass, as followeth, or to the like effect. (For those who understand no Latin, here followeth the English.)

INClyTISsIME Cancellarie!
Cancellarii tu Vicarie!
Vos facundi Professores!
Et Doctissimi Doctores!
Vos et Artium Magistri,
Tam dextri quam sinistri!
Placetne vobis, Domini,
Doctores Legum nomini
Hujus nostræ Academiæ
Intromitti ritè et pie,
Hos quorum recito listum
Miro quodam modo mistum—
Nempe nobiles, ignobiles,
A Paribus usque ad snobiles;
Ex-Cabinetum totum;
Medicum quendam bene notum
Sollertiâ in insanos;
Essayistas Berbeianos;
Cultores, Admirales,
Cansideos, Generales,
Geologum, ex-Secretarios
(Excluso W. B.) varios;
BULWERUM novelistam
Sero (heu!) Protectionistam,
Episcopum Ohionensem;
Et qui de mense in mensem
Nigro-silvæ urget pressum,
ALISONEM indefessum;
Necnon et per varias artes
Qui Protei tenet partes,
AYTONEM, seu poeta
Vult alloqui, sive rhetor,
Sen bellarum literarum
Professor harum-scarum;
Et (quod ultimus sit veniam
Petò) SAMUEL WARRENUM—
Placetne vobis Domini,
Cuique "Doctor" addi nomini?

MY LORD CHANCELLOR, high and mighty,
And Mr. Vice and Doctors,
Grave Professors, I invite ye,
And venerable Proctors,—
And you, Masters of Arts,
On both sides of the Hall,
To pronounce, for your parts,
If all names, great and small,
Jumbled up on my scroll,
In your books you enroll,
With leave, shirts and socks on,
To write L.L.D. Oxon?—
The Ex-Cabinet in toto; [to,
FORBES WINSLOW, whom folks go
When their friends cut crazy capers;
Hacks of Derbyite newspapers;
Corn growers and stock-feeders;
Generals, Admirals, and Pleaders;
One Ex-Sec. (two of the three
Being A. S. and W. B.);
SIR E. B. L. B. LYTON,
Too-late Protection-bitten;
The BISHOP OF OHIO;
And then a BLACKWOOD trio—
ALISON, whose monthly fring
Is untired as it is tiring;
AYTON, man of many parts,
That PROTEUS of the Arts,
Who knows all, or seems to know it,
Critic, advocate and poet,
Of established fames upsetter,
And Professor of *belle-lettres*;
And though last not least, we cram
you will
With WARREN, surnamed SAMUEL
Say, Lords, Heads, Masters,
Proctors,
Will you have all these for Doctors?

The Convocation replieth—

Placet, placet, mirè placet,
Aut, si cuiquam minus, tacet.

"Yea," with one accord we call,
Both big-wigs and eke small,
For those who won't say "yea,"
say nothing at all.

The REGIUS PROFESSOR then presenteth to the CHANCELLOR the Doctors, clad in their robes, one by one, describing the merits of each in a brief oration. As he leadeth forth the EARL OF HARDWICKE he saith—

En adefero HARDWICKUM, olim Dominum a latere
Navarehū igni-voracem, promptum ad assault-et-battery;
Est Comes Cantabrigiæ; est Custos Rotularum;
Post-Magister erat olim, ita est homo litterarum.

Here, my masters, you've LORD HARDWICK, Lord-in-waiting once they
He's a captain in the Navy, a fire-eater on the sea; [swore him,
Lord Lieutenant too of Cambridge, and a Justice of the Quorum,
And as Ex-Post-Master General, man of letters sure must be.

The EARL OF HARDWICKE boweth and taketh his place among the Doctors. As he leadeth forth the EARL OF EGLINTON, he saith—

En EGLINTONUM nuper Hiberniæ Vice Regem,
Riband æque ac Orange super manutenebat legem;
Tournamentum—ludi genus est obscurorum sæculorum—
Instauravit, et in omni fautor est prætoritorum;
Quæ re dignus est ut inter nos Doctoris induat vestem,
Vetusta qui sectatur, nova exosi tanquam pestem.

Here is EGLINTON, the knightly, who so proudly and politely,
As Viceroy, late of Ireland, held drawing-room and levee;
A Tournament he once got up, which did not turn out so sprightly
As it might have done, because the rain came down extremely heavy.
Well he loves old ways, dark ages, and, in general, things gone down,
Wherefore Oxford hastes to greet him with an Oxford Doctor's gown.

The EARL OF EGLINTON boweth and taketh his place among the Doctors. As he leadeth forth LORD MALMESBURY, he saith—

En vobis adest, Dominus Ex-Minister MALMESBURIENSIS,
Minister causâ nominis, non linguæ, pennæ, ensis!
HARRIS est, erat HARRIS avus; hic similis est avo,
Quantum inscius sollerti esse potest, tardus gnavo.
Sæpe PRISCIANI caput, scribendo, conterebat;
Ad genus tyrannorum nos, agendo, provolvebat.
Se jactat, "Thesaurarium sedile quot incessimus
DERBEIANI, eminebam inter malos ego pessimus;"
"Docendo" quum "discendum sit,"—quod aut notus auctor—
Hic qui legum nihil didicist fiet optimus Legum Doctor.

Here's MALMESBURY with lady and leanings fresh from Paris,
Who of the Foreign Office, under DERBY, held the reins,
Not put there for wit or works, but because the name of HARRIS
Once belonged to a diplomatist of more than average brains.
The name is still the same, but the brains they fled afar be:
Alike in law, and grammar, and policy reversed,
He may boast that of the right bad lot who sat with my LORD DERBY
On the Treasury Bench last year, he was certainly the worst.
'Tis said Doctors by their teaching oft their business puzzle out;
If this be so, a Doctor he should be, beyond a doubt.

The LORD MALMESBURY taketh his seat cheerfully. As he leadeth forth SIR JOHN PAKINGTON and MR. WALPOLE, he saith—

En nobile par fratrum! Hicce domi, iste foras
Rem agebat; id est, minas iste agebat, hiccæ moras.
Tu, Cancellarie, meditans e fumo dare lucem:
Hos milites elegisti, hi milites te duccm,
Quam fortiter ultra erepidam ivit uterque, gnarum:
Sit experientia doctus, Doctor Legum—vitandarum.

Lo! a precious brace of brothers! a Home-Sec. and Colonial;
One, with the style of head called "pig;" one, with no head at all;
When DERBY thought of getting light from smoke, the ceremonial
Was ill suited for such wits, if "wits" no wits 'tis fair to call,
Sure never were two cobblers went beyond their lasts more cheerfully;
Doctors of Laws they ought to be, for their own lacked mending fearfully.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON and MR. WALPOLE take their seats. As he leadeth forth MR. HENLEY and LORD STANLEY, he saith—

En HENLEUM! En STANLEUM! Hic emineus prosator;
Ille, filius pulchro patre, hercle, pulchrior orator;
DEMOSTHENES in herbâ, sed in ore retinens illos
Quos, antiquam teroravit, Grævus respuit, lapillos.
Hunc quem tu, Genitor, talem instruxisti oratorem,
Habebis posthac Legum, tibi maxime, Doctorem.

HENLEY and STANLEY! one who never gets his prosing fit out,
The other his own father's son, born armed at point to speak;
A DEMOSTHENES that will be, though the Greek his pebbles spit out,
Whereas the heir of Knowsley keeps them rumbling in his cheek;
You made him, my LORD DERBY, an orator to be,
And the laws he'll teach you in return, when he is LL.D.

As he leadeth forth MR. HAMILTON, he saith—

En adest Ex-Secretarius, eheu! unus—quum tres numero
Secretarii esse debent; quas partes dehinc sumero?
Do his non verba facio—mmo nihil nisi verba—
Lateant sub initialibus; sicut violæ sub herbâ.
W. B. non est inventus, purâ manu, corde puro—
Abest A. S. in presenti, erit Doct(i)or in futuro.

One Ex-Sec., and only one! Ah! where is each brave brother?
For A. S. and for W. B. its louging Oxford grieves.
But it may not be; I leave them, my feelings while I smother,
'Neath the veil of their initials, like violets 'neath the leaves.
'Tis not what you did grieves me, but found out like that to be!
A. S., deserves to be writ down A. S. S., not LL.D.

MR. HAMILTON taketh his place, with a vacancy on either side of him. Here a flourish of shawms, sackbuts, psalteries, and other instruments of Jewish minstrelsy. He leadeth forth MR. DISRAELI, and saith in a confused manner, as if overcome by the splendour and the music that ushereth him in—

Verum enimvero—nempe—quando quidem—Di boni!
Constringit oculos splendor, obtundunt aures soni—
En advenit DISRAELI, sophistarum archi-sophista!
Andabata, Acrobata, monopoliologista!
En Arabico-Caucasium mysterium mysteriorum!
En fictor, pictor, scriptor, actor, cultor linguæ florum!
Fabularum historiographus—historia fabulator!
Sui apud senatum salis et veneni venditor!
Qui juvenis adhuc omnes sibi prætulit colores,
Jam Tory inter Whiggos, jam Whiggus inter Tories;
Qui orsus HUMO præstitit se plus quam Radicalem;
Tunc PEELI adfectans partes, conservator-liberalem;
Post, ejusdem inimiticus, obliquum meditans ictum;
Dehinc ad BENTINCKII signa se contulit invictum—
Quid mirum Doctor Legum si nominari cupit,
Qui leges novit omnes, omnes invicem perrupit?

But—holloa! hoy! what!—I say! Oh, my! Oh, goodness gracious!
In my eyes there is a flashing, in my ears there is a rumbling:
'Tis Dizzy, the arch-sophist, the splendidly audacious
At ground and lofty vaulting, monopoliologue, or tumbling!—
The Arabico-Caucasian great mystery of mysteries;
The historian in romances, the romancer in his histories;
Daring cribber, desperate fibber, with hard names unsparing dubber, or
With praise just as unscrupulous a brazen-browed baslubberer;
Grower of flowers of speech, good for pleasure or for poison,
For a customer all markets through hawking the precious foison.
So fond of shifting colours that, from a boy, he wore his
Tory coat among the Whigs, and his Whig coat 'mong the Tories.
O'CONNELL was his godfather and HUME, when they baptised him
As something more than Radical; then PEEL recatechised him;
Till he turned again and tearing him, for Protection since hath spoken,
Doctor of Laws he well may be if he knows all he has broken.

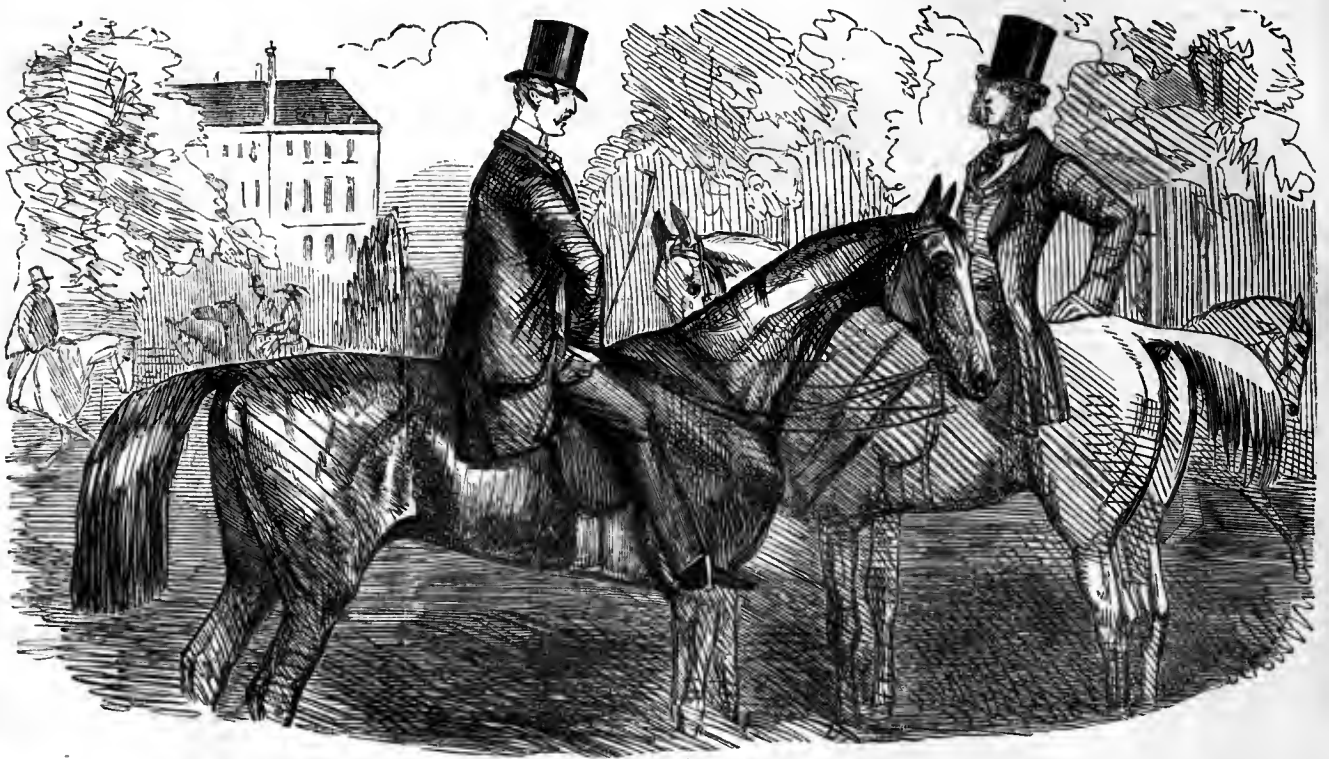
MR. DISRAELI takes his seat with an air of cold humility. He leadeth forth the writers BULWER, ALISON, WARREN, AYTOUN AND COMPANY, and saith—

Quid post talem virum demoror? En scribblatorum agmen,
Qui pennas cauponantur, sicut tot Mancunige bagmen!
En BULWERUS! sicariorum, grassatorum celebrator;
ALISONUS! Nigro-silvæ mimicus calculator!
En AYTOUNUS!—balladorum scriptor idem et laudator;
En SAM-WARREN! "Decem Millium in Annum" saue amator—
Sed quorum decem millia non valent unum "Tater"—
Hos inclusimus cum balanis pisces parvulos in rete;
Doctores sint: eubatum est! Vos plaudite et valcte!

After this let me be brief. Of poor scribblers here a drove is,
Who win their hard subsistence at the bare point of the pen;
Such as BULWER, the lancaete of highwaymen and swell covies,
And ALISON, who monthly proves that two and two make ten;
AYTOUN, sworn the ballad-singer's old gaberdine to put on all;
SAM WARREN, who "Ten Thousand a Year" will ne'er make more,
With a Bee in his bonnet and a Lily in his button-hole,—
We LL.D. such fellows, as they mark sheep, by the score;
There—they're Doctored. Now be off, and sit down there, by the door!

He kicketh the scribblers into the lowest places, as beseebeth such folk. They sit proudly.

SOLVUNTUR ENCENIA.



First Dandy, M.P. "P'WOWOGATION TO BE LATE THIS YEAR ON ACCOUNT OF SOME COLONIAL BILLS, I HEAR."

Second Ditto. "BOTHER THE COLONIES! HAVEN'T WE DONE ENOUGH FOR 'EM THIS YEAR?—DIDN'T WEST AUSTRALIAN WIN THE DARBY?"

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH, with a brilliant staff of contributors who have distinguished themselves in the field of literature, will, from time to time, inspect the camp at Chobham.

The ordinary military authorities will give the more common-place directions that may be required for the guidance of the men constituting the camp: but, for the instruction of the numerous train of camp followers, &c., &c., FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH places the annexed suggestions at the discretion of the community:

1. There will be a general Commissariat Department for the supply of the necessary provisions of those who follow the camp, and a detachment of the Shoe-black Brigade will be stationed at regular intervals.
2. The Baked Potatoe Company will be called out, and will be expected to pitch their cans according to the method laid down in the Regulations for Encampments, taking care that the steam pipe is perpendicularly placed, and that the hot potatoes are correctly covered.
3. Every can will be attended by three men, who will be told off for their several functions, as "salt men," "butter men," and "peelers of potatoes." More than this number will be prohibited, as only impeding each other.
4. For cooking provisions coals will be required; and the necessary coals will be ordered to be shot at a convenient distance from the encampment. On the signal being given, the coals will be raised and emptied over the heads of the persons employed in the service.
5. The number of sacks will be regulated by the number of those requiring cooked provisions, and the shooters of the coals will in their shooting aim at punctuality.
6. Shell practice will not be introduced till after the commencement of the oyster season.
7. Ball practice will be permitted at any of the adjacent skittle-grounds.

Further directions will be issued as occasion requires.

The Last Look.

WE do not know anything so painful, so full of sorrow and regret, so overflowing with unfathomable love, as the last look which an Alderman gives a haunch of venison, just before it is being carried away!

THE HAMPSTEAD HEATH MONOPOLIST.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH composed some verses upon the death of JAMES HOGG; amongst which are these lines:—

"Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O CRABBE! forth looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath."

Now, the transition from the "black wreath" of London to the "breezy heath" of Hampstead is salubrious. It is also at present easy; but it may very soon be impossible.

Hampstead Heath is in danger of being enclosed, and, instead of serving as a park for the London Public, of becoming a common for the private and particular grazing of SIR THOMAS WILSON.

This SIR THOMAS WILSON, who wants all the fodder on Hampstead Heath to himself, is, we understand, trying, for the fifth time, to get a Bill through the House of Lords, to enable him to enclose and build upon said Heath, reserved by his father's will as open country. For the fifth time! Perseverance worthy of a better cause. Stubborn persistency well becoming a creature that wants all the fodder of Hampstead Heath to its own jaw-bone.

What a singular instance of degeneracy is presented by this offspring of a public-spirited parent! It is quite interesting in a physiological point of view. It proves the converse of the "Theory of Development" as propounded in the "*Vestigial of Creation*." SIR THOMAS WILSON affords living evidence, that the progeny of a gentleman may have descended in the scale of being so low as to want to monopolize an entire pasture.

Ought not SIR THOMAS WILSON to be enclosed himself? Does he not deserve—having strayed from the paternal path—to be shut up in a pound, on a small allowance of hay, and no thistles?

The New Motive Power.

DIFFERENT opinions are entertained with regard to the nature of the force which operates in producing the phenomena of Table-Moving; and it may, perhaps, be said that the tables are turned by a power of attorney.

THE COURSE OF "EVENTS."—The Race Course.

UNCEREMONIOUS TREATMENT OF THE RUSSIAN ULTIMATUM.





A CHILD'S SUMMARY OF A LORD'S DEBATE.



Y LOVE.—A FEW nights since, the House of Lords did meet, and some of the Lords talked wise and kind things as to the poor slaves of Spain, in the Isles of the West. LORD CAR-LISLE told a brave thing done by a brave man from England, who did chase a ship in which a bad man from Spain bore off some poor slaves he had stol-en; and we were glad and proud to hear that the Eng-lish-man did seize the vile ship, and did make her chase two of her base com-pan-ions; and thus all three were caught.

That Lord's kind sis-ter was there to hear him, and a good and fa-mous la-dy from A-me-ri-ca, who wrote a no-ble book to help the poor black slaves, and to shame those who wrong them. All this was right; and we were glad that the good la-dy from A-me-ri-ca saw that the Lords of Eng-land had pi-ty for the poor slaves. But next, to make her laugh, some more Lords did speak; and one of them, a sharp lit-tle Lord, called SUG-GY (is not that a fun-ny name?) flew in-to a great rage, when a friend told him to read a book, and some more Lords did laugh; so he ran out of the place in a fu-ry, like a bad lit-tle boy. Then his friend, one LORD DER-BY, did pre-tend to be an-gry, and did scold a qui-et Scotch Lord, whose name is A-BER-DEEN, and tell him he ought not to let his friends laugh, and make lit-tle SUG-GY so fu-ri-ous. The Scotch Lord said, that in that place all per-sons might laugh or cry just as they chose; and it was clear that he thought lit-tle SUG-GY a very sil-ly little fel-low to lose his temper so. Was not this fun, my love, to make the good la-dy from A-me-ri-ca laugh, for fear she should be too much de-light-ed with the wise and kind things she first heard; and will she not have a good tale to tell her friends in the New World, as to that sil-ly lit-tle SUG-GY? You are lit-tle, too, but you know bet-ter than to be so ri-di-cu-lous."

THE CABMEN'S FRIEND.

Oh! tell me, ENGLIS, tell me why
Thou didst, with such a constant will,
To burke that useful measure try—
Staunch FIRZROY'S Hackney Carriage Bill?

In vain with wondering thought I search
How 'twas that Act incurred thy hate;
It had no lurking aim the Church
To sever, surely, from the State.

It mowed not, with reforming scythe,
At benefices over fat;
It did not cut at glebe or tythe,
Nor went to shave the shovel-hat.

A cab is not a bishop's coach,
That Cab Reform should fear inspire;
On prelates' fares 'twould ne'er encroach,
Not even on a DURHAM'S hire.

Oh no! so incorrect a view
Could never have possessed thy mind;
A cab no coachman drives in blue;
Blue footmen stand not cabs behind.

There is one circumstance alone
Could explain thy course, I trow,
It is, that thou hast ever shown
A liking for the coach that's slow.

Rogues' Exclusion.

It is not much to be regretted that the Judges' Exclusion Bill has been lost. The object of any thinking legislator would be not so much to exclude Judges from the House of Commons, as persons on whose account Judges exist.

NATIVE TALENT.—Eating five dozen oysters.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC PEOPLE.

THE extraordinary love of music that now actuates the British public must be peculiarly gratifying to the British Sovereign: because if, as SHAKSPEARE asserts, a deficiency of music in the soul implies an aptitude for treason, an excess of it, of course, argues an exuberance of loyalty. A liking for the Italian Opera, therefore, is by no means to be regarded as a symptom of perversion towards a foreign power: but, on the contrary, as an evidence of attachment to those principles which placed the House of Brunswick on the throne. We are now the most musical people in Europe, because—truism as it may be to say so—we are the most harmonious: and, this being the land of peace and order, it naturally attracts all the concord of the Continent. We make these remarks in consequence of something that we heard the other evening at the New Philharmonic Society. That is to say, they are suggested by the Fourth Concert of that truly constitutional Association: which we honoured with our presence. Of LINDPAINTNER'S *Widow of Nain*, which was produced on that occasion, we will only make an observation respecting one of its movements. It was performed on the same evening with MENDELSSOHN'S *First Walpurgis Night*, the *Jupiter Symphony* of MOZART, and the late MR. WEBER'S overture to *Der Freischütz*; and the movement we allude to consisted in its moving very worthily in such high society.

We owe it to a countryman, also, to commend MACFARREN'S overture to *Don Carlos*, as a piece of music, not incomparable, indeed, only because comparable to extremely good and sound beef, and forming a rich treat to those whose philharmonic appetite rejoices in a good cut, so to speak, off the British sirlon. We cannot indulge in the ABC of criticism, still less revel in its DEFG, in reference to those compositions; seeing that we should thereby introduce a passage which would constitute rather a species of *andante tedioso* than what you call an *allegro vivace*, and look for here. A word should be said respecting M. PRUDENT'S Fantasia, *La Chasse*, namely, that those who do such things must expect to incur, as he did, the trouble of having to do them over again; and we may add, that his fantasia was calculated to produce the impression that, notwithstanding his name and nation, he has really been out hunting. As to the singers, MISS BIRCH, MISS DOLBY, MR. REICHAERT, and MR. FISCHER, we have to record that they gave themselves no airs, and us some that afforded us great satisfaction.

As this was LINDPAINTNER'S last appearance at these concerts for the present season, the assembly, after having lent him their ears

during the greater part of the evening, gave him their hands at the end of it with equal liberality. He had evidently impressed them with an idea that he is a composer of genius, notwithstanding that he looks like a respectable somewhat elderly man; shaves: and is more remarkable for seeming to be upon good terms with those around him than with himself.

To the credit of the people forming the audience, be it mentioned, that, although the overture to *Der Freischütz* terminated the programme, the majority of them stayed to listen to it quietly, instead of rushing out, with noise and confusion, in an over anxiety to get away, and an ungovernable impatience for bottled stout and lobster.

Table-Moving at Epsom.

WE are enabled, on the best authority (our own) to state that several instances of Table-Moving occurred at Epsom on the Derby Day, which, from personal observation, we know to be authentic. A considerable number of tables were operated upon in our presence; and but a very few minutes sufficed in general to put them in motion. The tables in question were mostly those which were in use for thimble-rigging purposes: and speaking generally, we may say that they were kept upon the move continually, throughout the afternoon, the motive agent being in each case—a policeman.

Progress of Conversion.

THE gardener's hope bad weather often mocks,
GLADSTONE has been unlucky with his stocks.
The Three Pounds Ten Per Cents scarce grow at all,
The Two Pounds Ten come up extremely small;
But, as a reverend Doctoor truly saith,
There's no Conversion where there isn't Faith.

THE REAL HEAVEN-BORN STATESMEN.

A REGULAR thick-and-thin supporter of LORD JOHN'S says it is downright folly to suppose that the Tories can be as clever as their natural opponents, for, if proof was wanting, there is the authority of the proverb alone which assures us that "the wisdom is in the Whig."



First Militia-man. "JIM, YOU BAIN'T IN STEP."
Second ditto. "BAIN'T I. WELL, CHANGE YOUR'N."

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED SPORTSMAN.

I'm tired of scarlet gown and hood,
Of audit ale and festal food,
I slumber in my Christ Church stall,
And I am sick of college thrall.
I wish I were, as I have been,
In the Stewards' Stand at Ascot green,
Levelling my glass down the T Y C,
For that is the life that is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time
From Christ Church steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark those reverend toadies crawl,
Whose victor thrust me to the wall.
The saddling-bell at Ascot rings,
In MANNING'S scales FRANK BUTLER swings;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Are not half so dear as that Stand to me.

Were I at home I at dawn would rise,
To view "the lots" gallop with eager eyes;
Startle the deer Windsor Forest through,
As I rode back to breakfast 'mid early dew.
Here I think how I "coached" them in Hastings
deceit,

As my Tory Ex-Cabinet kneel at my feet,
Now they're all D. C. L.'s except "W. B."
But Ascot is lost for this year to me!

The Election Market.

WHEN MR. GEORGE SMYTHE was told that the little "Earthmen" (now exhibiting in Regent Street) lived, like rabbits, in burrows in their own native country, he exclaimed most piteously, "Well, I only wish England was like Africa—you'd be able to buy up a borough cheap then!"

THE TENTED FIELD.—The Camp at Chobham, with the tents pitched all over the plain, will be quite a Boothia Felix.

THE GREAT INDIAN DEBATE.

THE SPEAKER was about to take the chair, as usual, at four o'clock, when

An IRISH MEMBER, objecting, complained that Irishmen should be compelled to submit to the tyranny of Saxon dials. He moved that Dublin time should be kept in the House, namely, about half-an-hour's difference from London time.

Another IRISH MEMBER moved, as amendment, that Cork time should be kept.

A third IRISH MEMBER was indignant, and demanded Tyrone time. This discussion, enlivened by a good deal of abuse disposed of the half-hour in question, and the Chair was taken.

SIR CHARLES WOOD rose to announce the Government intentions on the subject of Indian Government. India was, he said, the most interesting problem of the day. (*Hear, Hear.*)

An IRISH MEMBER rose to order. No man should say that, while Ireland lay like a jewel on the bosom of the Atlantic. (*Hear, hear.*)

SIR C. WOOD proceeded to sketch the history of our conquest of India, the gradual extension of our empire, the character of the various races we had to govern, the present form of administration, and the plans proposed for its alteration. He was listened to in tolerable silence, except that whenever the word "superstition" was used, MR. LUCAS looked up savagely, as ready in case the speaker should be going to apply it otherwise than to India; and that at every repetition of the term "tyranny," MR. MOORE groaned deeply and significantly. SIR CHARLES having concluded, and the question being put,

MR. DUFFY said that they had heard a good deal about Juggernaut, but the state carriage of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND was the Irish Juggernaut Car, and his blood boiled to hear so much about a disquiet surf at Madras, when there were a million of disquiet serfs in Munster.

MR. CONELLY said that Irish bulls were much finer animals than Brahmin bulls, but he should not oppose the motion on that account.

MR. LUCAS said that Protestantism was the same in its persecuting nature, whether India or Ireland were its sphere of action. On SIR C. WOOD'S own showing, England had, with a strong hand, put down infanticide and the burning of widows. What right had the Protestant to refuse to the church of Brama its spiritual development? No more than it had to say that an Irish priest should not flog voters and

instigate what were termed riots, but which were only Catholic developments. (*Cheers.*)

SIR DENHAM NORREYS said that there was another affinity between India and Ireland. India produced spring Rice, and Ireland produced LORD MONTEAGLE. (*Load cheers.*)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL suggested that as Ireland had precedence on the paper for every other day in the month, they should now confine themselves to India, if only for a few hours.

COLONEL DUNNE complained that that was the way Irishmen were treated, if they ventured to point out the wrongs of their country. He himself had been rebuked by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for accidentally bursting into a loud laugh in the middle of one of the latter's speeches on Ireland. But that was another proof of the levity with which the English dismissed Irish subjects.

MR. FITZGERALD had detected, beneath SIR C. WOOD'S assumed *bonhomie*, a series of studied insults to the venerable prelates of his, MR. FITZGERALD'S, church. When SIR CHARLES spoke of "abject slaves to domineering priests," the scene was in India, but the sneer was for Ireland.

Another IRISH MEMBER complained that Sir C. WOOD had said that the quantity of land irrigated in India was larger than the quantity cultivated in Ireland. This was a gratuitous insult, and if the fact were so, it was caused by the crime of the oppressors of Ireland.

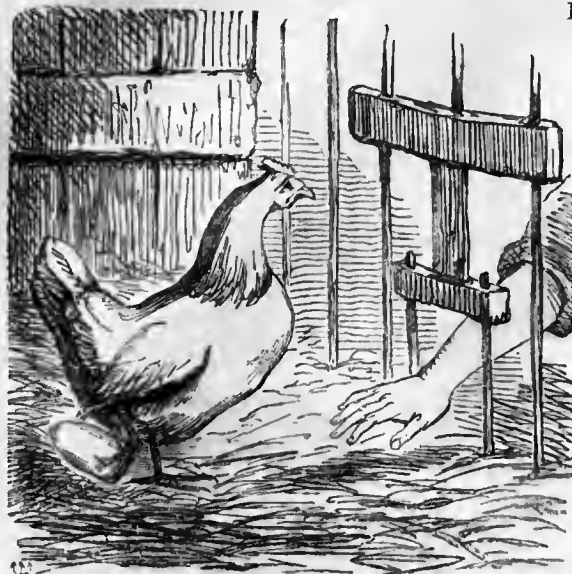
After considerable discussion, it was agreed that the bill should be postponed, in order that the House should proceed to inquire into the case of an Irish priest, at Ballymahowl, county Kilkenny, at whom it was alleged that a Protestant magistrate had made a face as he passed the reverend gentleman in the street; and this occupied the House until half-past three in the morning, the discussion being then adjourned, on LORD J. RUSSELL giving it precedence for the next day.

A Simple Question,

Addressed to the Table Movement Party.

SUPPOSING you have been operating on a stupid, refractory table for a couple of hours, and find that nothing will induce it to put one leg before another, do you think that the fact of a policeman being sent for, and requested to exercise his authority, would be sufficient to make the table "move on?"

CURIOUS STATISTICS.



HERE is the mistress of a Ladies' Boarding School, at Blackheath, who has 127 silver spoons and forks in her possession, and yet not two of them are alike, or have the same initials, or name, or crest upon them!

It has been calculated that there were 2582 head-aches, 556 sore throats, 1895 "rich aunts who were taken suddenly ill," and 177 "wives who were in a dangerous state in the country," on the morning after the last Derby.

There is, residing at Clerkenwell, a gentleman who is slightly freckled, and has got red hair, who has never been able to dance the polka yet. Every time he has asked a lady "if he might have the honour?" she has always been "very sorry, she was engaged!"

A medical student in a lodging house in Stamford

Street rang the bell nineteen times, last Friday, before he could get the mustard.

It is stated, on confident authority, that an Irish M.P. will, as soon as the new law comes into operation, have to pay as much as three halfpence, at least, for Income-tax every quarter!

The sum of not less than £2,587 was given for a Cochon-China fowl last week. This is the largest sum given yet.

MR. JONES told his wife the other evening, after the company had left, that "he wouldn't be contradicted," and he said this no less than nineteen times consecutively; and MRS. JONES said each time "she didn't care *that* (the *that* being expressed by a snap of the fingers) for what he said—she should say exactly what she pleased."

THE WITCHES ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Solo. SIR TH—M—S W—L—S—N.

Chorus. HIS LEGAL ADVISERS.

Air—"Let's Have a Dance." *Music* in MACBETH.

I'LL build and plant on Hampstead Heath,
To gain more land by Daddy's death;
Four times I've tried this trick to do,
Having his wishes not in view;
And so I'll break my Father's Will,
By smuggling through the Lords a Bill,
While some new law 'bout trade or crime
Absorbs the Woolsack's thought and time—
Four times I hoped each pond and tree
Enclosed, enclosed, enclosed to see—
Yet thither the British Public comes,
And townsfolk, 'scaped from smoky slums,
Four times I sought, from fern and furze,
To bar the children, maids, and curs,
But now success I hope to meet,
And dance to the hisses at my feat:
At an indignant people's voice,
Whilst you may grumble, we'll rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly dance with *nil*
To check us in my Father's Will.

The Beginning and the Ending.

A YOUNG man may be a very great swell when he enters the Guards, but, considering the very great expenses he is put to whilst belonging to that elegant drawing-room regiment, we can only say, that it is not always (as in the words of SHAKESPEARE) "ALL SWELL THAT ENDS SWELL."

A REWARD OF MERIT FOR DIZZY.—A Column in the *Morning Herald*.

A NUT FOR NABOBS.

To the Proprietors of East India Stock.

"THE retirement of MAJOR MULLIGATAWNY from the Canvass having enabled me to entertain the most sanguine expectations of success in the endeavour to obtain the honour of a Seat in your Directory, it is with great confidence that I redeem my pledge of proceeding to the Poll and entreating the Favour of your Suffrages for that important Office, which I most earnestly implore you to grant me. I can solemnly promise you that in the Discharge of my responsible duties, I shall, entirely disregarding all foreign considerations, devote my whole energies and attention to the promotion of your Domestic Interests, to the entire exclusion of any concern whatever for the separate welfare of native India. I shall at all times be ready to forward, to the extent of my ability, the views of any of your body who have relatives for whom they may wish to provide by appointments in our Indian Empire; and I promise you that no amount of incapacity on the part of the individual for whom the application may be made, will deter me from availing myself of an opportunity of exercising my patronage in his favour. It will be of course my endeavour, when no higher post is at my disposal, to obtain for the candidate the place of a Collector of Revenue, and if the duties of that situation shall prove too arduous for the amount of intellect with which he may be endowed, no effort on my part shall be wanting to procure him to be made a judge; so that, having to perform the comparatively easy task of administering the Laws, he may alike do justice to the public suitor, and to the private recommendation which has placed him on the Bench: as also to the discretion which, I trust, will accord to me a voice in the Direction of your Affairs.

"I have the honour to be, Ladies and Gentlemen,

"With sentiments of the most profound Veneration,

"Your most devoted, obedient, humble servant,

"TODDIE MC. CURRIE.

"*Licut.-Col., &c., &c., &c.*"

"*Oriental Club, June, 1853.*"

BLUNDER TO THE LAST.

MESSRS. MONSELL, KEOGH, and SADLER have resigned their places in the Government, on account of LORD JOHN RUSSELL's speech on Irish Church affairs. That is,

LORD JOHN RUSSELL complained that the Catholic clergy claim a despotic power of influencing the actions of Catholic laymen;

So, in order to disprove this assertion,

The three ablest Catholic laymen suddenly render themselves useless to their country, because they are afraid of the wrath of their clergy being directed against friends of LORD JOHN RUSSELL. They lose place to prove his case.

Well, one cannot quarrel with an Irish martyr who dies with a bull in his month.

The Life of an Illustrated Paper.

AN American Illustrated Paper returns thanks to the different Railway Companies, saying, in its great candour, "We really don't know what we should do for illustrations, if it wasn't for the Railway Accidents."

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S MESS.

THE state of affairs at Constantinople has been described as a pretty kettle of fish; but may be more correctly denominated a pretty dish of kiebohs: which is a Turkish broil.

CUTTING THE KNOT.

How to deal with bribery at elections seems to puzzle Legislators. Why not legalise it at once under the name of a Poll Tax?

MODEL SONS OF MARS.—If you want to officer your army with picked men, you might select swells from the Universities, that have been plucked.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF NATURE.—Jumping from Winter to Summer without a *Spring*.

AN UNFAILING OMNIBUS CHARACTERISTIC.—We never were in an omnibus yet, but some lady was sure to drop her money.



ON THE ROAD TO ASCOT.

FIRST COSTERMONGER. "I SAY, BILL, RAYTHER NOBBY, AIN'T IT?"

SECOND DITTO. "H—M! GENT A-BLOWIN' OF HIS BACCA SPILES THE LOT."

WE SWEAR! WE SWEAR!

THE Bill for the Alteration of Oaths has been thrown out by the Lords, and this great country must therefore continue its habit of swearing in the usual manner. Should any legislative enactment be attempted at any future time for the alteration of oaths, we hope that there will be some clause to effect an alteration in the dreadful oaths of cab-drivers, costermongers, cads, and other irregular affidavit-making members of the community. The practice of swearing-in is common with regard to persons appointed to offices, but the custom of cab-drivers in parting with a passenger who pays only the legal fare is to swear him out.

MAKING THE MOST OF AN OPPORTUNITY.

GIVE a Cabman the opportunity of calculating his fare, and you're pretty sure to find that he will make the most of it.

THE SPY SYSTEM.—Letting opera glasses out at the theatre.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A "CONSTANT READER."

THE following judgment upon the morning papers has been sent to us as the experience of a "Constant Reader," who assures us he has been in the habit of reading them now for he is afraid to mention how many years:—

The style of the *Post* and *Herald* (in politics) is generally *Laud-a-Tory*.

The style of the *Times*, *Chronicle*, and *Advertiser* is (with the same reservation) mostly *Condemn-a-Tory*.

HIGH ENTERTAINMENT.

THE most expensive theatre in London is that of St. Stephen's; for you pay more for a seat in that House than in any other, and stand a great chance of losing your place after all.

HOW TO RISE EARLY.—Live next door to a house where Cochinchina fowls are kept.



"There, Sir—Master calls that old Cock, PERFECTION."
"Well, TUMMUS, I don't Wonder at it."

OUR HONEYMOON.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 18—.

It was mountains' weight off my mind, that there were no guineas lost after all! I felt, I can't say, *how* I felt comforted! And then the thought *would* rise—though I tried with a *strong hand* to put it down—would rise of FRED's cruelty in keeping me all night in suspense! Of course, *he* could go to sleep; and could leave me to wear myself to death with anxiety. I'm sure if the bed had been turned to a bed of stinging-nettles, I couldn't have been more restless; and there was FRED at my elbow, for all the world as fast and as calm as the Monument. I thought it all his strength of mind; and two or three times shut my eyes tight, determined to have a strong mind, and go to sleep too; and then the guineas *would* come, like any flame, under my eyelids; and I'd wake with such a start that—and still lay FRED like any church. I could have cried.

And to think how I wore myself! How I tried to make out how much money was lost; and then how many things we might have bought with it! Bits of plate, and a hundred matters that we *must* have to be decent with. For I find it's wonderful, after a house is furnished, what a house *resents!* And worried to death with the loss of the guineas—as I thought—how those bits of plate did seem to dance about me; and once, when I just dozed to sleep, if I didn't for five minutes suffer such a night-mare in the shape of a silver warming-pan—*such* a mountain! I thought more red-hot coals were being put into it, when I waked with a shriek—but there lay FRED. I might have been burned to death, and he'd never have stirred a finger.

Well, I said nothing all yesterday—nothing; but I couldn't help my eyesight. I couldn't help seeing my face; and if it didn't seem marked as if with the very edges of those guineas; and almost as yellow. Whilst for FRED—he looked as brown and as red as any apple. Mamma was right. *All* men are extravagant—not that I ever saw it in FRED before I was married—and want common sense with property. It's my belief, if the money had been really gone, FRED would have slept like a dormouse. I might have kept awake for both of us, and what would *he* have cared! Well, it's enough for *one* to be wasteful in a family, and as I've said—nobody knows the *many calls* we may have for money—*nobody*.

"Why, LOTTY, my love, when are you going to eat like yourself again?" said FRED at breakfast, and to see how *he* eats! "What is it, love—cares of property?"

"I think somebody should care, FRED. I'm sure the thought of those guineas—"

"Hang the guineas!" cried he, swallowing his coffee. "They're all safe; I took care of that. Bless you, my love; you don't know my thrift—can't tell how I'm changed. Since I put a ring about your finger, I seem to have worn one about my own heart. It's hooped with the very thoughts of gold—'tis indeed."

I said nothing; but I *did* shake my head.

"Lotty, my treasure," said FRED, looking as beautiful as ever, "do you know what the great LORD BACON says of the sudden anxieties of a husband?"

"Something absurd, I've no doubt," said I.

"Quite the reverse, my dear, as you wisely remark. LORD BACON says, 'A married man is seven years older in his thoughts the first day.' A great truth; a solemn fact. I felt myself exactly seven years older the happy and momentous hour of that day when, plucking you from the household rose-bush, I carried you off, a bud in my button-hole."

"Now, don't be silly!" not but that *sometimes*, when he's foolish, he's delightful.

"But with the bud, I had plucked an additional seven years. I felt it in the sudden sobriety of my brain, and the pleasurable anxiety of my heart. Well, that money-bag—'twas TOM TILK's present to me; he'd taken it all over Europe. And he's steady enough and"—

"He ought to be," said I, "he's grey and old enough."

"By no means so old as he seems. As for his greyness, he caught it of his wife."

"Caught it of his wife!" I cried. "Why how?"

"Sudden fright, my love," said FRED, as grave as a judge—"sudden fright. His wife would wear such ugly night-caps."

I was going to speak, when FRED caught me by the arm, and said very impressively, after his way—"Be warned." Then he went on.

"To return to the money-bag."

"I wish it had been in the sea," said I. "The anxiety, the trouble it's cost me, with that hole in it."

"The hole in the money-bag! There's a great moral in it—beautiful teaching," said FRED.

"A lucky thing," said I, "that there was nothing but halfpence. But why"—and I then again felt that I *ought* to have known it—"why didn't I know as much?"

"Why, Lotty, love, you seemed so suddenly inspired with a genius for property, that I didn't know you wouldn't achieve the greatest possible triumph of a wife."

"And what's that?"

"Why, my darling, make your husband's coppers go quite as far as gold. That's what I call cupboard alchemy, my dear."

"I dare say it's to be done," said I.

"You've done it," said FRED. "For with that hole in the bag, scattering the halfpence on the highway, you've made 'em go much further."

"But what had I to do with the hole?" I asked.

"Nothing," said FRED; "nothing whatever. It was to be—the finger of fate was in it. But what an eloquent mouth is that hole, and what a story it tells us!"

"I suppose it does," said I; and I thought and thought, but couldn't find it out.

"The Hole in the Money-Bag," repeated FRED. "Why, it's the tremendous, comprehensive title for half the world's history."

"Of course it is, dear," said I. "And so, how is it that it held nothing but halfpence; and what did you do with the gold?"

"As for the gold, my dear"—said FRED—"that has gradually become so modest in its pretensions that my purse is quite sufficient for its accommodation. But as we had the bag, and as habit's everything, and the cares of property grew upon me, I used the bag to save the halfpence. Time was, when I was above the thoughts of copper; but as LORD BACON has said—"

"Now I don't want to hear any more of LORD BACON, or anybody of the sort. Anyway, I'm glad the gold is spent at least—that's some comfort."

"A fig for the gold—the lesson's in the copper that's lost."

"I'm sure if there's anything to be had for it, I should like to know what it is."

"You took that bag of money; and in the very idleness of our hearts, in the very carelessness of our delights, the money was lost."

"I don't see that at all," said I. "As for carelessness, I hung it where I thought it was safe; and where I continually had my hand upon it."

"Nevertheless, a deep homily is preached by the adventure. I will venture, my darling, to call it The Sermon of the Hole in the Money-Bag. And thus it is. Dearly beloved LOTTY, lay this to your heart,"—and then he kissed me.

"How foolish you are, FRED," said I; "but go on."

"Lay this to your heart and be instructed. Fair is the morn: happy the bride and groom. They depart rejoicing upon their pilgrimage, one money-bag between them. How the sun laughs; and how the very hedge-flowers smile and twinkle, as the pilgrims go onward, onward. The money-bag hangs over the wheel. Lovely and lovelier shines the day, and bride and bridegroom lapped in contentedness of heart, see and think of nothing but themselves. (Still turns the wheel!) They are all alone, alone with their happiness. (Still turns the wheel!) The flowers beneath them send an incense-offering to their blissful hearts. (Still turns the wheel!) The glorious skylark, ever above their heads, scatters music down upon them. (Still

turns the wheel!) The day wears; the sinking sun glows with a solemn good-night; and the hearts of the lovers are touched and softened, yea, glorified by the hour. (Still, still turns the wheel!) The pilgrims reach their destined place. They see the sign, and are buried with the thoughts of supper; and final, blissful rest. (How softly, musically turns the wheel!) The resting-place is reached. (Stops the wheel!) The money-bag has a hole in it; for still and still, turning and turning, the Hole in the Money-Bag has been ground by the wheel. And thus, my beloved"—and the preacher kissed me again—"thus, thoughtless, careless of the future; insolent

in our wealth, we may travel onward, the hole in the money-bag—whilst we sport and jest, and play the wanton,—the Hole in the Money-Bag being worn by Fortune's wheel!"

"That's very true," said I. "And what's to be done then, FRED?"

"What! Why never look behind; never travel back, hoping to pick up the pieces that are inevitably gone;—but better taught, go on and on, resolving for the future that—however gay and happy the season—you'll always keep your eye upon the wheel."

"And this is your sermon?" said I.

"And thus I kiss the book," said FRED; and so he *did*.

THE DILLY AND THE D'S." (AN APOLOGUE OF THE OXFORD INSTALLATION.)

By S—L. W—RR—N, Q.S., LL.D., F.R.S.

Part First.

Oh, Spirit! Spirit of Literature,
Alien to Law!
Oh, Muse! ungracious to thy sterner
sister, THEMIS,
Whither away?—Away!
Far from my brief—
Brief with a fee upon it,
Tremendous!
And probably—before the business is con-
cluded—
A REFRESHER—nay, several!!
Whither whirlest thou thy thrall?—
Thy willing thrall?
"Now and Then;"
But not just at this moment,
If you please, Spirit!
No, let me read and ponder on
THE PLEADINGS,
Declaration!
Plea!!
Replication!!!
Rejoinder!!!!
Surrejoinder!!!!!!
Rebuttal!!!!!!
Surrebuttal!!!!!!

ETC! ETC!! ETC!!!
It may not be. The Muse—
As ladies often are—
Though lovely, is obstinate,
And will have her own way!

* * * * *
And am I not
As well as a Q.S.,
An F.R.S.,
And LL.D.?
Ask BLACKWOOD
The reason why, and he will tell you;
So will the Mayor—
THE MAYOR OF HULL!
I obey, Spirit.
Hang my brief—'tis gone!—
To-morrow let my junior cram me in Court.
Whither away? Where am I?
What is it I behold?
In space, or out of space? I know not.
In fact,
I've not the least idea, if I'm crazy,
Or sprung—sprung?
I've only had a pint of Port at dinner,
And can't be sprung—
Oh, no!—Shame on the thought!
I see a coach!—
Is it a coach?
Not exactly.
Yet it has wheels—
Wheels within wheels—and on the box
A driver, and a cad behind,
And Horses—Horses?—
Bethink thee—Worm!—
Are they Horses? or that race
Lower than Horses, but with longer ears
And less intelligence—
In fact—"equi asini,"
Or in vernacular,
JACKASSES?
'Tis not a coach—exactly—
Now I see on the panels—
Pricked out, and flourished—

A word! A magic word—
"THE DILLY!"—"THE DERBY
DILLY!"
Oh Dilly! Dilly!—all thy passengers
Are outsiders—
The road is rough and rutty—
And thy driver, like NIMSHU'S son—
Driveth
Furiously!
And the ead upon the monkey-board,
The monkey-board behind,
Scorneth the drag—but goes
Downhill like mad.
He hath a Caucasian brow!
A son of SHEM, is he,
Not of HAM—
Nor JAPHETH—
In fact a Jew—
But see, the pace
Grows faster—and more fast—in fact—
I may say
A case of Furious driving!
Take care, you'll be upset—
Look out!
Holloa!

* * * * *
Horrible! Horrible!! Horrible!!!
The Dilly—
With all its precious freight
Of men and Manners—
Is gone!—
Gone to immortal
SMASH!
Pick up the pieces! Let me wipe my eyes!
Oh Muse—lend me thy scroll
To do it with, for I have lost
My wipe!

Part Second.

* * * * * Again upon the road—
The road to where?
To nowhere in particular!
Ah, no—I thank thee, Muse—
That hint—'tis a finger-post,
And "he that runs may read"—
He that runs?
But I am not running—
I am riding—
How came I here?—what am I riding on?
Who are my fellow passengers?
Ah, ha!
I recognise them now!
The Coach—
The Box—
The Driver—
And the Cad—
I'm on the Dilly, and the Dilly
Is on the road again!
And now I see
That finger-post!
It saith
"To Oxford
Fifty-two miles;"
And, Hark, a chorus!
From all the joyous load,
Driver and Cad, and all!
"We go," they sing—
"To Oxford to be DOCTORED."
To be Doctored?

Then, wherefore
Are ye so cheerful?
I was not cheerful in my early days—
Days of my buoyant boyhood—
When, after ingestion
Of too much
Christmas pudding,
Or Twelfth cake saccharine,
I went, as we go now,
To be Doctored!
Salts!
Senna and Rhubarb!!
Jalap and Ipecacuanha!!!!
And Antimonial Wine!!!!
"Worm!
IDIOT!!
DONKEY!!!"
Said the free-spoken Muse.
"With them thou goest to be doctored, too,
Not in medicine—but in Law—
All these—and thou—
Are going to be made
HONORARY
LL.D.'s!
Behold!
And know thy company—
Be thou familiar with them,
But by no means vulgar—
For familiarity breeds contempt;
And no man is a hero
To his *valet-de-chambre*!
So ponder and perpend."

DERBY!

The wise, the meek, the chivalrous—
Mirror of knightly graces
And daily dodges;
Who always says the right thing
At the right time,
And never
Forgets himself as others—
Nor changes his side,
Nor his opinion—
A STANLEY to the core, as ready
To fight,
As erst on FLODDEN FIELD
His mail-clad ancestor.—
See the poem
Of *Marmion*,
By SIR WALTER SCOTT!
DIZZY!
Dark—supple—subtle—
With mind lithe as the limbs
Of ISHMAEL'S sons, his swart progeni-
tors—
With tongue sharp as the spear
That o'er Sahara
Flings the blue shadow
Of the crown of ostrich feathers—
As described so graphically
By LAYARD, in his recent book
On Nineveh!
With tongue as sharp
As asp's tooth of NILUS,
Or sugary
Upon occasion
As is the date
Of TAPILAT.
Drizzy, the bounding Arab
Of the political arena—

As swift to whirl—
Right about face—
As strong to leap
From premise to conclusion—
As great in balancing
A budget—
Or flinging headlong
His somersets
Over sharp swords of adverse facts,
As were his brethren of *El-Arish*,
Who
Some years ago exhibited—
With rapturous applause—
At Astley's Amphitheatre—
And subsequently
At Vauxhall Gardens!

Clustering, front and back,
On box and knife-board,
Sec, petty man;
Behold! and thank thy stars
That led thee—Worm—
Thee, that art merely a writer
And a barrister,

Although a man of elegant acquirements,
A gentleman and a scholar—
Nay, F.R.S. to boot—
Into such high society,
Among such SWELLS,
And REAL NOBS!
Behold! ten live LORDS! and lo! no
end
Of Ex-Cabinet Ministers!
Oh! happy, happy, happy,
Oh, happy SAM!
Say, isn't this worth, at the least
"Ten Thousand a Year!"

And these are all, to-day at least—
Thy fellows!
Going to be made
LL. D.'s, even as thyself—
And thou shalt walk in silk attire,
And hob and nob with all the mighty of
the Earth;
And Lunch in Hall—
In Hall!—
Where Lunched before thee,

But on inferior grub,
That first great SAM—
SAM JOHNSON!
And LAUD, and ROGER BACON,
And CRANMER, LATIMER,
And RIDLEY,
And CYRIL JACKSON—and a host besides,
Whom, at my leisure
I will look up
In WOOD'S
"Athena Oxonienses!"
Only to think!
How BLACKWOOD
Is honoured!
ALISON! AYTOUN!!
BULWER!!!
And last, not least,
The great SAM GANDERAM!!!!
Oh EBONY!
Oh MAGA!
And oh
Our noble selves!

DISCOVERY OF A DRAGON!



THE Geologists are aware that in Dorsetshire, from time to time, there have been discovered the fossil remains of saurians hitherto supposed extinct. They will perhaps be not a little astonished to learn that a variety of these reptiles has continued in existence from an early period to the present time, in the neighbouring county of Hants. It may be described as a species of *pterodactyle* or flying lizard, of so monstrous a character, as fully to correspond to the common notion of the Dragon; and it has been accordingly denominated *Draco*

Eleemosynarius, or the Charity Dragon. This Dragon has for ages subsisted on the property of the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, devouring an enormous quantity thereof. Within the present half century it is said to have consumed more than £46,016 of the revenues of that Institution. It has entirely bolted and swallowed up a whole establishment therewith connected, called the House of Noble Poverty, thereby evincing a power of deglutition, which tends to authenticate the feats of that sort, ascribed in the ballad to the Dragon of Wantley

To form some idea of this Dragon's voracity, it is requisite to know that the Hospital of St. Cross was founded in 1157, by HENRY DE BLOIS, Bishop of Winchester, for the lodging, clothing, and maintenance of 13 poor men, and to the daily feeding of 100 other poor men; whereas the greater part of the maintenance of the 13 poor men, and the whole of the provision for the 100 other poor men, have been devoured by the Dragon.

At what precise epoch the *Draco Eleemosynarius* of St. Cross made its appearance, is not quite certain; but its production is a curious example of retrospective development. It was originally an individual of the human race, appointed under the title of Master of St. Cross, to administer the charity which it now eats: and thus owing its origin to DE BLOIS, has been traditionally said to have been created by the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. Subsequently it has degenerated to that low point in the scale of organisation which it at present occupies, having descended from a warm-blooded and charitable, to a cold-blooded and rapacious animal.

The existence of this Dragon was long unknown, because its habits were extremely retired, and it was accustomed to prey quietly, and in the dark. It has at length, however, been detected and captured, and is now to be seen exhibited in the Rolls Court of Chancery; where an experiment is in course of being tried upon it, with a view to cause it to disgorge part of what it has gulped.

THE PRESENT POLITICAL TAFIS.—Turkey.

HOW TO MAKE A HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TUESDAY the 7th of June, 1853, was one of those few days in the course of a Parliamentary Session, when there is a true economy in the public time, for none of it can be said to have been wasted. The House of Commons in fact made "no House," and the evening in question will therefore be remarkable for having abridged the legislative labours of the present year, for if "the least said is the soonest mended," it must follow *a fortiori* that when nothing has been said there can be nothing to rectify.

It was no doubt very distressing for a party of gentlemen, who had come charged like great guns to their very muzzles with a debate on Pegu, to find that there was no opportunity of "living away," for want of listeners. But we have known greater conjurers than Members of Parliament, and greater actors also, compelled to the humiliation of leaving their tricks unperformed, or their parts unacted for want of an audience. There are some entertainments, the very announcement of which in a play-bill would, technically speaking, "keep the people out," and we must candidly admit that a debate on Pegu is about as unattractive an affair as could have been "put up" for an evening's performance in the House of Commons. The principal performers who were to have figured in Pegu were, of course, irritated at having lost a chance of "coming out;" but we really do not see who is to be blamed if the promised appearance of a few political actors, in characters for which nobody cares, should have resulted in bringing nobody to the exhibition. The proposal that somebody should be responsible for "making a House," is absurd, for it would be ridiculous to assert the principle of freedom of debate, and deny to Members the freedom of refusing to listen to a debate devoid of all interest. The only practicable mode that occurs to us of "making a House," is to leave it in the hands of MADAME TUSSAULT, who would perhaps contract to furnish a sufficient number of what might be called Parliamentary Cock-o-waxes, to constitute, numerically speaking, "a House" on all occasions.

As proxies are permitted in the House of Lords, and as "silent Members" are recognised components of the wisdom of the Lower House, we honestly believe that wax figures labelled with the words, "Aye," or "No," to show which way they are intended to vote, would answer a great many of the most important purposes which are filled by the real Members of Parliament. Considering the stuff that some of the Members are made of, considering how easily they are impressed, how rapidly they can be made to melt their money in the heat of an Election contest, and that their final destiny is, to be dissolved, we think we are justified in recommending a supply of wax-work figures to prevent the possibility of there being "no House" during the sitting of Parliament.

The Doctors and the Poet.

It was observed, as a wise precaution, that when the distinguished poet of *The Daisy and the Flea* was called upon to receive his diploma at Oxford, he was closely attended by DOCTOR BRIGHT and DOCTOR FORBES WINSLOW.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN—A DEBA-TABLE POINT.

It may be a matter for speculation whether the Multiplication Table is one of those tables adapted for turning, especially when round numbers are employed.



WHEN IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO LOSE A BET.

Grace. "TEDDINGTON FIRST?—THEN THAT WILL MAKE FOUR DOZEN AND A HALF. REMEMBER, SIXES! TWO DOZEN WHITE, AND THE REST PALE DRAB AND LAVENDER."

WHAT ARE OUR SOLDIERS MADE OF?

WE feel ourselves called upon to protest, in the name of our gallant army, against the absurd application of the people of Chobham for a force of twenty policemen to keep in order a camp of nine thousand British soldiers. We do not for a moment doubt, that the good order and discipline of our troops will render any precaution quite unnecessary, but the idea of pitting twenty policemen against nine thousand armed men, is so preposterous that we cannot help disavowing, in the name of our country, the absurd hypothesis. What will foreigners say to the boasted prowess of the British army, and the vaunted terror inspired in the minds of the foe by the British soldiers, when twenty policemen are seriously applied for, as an antagonistic force to nine thousand of our best troops, should antagonism arise between the police and the soldiers? We are inclined to look upon the whole affair as a hoax; and as the facetious DRUMMOND put the question in the House of Commons, we are justified in looking for a joke as the foundation of the business. We are quite ready to guarantee the good conduct of the nine thousand soldiers at Chobham, and to decline—on our own responsibility—the protection of twenty policemen for the trembling Chobhamites; but we cannot allow it to go forth to the "foreigner," that we attach so little weight to nine thousand soldiers that we look upon twenty policemen as a match for them in the event of a collision.

The Derby Scholarship.

LORD DERBY, we are informed, made a fine Latin speech at Oxford, which we are agreeably surprised at; for we feared that the habit of quoting Protectionist figures would have occasioned the noble Earl to make false quantities.

In the Press.

THE HOUSEMAID'S GUIDE TO CHOBHAM CAMP; with What to Look at, What to Wink at, and What to Avoid. To be had at all Police Stations.

THE LOYAL IRISH.

IF the Irish newspapers are really the organs of Irish opinion, we are rather puzzled to know the meaning of Irish loyalty. The *Kilkenny Journal*, which might more appropriately be designated the *Kilkenny Cat*, is pleasantly looking forward to the moment when "LOUIS NAPOLEON will wash out the stain of Waterloo;" and, on that tremendous washing-day, the *Kilkenny Cat* suggests that "the Irish people will know their duty." Another paper—the *Limerick Reporter*—whose reports, however loud, are mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing," intimates the pleasant probability that "a fire will be lighted in Ireland not soon to be extinguished" should the law pass for allowing respectable persons to visit the nunneries. Considering how often Ireland has been "in a blaze" during the last twenty or thirty years, we have begun to look at the country as a sort of harmless firework, which crackles and fizzes about, but has no more serious effect than to burn the fingers of those who handle it.

A SUBURBAN SHAME.

GREAT complaints have been made lately in the suburban districts respecting their postal arrangements; which are not perfect; seeing that it takes, perhaps, rather more time to send a letter from Hammersmith to London, than from London to Edinburgh. But the dissatisfied parties should consider that the Post-Office is regulated by a law somewhat similar to that whereon depends the action of the Electric Telegraph. If you want to send a message from Dover to Calais, in order that it may reach Calais, it must travel back to Dover. Suppose you want to dispatch a letter to Shepherd's Bush from Fulham, your letter must go up to London, that it may get down to Shepherd's Bush. There is, however, this difference between the two cases, that the law of the Electric Telegraph is a law of Nature which is unchangeable; whilst the law of the Post might be altered by the Post Office authorities.



THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

Soldier. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK, AND I'VE BROUGHT YOUR SHAVING WATER."



ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 11.



I THINK, CHARLES, you spend too much money in dress. Surely you did not want three new waistcoats and three pairs of trousers just now. I suppose you owe BENSON a bill already, or want to keep on good terms with him. I observe there is a great deal of ridiculous extravagance here of this kind. Not that the men dress too well—far from it, but they throw away so much money from bad judgment and bad taste. I am not going to preach you a sermon, for one very good reason among others, that you wouldn't listen to it. There is a homily, I believe, on "Excess in Apparel," which is sure to be good if you have any fancy for that sort of literature—but I wish you to see what blunders your youngsters commit in your search after elegance and fashion.

Now look at PEACOCK of your college. He is the very type of a University dandy. He pays exclusive attention to the subject, and carries out his views "regardless of expense." Call on that young fellow at nine o'clock in the morning and you find him dressed to death. If he was going to be married he could not add a touch to his toilette. Everything he has on is brand new, from his cambric chess-board shirt, which will not last through half-a-dozen washings, to the delicate silk neckerchief that will be soiled and unwearable—in his eyes—before the end of the week. He sports jewelled waistcoat buttons *en suite* with his shirt studs, a flaring gold chain with a bunch of charms, and half a dozen rings of various designs. And it is in this gorgeous apparel that he goes to RICKARDS'S *Euripides* lecture. MACHIAVELLI (I think it was) used to dress himself in his best before he read the classics, because, said he, "I am now going into good company." I don't know whether PEACOCK has an eye to the precedent, but the Florentine would have been delighted with his respect for the ancients, until he heard him begin to construe. At two o'clock our young friend appears in an entirely new toilette, equally gay, but more adapted for the promenade. His afternoon stroll up and down High Street with a friend or two of like tastes and appearance, is to him the event of the day. The insolent languor of the boys when thus employed, is one of the most delightful sights with which I am acquainted. The Emperor of China, or the Llama of Thibet might take a lesson of solemnity from them. As they walk three abreast, their chins in the air, their handkerchiefs streaming from their breast pockets, and their canes dangling in their hands, they forget that they are mortal, they forget everything—except the splendour of their exterior, or the lightness of their boots. It is ten to one that you shall see PEACOCK in the evening got up in black and white, his embroidered shirt and waistcoat blazing with turquoises, and a heavier chain than ever.

And all this foppery (which would be exaggerated anywhere) in a provincial town, where you never see a lady! Is it not grossly absurd? Doesn't every one know that the only excuse for a man's being a dandy (let the word pass) is to please women, who are supposed to like it? Would a man of the world, think you, dress in the same style here, that he does in London in the height of the season? There is something disgusting to my apprehension in a community of men decorating themselves one against the other.

PEACOCK is going into a cavalry regiment, they tell me, most likely a crack one, and I dare say looks forward to astonishing his brother officers with his magnificence. Do you know how they will serve him? Just as the 25th Hussars did young SPOONBILL—they chaffed him out of his life, and made a bonfire of his French cambric shirts, buff, lilac, violet, and blood-red, at one fell swoop. Soldiers are very good judges of style, I can tell you, and tolerate no humbug for a moment—but their own. They say a wonderful revolution has been effected in SPOONBILL, who with his tasteful friends TEDDY ANGLES and HARRY PETER used to be the plague of every place of amusement in London, and that he has been very nearly persecuted into the ordinary modesty and quietness of an English gentleman. Let PEACOCK take warning in time or his life in the army will be a burden to him.

Mind you, I don't want you to neglect your appearance here. Slovenliness is odious in any one, especially in a young man, and certainly the opposite extreme is the less objectionable of the two. What

I find fault with is, the enormous quantity of clothes you buy, the bad taste of most of them, the staring colours, the varied patterns, and the inharmonious combinations, the eccentric cut, the profusion of jewellery. You seem never satisfied unless you are remarkable, the very thing a man of the world wishes to shun. You have the fancy of a Hebrew on a holiday. You always want people to say, What a stunning coat! What tremendous bags! Instead of, What a gentlemanlike man! You degrade yourselves below the level of your wardrobes. For my part, I should be very sorry to think I was of less value than my trousers, however well they were made. And after all the money you spend, you fail. Take PEACOCK and his friends in their most gorgeous phase, plump them down in St. James's Street, and no one will regard them without a smile. Set them side by side with the men who are acknowledged to be the greatest "swells" in London, such as JACK MACINTOSH, little VIVIAN, or HORACE GRANVILLE, and see how tawdry and snobbish and overdressed they will appear. Don't be absurd and get out of temper, but ask yourself the reason of the success of the London men, and profit therefrom. You will observe that they are always in the fashion and never ahead of it as some wish to be; they are very sober in colour, and never eccentric in cut; their clothes are beautifully made, yet you don't know what they have on; and finally, they are fastidiously neat and clean. Having settled on what becomes them, they always retain the same style, and thus are not driven to accumulate apparel that they don't want, for the mere sake of variety. Moreover, they are very sparing of jewellery, which to my mind, might well be left altogether to women, whom it becomes, but at all events, is quite out of place in a very young man. Your good spirits and clear skins and smooth cheeks, are your jewels—they beat anything at HOWELL and JAMES'S for good taste and attractiveness. Value them—you won't have them long, child; and a clean shirt is an ample setting to show them off.

I have been long desirous to ease my mind on this subject. No one can come to this place without observing the extravagant style of dress generally adopted; and they tell me that the other little establishment for young gentlemen is still worse. I hope no one will make such a mistake as to set me down for a cynic, growling at pleasures because I don't value 'em myself. Dress yourself, my dear CHARLEY, as carefully as you like; if you take my advice stick to the severely simple, but let it be like a man and not a monkey, or by Jove, Sir, I will write to *Punch* (where, as you know, my influence is unbounded) and get Mr. LEECH to put you in the principal picture as large as life, and exactly like. It's a deuced unpleasant thing, I can tell you, to see your portrait come out on Wednesday afternoon in every shop-window, and stare you in the face till that day week.

A LITTLE POLITICAL GAME OF SPELLING.

England. I SAY, RUSSIA, I'll bet you anything you can't spell Constantinople?

Russia. Can't I, just? Why it's easy enough.

England. It's not so easy to get through Constantinople, my boy, as you may imagine. Come, just you try.

Russia. Here goes at it then! C-o-n—Con; s-t-a-n—stan, Constan; t-i—ti, Constanti; n-o—no—

England (stopping him). No.

Russia (extremely puzzled). No?

England (positively). No, no.

France (ditto). No, no, no.

Turkey (in consequence of the firmness of the other two, plucks up courage, and also says positively). No, no, no, no.

All together (most positively). No! no!! NO!!! NO!!!!

[RUSSIA tries back, and tries very hard several times; but each time he tries it on, he is pulled up suddenly by the NOES. He gets very angry; and at last, not seeing his way at all clearly through Constantinople, he retires in the greatest rage and disgust, ENGLAND, FRANCE, and TURKEY still calling out after him, "No! No! No! No!"

The Fruit of Picture-Cleaning.

WE got into an argument, the other day, with a commercial politician, who asked us where we were to go for our raw material? Our reply was, that we should go to the National Gallery; where we should find plenty of it in the canvass of the old Masters.

A FACT THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

THE greatest orator among animals (says SINTHORPE) is undoubtedly the Harangue-Outang.

GENTEEL INTELLIGENCE.—The *Standard* is universally spoken of in the servants' halls, as the evening organ of the Harris—toeracy.



MR. VERDANT'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT BOOK-MAKING.

Verdant's Friend. "WELL—AS NEAR AS I CAN MAKE IT OUT—YOU MUST LOSE £150, AND MAY LOSE £300." [VERDANT subsides into his Boots.]

MANUFACTURE OF OLD MASTERS.

PROFESSOR OWEN is an expert philosopher. With him it is something more than *ex pede Herculem*; he goes the entire animal—determines the whole *deinotherium*—from the extreme *phalanx* of the toe. MR. OWEN, however, must be content to share his celebrity for reconstructive genius with a gentleman whose evidence, given before the National Gallery Committee, has been published in the papers; whence we learn that

"On Monday MR. LANCE was examined. He said he was at present a painter of flowers and fruits, but had formerly been employed as an historical painter. He was instructed by the keeper to restore the 'Boar Hunt' by VELASQUEZ. Several portions of the picture were entirely destroyed when it was placed in his hands. One portion on the right hand—as large as a sheet of foolscap—of the picture was entirely bare. In fact more than one half of the picture had to be restored by witness. He was sorry to say that the cleaning which it had lately undergone had almost entirely destroyed his reputation, and partially revived VELASQUEZ. (Laughter.)"

"MR. B. WALL. Had you any plate of the 'Boar Hunt' to aid you in your restoration?"

"MR. LANCE. No."

"MR. P. WALL. Are you aware whether there is any plate of it in existence?"

"MR. LANCE. No; I hope there is not. (Laughter.) I had not seen the picture before it was damaged."

Out of less than half a picture, MR. LANCE makes a whole one, and give him a square inch of an old master, he will, doubtless, return you a square ell. There is no limiting the possibilities of such a pencil. If no portion of VELASQUEZ'S "Boar Hunt" had been remaining but a simple javelin, all that was wanting to the javelin might have been supplied by the LANCE. Had RAPHAEL'S *St. Catherine* been partially obliterated, that is, the whole of the painting effaced except the wheel, MR. LANCE could have been depended on to restore the remainder; and if any other saint, by any artist, had faded from the canvass, his *nimbus* only left, we are confident that MR. LANCE would have been able to put in the saint. Great injustice is done to such gentlemen as MR. LANCE, by affixing to pictures, more than half of which those gentlemen have painted, the names of old Masters who have only done the lesser part of them: and thus giving the ancient and foreign painter the whole of that credit, the major amount of which is due to the British and contemporary artist.

A Case of Russian Leather.

We trust there will be no war between England and Russia, because it would involve an interruption of our commerce with that empire: whilst, nevertheless, we should be compelled to send out tanners to the Russians to tan their hides for them.

ABERDEEN'S CLIENTS.

"Ce cher ABERDEEN," LOUIS PHILIPPE.—*Foreign Power.*

"THIS dear ABERDEEN" must be now well aware Of the recent report of Cork, Sligo, and Clare Election Committees; which if he has seen, It perhaps has enlightened "this dear ABERDEEN."

"THIS dear ABERDEEN" may have learned that his pets, Rome's parsons, use intimidation and threats, The votes of their flocks to control; which, I ween, Was a fact quite unknown to "this dear ABERDEEN."

"THIS dear ABERDEEN" else would never have bowed To the POPE'S brazen band, and LORD JOHN disavowed In a manner which would have been sneaking and mean, Had that fact been but known to "this dear ABERDEEN."

"THIS dear ABERDEEN" may thence, possibly, see That the priesthood he cocks is hostile to free Institutions; which, were he not woefully green, Had been patent, before, to "this dear ABERDEEN."

"THIS dear ABERDEEN"—bear, however, in mind— Is less soft than he seems, perhaps; none are so blind As those who won't see, and some folks have a keen Suspicion 'tis so with "this dear ABERDEEN."

"THIS dear ABERDEEN," now, albeit, should know That Rome is Constitutional Government's foe, Is disloyal to thrones like the throne of the QUEEN, The Premier of whom is "this dear ABERDEEN."

"THIS dear ABERDEEN," let us hope, will anon, See the force of the reasons assigned by LORD JOHN; For a vote which would else without reason have been, Like some votes, we may say, of "this dear ABERDEEN."

THE FINE OLD PORTE.



SINCE the Russian Ultimatum, every one is looking with anxiety to see how the Porte will turn out, after the tap it has received at the hands of MENSCHIKOFF. The general opinion has been, that the Porte, though full of body and inclined to be crusty, will exhibit a thinness and an utter absence of spirit, which will impair strength and quality. We are not surprised that Porte should begin to ferment under the treatment of Russia, for Porte is utterly unaccustomed to imperial measures. We confess we hope that peace will not be disturbed, for we are desirous of taking it as easy as possible over our Porte; and we should be sorry to see ourselves embroiled in preventing the Russian Autocrat

from throwing himself on the Ottoman.

Mulish Obstinacy in Dress.

OUR young men of the present day run about with black stripes down their legs—not unlike the legs of mules. Why not carry the likeness further, and allow the stripes, as in the case of mules, to run all over their coats? Surely he who dresses himself like a mule must be "next to a donkey," and, accordingly, cannot make himself too ridiculous. A sharp young friend of ours, who has studied heraldry, merely to joke upon it, calls these thick heavy stripes, "The bars-sinister of taste."

PARADISES IN PANDEMONIUM.

THE land we live in is a pretty place—according to the *Kilkenny Journal*; which, in reference to Old England, has uttered the following strong language:—

"This is the liberty of the freest country under the sun! A curse will attend such freedom. The infidelity, the crime, the vice, the nomenclature sins—all these are enough, and mere that enough, to bring down the wrath of Heaven on England. Her large cities are Sodom; her factories are bella . . . In England there is no respect for religion or virtue, except among the Catholic population, and it is a consolation for us to know—if there can be any consolation in such a case—that it is the mad, ungoverned, hellish passion of infidelity, directed by a desperate Anti-Catholic feeling, that aims at the desecration of Catholic religious houses. Who expected anything better from England, whose people knew no bounds to their savage, brutal lust—a people steeped in every kind of guilt! It is possible for pen to describe or mind to conjecture—a people whose souls are black with crime that in its worst moments never contaminated Sodom or Gomorrah; and it is from such a people insults and taunts are to be hurled out against Catholicity. How can we think of this with patience? Demons conspiring against Heaven!"

Alas! it is to be feared that we are a very wicked people; addicted to every villany; but especially to shooting landlords from behind hedges. And when a dastardly Protestant English scoundrel thus commits murder, in open day, not one rascal of the Protestant bystanders will budge an inch to apprehend the assassin.

We are accustomed to knock each other down with large sticks, to beat and kick one another when down; ten of us, sometimes upon one, trampling him and stamping on his stomach.

Doubtless we owe our escape from the fate of the cities to which our *Kilkenny* contemporary alludes to the presence among us of a few good persons. There are little colonies of decent people to be found in London, and most of our other large towns, of which they inhabit the more respectable parts. They are remarkable for the cleanliness both of their persons and their dwellings; and the extreme neatness of their attire. Their settlements are models of social order and peaceful industry. Oaths and imprecations are unknown in their abodes; where meekness holds a divided sway with temperance. Their names are characterised by MAC and O; their manners by gentleness; their customs by refinement; their features by delicacy. Indeed if there is anything by which they are distinguished more than by moral beauty, it is their prepossessing appearance; except that perhaps, upon the whole, it may be considered that they are most chiefly to be admired for veracity.

In spite, however, of the existence of these angelic societies in our midst, we have "brought down upon us" the wrath of certain priests represented by the *Kilkenny Journal*, whose ire has been kindled by MR. CHAMBERS'S proposed Act for the Recovery of Personal Liberty in Certain Cases. No wonder; for is it not an Act to prevent those parties—in possible cases of duress and false imprisonment—from doing what they like with their own? Kindled, however, against us though their anger may be, it fortunately cannot—by reason of our intolerant restrictions—burn us.

THE POST OFFICE AND THE SUBURBS.

THE suburban population begin to complain bitterly of the unbusiness-like phenomenon, that the nearer they happen to be to the General Post Office in point of distance, the farther they are in point of time away from it. The word Post is, in its original sense, indicative of delay, and as far as the suburbs are concerned, we can have no hesitation in saying that the English verb post-pone, and the Latin *post pono*, to put—in the post—are synonymous. All the rules of arithmetic seem to be set at naught by the rules of the General Post Office, for if a letter requires four hours to travel from eighty to a hundred miles, it follows—according to Post Office practice—that the same letter would require twenty-four hours to travel one-thirtieth part of the distance.

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

It is a curious and remarkable fact, that the "Rappers" have not succeeded in summoning from their private "vasty deep," any female spirit who confesses to having lived in the "Middle Ages."

HOW TO COIN A JOKE.

It is singular that so much astonishment has been created by a man walking with his feet on the ceiling, when no less a person than HER MAJESTY may be daily seen with her head on the Florin.

PROGRESS OF TABLE MOVING.—An Honourable Member has given notice of his intention to move the Table instead of the House.

NOTE FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—You should not clean paintings as you would clean plates.

A MAGNETIC MINISTRY.



THE powers of animal magnetism are beginning to be very generally acknowledged, we do not see why they should not be allied with the powers that be, and applied to the purposes of Government. The process of Table Turning may be tried at the Council table with effect, for it is there that the union of will and motion would be of extreme value, since it is necessary that the Ministerial will should lead to some definite motion on the part of the Cabinet. There are several modes of trying the experiment of Turning the Tables, and the Coalition Ministers have so far turned the tables exceedingly well upon the Protectionists, who, after making a few feeble efforts to "send round the hat," have abandoned the hope of doing anything of a magnetic character.

The present Ministers, though comprising a somewhat incongruous party, may hope for a successful result from some of their efforts. The practice is to sit round a table—say the Council table—and without actually joining hands upon any one subject, they agree in a

sort of volition, that any motion proceeding from the table should go one way, though it frequently happens that the influence is exercised by only two or three persons of the whole assembly. In these Ministerial experiments it is advisable that the places round the table should be retained by the whole group, but it is not necessary that they should all keep the same places, and, indeed, fresh force has often been gained by transferring one individual to the place of another.

Those who have full faith in the Turning of the Tables declare that a table may revolve while standing on only one leg; but the great art required by Ministers is to know how to bring matters round when there is not even a leg to stand upon.

The experiment of Turning the Tables was tried by the Protectionist Ministry a few months ago, but in spite of their having all the will to turn to the utmost extent, the hold they had upon what they had in hand was so slight that it slipped through their fingers.

A SENSIBLE CIVIC DINNER.

THE object of education is not accomplished by the mere cultivation of the intellect. To teach that which is simply true is insufficient; it is also necessary to inculcate the knowledge of what is good. We thus moralize in reference to a rich, intellectual treat, thus described in the *Times*:—

"ENTERTAINMENT AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—The LORD MAYOR gave a dinner last evening to about 80 Mayors and Provosts of the principal cities and towns of Great Britain and Ireland. This, we understand, is the first of several entertainments, the special object of which is to aid the efforts of HER MAJESTY'S Government by promoting a uniform organization throughout the country for the Diffusion of a more General and Practical Knowledge of Science and Art among all Classes."

What could be a better beginning for such an end? In dining eighty Mayors for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the City contributes to promote public enlightenment by a proceeding no less judicious than appropriate. Teaching those eighty municipal magistrates how to live, it affords them a lesson which they will be not slow to communicate to their respective Corporations, whose members, in their turn, will impart to others the benefit of the instruction they have thus received. To commence with an entertainment at the Mansion House, is to lay a good solid foundation for subsequent requirements. The digestive function, for example, so important in physiology, is studied on a sound basis of turtle in addition to eapon and sirloin, besides a great many other of the choicest substances of the vegetable as well as of the animal kingdoms. To the information capable of being communicated by plates, that which may be derived from dishes is wisely adjoined; and it is obvious that a taste for Art may be expected to be developed through the gratification inspired by good eats. We hope the eighty Mayors who were regaled the other day at the Mansion House, for the extension of learning, will earnestly endeavour to fill their minds as largely as they filled their stomachs on that occasion. The next Civic Educational Dinner, perhaps, will be given to eighty Masters in lieu of Mayors, in order to cram them for their respective tasks. In conclusion, we may observe, that if the LORD MAYOR'S banquets should make no bookworms, they will constitute very considerable grubs.

THE POPULAR MOVEMENT PARTY.—It strikes us forcibly that the popular "Movement Party," of which we are always hearing so much, must mean the members of the Police Force, for they are always ordering the people to "move on."



THE SERPENTINE.

(GENT THINKS HE IS ROWING TO THE ADMIRATION OF EVERYBODY.)

SMALL BOY. "Old 'ard, Guv'n'r! And take me and my Traps across—will yer?"

A WEEK OF IRISH WRONG.

(From "The Tablet.")

THIS week has been marked by an unusual series of wanton outrages inflicted on poor, helpless Ireland by the brutal Parliamentary Saxon. Unusual, did we write? The Saints forgive us the word—the record is but another leaf from the black catalogue of British crime. But let us be calm while we recount these new outrages, calm though the very ink boils in its bottle as we summon it to embalm the legend of shame. On Monday, the malignant scorn of our creed and of our priests—need we name the miscreant JOHN RUSSELL?—dared to answer the manly interpellations of the patriot GEORGE MOORE with a scornful and aristocratic contempt. He would explain nothing, he would retract nothing of what he had said against the Catholic Church, but he told the Irishmen a profligate anecdote. An Irishman is a buffoon—meet him with a jest—such is the creed of this English lordling. Ha! ha! We laugh, my LORD JOHN, but not at your wit. Let those laugh who win. On Tuesday the whole body of English and Scotch Members united to insult Ireland. They presumed to absent themselves from the House, though an Irish question stood upon the paper, a question involving the character of our devout, pious, meek, and idolised clergy, falsely and basely charged with exerting more than their just influence at an election. Yes, so ran the vile and blundering charge, as if there could, or ought to be any limit to the influence of those saintly men. But the Scotch and Saxons stood aloof, and trembled to hear the glorious vindication which eighteen Irish Members had resolved to deliver, in speeches of an hour each. There was "no House." But they gave us Wednesday—ha! Yes, Wednesday was ours, that is, a morning sitting, when the debauched Protestant, with his head full of the Opera song and the orgy of the preceding night, lounges on his bench, and lazily listens to Irish wrong, as he recruits himself for the coming revel. They gave us Wednesday, but, in bitter mockery, for a law bill. Of course, nothing but law is wanted for wicked Ireland! Grant us patience, gentle Saints! Thursday, we were deliberately and foully outraged. They trapped us. Their Indian Debate came on, and we poor Irish, not caring to hear the tale of their tyranny in the East, too like that which

festers and rankles in our own land, went away to make a night of it. What is India to us? Mark! The fiends brought this discussion to a sudden end, and called on the hateful, oppressive, extortionate Irish Spirits Bill. But we resisted to the death: we stood up and declared that WE WERE NOT IN THE HOUSE, and that we would oppose any attempt to proceed in our absence. Even the deadly-smiling GLADSTONE gave way at our righteous protest. But on Friday the same treachery was renewed. We had fought the Spirit Bill, Ireland was again trampled, and eightpence in copper was added to the weight of her chains. The Saxons evaded a Legacy Duty discussion, and sought to bring on a bill affecting the wretched tenantry of Ireland. Then we rose in noble wrath, and told them we had thought their own debate would last the night, and that we were not ready. MOORE had not learned his impromptus, and the fiery and impulsive periods of FITZJURD had not been rehearsed. Were we like the English churls, content to sit, to bide our time, to take business as it might come on? The bounding blood and panting pulse of Ireland were in a flame and a flutter at the thought, and again we told our oppressors that WE WERE NOT THERE, and would not talk. They yielded—of course they did—ha! ha! and over the waves of a week of wrongs, one sunbeam shed its lurid but triumphant ray upon the pale brow of ruined Erin.

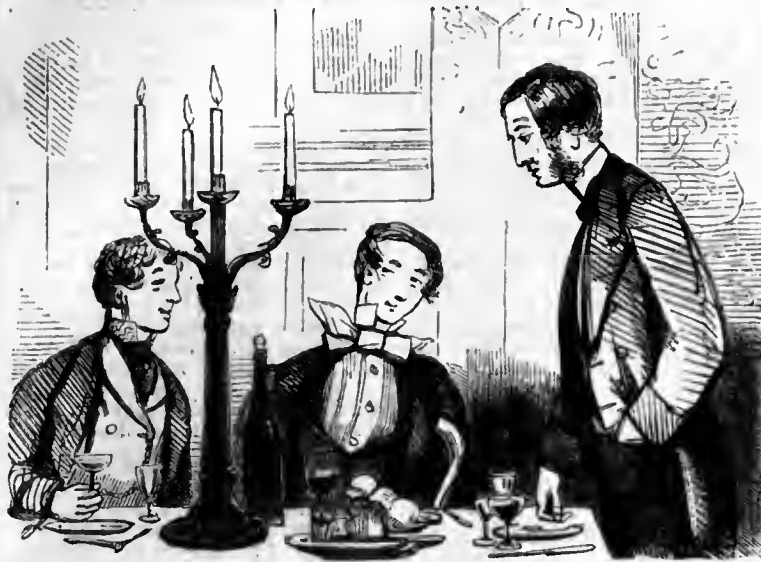
Doctors' Commons.

WE don't know what these Commons may generally be, but we should imagine that, considering what an Union Doctor is paid, his Commons must be scarcely bread and cheese, and very little of that; and, worse still, that the Commons of a Homoeopathic Doctor, if the fees he receives are anything in proportion to the doses he prescribes, must be at times exceedingly Short Commons.

THE SCOTCH BAYS.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN can see so little merit in any poetry other than Scotch, that—if he had not earned a true laurel wreath—we should be disposed to suggest for him a chaplet of thistles.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 12.



BUSKIN sings a melodious second here with great art:—

"It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the navy,
It's a way we have in the Varsity-y."

BUSKIN is great here again:—

"And so say all of us.
Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah.
Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah.
Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah-y."

And the boys sit down, flushed and hoarse. I rise for my speech, and gracefully putting my hands into my trousers' pockets—an attitude which our gifted artist has caught with his usual skill—express my inability to return thanks properly for the honour that has been done me. (*No, no.*) "I wish I wasn't going away. (*Hear, hear.*) It's much jollier here than in town. Riding with the drag is better fun than listening to BOWSER *v.* BOWSER in the Chancellor's Court. I like steering you down the river (*cheers from the boating men*) much more than I do the Statute of Uses. I could not eat such a dinner in London as I have eaten just now. I never have the appetite. They give us the same sort of food at the Temple—two year old beef, and premature mutton—and I am always confined to my bed the day after. (*Oh, and a laugh.*) 'Gad, FITZ MARTINGALE, you won't laugh when you first try it, I can tell you. They make you eat three dinners a term, to see whether your constitution is good enough for the Bar. As it is, many sink under it; but as, nevertheless, legal business has been so much diminished lately, they are going to increase the number of terminal trials to six, in order to make a still larger exclusion. (*Fitz silenced, but not convinced.*) I shall come up at Commemoration to see how you get on, and give a grateful University the opportunity of granting me an honorary degree. Whether I accept the distinction or not, will depend of course on the sort of company with whom I should have to appear in Convocation. I have no doubt our boat will bump the Christophers' to the eternal renown of CODLINGS' men, and the University will win the Cup again at Henley, though I am told they will have to work hard for it. (*Offers to lay six to four 'on' us—no takers.*) If some of you hereafter see your portraits in a popular periodical, don't call on the Editor with a horsewhip, or in any way think of violating the laws of your country. Rather rejoice to be selected as examples for the instruction of a new race of Under-graduates. (*RAILTON turns very red indeed, and says, 'Hoo, hoo! doose take it, old fella, I say, hang it though!'*) I hope you will always be as honest and good fellows as you are now. The pluck and cheerfulness, the manly energy, which makes you popular here, will give you the best chance of making your way in the world, and wherever you may seek your fortunes, I trust you will never forget the old place and its associations." A trace of seriousness is seen, just for a moment, most strongly marked in the museard oarsmen, and the flow of laughter and of talk is renewed with greater vigour than ever. *Felices sua si bona norint.* I am sitting up writing, because I can't afford to do otherwise. All the boys have been in bed for an hour.

To my great regret Lent Term is over, and the time has at length arrived for quitting the venerable old city, with its diversities of population, musty, quaint, learned, pious, and jolly. I cannot but sigh as I bid adieu to the boats and the thoroughbred galloping hacks, the cricket, the great breakfasts, and the Common-room Port. Happy recollections! there is something about you which, after all, beats the Grecian Temple at the top of Gower Street (on the right hand side as you go towards the New Road, I forget the number), with all its science and German philology; and the honest, boyish, country sports make a fellow fresher and even manlier than the Haymarket does. But this is sentimental weakness, I know; I shall be back in town to-morrow, and have to succe as usual to keep up a reputation for intellect.

We had a dinner at the Red Lion in honour of my departure. I know all the present generation of youngsters now, and they look upon me with the respect that an undergraduate always feels for a senior man who does not snub him. There were about a dozen of us, three of them in pink, having had, as PINCUSHION said, a "slapping wun with Dwake, old boy." They found, I heard certainly more than once during dinner, at Harleyford Beeches, and after a burst of twenty minutes across the town—but it is absurd for me to attempt to do what the graphic pen of little RASPER will triumphantly record in the next number of *The Field*. They were splashed up to the eyes, talked very loud, drank a good deal of Champagne, and went to sleep after dinner. Old RAILTON (who has got through) was there, and JOWLER, and most of the boating men, a swell or two from All Saints, with extensive jewellery, and, perhaps, a slight tendency to insipidity; BUSKIN, the son of the Judge, with his unrivalled collection of comic songs, and NOZZLE with his cornet; but the claret, after dinner, disagreed with him—I don't wonder at it, I'm sure—and he was unable to gratify us with the melodies which HERR KÖENIG has made so popular.

The dinner was served in JONES's well-known style, that is to say, everything was cold except the Sherry. But, bless you, we didn't care. Men in London who go early in the morning, and have a private interview with the cook at the club, and, perhaps, cry to him about his pastry, would have opened their eyes to see how we polished off the solid English fare before us. Cod-fish, beef, pigeon-pics, wild-duck, disappeared from the board: great silver tankards of strong ale and beer cup (a general characteristic of University dinners) were assiduously drained and replenished. The rage of hunger and of thirst at length appeased, came claret, complacency, and conversation. Then, amid jingling of glasses, arose young CODLINGS, and, in a speech full of compliments and hearty jovial bad grammar (there was one sentence for which I quite loved the boy, he varied the construction of it six times, and never ended it at all), proposed the health of the humble author of these lines. Horrible uproar succeeded; the three sleepers rose and jumped into their chairs. "Your good health, old fellow—sorry you are going to leave us!" sounded from all sides; and BUSKIN, with his manly voice, led off that simple, never-tiring canticle,

"Fo-or he's a jolly good fellow;

I give the entire poem to obviate the irregular curiosity of the *Notes and Queries*.

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fe-ellow-w-w,

BUSKIN's vocal training enabled him to hang the last note on to an aggravating pitch:—

"Which nobody can deny,
Which nobody can deny,
And so say all of us."

A Locomotive City.

In these days of Table Moving, there is no sort of movement that can astonish us much; but we are surprised a little by the change of place asserted in the following item of American news:—

"The City of Manchester had arrived at Philadelphia."

We are conscious of some slight degree of that amazement which MACBETH experienced when he was informed that Birnam Wood *had* come to Dunsinane.

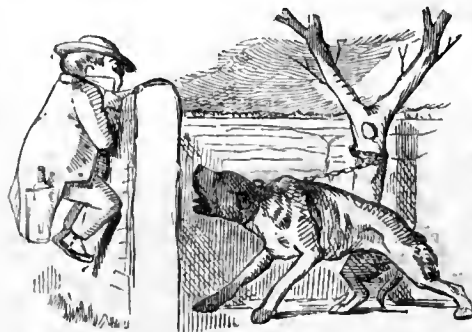
FACILITIES FOR FORAGE.

THAT the plain of Chobham presents a fine area for military manœuvres may be the opinion of the officers, but the men prefer the areas of the domiciles in the various towns they have been quartered in.

Ah! Come Rapida!

WE really cannot profess to understand the mystery of spirit-rapping; but we have seen several authenticated cases in which a devotion to spirits has caused many to be without a rap.

RUMOURS OF WAR AT WOKING.



ESTERDAY it was generally understood that the tremendous force assembled at Chobham is about to do "something." We are not surprised at a rumour having got afloat that the army intends to make itself an army of "occupation," and will shortly occupy itself by surprising and taking the little town, or borough—or whatever else it happens to call itself—familarly known as Woking. The people of Woking are, in fact, in a state of trepidation, from the headborough down to the beadle, in consequence of a rumour that Woking is to be "invested;" though, as an "investment," we can conceive nothing so absurdly unprofitable as the spot alluded to. The camp at Chobham will not, however, be idle; and, as military operations in earnest are understood to be the order of the day, it is perfectly well known that something in the way of a siege will be attempted.

Woking has been hinted at as a town that is destined to be "surprised," and preparations for "astonishing the natives" are supposed to be going on with the utmost activity. The publicans are making ready to meet the invasion with spirit, and the musketeers of the line will be received with the contents of the double barrels of BARCLAY AND PERKINS and others, who will place their "entire" strength before the army. We confess that we are not sufficiently up in military tactics to know how Woking is to be taken, or whom it will be taken from, or if, when taken, it will be well shaken, or whether it will be given back again after the feat of taking it has been accomplished. Perhaps Woking will save further trouble by giving itself up, and placing the keys of its pump or its fire-engine, or whatever its public institutions may chance to be, in the hands of the invaders. From what little we know of Woking we apprehend no serious resistance, for our recollection of the spot carries us back to nothing but a small ditch, which forms the only national defence of the place against a hostile army. We have not heard whether Woking is busily engaged in throwing up entrenchments, but the probability is that it will throw up the whole affair of defence as a hopeless business.

An Empty Khan!

We perceive by our highly intellectual and amusing contemporary, the *Court Circular*, that SHAFI KHAN had an audience of the QUEEN, and delivered his credentials as Envoy Extraordinary from the SHAH OF PERSIA. We merely mention the fact for the purpose of asking, with a view to a correspondence that will no doubt be got up in *Notes and Queries* on the nice point, "whether SHAFI KHAN is any relation to Shaving Pot?" There is no doubt, from the splendid style of living adopted by the envoy, that the Khan is, to a certain extent, a tin Khan, for there is plenty of "tin" in his composition.

Financial Physic.

It is proposed to establish an altogether new method of inquiry into the state of the Public Health. The following are some of the interrogatories recommended to be addressed to the patient. How are your Funds? Let me see your Consols. Put out your Stock. Are your Dividends all right? Have you any Pain about your Bonds? Any uneasiness referring to your Foreign Securities. What is the State of your Corn Market? Allow me to examine your Shares. Let me feel your Scrip. Have you any sinking in your Mines? Any tightness at the Bank? How is your Discount? Have you any appetite for Speculation?

THE CANTEN AT CHOBHAM.

WHEN the Camp has been washed—just washed by a shower—then will be the time to brew the beverage which may be called Chobham negus: a potation composed of Tent and water.

A STRIKE WITHOUT A STICK.

IN considering the circumstance that the Policemen have struck at Manchester, it is important to remark that a Policeman, in striking, lays down his truncheon.

ITALIAN POETS AND AN AUSTRIAN MECÆNAS.

Who does not know Perugia? (called anciently, Perusia, And built in pre-Etruscan times, unless in these my views, I err.) Her massive walls, six miles in length, and built to form a polygon, Contain wide streets, and squares, and halls, whose wealth is not yet wholly gone,

Although to crush her people, now, the Austrian does what he can; And Gothic spears, and Gallic guns, and crossiers from the Vatican, Have done their worst for her in turn; for Might makes Right was not a law

Less liked by PAUL THE THIRD, than by NAPOLEON or TOTILA.

But, though her townsmen are enslaved, they still will be satirical, And mock their tyrants bitterly; indeed, 't would be a miracle, If, where an ANTINORI, CAPORALI, and COPPETTA, lived, (And than these bards, in Italy, few cleverer or better lived) The men should let such rulers live a day without abusing 'em, Or fear to "speak sharp daggers," since they're not afraid of using 'em.

And thus the Austrians daily dread dark plots and bright *conceits*, Sir, And fear their subjects' pointed style, as much as their stiletto, Sir!

And thus it chanced, the other day, a poem by some anonymous Peruginese (who felt the German yoke weigh heavy on him, as it must on every noble soul, and didn't mean to spare, if he Could get a chance to strike,) came forth, the Austrians to scarily. So savage was the Commandant when first he read the verses, Sir, That his grey moustache curled up in fright, at his quaint Teutonic curses, Sir.

Then said he, "Bid the guard at the Palazzo dei Priori, see That there the five best poets in the town at half-past four I see."

Now as, whate'er his plan might be, he did not then declare it, he In the city, by this order, caused much hustle and hilarity, As they all opined:—"For him who writes the best extemporaneous Effusion, some reward or decoration it is plain he has." So that, when the guard by four o'clock had made his choice, as well as he

Knew how, a thousand poets' hearts were filled with horrid jealousy Of the five, who now sat planning rhymes, and metaphors, and phrases, Sir,

Lest they should have to improvise the stern RADETZKY's praises, Sir.

The Commandant appeared, and in a most malignant temper; he Did *not* command the bards to speak a eulogy extempore: "Strip, Sirs!" he said, and turning to a surgeon (who had handed him A list of sick), to see what stripes each bard could bear commanded him.

"Strip! Stripes!" the poets muttered. "Why our strife will be no farce! He has

Determined that the yauquished bards shall share the fate of MARSYAS. What poets with these Austrian clowns could ever fail to quarrel, Sirs? They give stripes for decorations, and the birch instead of laurel, Sirs!"

"Well, General!" at length began the medical examiner, "This sonneteer for more than twenty stripes has not the stamina; But *this*, whose strains are usually grave, stately, and heroic, Might bear some twenty dozen with a calmness truly stoical; With *these* three epigrammatists you can't be too particular; Just give *their* muse a few sharp cuts to stimulate and tickle her." "Now mark me!" said the Commandant. "You hear what he rehearses, Sirs,

"If any *other* poems appear, I'll pay *you* for the verses, Sirs!"

Great Masters of Italian Song! Ah! could you but come down again To view each well-remembered scene, each cherished native town again, And find that on your sunny land had dawned so sad, so fell, a day; How idle would you deem each soft, and sweet, and plaintive melody! The pipe, the harp, the lyre, the lute, would quickly be forsaken all, And old ORLANDO's warlike horn with one stern blast would waken all The land to this firm purpose—not to hear those softer strains again; Or, if her children still *must* sing, not to let them sing in chains again.

Improvement in Spectacles.

Who can contemplate the Marine Vivarium at the Zoological Gardens, without congratulating himself on living in an age when the public derives that amusement from zoophytes, which, at a former period, it would have sought in bear fights?

IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.—The two articles of native industry in which the Dublin Exhibition excels, are Wedding Cakes and Rocking-horses.

STATUES FOR SOUTHAMPTON.



IF GOG and MAGOG don't mind what they are about, they will very soon have to hide their diminished heads, and take themselves away with their attenuated stomachs. The City giants are in a fair way of being superseded, and cut out by the Giant ASCAPART, and the good Knight SIR BEVIS, their Southampton correlatives. The grand entertainment given at that progressive town, under the mild title of a *déjeuner* to COMMODORE VANDERBILT, is one of a continual series of banquets bidding fair to surpass even those immense hospitalities which are superintended by the Genii of Guildhall. We expect soon to see the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton disposing of their two or three hundred tureens of real turtle, and sequences, at a sitting; with some help. But BEVIS and ASCAPART ought to enjoy a promotion commensurate with the consequence which they are so rapidly acquiring. They are at present represented solely by two weather-beaten portraits on the face of the Bargate; and it is high time that a decent statue of each should be erected in the interior of that ancient edifice, in order to preside with proper

dignity over the festivities of which it is the scene. The figures ought to be executed in a style of high sculpture, and not to be mere wooden and painted images, in order that they may constitute the fitting emblems of a reformed and enterprising municipality; in contradistinction to one that, stuck in the mud of abuses, is most aptly symbolised by a couple of monstrous dummies.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

A DUET between SIR FREDERICK THESIGER and MR. COPPOCK.

Sir F. T. TELL me, prithee, gentle youth,
Tell, oh! tell me, what is Truth?
Is it Truth, if one disclose
Only part of what one knows,
Closely keeping locked the rest
In the cupboard of the breast?
Mr. C. Truth, I hold, is that to say
Which shall not my faith betray,
Truth is Fact, in part revealed,
Some discovered, some concealed,
Fact, so far as it extends,
Saving secrets, kept for friends.
Sir F. T. Would'st thou with half-truth deceive?
Mr. C. Blame not me if flats believe.
Sir F. T. Truth, I think, with thee doth lie.
Mr. C. Thou'rt another, bad as I.
Sir F. T. I'm all open—
Mr. C. Never shut?
Sir F. T. Speak the whole—
Mr. C. And nothing but?
It is said that Truth doth dwell
In the bottom of a well.

Both.

Is not that the bosom's cell?
How are we that word to spell,
Tell us, oh ye wise ones, tell;
C., or S. E. double L?

The Christening of the Camp.

THE inauguration of the Camp at Chobham was an extremely festive affair. By reason of the storm of rain which attended their operations, our gallant troops began their campaign with a jolly mess.

THE MEMBER FOR COUNTRY BUCKS.

IN reference to the Succession Duty, it is a question whether the EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER does not run with the heir and hold with the hounds.

PROBLEM IN TABLE MOVING.—Is it possible to make an unsteady table turn over a new leaf?

A REVERENT RAFFLE.

(To FREDERICK LUCAS, M.P.)

RESPECTED QUONDAM FRIEND,

I BELIEVE thou art Editor of the *Tablet* newspaper. Subjoined is an advertisement which I have cut out of thy journal.

ONLY ONE SHILLING.—Last Chances in the RAFFLE for OUR LADY of GRACE of ACTON. It is believed that some of the Luckiest Numbers are still to be had. The subscriptions will positively be completed this month. Persons desirous of obtaining magnificent jewels or other costly objects for Twelve Postage Stamps, would do well to apply for the remaining Tickets immediately, to the Undersigned, or at MESSRS. BUNNS & LAMBERT'S, 17, Portman Street, Portman Square, London, where also is to be seen the truly magnificent and exquisitely wrought WORKBOX of SILVER and IVORY, of genuine Bombay manufacture, which will be ballotted for by Forty Members only, at 10s. each. This affair is really worthy of attention.
North Cottages, Acton Green, Middlesex.

JOHN BONUS, M.A.

I beseech thee to answer me a few questions, if thou canst, touching the above. What is meant by "The Raffle for our LADY of GRACE of ACTON?" Dost thou not think that at first sight a man might imagine that the Acton alluded to was an Acton U.S., in the South, and that the notification in regard to the Lady thereof was a wicked American advertisement concerning a female slave? I conjecture, however, from the reference to "jewels and other costly objects," that the object intended is an image decorated with trinkets; is that thy LADY of GRACE as well as JOHN BONUS'S? In that case am I to understand that the image is a likeness? and if so, why is it described as "of Acton"? Hath thy LADY of GRACE, in respect of Acton, any peculiarity of countenance or form? Or is the image entitled "of Acton" because it hath been used to be worshipped there? Having been the object of adoration, is it now to become the subject of a raffle? And if thou must answer this question in the affirmative, tell me in what degree or particular the thing differeth from a *fetish*!

Moreover, I will thank thee to inform me what JOHN BONUS meaneth by signing himself M. A.? I know that those letters commonly stand for Master of Arts; but it is difficult to conceive that the writer of the above advertisement could ever have been to any college; or, indeed, civilised school.

I note that thy friend and condisciple, JOHN BONUS, saith, "It is believed that some of the luckiest numbers are still to be had." I wish to know, in case I should become a convert to thy persuasion, whether I should be expected to believe in luck?

Thy people often complain that the personage, whose image I suppose the "LADY of GRACE" to be, is insulted in heretical journals. I ask thee if thou canst point out anything more derogatory to her in any one of them than the above advertisement in thy own paper?

I am, respectfully,

OBADIAH PUNCH.

85, Fleet Street, June, 1853.

A CHANCE FOR CLAIRVOYANCE.

SIMILAR to the subjoined, there appeared in the *Times* the other day nearly a whole column of advertisements which announced that an eminent auctioneer

"Has received instructions to include in his next Monthly Periodical Sale of Reversions, Policies, &c., a ONE NINTH of a ONE THIRD PART of the SUMS of £2,300 and £2,000 Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents, receivable on the decease of a lady now in her 61st year, provided a gentleman, now in his 37th year, survives a lady now in her 70th year."

If clairvoyantes can really

"look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,"

here was a chance—one of a series of chances—for the conversion of *Mr. Punch* to a belief in mesmeric prevision. Not that *Mr. Punch* himself would have ventured to invest any capital, beyond a few halfpence, on the strength of a somnambulist's prediction respecting anybody's decease; but, doubtless, there are some persons sufficiently bold to try the experiment; and the prophecy might have been communicated to *Mr. Punch* first, and its fulfilment—in case thereof—afterwards.

How is it that the Stock-jobbers have not availed themselves of clairvoyance, which, if true, would supersede the Electric Telegraph? The article seems to be at a discount in the City. That is not much to be wondered at, when you consider that its Professors themselves have not the courage to try it there, but give *séances* and consultations for a paltry guinea, when they might make millions by speculating in the Funds—if they are to be credited.

QUEER PAPER.

LORD STANLEY'S notice of motion relative to the Government India Bill has excited some apprehension that the Bill will be dishonoured.



THE ST. BERNARD MASTIFF AT THE MONT BLANC LECTURE. A HAPPY DOG—RATHER?

INTELLECTUAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE MANSION-HOUSE.

THE LORD MAYOR is, as we anticipated, going to feast the Preceptors; bravo, LORD MAYOR! Witness this card:—

"The LORD MAYOR will be gratified by your attendance at the Mansion-House on the 30th instant, at six o'clock, P.M., to meet the Masters and Mistresses of the British and Foreign, National, Parochial, and other Schools of the Metropolis."

On this festive occasion, an entirely new variety of dishes will be added to those good things which constitute the usual bill of fare at City banquets. His Lordship states that he is adopting various measures for the promotion of a knowledge of science and art among all classes, and that

"With this view he has, with the valuable assistance of the Society of Arts, collected at the Mansion-House a large assortment of educational models, diagrams, books, apparatus, &c., showing the latest improvements that have been made in these important departments."

A new feature will accordingly have to be introduced into the report of this improved Entertainment at the Mansion-House. It will behove the chronicler of that event to record, that not only covers, but books were laid for so many, and that besides the regular number of tureens of real turtle, &c., there was such or such a lot of cases of geological specimens, of globes, charts, maps, quadrants, electric machines, galvanic batteries, air-pumps, mathematical instruments, plants, and objects of natural history. We heartily congratulate our worthy Civic Monarch on his introduction of food for the mind into his dinners, thus combining the rational feast, and the psychical libation, with eating and drinking in ordinary. We trust that he has laid the foundation of a new style of gluttony and guzzling at the Mansion-House; that he will have created a greediness for information which will expand the intellect instead of the stomach, and a thirst for knowledge which will get into the head—and remain there.

An Experienced Hand.

To make things pleasant with regard to Turkey, MR. COPPOCK ought to be sent as plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia. Surely there is no diplomatist who would know better than that gentleman how to treat.

RUSSIA AND THE FEMALE WIG PARTY.

THE Submarine Telegraph brought the other day the following extraordinary intelligence:

"RUSSIA.—A new ukase which has been published in the kingdom of Poland prohibits the wearing of false hair by the women of the Jewish nation. Several infringements of this new law have already been punished."

To prohibit the ladies in Poland, or anywhere else, from wearing false hair, is indeed to strike a blow at the Polish interest which nothing can compensate. We tremble to think of the number of bald facts which will be brought to light among the female population, when they are no longer permitted to assume that false front which has been hitherto opposed to Time's unwelcome ravages. We presume the Emperor of Russia begins to be fearful of conspiracy among the Jewesses of Poland, and is determined to know what they have really got in their heads; though many of them will, we are quite sure, prefer to dye rather than disclose in black and white—but particularly the latter—their real condition. Every effort will no doubt be made to resist this cruel Ukase, but we know not how to recommend the Jewesses to meet the attack upon their hair, unless by rubbing in a tremendous supply of bear's grease, they can strike at the root of it.

Possibly the Ukase may have for its object the encouragement of the consumption of the native article of commerce, by inducing the Jewish females to plunge into unlimited bear's grease, with the vain hope that it will tend to restore that luxuriant crop for which the wig-maker has hitherto provided a substitute. If the women of England were to be subject to such an oppressive Ukase as that issued by the Russian Government, we are convinced that for the loss of their ornamental head-dress re-dress would be generally demanded. Happily our own Government is far too gallant to wish to hurt the hair of a British female, even though the hair is hers by right of purchase only.

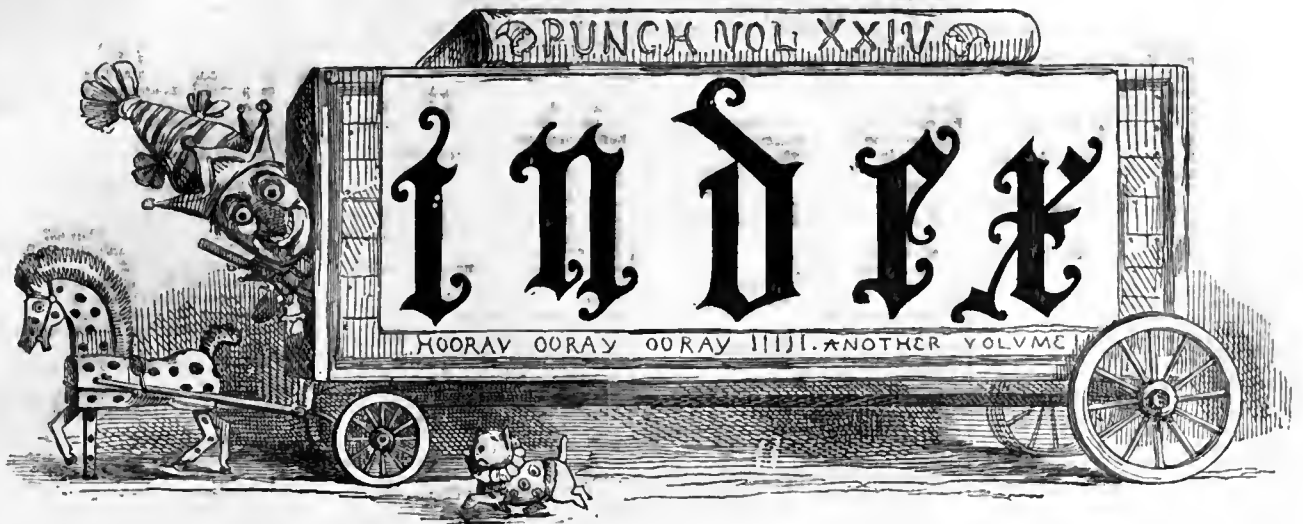
Irish Scholarship.

WE suppose that, on the plea of Religious Equality, it will be demanded by MR. LUCAS and his confederates, that the intended "Catholic" University shall (when established) return Members to Parliament. Should their demand be acceded to, the representatives of that Hibernian Institution will, of course, be wranglers.



**THE EMPEROR'S CUP FOR 1853,
OR TURKEY RHUBARB.**





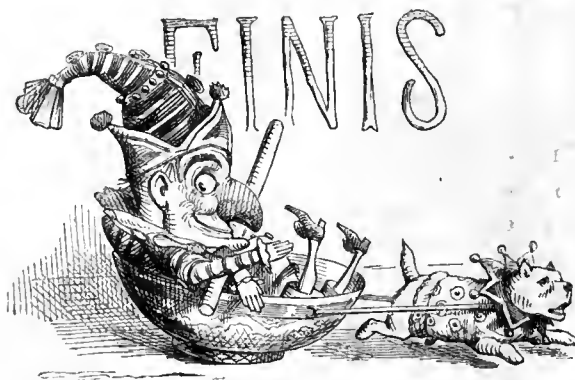
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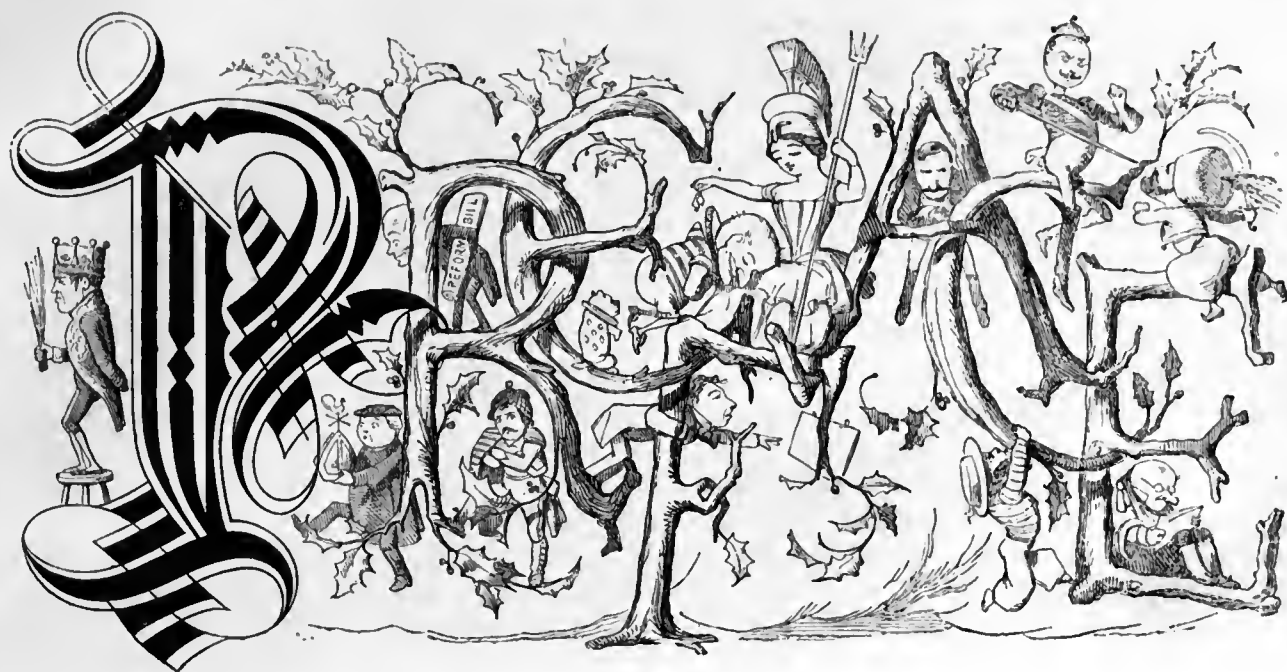
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LONDON :
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1853.

LONDON:
BRADLEY AND EVANS PRINTERS WHITEFRIARS.



ON Christmas Eve, Mr. PUNCH, on the strength—or, rather, length—of a Message from PRESIDENT PIERCE, visited her Majesty QUEEN MAB. He was received by a most courteous Dream-in-Waiting, who introduced him through the Gate of Horn, whence, as COLONEL SIBTHORP beautifully remarks,

“Veris facilis datur exitus Umbris.”

Dream-World was merrily keeping its Yule-tide, with shadowy Sports and dissolving Pastimes. As MR. PUNCH entered, the Game was

Forfeits.

THE LADY BRITANNIA was enthroned, Mistress of the Revel, and her golden apron was heaped with Pledges. The owners, a miscellaneous group, awaited the sentence of penalties.

Down, at a smile-signal from the Lady in the Chair, down went the broad brow of MR. PUNCH, to repose on her knee, while Kings, and Ministers, and Hierarchs, and Demagogues came rustling round to listen.

The magic formula was silverly uttered. “Here is a Thing, and a Very Pretty Thing, and What shall be Done by the Owner of this Very Pretty Thing?”

“Answer, dear MR. PUNCH,” said the Lady in the Chair. “You always say exactly what I wish said.”

“The Owner,” said MR. PUNCH, “will retire.” And the EARL OF ABERDEEN, who had forfeited Public Confidence, withdrew, and BRITANNIA murmured her intense satisfaction with the proceeding.

The next forfeit was called. “The Owner,” said the oracle, “will go down upon his knees, will, in all abjectness of humiliation, beg pardon of all the world, and will humbly deposit his purse at the foot of the Ottoman nearest to him.” A heavy tread, and the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS sullenly stalked away, sooner than thus redeem his Honour.

The third forfeit. “The Owner will find a Lady, whose well-omened Christian name is VICTORIA, and to her he will recite some verses, of his own making, in praise of Chobham and Spithead.” “I am

not much of a poet," said MR. COBDEN, "but if my Friend, BRIGHT, will help me, I will gladly so redeem my Blunder."

The fourth. "A poor Foreigner," whispered the over-kindly Lady, but MR. PUNCH sternly buttoned his pockets. "The Owner will behave with common honesty until further notice." A gentleman in a Spanish costume looked surprised at such a desire, and said that he did not care whether he did or did not redeem his Bonds.

The fifth was called, and a light step approached, and somebody was heard humming a melody of TOM MOORE'S. "The Owner," said MR. PUNCH, "will carry three times through the chamber something to help you, Madam, to hear your own voice better." LORD JOHN RUSSELL smiled, and said that he hoped his Reform Bill would so redeem his Promise.

And the Dream—it is dream fashion—grew confused, but MR. PUNCH thinks there was a scramble for the rest of the things, and that everybody snatched what he could. MR. GLADSTONE, seizing, with tax-gatherer's gripe, what he thought was a work on Theology, got "The Whole Duty—off Paper." EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON departed very happy with a Cradle. LORD PALMERSTON went out, angry with a Scotch Compass, which though only just out of the Trinity House, had an abominable bias to N.E. POPE PIUS ran about most uncomfortably, apprehending the loss of a French Watch and Guard, to go without which would, His Holiness said, be his ruin. MR. DISRAELI made several vain grabs at a portfolio, which BRITANNIA, laughing good-natured scorn, refused to let him have; and when the EARL OF DERBY tried for the same thing, she presented him with a Racing Game, as more suitable to his capabilities. Several Aldermen, who had presented specimens of Mendacity, received packets of tickets, inscribed Mendicity, to everybody's delight, and there was a cheer for a bold Bishop, who had put down a Carriage and was content to take up a little Gig. Another Bishop—he had a Fulham cut—found his mitre, but some one, in unseemly satire, had surmounted it with a golden and most vivacious Weathercock.

"And what would *you* put down, dear MR. PUNCH," said the Lady of the Revel, "if we began again?"

"This, dear Lady," said MR. PUNCH, gracefully bending, and proffering an object at which the eyes of BRITANNIA sparkled like diamonds, "this—which—as your game is over, I will pray you to keep in pledge that, six months hence, I will present you with its still richer successor."

And BRITANNIA—the smile at her heart reflected in her face—accepted

Mr. Punch's Twenty-Fifth Volume.



THE TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME



MR. PUNCH IN DUBLIN.

YES, with much pleasure," said *Mr. Punch*, M.P. for England, as he entered the Octagon Hall in Parliament Palace; and, in his usual elegant and affable manner, extended his white-gloved hand to a courtly gentleman who had requested his presence.

"I was sure you would say so," said the gentleman, and he raised a finger. A watchful official at a door instantly turned to the electric dial, and *Mr. Punch's* gracious assent was known at Holyhead, before he had finished congratulating his companion, in the most truly charming style, on a promised knighthood, of which the Viceroy of Ireland had whispered something to *Mr. Punch*.

"No man ever earned his spurs better than the man who has been spurring railways into increased activity for so many years," said *Mr. Punch*, with a beautiful bow.

"I have not called you from the House at an unfortunate time, I trust, Sir," said the other. "Not that you can ever be spared, but—"

"WILLIAM GLADSTONE is quite up to his work," replied the great patriot. "He has but a couple of dozen of the Brigade in hand at present, and he is tossing up one after the other, cup-and-ball fashion, cupping or spiking him to taste, with the precision of a RAMO SAMEE. I can leave WILLIAM. Let us go."

"You will take care that no other passenger is put into *Mr. Punch's* coupé, guard," said the gentleman, as the Euston whistle sounded.

"No masculine passenger, please tell him, MR. RONEY," said *Mr. Punch*, facetiously. "Good night."

"This Irish journey is capitally done, certainly," said *Mr. Punch*, as, thirteen hours later, he found himself over his coffee and prawns in Sackville Street, on a radiant morning, and all the bright eyes of Dublin sparkling round the door of his hotel, eagerly glancing towards his balcony. *Mr. Punch* rushed forth, *serviette* in hand. His large heart beat high at the sight of so much loveliness, and at the sound of those angel-voices, rising into musical cheering.

"Bless you, my darlings!" *Mr. Punch* could say no more, but finished his prawns, and, throwing his manly form upon a jaunting car, he dashed over the bridge, and to Merrion Square.

"An it's for luck I'll be takin' your honour's sixpence, and not for the dirty monee," said the excited driver, as he rattled round the corner, and into the Square, and the gigantic cylinders of the EXHIBITION burst upon *Mr. Punch's* gaze.

"My Irish friend," said *Mr. Punch*, gravely, but not severely, "do not talk nonsense. Your carriage is clean, your horse is rapid, you are civil, and your fare is certain. In London, we have as yet neither clean carriages, rapid horses, civil drivers, nor certain fares. We may learn those lessons of you. Learn two from us. Do not believe in luck, but practise perseverance; and do not call that money dirty which is the well-earned pay of honest service. To sweeten the advice, there is a shilling." And *Mr. Punch* entered the Exhibition building, and was drawing out his purse at the turnstile. But two gigantic policemen, in soldierly garb, welcomed him with a respectful smile, and the turnstile suddenly spun him into the building gratis, but a little too fast for dignity. What a sight was that before him! The vast hall, with its blue lines and red labels, looked a handsome instalment of Paxtonia. Plashing fountains, murmuring organs, a MAROCCHETTI Queen high pedestalled, white statues, glistening silver-blazoned banners. A fine and a noble sight, and worthy of all plaudit; but it was not that which almost bewildered the great patriot, as he was shot into Dargania. Those eyes again—two thousand pairs at least—Irish diamonds, worth mines of Koh-i-noors, suddenly flashing and sparkling and melting upon him. That telegraph message from the Octagon Hall—and, as they say in the Peers' House, "and the Ladies summoned." Staggered though he was, you do not often see such a bow as that with which *Mr. Punch* did homage to his lovely hostesses.

Two of the fairest stepped forward gracefully, and blushing proffered themselves as his guides through the building.

"Chiefly, that I may set them in my prayers," murmured *Mr. Punch*, "if you happen to have names —"

Those blue eyes belong to HONORA, and those violet eyes to GRACE, and all to *Mr. Punch's* heart henceforth and until further notice. They proceeded, and there was a sound as of a great rustling, as of a world of feminine garments forming into procession and following, but it was vain for *Mr. Punch* to think of looking round, for he never got further than the face of one or other of his companions. They paraded the building.

GRACE bade him look from her, and observe the five halls, in the central and greatest of which they stood. She showed him that Royalty had contributed a gorgeous temple, rich in gems and gold, richer in an artist-thought of the Prince who designed it. And, standing

on the platform, she pointed out that the forge and the loom and the chisel had all been busy for that huge hall, whose area offered a series of bold general types of the work to be seen in detail around it. And China was near with her carvings, and India with her embroideries, and Japan with a hundred crafts (now for the first time revealed, thanks to our brother, the King of Holland), and Belgium with her graceful ingenuity, and France with her artistic luxury, and the Zollverein with its bronzes, and Austria with her maps, and flowers, and furniture. And then GRACE led him on to the Fine Arts Hall, where the original thoughts of a thousand painters, new and old, glowed upon him from walls which the DEVONSHIRES, and LANS-DOWNES, and TALBOTS, and PORTARLINGTONS, and YARBOROUGHES, and CHARLEMONTS, and others, had joined to enrich with the choicest treasures of their castles and mansions. And amid the priceless display, *Mr. Punch* felt justly proud of his aristocratic friends, who could at once trust and teach the people.

HONORA bade him look from her, and they passed from an exquisite Mediaeval Court, its blue vault studded with golden stars, crossed the hall, and observed a long range of machinery doing its various restless work, and doing it noiselessly, thanks to a silent system and a tremendous rod, sent from Manchester by FAIRBAIRN, through whose Tubular Bridge *Mr. Punch* had flown at dawn. And HONORA showed him where Ireland had put forth her own strength, and thrown down her linens and her woollens in friendly challenge, and with her hardware, her minerals, her beautiful marbles, and her admirable typography. They ascended, and passing through long lines of galleries, *Mr. Punch's* adorable guides pointed out, amid a legion of wares, things more graceful and useful than he had seen assembled since the bell (on that 11th of October last but one) tolled for the fall of Paxtonia.

"And now, dear *Mr. Punch*," said HONORA, "you have looked round our Dublin Exhibition, and—and—"

"And," said GRACE, "you know that you sometimes say rather severe things about Ireland—"

"Never," said *Mr. Punch*, dropping upon his knees. "Never. But here I register a vow."

The whole assembly was suddenly hushed, and had *Mr. Punch's* words been literal, instead of only metaphorical, pearls and diamonds, you might have heard them fall on those boards.

"That for your sakes here present, and for the sake of all the wise, and energetic, and right-hearted men of Ireland who have to do with this building, and with your roads, and railways, and schools, and the like, I will henceforth wage even more merciless and exterminating war than hitherto with the humbug Irish patriots (dupes or tools), who tarnish the name of a nation which can rear and fill an edifice like this."

A shout which made the good SIR JOHN BENSON'S broad arches ring again and again. And, as it subsided, there came forth from the crowd of ladies, whose eyes all turned affectionately on the new comer, a stalwart presence. *Mr. Punch* sprang up.

"This is your work!" he exclaimed. "Don't say it is not, WILLIAM DARGAN, because I know it is, and because England knows it too, and holds your name in honour accordingly."

That day's proceedings are not reported further. But all *Mr. Punch's* friends who wish to please him will have the goodness to run over to Dublin, and see the finest sight which will be seen between this and the First of May next.

A NEW TURN IN THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

A REAL, genuine, out-and-out Teetotaler says he likes this Table-turning vastly; for, though it keeps folks to the table, still it keeps them from the bottle. "The table may go round," he says, "but the wine does not circulate." There may be more in this teetotaler's chuckle than wine-hippers imagine. We ourselves have heard an instance of a wealthy City man, who is nearly as mean as the MARQUIS OF NORTHMINSTER, who spares his Port regularly, by proposing to his company, as soon as the cloth is removed, that "they should try a little of this table-moving that is so much talked about." The decanters are removed, and he keeps his company with their fingers fixed upon the mahogany, until Coffee is announced. We warn all persons who are in the habit of dining out, against lending their hands to this favourite trick.

"Provided Always."

THOUGH, perhaps, not strictly within our province to attend to the Commissariat of any but ourselves, we beg leave to announce that we have undertaken to supply the whole of the Camp at Chobham with chaff.

THE AUTHOR OF SCOTCH BEER.—We lately read an advertisement of a book entitled *The Scottish Ale-Brewer*. The author's name is ROBERTS; but it ought to have been MAC ENTIRE.

CRYSTAL NUNNERIES.

YE reverend Fathers, why make such objection,
Why raise such a cry against Convents' Inspection?
Is it not just the thing to confound the deceivers,
And confute all the slanders of vile unbelievers?

It strikes me that people in your situation
Should welcome, invite, and court investigation,
As much as to say, "Come and see if you doubt us;
We defy you to find any evil about us."

For my part I think, if I held your persuasion,
That I should desire to improve the occasion,
And should catch at the chance, opportunely afforded,
Of showing how well Nuns are lodged, used, and boarded.

That as to the notion of cruel inflictions
Of penance, such tales are a bundle of fictions,
And that all that we hear of constraint and coercion
Is, to speak in mild language, mere groundless assertion.

That an Abbess would not—any more than a Mayoress—
Ever dream of inveigling an opulent heiress,
That each convent's the home of devotion and purity,
And that nothing is thought about, there, but futurity.

That no Nuns exist their profession regretting,
Who kept in confinement are pining and fretting;
And to fancy there might be one such, though a rarity,
Implies a most sad destitution of charity.

That all sisters are doves—without mates—of one feather,
In holy tranquillity living together,
Whose dove-cote the bigots have found a mare's nest in,
Because its arrangements are rather clandestine.

Nay, I should have gone, out of hand, to SIR PAXTON,
As a Frenchman would probably call him, and "axed 'um,"
As countrymen say—his ingenious noddle
Of a New Crystal Convent to scratch for a model.

Transparent and open, inquiry not shirking,
Like bees you might watch the good Nuns in it, working;
And study their habits, observe all their motions,
And see them performing their various devotions.

This is what I should do, on a sound cause relying,
Not run about bellowing, raving, and crying;
I shouldn't exhibit all that discomposure,
Unless in the dread of some startling disclosure.

What makes you betray such tremendous anxiety
To prevent the least peep into those haunts of piety?
People say there's a bag in your Convents—no doubt of it,
And you are afraid you'll have Pussy let out of it.

CANVAS TOWNS.

OUR contemporary, *Household Words*, has given an account of Canvas Town in the new world, but we doubt whether a description of one of the Canvas Towns—or Towns under Canvas—in the old world, would not reveal a greater amount of depravity and corruption than anything that exists even in Australia. A Canvas Town in England is no less bent on gold discovery than a Canvas Town at Port Phillip—the only difference being that the candidate's pocket, instead of the earth, is the place that the electors or gold diggers are continually digging into. In the Colonies the inhabitants of a Canvas Town are huddled together irrespective of rank, and frequently the best educated persons are found doing the dirtiest work, just as may be seen in a Canvas Town in England before election time. The inhabitants of a Colonial Canvas Town think only of the gold and the quartz, just as at home the inhabitants of a Canvas Town think of nothing but filthy dross and drink—the quarts taking of course precedence of the pints in the estimation of the "independent" voters.

More Ornamental than Useful.

MR. DISRAELI calls "invective a great ornament in debate." According to this species of decoration, Billingsgate ought to be the most ornamental place of debate in the world; and MR. DISRAELI himself, than whom few orators deal more largely in invective, deserves taking his rank as the most ornamental debater that ever was born.

CIVIL (VERY CIVIL) WAR AT CHOBHAM.



THE gallant fellows now assembled under arms and over ankles in the mud and dust of Chobham, were on Tuesday, the 2nd of June, led—or rather guided—into one of the most civil wars to be found in the pages—including the fly-leaves—of history.

It having been understood that a battle was to be fought, every one seemed animated with the spirit of contention, and the struggle commenced at the Railway Station, where a company of heavy Cockneys, several hundred strong, besieged with great energy the few flys, omnibuses, and other vehicles, that were to be met with. The assault was vigorously carried; but the retaliation was complete; for the cads, drivers, and other marauders, having allowed the besiegers to fall into the snare, drove them off to the field, and exacted heavy tribute as the price of their

ransom. Some few took refuge by trusting to their heels, rather than undergo the severe charge to which they would have been exposed; and they arrived, after a fatiguing march of nearly five miles, much harassed by the ginger-beer picquets and tramps that always lie on the outskirts of an army.

It was, however, on the field, or rather among the furze-bushes of Chobham, that the battle was really to be fought; and in the afternoon, the Guards, the 1st and 2nd Brigades, with the Artillery and Cavalry, took up a sheltered position under a hill, to conceal themselves from the enemy. This "concealment" was rather dramatic than real; for the enemy had already determined not to see, and as none are so blind as those who won't see, the "concealment" was quite effectual. When the force had had full time to get itself snugly out of sight, the "foe" poured down with immense veneration from Flutter's Hill, and began squeezing into ditches, or hiding behind mud walls, to avoid the "observation" of the enemy, who knowing from signals where it was proper to look without the possibility of seeing anything, kept up the spirit of this truly "civil" war in the politest manner.

The moment of action was now eagerly looked for on all sides, and particularly by our old friend the British Public, who had perched himself on all the available eminences commanding a view of those who were about to give—and take—battle. Aides-de-camp were

now seen flying about in all directions with breathless speed, delivering "property" despatches, similar to those with which the gallant officers at Astley's are in the habit of prancing over the platformed planes of Waterloo. Suddenly the skirmishers of the 42nd made a sally from the heights, and poured an incessant volley of blank cartridge into the ears of the Highlanders; who, after one decisive struggle—though we defy anybody to say what the gallant fellows really struggled with—dislodged the foe, who had on the previous day received regular notice to quit their lodging at the time agreed on. The Guards now came on from the O. P. side, Upper Entrance, of the Common, and turning back the wing, made for an adjoining flat, marching fearlessly over the set pieces under a heavy fire—of nothing—from the muskets of the enemy. Victory seemed hesitating on which side to declare herself, when a rush of cavalry turned the scale, scattered the weights, and upset the barrow of a seller of sweet-stuff, who had incautiously—as a cap follower—ventured too near the flanks of the horse on the field of battle.

The *mêlée* now became general, and it being impossible to discriminate between friend and foe, the Guards, seeing a large assemblage of the public on Flutter's Hill, were immediately "up and at 'em." This put the Hill in a more than usual flutter, for the British public having been given to understand there was "nothing to pay" for their position, were not prepared to expect there would be any charge whatever, and still less a charge at the point of the bayonet. It was here that the war assumed its most civil aspect, for the public, though vigorously charged, were most civilly requested to get out of the way, and the request was met on all sides with the most civil compliance. Thus ended the battle of Chobham of the 21st of June, in which several fell on both sides; but of all who fell every one happily jumped up again. A few lost their balance, but as these kept no hanker's account the loss did not signify. We annex a spirited drawing of



THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM—TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY A RISING YOUNG ARTIST.

A City Ballad.

At the Metropolitan Free Hospital Dinner, the LORD MAYOR in the Chair, we find it reported that Miss M. WELLS obtained great applause by the spirit and feeling with which she sang the ballad of "Annie Laurie." Is the Reporter sure that it was ANNIE? Is he quite certain it wasn't PETER?

A Measure with a Misnomer.

THERE is one objection to the Bill for the Recovery of Personal Liberty in Certain Cases. That is, its title. False imprisonment, in certain cases, is remediable by *Habeas Corpus*. What inspection of nunneries is chiefly needed for, is the recovery of personal liberty in uncertain cases.



A BIT OF THE CAMP.

Mrs. Muggins. "WHAT! FOURTEEN ON YE SLEEP UNDER THAT GIG UMBRELLER OF A THING? GET ALONG WITH YER!"

CHARACTER IN A BLUE BAG.

Two attorneys quarrel about a matter of business; one of them accuses the other of trickery; the latter retorts on the former by calling him a liar and a scoundrel; and the first attorney brings an action for slander against the second. Whereon, according to the report of the case:—

"The Lord Chief Justice, in summing up, said it was not actionable to say of a man personally, 'you are a liar,' or 'you are a scoundrel;' nor was it actionable to combine the epithets, and say, 'you are a lying scoundrel;' but, if said of an attorney in his professional character, those words would be actionable."

What the law—speaking by the Lord Chief Justice—means to say, is, that abuse, in order to be actionable, must be injurious; that to call an attorney a lying and scoundrelly man does him no injury; whereas, calling him a lying and scoundrelly attorney tends to injure him in his profession. The law, therefore, presumes, that you may esteem a man to be a true and honest attorney, whilst in every other capacity you consider him a false and mean rascal; so that you may be willing to confide the management of your affairs to him, although you will not trust him with anything else.

It is curious that the rule applied to the defamation of lawyers is reversed in its application to invective against legislators. Members of Parliament are censurable if they impute falsehood and scoundrelism to each other in a personal sense, but not censurable for making those imputations in a Parliamentary sense. The theory of this anomaly seems to be, that the affairs of political life cannot be conducted without deceit and baseness, and accordingly that there is no offence in accusing an honourable gentleman of evincing those qualities in labouring at his vocation, that is to say for his country's good, for which it is necessary that he should cheat and deceive.

The law of slander, partially applied to attorneys, ought perhaps to be wholly inapplicable in the case of barristers. If a counsel may suggest to a jury a supposition which he knows to be false, and particularly one, which at the same time tends to criminate some innocent person; and if he is to be allowed to make such a suggestion for his client's benefit, he is allowed to be base and deceitful for the benefit of his client. To charge him with deception and villainy in his

character of advocate, is to accuse him of professional zeal; to advantage him, not injure him, in his business. It ought to be lawful to call him a liar and a scoundrel in a forensic sense, as well as in every other.

THE HARDEST OF ALL SWEARING.

WHEN LORD BROUGHAM, the other evening, was presenting some petition for the abolition of oaths, there were certain oaths in particular which he might have taken the opportunity of recommending the Legislature to do away with. They are alluded to in the following passage from a letter signed CENSOR in the *Times*:—

"As a condition of admission, the Head and Fellows of all Colleges are enjoined to take oaths to the inviolable observance of all the enactments of the statutes. These oaths, to use the words of the commission, increase in stringency and solemnity, in proportion as the statutes become more minute and less capable of being observed. These oaths are not only required but actually taken. Men of high feeling, refinement, education, and, for the most part, dedicated in an especial manner to God's service, are called on suddenly to swear that they will obey enactments incapable of being obeyed."

Oaths such as these are enough to make any man turn Quaker—at least by quaking as he swallows them. Any amount of swearing that ever disgraced a cabstand is preferable to such shocking affidavits; and there is something much more horrible in the oaths of college Fellows than there is in the imprecations of such fellows as costermongers. Our army once "swore terribly in Flanders," but never at such a rate as officers of the Church Militant appear to be in the habit of swearing at the Universities: and although there is said to be an awful amount of perjury committed in the County Courts, it is probable that the individuals forsworn at those halls of justice are far exceeded in number by the Reverend Divines who kiss the book to untruth at the temples of learning. It is a strange kind of consistency that objects to rapping out an oath, and yet obstinately retains such oaths at Oxford and Cambridge.

THE PLAIN TRUTH OF IT.—There is no "medium" in Spirit Rapping; for, in our opinion, it is all humbug from beginning to end.



THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.—A COLD IN THE HEAD.

Jones (a Batman.) "DID YOU SOUND, SIR?"

Officer. "YES, JOLES. BRING ME MY BUCKET OF GRUEL AS SOOL AS I'VE TALLOWED MY LOZE." (*Catarrhic for Nose.*)

STAMPALE DI CRISTO - I. MARCO SA. S. M. M. M.

STAMPALE DI CRISTO - I. MARCO SA. S. M. M. M.

THE GREAT INDIAN FACT.



GREAT fact in India—nay, why should we not throw affected modesty on one side, and say at once, *the* great fact in that great country—is the position occupied in the most flourishing Indian communities by our humble—pooh! why blink the truth—our noble selves!

India is a country of contrasts—of wealth and want, of prosperity and decay, of independence and servility, of self-government and despotism.

The want, the decay, the servility, and the despotism are to be found among all the native races—Bengalce and Madrasce, Maratta and Tebnga, Canarese and Tamul, Bheel and Ghoorka, Khoond and Rohilla, Sikh and Ahcer—it will be seen that *we* too have been getting up our India;—under all sorts of authorities—Potaills

and Zemcendars, Kardars and Jagheerdars, Ameers and Mokaddams, and Deshmucks; with all kinds of tenures—Zemcendaree and Ryotwarce and Jagheerdaree. But the wealth, the prosperity, the independence, and the self-government, are to be met with in one class of communities, under one form of authorities, among one kind of holders only. These oases in the desert of Indian native existence are those in which *Punch*—the *Punch*—the *Mr. Punch*—in one word the Indian representative of OURSELVES—bears sway!

This remarkable circumstance—so deeply gratifying to us of course—is no imagination of our own brain, no dream of our self-satisfaction, no figment of any of our numerous flatterers and admirers; but an historical truth, recorded in his distinctest and dryest manner by one of the distinctest and dryest writers upon India—MR. CAMPBELL, whose work has been much bought, much read, and unblushingly cribbed from by pillars of the state in the House of Commons, and by leading columas of the morning papers.

Hear then upon this great fact MR. CAMPBELL—of the Bengal Civil Service—whose civil service to *Punches* in general, and Indian *Punches* in particular, *Punch* is glad here to acknowledge. Hear MR. CAMPBELL, on the nature and effects of the authority and administration of *Punch* in India. Where *Punches* preside, “the system” he tells us “is infinitely better than anything we have hitherto seen.” The revenue is larger and more easily collected; the condition of the cultivator more flourishing; property more secure, and the police better administered. Each village, under the beneficent and equal rule of its *Punch*, “is one community, composed of a number of families, all possessing rights in the soil, and responsibilities answering to their rights.” Still *Punch* is no tyrant. “The Democratic *Punch* has no official power or authority except as representing this body of proprietors”—like ourselves, who have no authority except in so far as we represent the people of Great Britain, which we flatter ourselves we do in most things.

“The *Punch*,” MR. CAMPBELL tells us (page 88), “is as a rule of the plural number”—(that is, there are several contributors);—“a clever well-spoken man, who has a good share of land” (we substitute brains), “and is at the head of a number of relatives and friends” (in our case, readers and admirers), “becomes one of the *Punch*, which office he holds for life, if he continues to give satisfaction to his constituents” (the public and proprietors are enough for us); “but if he becomes very old, or incompetent, or unpopular, some one else, probably, revolutionises himself into the place” (and serve the old, incompetent, unpopular contributor right). “The office of *Punch* is much coveted” (we should think it was), “and all arrangements are by the *Punch* collectively” (if the gentle reader could be present at one of our Saturday dinners, he would see what very small beer we think of the Editor). “They act not as persons having authority over the community, but always as representatives, and on many subjects they consult their constituencies before deciding.” (When did *we* not consult public opinion, and when did *we* claim any other authority than as representing the country at large?) “There is generally in the village a leader of opposition,” (poor creature!) “perhaps the defeated candidate for the last *Punchship*” (obviously a rejected contributor), “who leads a strong party” (oh, dear no! MR. CAMPBELL, you are misinformed on that point), “accuses the *Punch* of malversation,

and, sometimes, not without reason, of embezzlement” (not on this side the water), “and insists on their being compelled to render an account of their stewardship” (our proprietors’ books are open to all the world); “for there are abuses and grievances in all corporations, in all parts of the world” (*i.e.* “even *Punches* are not perfect”—a truth, probably, though we trust we shall never exemplify it in our own case).

Such is the rule of the *Punches* of India—and now for its effect. It produces communities, “strong, independent, and well-organized” (page 90). It is established over what MR. CAMPBELL styles “a PERFECT democratic community.”

In short, this rule of *Punch* is the only one MR. CAMPBELL is able to rest on with entire satisfaction, as the model to which all the other native organizations of India ought to be, as far as possible, assimilated.

Yes—give every community its *Punch*, and India would be something like what it ought to be—something like what Eng and has become since the rule of *Punch* was firmly established here—something which would render altogether unnecessary these dreadful Indian debates, and the immense amount of Indian “cram” which members, journalists, and conscientious persons, who follow the Parliamentary reports, are obliged to bolt, and of which we have disgorged a sample, with great relief to ourselves, at the beginning of this article.

A WITNESS ON AN ELECTION COMMITTEE.

I’m a free indepent Brish Elector—I swear—
And I’ll have s’more breer warra—anbanish dullcare!—
I know I’ve a trustodischarge in my vote,
And my countrypex— I shall getfipunnote!

At ’leeksh’n shey ’n vied me to come up anget
Some breakf’st—so I did—au’ I drank—an’ I eat—
At the Chequers this was—there was morebesides me—
And not one blessed shixpence—to forkout had we.

Dropowhisky I had; bein’ indishpo—posed—
Sha truth and sha whole truth I ’clare I’ve disclosed—
I feel almosasleep—I’ve been trav’lallnight—
Had hut one smallglass gin—and you know tha’s not right.

I have had a shov give me—to come uptatown,
An’ shey paid my fareup—and shey paid myfare down—
Who shey was—I donow—any more than an assh—
But I hadmyplacepaidfor an’ comebyfirclassh.

I’m a true tenpun householder—noways a snob—
Though I cid sell myself for the shumolivebob—
They wanted myvote—which I toldem theysh’d have,
If they’d give sunthink for it—and tha’s what they gave.

While I’m shtoppinintown, I has ten bobaday,
Witch that money’s mylowance myspeaces to pay,
For peachin’ on myside byzh ’tother I’m paid,
And a preshusgood thingouto’ boshides I’ve made.

I don’t feel no ’casion for ’idinmyface,
Don’t consider sh’ I’m kiver’d wih shameandisgrace,
I don’t unstand wha’t you should ’franchise me for—
And ’tis my ’termination to have s’more bremwar’!

Russian Cookery.

THE Russian Minister has long been connected by name and parentage with one of the nicest puddings to be found in the receipts of SOYER, or in the *carte* of the *Trois Freres*. We must, however, protest against the Russian Diplomatist’s endeavouring to combine with the practice of cookery the science of medicine, for though we always eat with pleasure NESSELRODE pudding, we cannot undertake to swallow NESSELRODE’S recent draught.

SENTIMENT FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.

THE thunder of war turns the milk of human-kindness sour. Moreover, it may be said to spoil the beer of brotherly love.

ONE VIEW OF THE TURKISH QUESTION.

THE SUBLIME PORTE and the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, regarded in an aesthical point of view, present examples of the Sublime and the Ridiculous.

LITERATURE FOR THE CAMP.—There are not many books to read at the Chobham encampment; but, besides going through all the Reviews, the Camp will, doubtless, take in a great many numbers of this periodical.



Officer. "WELL, BUT LOOK HERE, OLD FELLOW; WHY NOT STOP ALL NIGHT?"

A LIST OF INDEXES.

The following Indexes have been compiled by a gentleman who is rather strong in that useful, but much-snubbed and little-read, department of literature. They are intended to keep in countenance the well-known "face," which is said to be "the Index of the Mind."

Cold Soup is the Index of a Bad Dinner.
 A Bang of the door is the Index of a Storm.
 A "Bntton off" is the sure Index of a Bachelor.
 An Irish Debate is the Index of a Row.
 A Popular Singer is the Index of a Cold.
 A bright Poker is the Index of a Cold Hearth.
 A Servant standing at the door is the Index of a Wasteful House.
 A Shirt with ballet-girls is the Index of "a Gent."
 The Painted Plate is the Index of the Hired Fly.
 Duck, or Goose, is the Index of "a Small Glass of Brandy."
 A Baby is the Index of a Kiss.
 A Toast (*after dinner*) is the Index of Butter.
 Cold Meat is, frequently, the Index of a Pudding.
 A Favour is, more frequently, the Index of Ingratitude.
 A Governness is the Index of suffering, uncomplaining, Poverty.
 A Puseyite is the Index of a Roman Catholic.
 Rome is the Index Exurgatorius of Liberty; and lastly, Mismangement is the Index (at least the only one published yet) of the Catalogue of the British Museum.

A Question for a Debating Society.

WHETHER, in the event of MR. SANDS being subject, like *Amina*, to fits of somnambulism, it would be likely that he would walk in his sleep head downwards with his feet on the ceiling?

A POPULAR TAX.—If MR. GLADSTONE taxes any kind of license, he ought to tax the license of Counsel.

A YOUNGER SON.—The Blade of the "Cold Shoulder."

OUR HONEYMOON.

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 18—

"It would be something to say, FRED, that we'd been to France."
 "To be sure," replied FRED. "And yet only to have something to say and nothing to show, is but parrot's vanity."

"But that needn't be. We might learn a great deal. And I *should* like to see Normandy; if only a bit of it. One could fancy the rest, FRED. And then—I've seen 'em in pictures—the women wear such odd caps! And then WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—papa says *we* came in with him; so that we were Normans once; that is on papa's side—for mamma won't hear that *she* had anything to do with it—though papa has often threatened to get his arms. And now I think of it, FRED, what are *your* arms?"

"Don't *you* know?" asked FRED, puckering his mouth—well, like any bud. "Don't you know?"

"No, I don't;" and I bit my lip and *would* be serious. "What are they?"

"It's very odd," said he, "very odd. And *you* are Normans! To think now, LOTTY, that I should have made you flesh of my flesh, without first learning where that flesh first came from. You must own, my love, it was very careless of me. A man doesn't even buy a horse without a pedigree."

(I *did* look at him!)

"Nevertheless"—and he went on, as if he didn't see me—"nevertheless, my beloved, I must say it showed great elevation of mind on your part to trust your future fate to a man, without so much as even a hint about his arms. But it only shows the beautiful devotion of woman! What have arms to do with the heart? Wedlock defies all heraldry."

"I thought"—said I—"that, for a lawful marriage, the wedding-ring must have the Hall mark?"

"I don't think it indispensable. I take it, brass would be as binding. Indeed, my love, I think according to the Council of Nice, or Trent, or Greta Green—I forget which—a marriage has been solemnised with nothing more than a simple curtain-ring."

"Nonsense," said I; "such a marriage could never hold. Curtain-rings are very well in their way; but give me the real gold."

"True, my love, that's the purity of your woman's nature. In such a covenant we can't be too real. Any way"—and he took my wedding-finger between his—"any way, LOTTY, yours seems strong enough to hold, ay, three husbands."

"One's enough," said I, looking and laughing at him.

"At a time"—said FRED; "but when we're about buying a ring, it's as well to have an article that will wear. Bless you," and he pressed his thumb upon my ring, "this will last *me* out and *another*."

"FREDERICK," I cried very angrily; and then—I couldn't help it—I almost began to weep. Whereupon, in his kind, foolish manner he—well, I *didn't* cry.

"Let us, my darling," said FRED, after a minute, "let us return to our arms. And you came in with the Normans?"

"With WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, papa says, so we *must* have arms."

"Now I remember"—said FRED, as grave as a judge—"once, a little in his cups, your father told me all about it. I recollect. Very beautiful arms: a Normandy pippin with an uplifted battle-axe."

"I never heard that"—said I—"but that seems handsome."

"Yes; your ancestor sold apples in the camp. A fact, I assure you. It all comes upon me now. Real Normandy pippins. They show a tree at Battle—this your father told me as a secret; but as man and wife are one, why it's only one half talking to the other half—a tree at Battle grown from your ancestor's apple-pips. Something like a family tree, that."

"I don't believe a word of it," said I.

"You must. Bless you"—said FRED—"arms come by faith, or how many of the best of people would be without 'em. There's something innocent in the pippin: besides it would paint well. And with my arms"—

"Yes;" I cried; "and what are they, FRED?"

"Well, it's odd: we were—it's plain—made for one another. I came from Normandy too."

"You *did*?" and I *was* pleased.

"Yes," said he. "I wonder what terms our families were on a thousand years ago? To be sure, I came to England later than you; and I can't exactly say who I came with; but then—for I'm sure I can trust my grandmother—my descent is very historical. I assure you that your family pippin will harmonize with my bearings beautifully."

"We'll have the hall-chairs painted," said I, and I felt quite pleased.

"And the gig of course," said FRED.

"Of course; for what is life if one doesn't enjoy it?" said I.

"Very true, love. And the stable-bucket," continued FRED.

"Just as you please, dear," said I; "but certainly the hall-lamp."

"Yes: and if we could only get—no, but that's too much to expect," said FRED.

"What's too much?" I asked; for FRED's manner quite excited me.

"Why, I was thinking, if we could get your great aunt merely to die, we might turn out a very pretty hatchment."

"Now, FREDERICK!"—for this was going too far.

"I assure you, my love"—said FRED—"would give us a great lift in the neighbourhood: and as you say, what's existence without enjoying it?—What's life without pain?"

"Well, but"—for he hadn't told me—"but your descent, love? Is it so very historical?"

"Very. I come in a direct line—so direct, my darling, you might think it was drawn by a ruler—a direct line from JOAN OF ARC."

"Is it true?" I cried.

"When we cross over to Dieppe, it isn't far to Rouen. You'd like to see Rouen?"

"Very much, indeed," I answered. "I always wanted to see Normandy; the home of my ancestors;" and I *did* feel a little elevated.

"It's very natural, LOTTY"—said FRED. "A reasonable, yes, a very reasonable ambition. Well, at Rouen, I have no doubt I can show you my family tree; at the same time, I shouldn't wonder if we could obtain some further authentic intelligence about your pippin."

"Nothing more likely," said I; for I *did* want to see France. "Nothing more likely."

"I'm afraid there's no regular packet across"—said FRED—"but we can hire a boat."

"A boat? Why, my dear, a boat is"—

"Yes; in a nice trim sea-boat we can cross admirably; and, my love," said FRED, moving close and placing his arm about me—"my love, the matter grows upon me. Let us consider it. Here we are about to begin the world. In fact, I think I may say, we have begun it."

"Mamma always said marriage wasn't beginning, but settling."

"Let us say the beginning of the settling. Well, we are at a very interesting point of our history; and who knows what may depend upon our voyage?"

"Still, you'll never go in a boat that"—but he put his hand over my mouth, and went on.

"I declare, beloved LOTTY, when I look upon ourselves—two young creatures—going forth upon the waters to search for and authenticate our bearings—when I reflect, my darling, that not merely ourselves, but our unborn great grandchildren"—

"Don't be foolish, FRED," said I; but he *would*.

"That our great grandchildren, at this moment in the dim regions of probability, and in the still dimmer limbo of possibility"—

"Now, what *are* you talking about?" I asked; but he was in one of his ways, and it was of no use.

"Are, without being awake to the fact, acutely interested in our discovery; why our voyage becomes an adventure of the deepest, and the most delicate interest. Open your fancy's eye, my love, and looking into futurity, just glance at that magnificent young man, your grandson"—

"Now, I tell you what, FRED, don't be foolish; for I shall look at nothing of the sort," and with the words, I shut my eyes as close as shells.

"Or that lovely budding bride, your grand-daughter"—

"No," said I, "nor any grand-daughter, either; there's *quite time* enough for *that*."

"Any way, my love, those dearest beings are vitally interested in the matter of our voyage. Therefore, I'll at once go and charter a boat. Would you like it with a deck?"

"Why, my love, my dearest—as for a boat, I"—and I felt alarmed.

"COLUMBUS found America almost in a punt," said FRED; "then surely we may seek our arms in"—

"But stop," I cried; for he was really going. "After all, love," and I resolutely seated myself on his knee, and held him round the neck—"after all, you have not told me what *are* your arms? I mean your arms from JOAN OF ARC."

"Why, you know, my love, that JOAN OF ARC was a shepherdess?"

"I should hope I knew as much as that," said I.

"Very good. Well, in order to perpetuate the beautiful humility of her first calling, CHARLES THE SEVENTH magnificently permitted her and all her descendants, to carry in her shield—a lamb's fry!"

"Now, FREDERICK!"

"Such are my bearings, inherited in a direct line—I say in a direct line—from the MAID OF ORLEANS!"

"From the MAID OF—" and then I saw what a goose he had made

of me; and didn't I box his ears, but not to hurt him; and didn't we afterwards agree that the hall-chairs should remain as they were, and that life might be beautiful and bright enough without a touch of herald's paint.

How we *did* laugh at the family pippin!

GARDENS WITHOUT A WATERPOT.



A WELL-FOUNDED objection has been raised against the Zoological Gardens; one objection: and that the only one that we can think of. It is complained, with truth, that no proper liquor is provided for the children to drink there. Ginger-beer, soda-water, and lemonade are not fit for children at all times, if they are fit at any, and cherry-brandy is good for nobody; not even for the young ladies who alone drink it; for it neither quenches thirst, nor causes hilarity: which are the sole valid reasons for drinking anything whatever, except physic. It appears that the only juvenile taps in the Gardens are those which supply water to the gardeners. If

these afforded the pure element, it would be all very well; but their contents are much more suitable for the nourishment of plants than for the refreshment of little boys and girls. Numerous and interesting as are the varieties of the animal creation contained in these Gardens, the collection does not include that useful individual of the mammalia, the common cow, to produce a drop of milk for the little ones.

Even if children could drink soda-water and cherry-brandy, it would be, for many a father of a family which he takes to the Zoological Gardens for a holiday, much too heavy a disbursement to treat his progeny with soda-waters and cherry-brandies all round. If the Society cannot manage to add an ordinary milk cow to their quadrupeds, they might, at least, establish the cow with an iron tail. They have evinced great solicitude for the comforts of all the specimens of the inferior orders of animals on their grounds; and doubtless, now that their attention has been directed to the subject, they will make the requisite provision for a very pressing want experienced by the young of the genus Homo. With such a fact before them as the Camp at Chobham, they would indeed be inexcusable if they were not immediately to rectify a glaring deficiency in their Commissariat for the Infantry.

Meat for Mawworms.

THE gin-shop keepers and Sabbatarians ought to get up a petition to the QUEEN, praying HER MAJESTY to remove SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH from her councils, because the Right Hon. Baronet has directed the Royal Pleasure Grounds at Kew, and the Royal Botanic Gardens also, to be opened on Sundays; which must cause a shocking desecration of Sunday to be committed in the enjoyment of flowers and fresh air, accompanied by an equally awful decrease in the consumption of "Cream of the Valley."

THE BANK OF RUSSIA.

THE House of NESSELRODE and Co. has issued a Circular Note—which, however, is a very different thing from a Letter of Credit. We don't think they are very likely to get it discounted.

FAST LADIES.

HER MAJESTY'S Drawing Room was remarkable for the carriage of every lady who attended it; and it may be observed that each one came in a special train.



THE CAMP.—A NIGHT SURPRISE.

A HINT FROM THE GALLERY.

MR. PUNCH observes that his friends the parliamentary reporters did a sensible thing lately. An Irish faction-fight was detaining the House of Commons from its bed at the unseemly hour of three in the morning, and seemed likely to last until six. As the dawn broke, the gentlemen of the gallery, wearied with the gesticulations of LORD CLAUDE CLAMOUROUS—for the best Peter Waggey that ever came out of the Lowther Arcade ceases to amuse after a time—wearied with the iterations of LORD CHAOS, for a man cannot always have an eminent statesman, or an old friend, to carp at—wearied with what MR. GLADSTONE gently called the “freshness” of MR. CONNOBLE, fresh as dew from the mountain—the reporters, we say, suddenly shut up their note-books, and retired into their own apartment. The tongues of the Irish orators faltered, they looked up piteously at the long row of empty benches, murmured that it was unreasonable that the reporters should think that eleven hours and a half of talk was as much as the journals for which they work could conscientiously republish, and the profitless squabble was brought to a speedy close. Mr. Punch cordially approves of the remedy, and suggests that on another and a similar occasion it be tried a little earlier.

SOLDIERS AFLOAT.

A FEW more such showers as we have had lately, and the Camp at Chobham will become a flotilla.

MRS. MAGNALL'S HISTORICAL QUESTIONS

(As they should be written for Young Ladies).

A HISTORY of England for young ladies remains yet to be written. The usual ingredients of a reign cannot be interesting to the youthful female mind. Battles, with the number of killed and wounded; party feuds, with the names of the ministers who succeed one another in place; the slow march of public events, and the men who march slowly with them; the eternal round of diplomatic and political relations—which, as they never marry, are the last relations a lady cares for; these, we say, are not exactly the subjects that would engage the sympathies or the attention of a young girl. What romance, what possible interest is there in any one of them? No! we would change all that, and have our English History written in a style popular, easy, and graceful, and alluding only to such subjects as ladies understand, or can best appreciate.

Our proposal, however, will be at once apparent by the nature of the following questions, which we have extracted from a History supposed to be written according to our sensible plan:—

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS FOR LADIES.

(Taken principally from the Reign of QUEEN VICTORIA.)

What do you mean by the “Crush-Room of the Opera;” and why is it so called?

When did *gigot* sleeves go out of fashion, and did such sleeves have anything to do with the popular French phrase of “*Revenons à nos Moutons?*”

What do you mean by “Crochet Work;” and can you set the pattern for ladies of “How to make a purse for your brother?”

Who edited the “Book of Beauty?” and mention a few of the aristocratic names whose portraits have had the honour of appearing in its splendid pages.

Can you describe the habits and haunts of the “Swedish Nightingale;” and can you mention the highest note it ever reached, and also why it sang in a Haymarket?

State the name of the “Bohemian nobleman” who first brought over the Polka to England.

In what year of VICTORIA'S reign was the celebrated *Bal Costumé* given at Buckingham Palace? and describe the dress that HER MAJESTY wore on that interesting occasion.

Give the names of the principal singers who distinguished themselves at the two Italian Operas during the rival administrations of GYE and LUMLEY, and describe the nature of the feud that existed between those two great men.

Give a description of “Pop Goes the Weasel,” and state all you know about the “Weasel,” and what was the origin of his going “Pop.”

Who succeeded WIGAN in the *Corsican Brothers?*

Mention the names of the principal watering-places, and say which was considered the more fashionable of the two—Margate, or Gravesend?

When did flounces come into fashion, and state the lowest and the highest number a lady could wear?

Describe the position of Chiswick—and give a short account of its Gardens, and the *Fêtes* that were held there every year.

What were the duties of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and in what respects did they differ from the Maids of Honour at Richmond?

Mention the names of the most delicious novels that were published between the years 1840 and 1853, and name the character and scene that pleased you the most.

Whose gloves do you consider were the best?

What was the last elopement that created any sensation at Gretna Green?

State who was JULIEN? also, whether he had anything to do with the soup that bears his celebrated name?

Tea-Table Talk.

A LADY living at Peckham Rise has nearly ruined her husband by the enormous prices she has been giving for Cochon-China fowls. The poor fellow is always pointed at in the neighbourhood, so the story goes, as “the Cochon-China-pecked husband.”

A gentleman, at a party, where table-turning was the principal amusement of the evening, upon hearing that the power of turning mainly depended upon the will, instantly recommended his wife, as he “begged to assure the company she had a very strong one, and he had never known anything able to resist it.”

A Good Dirty Job.

It is pleasant to find that the Commissioners of Sewers are stirring; notwithstanding the result proverbially ascribed to stirring in such matters; and we hope we shall soon be enabled to expect that the Metropolis will be drained with some degree of rational asswerance. If this great object is successfully accomplished, we take the liberty of recommending that the Chairman of the Commission should be raised to the Peerage, by the title of LORD SCAVENGER.

TEST OF GOOD HUMOUR.—Wake a man up in the middle of the night, and ask him to lend you five shillings.



THE CAMP.

"HEY, COLIN! DINNA YE KEN THE WATIER'S FOR DRINK, AND NAE FOR BATHIN?"

"THE SOLDIER'S DREAM."

(After T. CAMP-BELL. By A. CAMP-BEAU.)

WE were wet as the dence; for like blazes it poured,
And the sentinels' throats were the only things dry;
And under their tents Chobham's heroes had cowered,
The weary to snore, and the wakful to sigh.

While dozing that night in my camp-bed so small,
With a Mackintosh over to keep out the rain—
After one glass of grog, cold without—that was all—
I'd a dream, which I hope I shall ne'er have again.

Methought from damp Chobham's mock battle-array,
I had bowled off to London, outside of a haek;
'Twas the season, and wax-lights illumined the way
To the balls of Belgravia that welcomed me back.

I flew to the dancing-rooms, whirled through so oft
With one sweet little partner, who tender-like clung,
I saw the grim chaperons, perched up aloft,
And heard the shrill notes WEIPPERT'S orchestra flung.

She was there—I would "pop"—and a guardsman no more,
From my sweet little partner for life ne'er would part,
When sudden I saw—just conceive what a bore—
A civilian—by Jove—laying siege to her heart!

"Out of sight, out of mind!" It was not to be borne—
To cut her, challenge him I was rushing away—
When sudden the twang of that vile bugle-horn
Scared my visions, arousing the Camp for the day.

Spirits above Proof.

IT seems that DR. PAUL CULLEN and the Ultramontanists have procured the rejection, from the Irish National Schools, of the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN'S *Evidences of Christianity*. Hence it may be presumed that the "*Evidences*" of ARCHBISHOP WHATELY are favourable specimens of WHATELY'S logic, and afford some really sensible and satisfactory reason for believing in the Christian religion.

OUR HONEYMOON.

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 18—.

I AM not superstitious—certainly not: but when I woke this morning, I felt as if something would happen; though I said nothing to FRED. With the feeling that came upon me, I wouldn't have thought of going to France for worlds. I felt as if a war must break out, or something.

"I knew it; I was certain of it," said I, when I'd half read the letter from home.

"In that case," said FRED, in the most unconcerned way, which he will call philosophy, whereas I think it downright imprudence—but I fear dear Mamma's right; all men are imprudent—"In that case, we might have saved postage."

"Now FRED, don't be frivolous. But I see, there'll be nothing right at home till we get fairly back. Everything will be sacrificed."

"Is that your serious belief, my love?" said FRED, finishing his tea; and I nodded very decidedly.—"Well, then, suppose we pack up our traps and return to-day. And talking of home, you can't think, LORRY, what a present you've made me without knowing it."

"Have I indeed? What present, love?"

"It was in my sleep; but then, it was one of those dreams that always forerun the reality. Do you know I dreamt that we'd returned home; and somehow when I tried to sit down in my chair, up I jumped again; and so again and again. Whenever I tried to be quiet and stretch my legs out at my fireside, I seemed possessed with a legion of imps that would lift me from my seat and pull me towards the door."

"Hm! That's a very ugly dream, FRED," said I; and I know I looked thoughtful.

"Very: but it's wonderful how, like a tranquillizing spirit, you appeared upon the scene. I thought, my dear, you looked more beautiful than is possible."

"FREDERICK!"

"Not but what I'm quite content as it is. You know, my love, it might have been worse."

"Well," said I, "Mamma needn't have written to me that my honeymoon was nearly ended. It seems I'm not likely to forget that."

"And when it was impossible for me to remain in the chair—when

I continued to get up and sit down, and run here and run there—then, as I say, you appeared like a benevolent fairy—bearing across one arm what seemed to me a rainbow turned to silk; and in the other hand carrying a pair of slippers."

"Well; and then?"

"And then, with a thought, I had put on the morning-gown;—for it was that you carried—and placed my feet in the slippers. There never were more beautiful presents; never richer gifts for a wife to make her husband. For would you think it, LORRY? No sooner had I wrapped the dressing-gown about me, than I became settled in the sweetest repose in my chair; and the very walls of the room seemed to make the softest music. And then the slippers! Most wonderful! Would you believe it, LORRY—wherever the slippers touched, a flower sprang up; flowers and aromatic herbs! The very hearth seemed glowing and odorous with roses and thyme. But then, you know, it was only a dream, LORRY. There's no such dressing-gown—and in this world no such slippers;" and then—I could see it—he looked in his odd way at me.

"I suppose not, FRED," said I; for I wouldn't seem to understand him. "And then, if such slippers could be found, where's the husband's feet to fit 'em? 'T would be another story of the glass slipper."

"Who knows when we get home? But what's happened?" and he pointed to the letter.

"Well, then, the pigeon-house has blown down; and Rajah's flown away; and a strange cat has killed the gold-fish; and, in fact, FRED—as dear Mamma writes to me; not, as she says, she'd have me worry myself about the matter—in fact the house wants a mistress."

"I have no doubt your excellent mother is right," said FRED; "and as you won't go to France, suppose we make way for *The Fitch*. Do you know, LORRY, I'm curious to know if—after all—those slippers mayn't be found there."

"I'll take care of that," said I; "but you know, FRED, we can't go back yet."

"Why not?"

"Why, you know our honeymoon isn't quite out; and!"

"And what of that? We needn't burn all the moon from home. What if we put the last fragment on a save-all, and see it out at *The Fitch*?"

"It isn't to be done, FRED," said I; for I knew how people would talk. Of course, 't would be said we were tired of our own society, and so got home for company.

"Nevertheless," said FRED; "you take the flight of Rajah, that dear bird, with wondrous serenity."

And it then struck me that I did *not* feel so annoyed as I ought. "Ha, FRED," said I, "you don't know what my feelings may be; don't misjudge me because I don't talk. I can assure you, I am very much disturbed;" and I *was* vexed.

"Perhaps, then"—said FRED—"you'll take a little walk towards the Steyne; and recover yourself? I've some letters to write, my love; and—'twill do you good—I'll join you."

"Certainly"—said I—"of course; if you wish it," and then I wondered why he *should* wish to get rid of me. It never happened before. Yes—and the thought came again *very forcibly* upon me—it's plain the honeymoon's nearly out; and then I left the room; and as I left it, didn't I *nearly* bang the door?

"Why should he wish to get rid of me?" I seemed quite bewildered with this question. Everything seemed to ask it. He could have written his letters without my leaving the house. However, I felt glad that I contained myself; and especially glad that I didn't bang the door.

Well, I ran and put on my bonnet; and then just peeping in at the door to FRED, said, "I'm going;" and in another minute was taking my way towards the Steyne. It was such a beautiful day; the sky so light; and the air so fresh and sweet, that—yes, in a little minute, my bit of temper had all passed away—and I did well scold myself that, for a moment, I had entertained it. I walked down upon the beach. Scarcely a soul was there: and I fell into a sort of dreamy meditation—thinking about *that* morning-gown and *those* slippers. "I'll get 'em for FRED, that I will;" I resolved within myself. "Roses *shall* grow at the fireside; and repose *shall* be in his arm-chair. *That* I'm determined;" and as I resolved this with myself, everything about me seemed to grow brighter and more beautiful. And then I wished that we were well at home, and the slippers had, for once and all, been tried and fitted. The gulls flying about reminded me of Rajah: and I *did* wonder at myself that I could think of his loss—that would have nigh killed me at one time—so calmly. But then, as Mamma said, and as I've since discovered,—it's wonderful what other trifles marriage makes one forget.

There was nobody upon the beach: so I sat down, and began a day-dreaming. How happy we should be at home, and how softly and sweetly all things would go with us! And still, as the waves ran and burst in foam upon the beach, I thought of the slippers.

I hardly knew how long I'd been there, when a little gypsy girl stood at my side, offering a nosegay. I looked and—yes, it was one of the gypsies, at whose tent FRED and I took shelter in the thunder-storm. However, before I could say a word, the little creature dropt the nosegay in my lap; and laughing, ran away.

Such a beautiful *bouquet*! Had it been a thing of wild or even of common garden flowers—but it was a *bouquet* of exotics—and how were gypsies to come by such things? Then something whispered to me—"stole them."

I didn't like to throw the thing away; and as I remained meditating, FRED came up. "Pretty flowers, LOTTY," said he.

"Yes: selected with taste—great taste, an't they?" said I; and I cannot think what whim it was possessed me to go off in such praise of the *bouquet*.

"Pretty well," said FRED.

"Pretty well! my dear FRED; if you'll only look and attend, you'll own that the person who composed this *bouquet* must have known all the true effect of colours."

"Indeed," said FRED; as I thought very oddly; so I went on.

"Every colour harmonizes; the light, you see, falling exactly in the right place; and yet everything arranged so naturally—so harmoniously. The white is precisely where it should be, and"—

"Is it true?" and saying this, FRED twitched from among the flowers a note that like a mortal snake as I thought it lay there.

"Why, it's a letter!" I cried.

"It looks like it," said FRED.

"It was brought by a gypsy," said I; and I felt my face burning, and I could have cried. "It's a mistake."

"Of course," said FRED: "what else, my love? Of course, a mistake."

And then he gave me his arm, and we returned towards the Inn. FRED laughed and talked; but somehow I felt so vexed: yes, I could have cried; and still FRED was so cool—so very cool.

Another Change in France.

EVERY liberal-minded person will be glad to hear that LOUIS NAPOLEON is about establishing baths and washhouses in Paris. The cause of order in France has been threatened chiefly by the unwashed; and the EMPEROR will promote the peace of society by causing that dangerous class to disappear.

THE BREAKSPEARE TESTIMONIAL.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum*, a Cardinal's hat is about to go round—in obedience, however, to no new force or principle. Our learned contemporary says:—

"There has been only one English Pope, and of him there has been hitherto no public monument in the city over which he ruled. The omission is now, it seems, to be rectified. A committee has been formed with a view to collect subscriptions; PLO NONO has given his blessing, CARDINAL ALTIERI his countenance, and CARDINAL WISEMAN has received instructions to collect the money in this country. . . . The sum named for the monument is £6,000. . . . A magnificent memorial is to be erected to him in St. Peter's. The attempt to elicit such a declaration in England at such a time is a clever trick enough; and in order to its success, one of the grounds of appeal to the pockets of Englishmen shows a profound knowledge of the weak side of our national character. Wherever JOHN BULL wanders, it has been observed that he carries with him a passion for recording his autograph. The BROWNS, and SMITHS, and JONESSES write their names on the Pantheon and Pyramids, temple and tomb. The Cardinals have had the wit to make a direct appeal to this passion; they offer to inscribe the name of every donor of £50—which they are willing to receive in monthly instalments of 20s.—on the base of the monument of POPE NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE."

Under POPE NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE, *alias* ADRIAN IV, ARNOLD of Breceia was burned alive—having first, we believe, had his nose wrung off with red hot pincers. Who will indorse the sentence upon ARNOLD by causing his name to be carved on the monument of NICHOLAS?

As nearly seven centuries have elapsed since the time when this mild and beneficent Pontiff flourished, there may perhaps be no portrait in existence to afford any idea of his venerable physiognomy. With what sort of a face to represent him, then, may be a difficulty: unless the problem should be solved by a special miracle. Failing that, the best plan would be to give him the features of somebody likely to resemble him. NERO might do for the model: but NERO's is not an English face. Under these circumstances GREENACRE might be suggested: but as ADRIAN IV was a man of some force of character, perhaps, on the whole, it would be better to choose RUSH.



FANCY PORTRAIT OF SARDANAPALUS, KING OF ASSYRIA,

With a Wine Cup of the Period.

Another Irish Grievance.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE—The new one, is, according to SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, to be built of stone from Ireland. Another evidence of the eagerness of the Saxon to trample upon everything Irish.

LAYING IT ON THICK.

Of a certain author—or artist—or actor—or somebody else—who had acquired much notoriety by laudatory criticisms—it was said that his reputation was built of plaster.

PUNCH AT A ROYAL CHRISTENING.

It is not often that *Punch* has to protest against anything that happens at our own Court, but unless the Court Newsmen has misinformed us, there was something very objectionable in the proceedings at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the last Royal Christening. Recollecting that the Sponsors promise in the name of the infant to renounce "the pomp and glory of this world," we cannot help asking whether the following description of what took place is not lamentably at variance with the spirit of the promise that was given:—

"The sacred rite was performed in the private chapel in the Palace, which was duly prepared for the occasion. Two rows of chairs of crimson satin and gold were placed on each side of the centre, for the use of the QUEEN, the SPONSORS, and the Royal personages invited to be present."

This might pass as coming under the head of luxury rather than of pomp, but what shall we say to the next paragraph?—

"The altar was lined with crimson velvet, panelled with gold lace, and on the communion-table were placed the golden vessels used in the Sacrament, with salvers and two large candlesticks. Seats of crimson and gold were placed for the officiating clergy. The font was placed in advance of the *haut pas*; it was a most elegantly formed tazza of silver gilt, the rim was formed of the leaves and flowers of the water lily, and the base from which its elegant stem sprang was composed of infant angels playing the lyre; in the front was the Royal arms. The font was placed on a fluted plinth of white and gold."

Riches, we are taught, add to the difficulty of entering the Kingdom of Heaven, then why this profusion of gold to enumber the first step of a Royal infant on his entrance into the Church which is to secure his eternal happiness? "Gold lace," "golden vessels," and seats of "crimson and gold" for the clergy, are scarcely the appliances that would seem appropriate to the ceremony of receiving the "sign of the cross," which is certainly not typified by any of the accessories of pomp and splendour that abounded on that occasion. Surely this must have struck on the mind of some one or more of the assembled grandees, who, if not too much wrapt up in the idea of their own and the surrounding grandeur, may have remarked that

"Over the altar was a fine piece of tapestry representing the baptism of our Saviour."

If the tapestry told the truth, there would be no clergy in gold seats; no font appropriated to Royalty by a vulgar display of the Royal arms over the front of it; and no infants or any one else "playing the lyre" at the simple solemnity, of which a Royal Christening is but a gaudy mockery.

As a further assistance to the infant in renouncing the pomps and vanities of the world, we find that

"The Heralds and Kings of Arms were on duty to usher the distinguished personages to their places in the chapel, and conduct the Royal processions. There were present ALBERT WILLIAM WOODS, Esq., Lancaster Herald; WALTER ASTON BLOUNT, Esq., Chester Herald; JAMES PULMAN, Esq., Clarenceux King of Arms; ROBERT LADGIE, Esq., Norroy King of Arms; and SIR CHARLES GEORGE YOUNG, Garter Principal King of Arms; the whole wearing their splendid tabards, and the Kings of Arms their distinctive insignia."

It is really sad to think that in an age which prides itself on common sense, and at a Court confessedly adorned by the many virtues of the Sovereign and her family, conventionalism still holds such sway, that one whom it is no flattery to call an ornament to her high position still feels herself under the necessity of converting a solemn religious ceremony into a vulgar display of luxury and vanity. Can it be supposed that the admission of the Royal infant into the Christian flock required the assistance of archbishops, bishops, and clergy on seats of crimson and gold, the presence of Heralds and Kings-of-Arms, a whole bundle of Gold and other Sticks, the Master of the Buckhounds, and the whole hne and cry of Court "pride, pomp, and circumstance," which, however appropriate to some occasions, are utterly at variance with the admission of an infant to a religion for which humility is one of the chief requisites?

The Court is justly looked to in this country as an example; and the QUEEN, as mother, wife, and woman, is indeed one whom all would do well to imitate. For this reason we still more regret the recent display which will set all the servile crew of imitators to work to emulate, as far as they can, the pomps and vanities of a Royal Christening. The influence will extend down to some of the humblest ranks of society, and we shall have the *Herald* and the *Post* full of accounts of how Mrs. JONES of Jonesville had the altar decorated, the Bishop got up, the font covered with the arms of JONES, and all the appliances of Royaltyaped at the baptism of the JONESTIAN infant.

We have no objection to the party, and the banquet after the ceremony, but when the next comes—and we hope there may be many yet—we trust HER MAJESTY will use her own good sense, and release all future Royal Christenings from the trappings of pomp and vanity with which custom has hitherto entangled them. We must say, in conclusion, that HER MAJESTY is not responsible for all the pompous foolery against which we have raised our voice, for it has been customary long before she came to the throne, and she has, in many instances, had the courage and good sense to abolish many empty observances. We hope, on the next occasion of a Royal Christening, to find her exercising her own proper feeling in divesting the occasion of all those forus which are at variance with its spirit.

CHOKING IN THE ARMY.



HERE is one species of Stock in the conversion of which no difficulty whatever would be experienced. Indeed, the experiment with this description of Stock has been successfully tried in the Indian portion of the British Empire; as is proved by the following extract from a general order:—

"The Commander-in-Chief is pleased to direct the entire discontinuance of the leather stock in all the Honourable Company's European regiments under this Presidency."

The British soldier would be very much obliged to LORD HARDINGE, if the gallant nobleman would please to convert his Stock from a rigid, galling, strangling band of leather into a collar of more flexible material. That common tailors occasionally discount

bills is no reason why "clothing Colonels" should have to do such a "bit of stiff" for their men as the military Stock. The infliction of flogging in the army has been greatly mitigated, even in the cases of grave offenders; would it not be as well to abolish altogether the gratuitous punishment of the Stocks?

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS GOING A-HEAD!

REV. GLENDOWER S. FIBBS, of Salem, U. S., has been induced, by the extensive interest taken by the British aristocracy in the SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS which have lately been introduced from America, to visit this country with a view to the exhibition of OCCULT PHENOMENA, on a scale which, owing to the prevalence of an illiberal spirit of persecution, has been hitherto unattempted in this or any other country since the era of Egyptian magic. He is accompanied by three ACTUALLY POSSESSED MEDIUMS, who will utter responses, and afford correct information on doctrinal subjects, under the influence of SPIRITS. He has also, at the expenditure of a considerable sum, secured the co-operation of a genuine WIZARD and WITCH from Boston, Mass., who will prove the REALITY OF SORCERY and MAGIC by OCULAR DEMONSTRATION, to the satisfaction of the most incredulous and determined sceptic.

The WIZARD will evoke the SPIRIT of any DECEASED PERSON who may be agreed upon by the Party Assembled, and compel it to appear in a visible form before the eyes of the Spectators, deliver predictions, &c. The WITCH will perform the much controverted, but undeniable and surprising feat of RIDING ON A BROOMSTICK; and to illustrate the power of SORCERY over the elements, will raise a Tempest on a small scale by BREWING a STORM in a Tea-pot. She will also exhibit the marvellous PHENOMENA of TRANSFORMATION, by changing herself successively into the shape of various animals: after which she will summon her FAMILIARS, in the form of CATS, TOADS, and SPIDERS, and finally, together with her ATTENDANT IMPS, VANISH UP THE CHIMNEY. The WITCH and WIZARD are really and truly what they profess to be, having both of them effected a *boni fide* sale of themselves for 160 dollars a-piece to the GREAT MASTER, well known as the LARGEST SLAVE OWNER OUT OF THE STATES.

The *soirée* to conclude with the APPEARANCE of the DEUCE himself, whom the REV. GLENDOWER S. FIBBS will raise in a magic circle upon the platform, entirely divested of supernatural terrors which might be calculated to alarm the timid and nervous. The circle will be so carefully charmed, as to preclude all possibility of his breaking through it, as effectually as if he were a bear on the top of a pole. The object of the REV. G. S. F., being to convince the Public of the fact of Spiritual Existences, will, he trusts, meet with the SUPPORT and APPROBATION of serious and enlightened minds.

At home every morning from 10 to 2, for private consultations.

Obnoxious Parties bewitched; Discovery of Stolen Goods, Phillres, &c., &c., on moderate terms.

Magic Mirrors, Divining Rods, &c., Loaned or Sold.
Soirées commence at 8.

AMERICAN DRINKS.



Gentleman in Cart. "I SAY, GUV'NOR, BRING US OUT A SPOONFUL O' GIN FOR THE OLD LADY, WILL YER?—AND I'LL TAKE A PINT O' MILD ALE—AND LOOK HERE. I DON'T WANT IT THICK—FOR I AIN'T HUNGRY!"

OUR RUPTURE WITH RUSSIA.

We cannot help regretting that anything should be done by our military authorities to irritate the sore place which has been established in our relations with Russia. We, therefore, read with a degree of pain—which made us almost cry out, for we were really much hurt—that a letter dated June 27th, 1853, has gone out from the Horse Guards, prohibiting all general and staff officers from wearing Russia ducks by way of trousers. Whether this is meant as an insult to Russia we are unable to state; but we fear that Russia in the present sensitive state of affairs will regard this declaration of war against Russia ducks as an indication of a desire to provoke hostilities.

DIPLOMATIC PASTRY.—There is every probability that the dish heretofore known as NESSELRODE Pudding will, in future, be denominated Humble Pie.



THE CAMP.

Captain Ho!ster. "HERE! HI! SOME ONE!—STOP MY BED ROOM!—HI!"

A SEAMSTRESS THAT WON'T STARVE.

The *Glasgow Chronicle* describes a sewing machine, which has been introduced by a MR. DARLING. This DARLING will be considered a duck by some of our fashionable milliners; and his Jenny will be just the seamstress for their money, as she will ask no wages, want no food but a little oil, and be able to do without any rest whatever. Our own shirts, also, will be more comfortable to wear when we shall be enabled to think to ourselves that their manufacture has been ground out of wheels and cogs at small cost, and not out of human nerves and muscles for miserable pay.

DRINKING HEALTH.

MR. HARKER will perhaps have the goodness to propose at the next great Civic banquet this toast:—"Extramural Incorporation of London with Gravesend."



A GENTLE REPROOF.

Grenadier. "I SAY, HILL, I WONDER WHAT THEM LADIES WOULD SAY, IF WE WAS TO GO LOOKING INTO THEIR ROOMS!"



THE KEY TO THE RUSSIAN QUESTION.



It seems after all that the great *casus belli* between the Porte and Russia is "Who shall keep the key of the Greek Church?" The contest is to determine whether the key in question shall dangle on the watch-chain of the Greek, or hang on the bunch with the street-door and other keys of the Latin patriarch. We might as well allow the EMPEROR OF CHINA to interfere with us, and insist on appointing a protector of Temple Bar, for the purpose of deciding whether the QUEEN or the LORD MAYOR shall have the custody of that rusty old myth, the Key of the City. It is absurd, and yet awful to think, that all Europe should be kept on the *qui vice* about a key of no real value, and which, in fact, nobody cares about.

We think we can furnish a key to the whole difficulty, and we can point the way to a pacific solution of the question by putting the affair into the hands of our friend CHUBB of St. Paul's Churchyard, or our equally enlightened friend BRAMAN of Piccadilly. We are convinced that either of these ingenious individuals will undertake to dispose of the question, "Who shall keep the key?" by furnishing each party with a duplicate. By this arrangement either of the individuals claiming custody of the key will have it in his power to avoid the necessity of either picking the lock or picking a quarrel.

ENTERPRISING UNDERTAKERS.

OPIHELIA, in her madness, exclaims, "They say the owl was a baker's daughter." This was a delirious mistake. What they do say, or ought to say, is, that the owl is an undertaker's son. For truly the son of a certain sort of undertaker has an owl for his father: is an owl and the son of an owl, that ominous bird which

"Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud."

Witness the subjoined statement by a correspondent of the *Daily News*:-

"A member of my family is just recovering from an illness which, for a time, kept all about her in daily apprehension. The fact of the illness becoming known in the neighbourhood, I am forthwith inundated with undertakers' circulars, in which all the horrid paraphernalia of the tomb are set forth, together with the various merits, "readiness," "dispatch," &c., of the applicant, expectant of his job, and all this is shamelessly, indecently, wantonly, thrust before the very eyes of afflicted relatives, watching the sick bed with feelings racked between the alternations of hope and despair."

Precisely as the light in the sick chamber elicits the shriek of the screech-owl, so does the muffled knocker attract the puffs of the advertising undertaker. With the attributes of the owl, however, these death-hunters combine the propensities of the crow and the vulture, which repair to the spot whereon a creature is dying, and hover impatiently about their prey that still breathes. Occasionally, no doubt, the vultures and crows, by a premature bite or dig of the beak, expedite the process of dissolution, and very likely the other birds of prey not unfrequently do the same thing: for one of these undertakers' circulars getting, by the folly of an old nurse, or any other misfortune, into the hands of a person dangerously ill, would be extremely likely to occasion a fatal shock, and convert the expected corpse into an actual one.

The writer in the *Daily News* says that he called on one of the senders of these disgusting handbills, and informed the sordid and unfeeling snob that in case the services proffered by him were ever, unhappily, required, he would undoubtedly not be employed to render them. It is to be hoped that the determination expressed by this gentleman will be strenuously acted on by everybody else; and that when any one gets hold of a communication of this sort under similar circumstances, he will, instead of flinging it in a rage behind the fire, carefully preserve it, for the purpose of showing it to all his acquaintance, in order that they may make a note of the advertiser's name, lest they should ever forget it, and be induced to give any custom to such an odious brute.

Mind, however, that if you will associate sepulture with upholstery, you must expect to have upholsterers looking to sepulture with mere upholsterers' feelings. You ought not to be surprised that undertakers speculate on the prospect of a job at your house. It should not astonish you if one of these gentry were to propose to measure your wife or child for a coffin. If your funerals must needs be "furnished," your funeral furniture will involve competition, and its incidental snobisms. Put away the soul's old clothes in a plain box, with decent rites and no other ceremony. Deposit them where they may most conveniently decompose, and deposit as little as possible of any value to decompose with them. Why should it cost a considerable sum to put a small piece of organic framework into earth? Whilst that operation continues to be expensive, we shall be sure to be pestered by candidates for its performance, invading the very chamber of sickness with tenders of cheap coffins, reduced shrouds, moderate palls, ridiculously low hearses, economical mourning coaches, and highly reasonable feathers.

THE GREAT CAB REFORM.

AFTER several years of grumbling on the part of the public, we have at last got a Government that has been "strong enough" to venture on what, in the highly intelligent circles of Downing Street, has hitherto been considered the "hazardous question" of Cab Reform. It is a positive fact that until Mr. FITZROY took the matter in hand, every administration has been "afraid" of the introduction of a Cab Bill, lest it should have opened the door to opposition, or, in other words, the public were to be crammed into wretched cabs, lest the Cab-in-et should be turned out.

Everybody with half a grain of common sense was perfectly well aware that Cab Reform would be one of the most popular things a Government could undertake; but, it has required several years to make this plain fact intelligible in high quarters; and even now, there has been a timidity in dealing with some portions of the subject of Cab Reform, which, though the new Act is very good, as far as it goes, will soon cause the public to complain. We, however, desire to give all praise where it is due; and especially to Mr. FITZROY, who will go down to posterity with his aggravated Assaults' Act in one hand, and his Cab Law in the other, to say nothing of the County Courts' Measure sticking out of his pocket. The sympathy shown by the present Government towards riders in cabs affords a proof that we have in the Administration—(now, reader, prepare to be knocked over by an unexpected blow)—a few really Cabbin'-it Ministers. We will conclude with a lyric tribute to Mr. FITZROY, adapted to the itinerant air of—

CHEER! BOYS, CHEER!

CHEER! boys, cheer! no more of imposition,
Cabs at true fares shall bear us on our way;
MAYNE's smart police shall show the proper tariff,
Telling us exactly what we have to pay.
So farewell, fraud—much as we've endured thee,
We'll let alone what may have gone before,
Why should we growl at having paid back carriage,
We shall not have to pay it any more.
Cheer! boys, cheer! for *Punch* and Mr. FITZROY,
Cheer! boys, cheer! for *Punch* is our right hand;
Cheer! boys, cheer! there's fruit of FITZROY's labour,
Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new Improved Cab Stand.

Cheer! boys, cheer! no wind is on us blowing,
Through broken panes upon our neck and chest,
This horse can go the distance we are going,
By over work he is no more oppress;
Once we had cabs—than hencoops scarcely better—
Through open spaces letting in the rain;
Now, ours shall be the clean and well-built carriage,
And at a price as moderate again.
Cheer! boys, cheer! &c.

PASSIONATE MEN.

"MEN in a passion should be treated like kettles—when they boil over, they should be taken off."

PECUNIARY DEMANDS.

Of all men it must be confessed that the Tax-gatherer has the most calls for his money.

A GUARDSMAN'S CONFESSION (*overheard at Chobham*).—"On my word there's no greater bore in the world than your military Drill!"



First Cock Sparrow. "WHAT A MIWACKULOUS TYE, FWANK. HOW THE DOOSE DO YOU MANAGE IT?"

Second Cock Sparrow. "YAS. I FANCY IT IS RATHER GRAND; BUT THEN, YOU SEE, I GIVE THE WHOLE OF MY MIND TO IT!"

STANZAS TO ERIN.

ON THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

On Emerald Isle, brightest pearl of the ocean,
First flower of the earth, on thy newly-born wings
Soar up to the sky, with triumphant emotion,
Whilst thou sittest, receiving the homage of kings.

Raise, Erin, thy brow, which no longer is clouded
And seared by the cold brand of chilling neglect;
Stand forth in the garb of festivity shrouded
As thy sons and thy daughters, fair maiden, expect.

Exchanging thy widowhood's lonely condition
For the splendour and state of a blushing young bride,
Preside, unabashed, o'er thy Great Exhibition,
Thy heart humbly swelling with glory and pride.

Yes, Ireland, thy lap filled with all the world's riches,
Of thy shirt-sleeves the elbows, gone ragged of yore,
Shall no longer hang out at the knees of thy breeches,
And the toes of thy brogues out at heel go no more.

Too long has the Demon of fell agitation,
By the dark torch of discord diffused o'er the land,
Created a stir, which has caused a stagnation,
Bringing business, and everything else, to a stand.

Away with Brigades—they're all mighty bad bargains;
Away with those heads that are nothing but tails,
The footsteps for you, boys, to follow, are DARGAN'S:
And don't proceed backwards in DR. MACHALE'S!

An Obvious Mistake.

AN advertisement has appeared in nearly all the papers, announcing as a "novel and thrilling attraction" that

"Two ladies will make their ascent on Monday evening next, suspended from the car of the Royal Cremorne Balloon."

There is evidently some mistake in the announcement of this unwomanly and degrading exhibition. We cannot well allow that to be an "ascent" where the parties engaged so completely lower themselves.

INSPECTION OF CAVALRY BY GENERAL PUNCH.

MAJOR-GENERAL PUNCH having appointed this day for the inspection of the QUEEN'S Piebalds, that gallant and distinguished corps arrived at Chamomile Scrubs at 9 o'clock in full marching order, and formed line with rear to the railway, to await the arrival of the General. The inspections of the General are generally looked forward to with much interest by the cavalry, in consequence of their practical nature; and this being so close upon the Chobham affair, a considerable amount of cramming had been practised by the subalterns, who had given up their days and nights to the getting up of their "echelons," "wheels," &c., and the other interesting information afforded by the book published by authority of the Adjutant-General.

The General arrived shortly after the troops, and immediately proceeded to business. He first inspected the ranks; and having ascertained (as indeed had been ascertained before, in "troop," "squad," and "grand parade") that the men's hair was cut according to the regulations, that the whiskers were in line with their ears, and that their "boots were polished and jackets were trim," he made a minute inspection of the appointments, pointing out the mode of fastening the carbine as giving ample room for improvement. The pouch he was particularly displeased with, asking somewhat snappishly, What the devil it did at the back when it was wanted in the front? He also made some observations about the cartridges, blank as well as ball, which we couldn't catch. The regiment then marched past by squadron, files, troops, threes, &c. While ranking past by single file—a movement, by the bye, which is particularly slow in more senses than one—the General resumed the subject of the appointments, and paid particular attention to the valise, and mode of packing it; but as his observations were repeated in an after part of the day, we need not here insert them.

The sword exercise was next performed in a manner which did great credit to the adjutant. Indeed the pursuing practice, at a gallop, was particularly exciting; the troops scouring the Scrubs in pursuit of nothing, with a zeal and vigour which must have struck terror into the heart of NICHOLAS, or even his illustrious namesake himself, had either witnessed the scene.

The evolutions next commenced, GENERAL PUNCH himself giving

the word of command—the practice he always adopts at his inspections, in order to prevent the possibility of commanding officers cramming their troops with a series of common-place movements. However, things went off very well, notwithstanding. While the skirmishers were out the General took the opportunity of again pointing out the great inconvenience, not to say the utter uselessness of the pouch, which article of war, by the bye, he seems to be properly "down upon." It was noticed indeed that nearly all the skirmishers dispensed entirely with its use, putting their ammunition in their breasts, or rather, in the breasts of their coats. The gallant General galloped about from flank to flank with great fury, "dressing" the line and the leaders with a neatness which must have greatly pleased the adjutant. The manner in which he shouted "Up, up, up, up the l-left!" "Baek the r-right!" must also have been equally approved of by that officer.

On returning to barracks, the General went round the stables, attended by the Colonel and the officers of their respective troops. It is this part of the day's business that always causes the "funking" (if we may be allowed to apply that term in military matters) of the officers. The General being well "up" in all the minutiae of stable economy, mostly puzzles the officers with his curious information respecting straps, buckles, wallets, shoe-cases, &c., a sort of information which, though it may be thought "boring" to acquire, and though it may seldom be necessary for officers to apply in quarters, would be found very essential in actual warfare, or at Chobham, where it was not unlikely an officer might be left without his "batman," and have to shift for himself.

We give a specimen of the sort of information required by the General of these affairs, premising however that he does not select an individual officer, and subject him to a lengthened catechism; but good-humouredly dodges from one to another, so that no one feels as if he had been subjected to an "examination." The following may be given as a summary of the answers elicited:—

LIEUT. SO AND SO.—Had been in the Piebalds 4 years, a Lieutenant 3 years; has had command of the troop sometimes in the absence of the Captain; had frequently sat on Courts-martial, which he considered a bore: didn't know who rode *that* horse—didn't know the horse's number; the horse in the next stall was "rode" by a serjeant; didn't know the serjeant's name; knew he was a serjeant, because he wore

three stripes. Thought a cloak strap had something to do with a cloak, didn't know how it was fastened; supposed to the saddle somehow. A troop horse had oats and hay, and some pails of water every day—about so much; the exact amount was down in the stable regulations which he had read—remembered reading them once at the head of the troop when he first joined; LIEUT. WHIFFEN pelted him with nuts while he was doing so. Couldn't answer the question, "Do you bruise your oats?" there was nothing in the stable regulations about that. Knew how to pack a valise, *viz.*, "according to the Articles of War and the provisions of the Mutiny Act;" knew there was a standing order about it, didn't recollect the whole of it; knew the forage cap "was to be placed on the heels of the highlows;" was certain of that: thought on that plan the boots and spurs might be rolled up in a shirt; blacking, and pipeclay-sponge along with the socks; thought it likely that the cap wouldn't be in a fit state to wear after being on the highlows, but couldn't help that; it was the regulation. Knew what a private's daily pay was, didn't know what a lance corporal's was; didn't know what either paid for daily messing, didn't want to know; knew what *he* paid very well. Hadn't the remotest idea how much meat or bread would be required for fifty men, should say a precious sight; didn't know whether the men were allowed beer, had reason to believe they drank it, or something else sometimes. Didn't know much about encampments, how should he? Had been reading up for Chobham, couldn't find out whether the *ch* was hard or soft. Rather liked the idea of encamping, thought there would be some fun. Didn't know much about pitching a tent; supposed it would have some reference to keeping it dry; but his batman or some one else would attend to that sort of thing. GUNTER was going to forage for their mess. Thought any joking about campaign and Champagne stooipid: no one but a civilian would attempt it.

The General wound up the day's proceedings by visiting the Hospital, School Room, Library, and outhouses; and—having satisfied himself as to the state of the barracks, read all the books in the library, examined every man's accounts in each troop, ascertained the particulars of every case in hospital—adjourned to the mess, where the festivities were kept with the usual spirit of the Piebalds.

BORE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



O THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, BART.

"I AM a Man upon Town; that is, I confess, I spend the greater part of my time in idling thereabout. But now and then I am seized with a desire to improve my mind, expand my faculties, elevate my ideas—and all that sort of thing—and in this proper disposition I go to the British Museum: which I find shut.

"I don't know how this is. My own fault? I ought to know that the Museum is only open on certain days? Yes, I ought—but I don't. I forget the days. I can't remember them; and other people who are not so indolent as I am, and take pains to recollect them, forget them too.

"Besides, if I am indolent, I am one of the British Public,

for whose use and amusement the British Museum is meant, and think its arrangements ought, in a reasonable measure, to be accommodated to my indolence.

"But what you will, perhaps, regard as a consideration of greater weight, there are numerous persons who only get a leisure day occasionally; and that leisure, like my fit of diligence, is safe to occur on a day when the Museum is closed.

"Why not throw the British Museum open every day, except on the few days when it may be necessary, if it is necessary, that artists should have it all to themselves—like the National Gallery? What good do the statues, the stuffed animals, the antiquities, and the mummies do half their time, wasting their sweetness on the desert—or at least the vacant—air? It would be much better if they were putting some ideas into my vacant mind.

"I wish, like a good fellow, you would attend to this, as Chief Commissioner of Works, and have the British Museum thrown open, or get the Trustees, or whatever you call the authorities, to throw it

open daily, or as nearly so as possible, to suit the convenience of industrious fellows, and the desultory habits of

"AN INCONSTANT READER."

"P.S. HER MAJESTY's subjects have to thank you for admission to Kew Gardens on a Sunday. It would be a capital thing if you could get the Museum opened to them likewise; particularly as the Nineveh sculptures, I understand, are regular 'sermons in stones'—to borrow the expression of—I believe—SHAKSPEARE."

RUSSIAN REASONS.

(Being the English change for COUNT NESSELRODE's Circular Note.)

AS PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF's mission has caused a great rumpus,
And a notion prevails that the Czar's in the wrong,
And as England and France may be able to stump us,
These our reasons you 'll state, Courts and Cabinets among.

You need scarcely point out that of truth there's no particle
In the monstrous report, that our threatenings of war
Are meant to enforce on the Sultan an article
Which puts twelve million Turks 'neath the thumb of the Czar.

As no Cabinet gravely can hold such a notion,
You will go on at once to impress, at your Court,
The Czar's Christian care and unselfish devotion
For the Russo-Greek Church in the realms of the Porte.

You will say that his feelings are strictly parental
Towards that Church, of which he is the father and head;
That the influence he wields is all moral and mental—
A fact proved by all he has done—at least, said.

Describe the Czar's wish to know wherefore this heat is
At demands which existing conventions allow;
Cite Kainardji's and Adrianople's two treaties,
And point out that they give all we're asking for now.

Show how, from beginning to end of the business,
All about Holy Places the question has been;
That, if 'twixt us and France there was some slight uneasiness,
The horizon on that side is now quite serene.

That the Russo-Greek rights have been clearly admitted,
And secured by a firman, and Hatti-Scherid;
So that France and the Latin Communnions outwitted,
Yield the *pas* to the Russo-Greek Church and its chief.

Recapitulate then, as these rights—in the first place—
Are what Russia has always enjoyed, beyond doubt;
And as—secondly—France is now put in the worst place
In the matter, whereon she and Russia fell out;

And as—in the third place—the Sultan has granted
All we asked by a Firman, which clearly maintains
The rights of our Church, which was all we'er wanted;
And as—in the fourth place—my note thus explains

The duplicity, weakness, and tergiversation
Which the Porte through the whole of this business has shown,
And proves, too, the Czar's great forbearance and patience,
Guided, as he has been, by his duty alone;—

We cannot conceive what he's taken to task for,
If on the offensive he ventures to act,
Seeing that we have always had all we now ask for,
And have since got a firman confirming the fact.‡

Submit the above, as a full demonstration,
That no option we've had, 'twixen disgrace and a war,
And ask if the Porte had so used them, what nation
But *must* have done just what's been done by the Czar?

The Soldier's First Step.

THE chief difficulty of military science, as studied at the Camp at Chobham, has proved during the late wet weather to consist in the elements.

A CASE IN PINT.

ON what model has the India Bill been formed? On that of a pale ale bottle, one would think, for it seems to be a very insufficient measure.



ANOTHER NIGHT SURPRISE AT CHOBHAM.

DOMESTIC RESULTS OF THE CAMP.

THE Camp at Chobham has already so far answered its purpose as to have given a powerful impetus to the military propensities of the rising generation, and there has been a considerable muster of troops in many a nursery, which may, on this occasion, be termed a nursery for young soldiers.

We lately had the privilege of being present at a Grand Nursery Review and Sham Fight, where the Wooden Cavalry, under the command of MASTER JONES, stood a fierce attack from a division of tin soldiery under the able direction of MASTER and MISS TODDLEKINS. The ground occupied was a sort of table land, having for its surface a *tapis vert*, or green cover. MASTER JONES was on the spot early, and the Wooden Cavalry were at once disturbed from their bivouac; and the sentries having been summoned from their boxes, took up a strong position behind some lines formed of an open dictionary, which admitted of the soldiers being disposed in double columns. The Wooden Cavalry looked remarkably well, though some of them were evidently veterans who had been in the wars, for there were many without arms, a few without heads; and here and there a horse had been curtailed of a tail, or some other usual adjunct. MASTER and MISS TODDLEKINS now brought up—from down-stairs—a considerable body of tin soldiery of every arm—though, occasionally, deficient of a leg—and these having been drawn up exactly opposite to the Wooden Cavalry, both sides were prepared to give or take battle.

The proceedings commenced by the sound of a trumpet feebly blown by MISS TODDLEKINS, and responded to on the drum by MASTER JONES, when a smart fire of peas, ably directed by MASTER TODDLEKINS, was opened on the wooden cavalry. The double columns of "Johnson's Dictionary" for a time sheltered the forces under MASTER JONES; but a sudden *sorlie* made by MISS TODDLEKINS shook the opposing force with such violence that several fell *en masse*, and the *mêlée* becoming general, great numbers on both sides were savagely put to the peachotter. The forces under MASTER JONES being now entirely put to the rout, their young commander grew desperate and threw down upon the foe all his strength, combined in one enormous volume—of the dictionary alluded to.

The loss on both sides was considerable, and among the casualties must be enumerated an accident of a rather harassing nature to MR. JONES SENIOR who, while surveying the field of battle, received

in a small indentation on the right of his nose one of the largest peas of the enemy. It is satisfactory, however, to add that the battle was decisive, for no animosity remained on the minds of the young chiefs on either side, who, having removed the killed and wounded, immediately spread the *tapis vert* with a repast of the choicest jams, which they all freely partook of. The only sorceness that remained was on the part of MR. JONES SENIOR, but his anger was soon appeased, and the peas were speedily forgotten.

A FLOURISHING BUSINESS.

HERE is a bit of fine writing:—

"We have been led to imagine that the dark cloud which impended over commerce in the time of the Star Chamber, had been scattered by the onward progress of civil freedom—we have from early childhood been thankful that we were not born in the days when seifdom crippled the body and bigotry the mind of man, and we cannot think your Lordship will pledge the legislation of the 19th century to an enactment so offensive as this irresponsible police power is to"—

To whom? Well—taking "commerce" as a misprint for "conscience" one might imagine that the remonstrants were "JOHN TUAM," DANIEL, or DENNIS, or DERMOT, or whatever-his-name-is CAHILL, FREDERICK LUCAS, and other such gentry—and clergy—denouncing a sanguinary, atrocious, diabolical, fiendish, &c. &c. proposition for the deliverance of nuns from false imprisonment. But no. The individuals to whom the "irresponsible police power" is "offensive," are simply

"One branch of English tradesmen."

That is to say, they are the Metropolitan Omnibus Proprietors, complaining by the pen of MR. H. GRAY, their Chairman, to LORD ABERDEEN, against certain clauses of the Hackney Carriage Act. We dare say this "one branch of English tradesmen" will no more be rendered subject to an "irresponsible police power" than any other branch of the same tree; but it "like master like man" is a true proverb, the proprietors of omnibuses are gentlemen whom it is quite right the police should "look after," and, at least, have power to make them "move on." We are glad to see that they admire the onward progress of civil freedom, and hope they will contrive to make their drivers and conductors stiek to that; for the liberty which those persons are in the habit of taking is too often destitute of civility.

OUR QUARTER'S ACCOUNT.



Mr. PUNCH's Quarterly account has, like that of the nation, been duly made up, and presents equally satisfactory results with the national finance sheet.

There has been an increase of 537 Epigrams on the corresponding quarter in last year.

In the Jokes department there has been no very great increase, but this is accounted for by the contributor whose business it is to make them having fancied himself in love, and taken to ultra-sentimental poetry. But we are happy to state that he has been unmistakably thrown over by the young lady, and will at once return to his duties.

On the Capital Hits the increase is very large, and although this may in some measure be due to the military array at Chobham, there is no reason to think there will be a drawback, especially as no announcement has appeared of any intention to close Parliament or the Princess's Theatre.

On the Imports and Stamps, that is to say, the original plays, and the actors' displays, there is a small diminution, owing to a pair of spectacles and the warm evenings, but Mr. PUNCH anticipates that he shall have a different account to give at his next return, and after his next return check.

The Great Cuts show their usual average of 13 to the quarter, but evince the remarkable progressive phenomenon of each being more supernaturally brilliant than its predecessor, and adding a new lustre to this unparalleled gallery of Social and Political Satire, prompted by Philanthropy, elevated by High Art, recognised by the Million, and published at 85, Fleet Street.

On every item in the Miscellaneous List the return is comparatively, as well as positively and superlatively satisfactory. To the Bride in her Honeymoon, to the Cabman and the Cabinet Minister at their respective boxes, to the Bribed Elector in his Dungeon and to the Spirit Rapper in his Sell, to the Artist before, the Candidate after, and the Soldier under, his Canvass, to the woman-smiting ruffian, now (thanks to FITZROY) catching it from Beak and Clause, to the spoiled juvenile at the Jellies and the Undergraduate at the Isis, to the Actor at the Wing and the Author at the Tale, to the Fisherman at the Perch and to the Politician knocked off it, to the Turk by his Port, to the Guardsman by his Tent, to the Policeman by his Cape, the Exeter Arcade Beadle by his White Hermitage, and to the Masquerader by his patron saint JULLIEN, Mr. PUNCH is delighted to say that they will all find their account in looking through his accounts for the last quarter.

ELECTIONS WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS.

(To the Member for Lincoln.)

It is, COLONEL SIBTHORP, as you say, a mean, dirty, shabby, and disgraceful measure—that Expenses of Elections Bill, which prohibits flags and bands of music at Parliamentary elections. Flags, no doubt, materially assist a thinking man in the process of deliberation, by which he determines on a fit and proper person to represent him in Parliament. But, waving the flags, let us more particularly denounce the prohibition of music. The proposal, of course, arose from an absence of music in the soul, and a fitness for treasons on the part of the revolutionist who originated it.

But abuse, COLONEL, is not argument. Relinquishing the former, let us bring forward the latter.

Election music is an institution of our ancestors; and, you may say, was intended for the promotion of harmony between opposite parties. When it was first introduced, philharmonic art was in the state wherein it had been left by SAINT CECILIA, and had not arrived at the perfection which it has attained to under M. JULLIEN. The wisdom of our ancestors was greatly in advance of their music; their common sense was acute, but their perception of sweet sounds obtuse; they had "a reasonable good ear in music," according to Bolton's idea thereof; let them have the tongs and bones—give them *Bumper Squire Jones*, *Old Sir Simon the King*, *The Roast Beef of Old England*, and the like, and they were content. Tunes that the old cow died of animated them: they were enchanted by melodies that now only charm the hearts of broomsticks. Elevated, however, they were by these old rugged but patriotic strains, and in a state of elevation they rushed to the poll, and did their duty as men and Britons.

But now, what with the performances at Exeter Hall and the Promenade Concerts, what with hearing *Israel in Egypt*, and *Rigoletto*, and BEETHOVEN'S *Symphony in C. Minor*, and MOZART'S *Requiem*, and *Pop goes the Weasel*, the public ear has got educated, and looks down—if an ear can look, as perhaps it can in a state of clairvoyance—on a perambulatory orchestra of free and independent Britons: independent chiefly in their playing.

What then? Abolish election music? Do away with a great institution because it has been inefficiently carried out? No; to be sure. Improve it, in accordance with the requirements of the age. Don't put down election bands; but give them better music to play; not, COLONEL, that I shall contradict you if you say that there can be none better than *The Roast Beef*, &c. Have pieces composed on purpose for elections; symphonies breathing loyalty and order together with a spirit of economy and retrenchment; pastoral symphonies expressive of the feelings of the agricultural interests; marches infusing into the minds of voters courage to resist attempts at intimidation: overtures of a lofty character, different from COPPOCK'S. At LINCOLN, where you could have it all your own way, you might cause to be performed music descriptive of dislike of the Whigs, and of want of confidence in HER MAJESTY'S Government. There are, doubtless, musical effects representative of all human emotions; disgust, even, at the recollection of the Crystal Palace.

To prevent Ministerial jobbery, let the candidates have to find the music; composers as well as executants; base is the slave who cannot pay his expenses, and something more: like a gentleman, like yourself, and like

PUNCH.

P.S. Solos to the tune of *£. s. d.* to be performed by any candidates who choose, as they have a right, to do what they like with their own. The *Rogue's March* would be an appropriate air to celebrate the next return of the Noble Lord the Member for London. Eh?

"SURE DERBYITES."

(As Sung by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON at St. Stephen's Theatre in the new Musical Comedy of the Successions' Tax.)

SURE Derbyites were born to sorrow,
Kicked out to-day, and mocked to-morrow;
By DIZZY I'm snubbed, and by COBDEN I'm
rated,
Ne'er was Chairman of Quarter Sessions so
sittivated.
There's GLADSTONE swears the squires shan't
trick him,
And vote as they may, it seems they can't lick
him.
Their Taxation Area he enlarges,
And a Succession Tax on real property charges.
Oh! lackaday,
Pity JOUNNY, lackaday!

I denounced the bill in a voice of thunder,
And a House of fifty Members as "FRAUD and
PLUNDER:"
But they only grinned at my desperation
And my lack of all "powers of ratiocination."
That GLADSTONE he has quite undone me;
Like any bashaw looks down upon me,
When I kneels to ax for the squires some
mercy,
It does no good—but vice varsey.
Oh! lackaday,
Pity JOUNNY, lackaday!

[Exit L.]

HOPING AGAINST HOPE.—Taking a ticket in a Betting-Office.

INFINITESIMAL LOGIC.



E agree with PROFESSOR FARADAY that there is something very startling in the condition of the public mind in regard to scientific reasoning. Here is a specimen—if correctly reported—of the ratiocination of a British Legislator, and a gentleman of more than average education, moreover, a polemic of considerable celebrity; relative to a simple question of evidence. At a recent meeting of the "English Homœopathic Association," according to the *Morning Post* :—

"MR. MIALI, M.P. moved the adoption of the report, and stated that he had become a convert to the truth of the principles of Homœopathy from seeing their effects as regarded a relative—though, thanks to the goodness of Providence, he had no personal experience of them."

To any one possessed of common understanding and decent information, who is accustomed to exercise the least caution in drawing inferences, who has

the slightest glimmering of an idea of the nature of inductive proof, who does not, in short, jump to his conclusions like a kangaroo, it is truly marvellous that any sane human mind should be capable of such a generalization as the above. MR. MIALI says that he became "a convert to the principles of Homœopathy"—whence? From carefully sifting an accumulation of evidence, patiently comparing and analysing hosts of facts? No; but "from seeing their effects as regarded a relative."

This is just the mental process by which an old woman arrives at a faith in HOLLOWAY'S or MORISON'S Pills.

Observe, too, that the thing which MR. MIALI is persuaded of with such facility, is one which is, so far from being in itself likely, anteriorly improbable in the very highest degree, and, indeed, ridiculously absurd on the first face of it.

It is curious how nonsensically men, otherwise intelligent, will argue whenever they meddle with a question relative to medicine. A man is reckoned a fool for talking about any other subject which he does not understand; but it seems to be assumed that there is a specialty in medical matters, which admits of sound opinions being formed respecting them by people who are entirely ignorant of them.

MR. MIALI, however, uses a correct expression when he calls himself a "convert" to Homœopathy. Science has no "converts." Scientific truths are either self-evident or demonstrable. Philosophical systems are not "denominations" or "persuasions." It is systems of another kind that exercise faith—such faith as MR. MIALI appears to repose in Homœopathy.

To medical nonconformity, however, let MR. MIALI be welcome, if he will only suffer nonconformity of another kind to constitute him no obstacle to that "secular" education which is so needful a preservative against all manner of humbug.

We say Amen to MR. MIALI'S thanksgiving for never having experienced the effects of Homœopathy in his own person; that is to say, never having experienced the effects of a serious illness unchecked by the quackery resorted to for its cure.

A HELP TO JEWISH EMANCIPATION.

THE Jews are excluded from Parliament by bigotry—but not merely by the bigotry of the House of Peers.

Facts are stubborn things; they are also bigoted things: at least Matter-of-fact exhibits a remarkable bigotry in regard to the Jews.

Last week, in the law reports, appeared the old story of the plucked pigeon; dissipation, horse-dealing, bill-discounting, cheating, and rascality. Bigoted Matter-of-fact, as usual, exhibited the scoundrel of the tale as a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion.

How is it, that if there is any villainy, if there is any wickedness of a particularly dirty sort; a case of bill-stealing, receipt of stolen goods, fraudulent gambling, marine store-shop, or other disreputable establishment, the party chiefly implicated is sure, in the great majority of instances, to be a gentleman rejoicing in the name, slightly corrupted, of one of the prophets or patriarchs? For so it is, according to bigoted Matter-of-fact.

While so much bigotry exists, a corresponding amount of prejudice must also exist, tending to obstruct the entrance of Israelites into the House of Commons. For if the bigot Matter-of-fact's assertion, that in nine cases out of ten a bill discounter, low-hell-keeper, fence, or other trader in wickedness, is a Jew, be believed, then the supposition that it is ten to one that a Jew is a rogue, is not very unreasonable.

Now the Jewish community is not numerous and poor, but just the reverse; and its chiefs are wallowing in riches. Would they not take the most effectual means of getting their disabilities removed, if, by diffusing education throughout their body, they could manage to abate that bigotry of Matter-of-fact which ascribes to it so large a portion of discreditable members?

TO PROFESSOR FARADAY.

ON HIS ASTONISHMENT AT THE EXTENT OF POPULAR DELUSION WHICH HAS BEEN DISCLOSED BY "TABLE-TURNING."

OH, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!

Much as you've discovered touching chemic laws and powers, Strange, that you should, till now, never have discovered how

Many foolish dunces there are in this world of ours!

Nature's veracity, whilst with perspicacity,

Vigilantly, carefully, you labour to educe,

Little do you suspect how extremely incorrect

Common observation is, and common sense how loose.

Oh, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!

Did you of enlightenment consider this an age?

Bless your simplicity, deep in electricity,

But, in social matters, unsophisticated sage!

Weak Superstition dead; knocked safely on the head,

Long since buried deeper than the bed of the Red Sea,

Did you not fondly fancy? Did you think that necromancy

Practised now at the expense of any fool could be?

Oh, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!

Persons not uneducated—very highly dressed—

Fine folks as peer and peeress, go and see a Yankee secess,

To evoke their dead relations' Spirits from their rest.

Also seek cunning men, feigning, by mesmeric ken,

Missing property to trace and indicate the thief,

Cure ailments, give predictions: all of these enormous fictions.

Are, among our higher classes, matters of belief.

Oh, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!

Past, you probably supposed the days of DR. DEE,

Up turned his Crystal, though, but a little while ago,

Full of magic visions for genteel small boys to see.

Talk of gullibility! see what gullibility

Fashionable dupes of homœopathy betray,

Who smallest globules cram with the very biggest flum,

Swallowing both together in the most prodigious way.

Oh, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!

Men of learning, who, at least, should better know, you'd think,

Credit a pack of odd tales of images that nod,

Openly profess belief that certain pictures wink,

That saints have sailed on cloaks, and without the slightest hoax,

In the dark, by miracle, not like stale fish, did shine,

Nor phosphorus, that slowly, might, in personages holy—

As in others, possibly, with oxygen combine.

Oh, MR. FARADAY, simple MR. FARADAY!

Guided by the steady light which mighty BACON lit,

You naturally stare, seeing that so many are

Following whither fraudulent Jack-with-the-Lanterns flit.

Of scientific lore, though you have an ample store,

Gotten by experiments, in one respect you lack;

Society's weak side, whereupon you none have tried,

Being all Philosopher and nothing of a Quack.

A Phrenological Puzzle.

WE are continually hearing of some individual or other who is remarkable for what is called an "Enlarged Benevolence." We wish MR. DONOVAN would explain to us the meaning of this phrase, for though we sometimes hear of an enlargement of the heart, or of a newspaper having been "permanently enlarged," we are puzzled to understand how there can be an enlargement of an individual's benevolence.

THE JOKE OF THE SESSION.

ONE great cause of the heaviness of Parliamentary debates is the jokes with which they are interspersed, although these are not numerous. A speech may contain but a single joke; but that one joke, or attempt at joking, is such as to give a weight to the whole discourse which it would not derive from the arguments advanced in it. To quote a House of Commons' witticism is generally to quote JOE MILLER, whom Honourable Gentlemen seem to cram in order to amuse, as they cram ADAM SMITH with a view to instruct one another. Their jokes, like a very different kind of things, Chancery decisions, are warranted by precedent. Liberals though some of them may be in earnest, they are all Tories in fun. *Stare super antiquos jocos* is the motto of the extremest Radicals among them. The boldest innovators of the Manchester School show a veneration for antiquity as far as that goes. When the cellars of the House of Commons are searched for GUY FAWKES, it is wonderful that no explosive matter is found in them; no jokes in bottles, laid down many years ago, full of beeswing, so to speak; old and dry. The foregoing reflections were suggested by a report, in the Parliamentary intelligence, of the most brilliant joke that has for a long time, as a gentleman in the Brigade might say, shaken the walls of St. Stephen's. This highly successful sally was made in Committee on the Expenses of Elections' Bill by

"Mr. ELLIOTT, the Member for Roxburghshire, who expressed anxiety to know, as the clauses prohibited persons playing, whether in future any of his constituents would be fined for playing the Scotch fiddle?"

If this pun is not very witty, at least it savours of the quality nearest allied to wit. Mr. ELLIOTT's humorous question, moreover, is no unmeaning joke. It expresses a feeling probably very general among his constituents, who, we trust, will not, by any ungenerous legislation, be deprived of that relief, under circumstances of suffering, which they have always enjoyed under the ancient Scottish constitution.

PAPA TO HIS HEIR.

A FAST MINOR.

My son, a father's warning heed;
I think my end is nigh:
And then, you dog, you will succeed
Unto my property.

But, seeing you are not, just yet,
Arrived at man's estate,
Before you full possession get,
You'll have a while to wait.

A large allowance I allot
You during that delay;
And I don't recommend you not
To throw it all away.

To such advice you'd ne'er attend;
You won't let prudence rule
Your courses; but, I know, will spend
Your money like a fool.

I do not ask you to eschew
The paths of vice and sin;
You'll do as all young boobies, who
Are left, as you say, tin.

You'll sot, you'll bet; and being green,
At all that's right you'll joke;
Your life will be a constant scene
Of billiards and of smoke.

With bad companions you'll consort,
With creatures vile and base,
Who'll rob you; yours will be, in short,
The puppy's common case.

But oh, my son! although you must
Through this ordeal pass,
You will not be, I hope—I trust—
A wholly senseless ass.

Of course, at prudence you will sneer,
On that theme I won't harp;
Be good, I won't say—that's severe;
But be a little sharp.

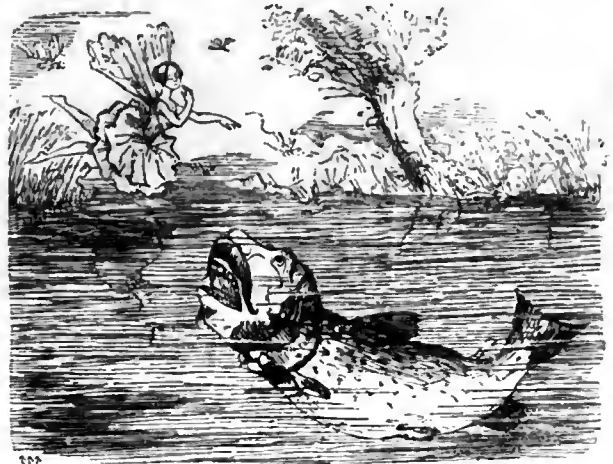
All rascally associates shun
To bid you were too much,
But oh! beware, my spoucy son,
Beware one kind of such.

It asks no penetrative mind
To know these fellows: when
You meet them, you, unless you're blind,
At once discern the men.

The turgid lip, the piggish eye,
The nose in form of hook,
The rings, the pins, you tell them by,
The vulgar flashy look.

Spend every sixpence, if you please,
But do not, I implore,
Oh! do not go, my son, to these
Vultures to borrow more.

Live at a foolish wicked rate,
My hopeful, if you choose,
But don't your means anticipate
Through bill-discounting Jews.



LAW ON ITS LAST LEGS.

OF all the indignities to which the legal profession has been exposed, we know of nothing to equal the insult just passed upon it by the parish authorities of St. James's, Westminster, who have advertised for a first-rate lawyer to fill the place of Parochial Messenger. Our assertion might appear incredible, were it not sustained by the following extract from one of the *Times'* Supplements:—

PAROCHIAL MESSENGER.—St. James's, Westminster.—WANTED, by the Governors and Directors of the Poor, a respectable PERSON, of active habits, to fill the above situation. He must be thoroughly acquainted with the Law of Settlement, the practice at sessions relating to appeals, and with parish business generally concerning the poor. The duties and salary annexed to the appointment may be ascertained at my office, No. 50, Poland Street, Oxford Street, daily, between 9 and 6 o'clock; where also applications, accompanied by testimonials of character and ability, are to be left on or before Thursday, the 14th instant.

By order,

GEORGE BUZZARD, Clerk.

Now every lawyer is perfectly aware that the law of settlement is a subject so abstruse and difficult that a "thorough acquaintance" with it can only be derived from years of study and practice at the Bar; and it is, therefore, quite evident that the Guardians of the Poor of St. James's, Westminster, expect one of the ablest Sessions barristers that can be found to undertake the place of messenger. We will admit that business has sadly fallen off, but we are not yet prepared to believe that our BODKINS and our BALLANTINES, or even our HORRIDS and our FLORIBS, will yet be content to undertake the task of running on parochial errands, and delivering parochial messages. We shall, however, not be surprised at finding a forensic sergeant advertised for as a sergeant of police, because it is necessary the latter should know the law; but we hope it will be long before our WILKINSES cease to ornament our Bar by their splendid talents, and begin to exchange the coil for the cape, or the big wig for the baton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUNDAY AT BLACKWALL—Mr. Punch would be glad to know where a letter would find you.



THE GREENWICH DINNER.—A CONVIVAL MOMENT.

Gentleman (under the influence of White Bail). "WELL, OLD FELLA—REKLECT—PRESHENT COMPANY DINE HERE WITH ME EVERY MONDAY, THURSDAY, AN' SAT'DY—FRIDAY—NO—TOOSDAY, THURSDAY, AN' SAT'DY—MIND AN' DON' FORGET—I SAY—WHAT A GOOD FELLA YOU ARE—GREATEST 'STEEM AND REGARD FOR YOU, OLD FELLA!"

THEOLOGICAL TANNING.

BERMONDSEY is a great place for tanners. According to the Rev. DR. ARMSTRONG, the incumbent of St. Paul's in that district, the converts to Protestantism from Popery therein residing get thrashed by their quondam co-religionists. Is it the *genius loci* or the genius of Roman Catholicism that suggests this tanning of the hides of heretics? which, one would think, if it cared their skins, would scarcely heal their souls, and instead of re-converting them to Romanism would only convert them to leather.

PROSPECT IN FOREIGN POLITICS.—When Austria and Russia fall out, Kossuth and Mazzini will come by their own.

QUERY FOR TABLE-TURNERS.—Have you ever turned a square table round?



ONE OF THE HORRORS OF THE CHOBHAM WAR.

UNCLE TOM'S POLLING BOOTH.

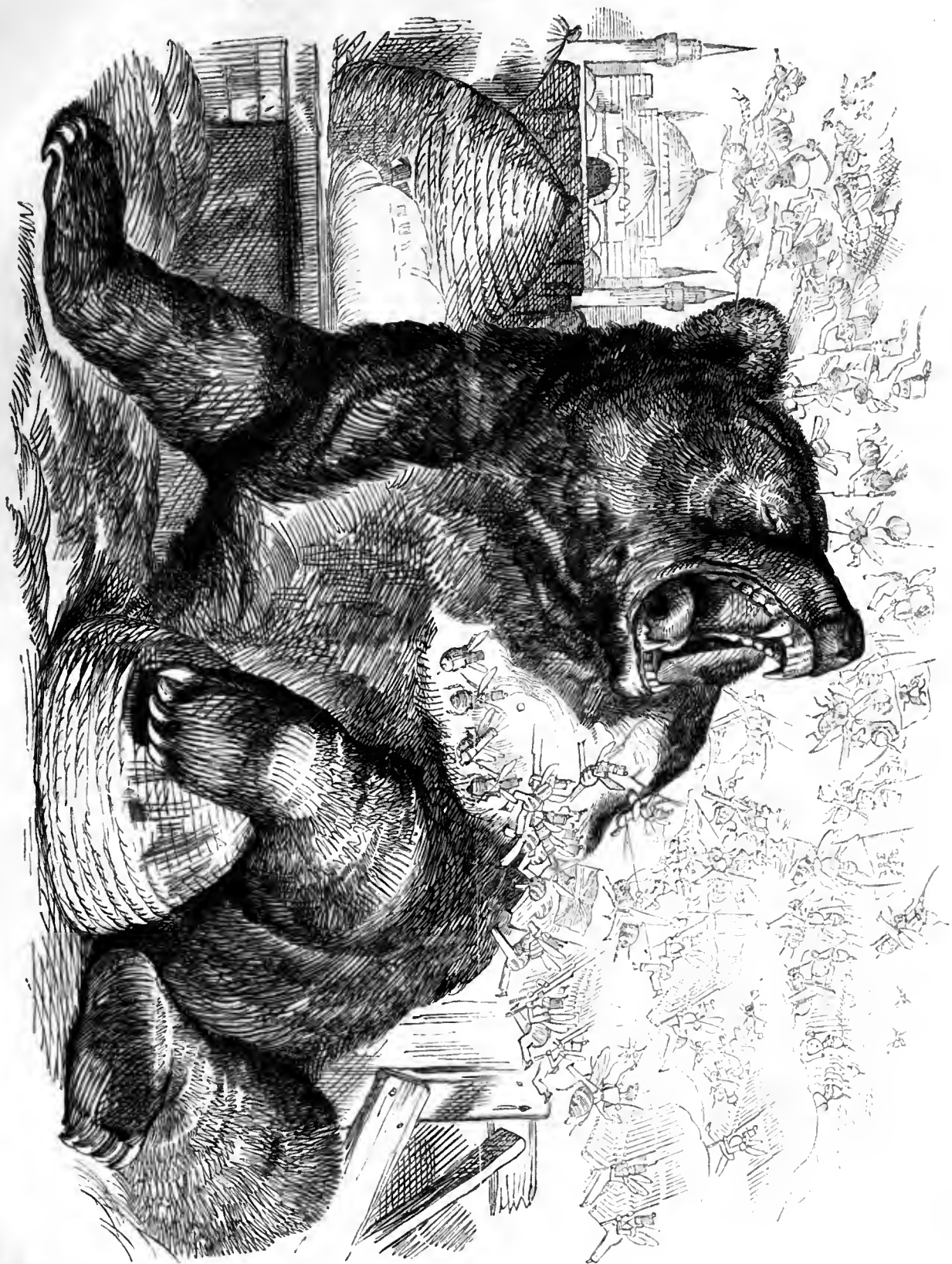
THE dashing Protestant candidate for Sligo in his address advised his intended constituents to beware of the "priestly LEGREES who seek to reduce them to political UNCLE TOMITUDE." We should say that he—but, on second thoughts, we scorn to put two good things into the same paragraph.

Little Cry and Great Wool.

ONE of the daily journals constantly warns the present age against its tendency to succumb to the Lawyers, and "the legal mind." But the mammas and nurses of England are beforehand with the journalist. Nearly the first lesson and warning a child receives is, "Bar, Bar—Black Sheep."

AN ACHING VOID.—A hollow tooth. ;

THE BEAR AND THE BEES.—A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.



THE BIBLE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

THE RE-CHRISTENING OF THE BOSPHORUS.

Not the less apart for ever,
Europe's coast, and Asia's shore,
Though two continents to sever,
Scarce a mile of sea doth roar;
Though, whene'er that ocean-music
Sinks upon the summer air,
You may hear Sultanich's bulbuls
Answering those of Buyukdere.

To that belt of rolling water,
In the early Grecian age,
Came the Argive king's fair daughter
Fleeing JUNO's jealous rage.
ZEUS had wrought the maid dishonour;
And to hide her from his spouse,
Working foul defeature on her,
Changed her fair form to a cow's.

But the lynx-eyed wife discovering
What the heifer's form concealed,
As a gad-fly quickly hovering,
Stung her rival from the field;
Driving on that hapless maiden—
Mad with pain and fleeced with gore—
Till she staggered, sorrow-laden,
To the far Propontid shore.

Pausing there, perforce, to breathe her,
Faint, and frenzied, and foredone,
She beheld the sea beneath her
Basking lucid in the sun.
In she dashed—the grateful chillness
Brought assuagement to her pain,

Gave her throbbing pulses stillness,
Calmed the fever of her brain.

JUNO then her chase arrested,
And the gad-fly stung no more;
On swam lo, unmolested,
Till she reached the Asian shore.
Hence that strait, the poets tell us,
Took the name it bears till now,
"Bosporus," in tongue of Hellas,
Meaning "Passage of the Cow."

Age on age has since passed over
Those wild waters in their flow—
They have seen the Carian rover,
Seeking wealth with sling and bow—
Seen the sun in his meridian
Glinted back from countless arms,
When to Greece the turbaned Median
Led his hosts, like locust-swarms.

For the lordship of that region
Every race hath drawn the sword—
Grecian phalanx, Roman legion,
Norse Viking, Vandal horde.
Still, through all, that strait retaineth
Its old name in Hellas' song;
"Bosporus" it still remaineth,
"Bosporus" it shall be long.

But from this our day the meaning
Of the word we east anew,
Now that Russia's Czar o'erwecning,
His war-vultures doth unmcw.

Onward like a base marauder
Threatening force, when foiled in
sleight,
He hath crossed the Turkish border
In contempt of law and right.

While the Turk, in force unequal,
But with heart that scorns to flee,
Dauntlessly awaits the sequel
Of the war, if war must be.
Of the West he claims alliance;
France and England meet the call,
And their flags in proud defiance
Soon may float by Stamboul's wall.

In the outraged cause of nations,
Turk and Christian will be one;
When the fleets are at their stations—
Every man beside his gun.
But our place must be the vanward,
Other leading brook not we—
Bearing England's banner onward,
The BRITANNIA cleaves the sea.

When defiant but unvaunting—
Hull by hull, slow surging on—
Tricolor and red cross flaunting,
Euxine-wards the fleet hath gone.
Bosporus! thine ancient glory,
This thy new renown shall dull;
"Passage of the Cow," in story,
Changing to "Passage of JOHN
BULL."

A DAUGHTER OF THE CAMP.

MISS CAROLINE to her brother, student at *Hatleybury College*.

"MY DEAR HENRY,

"Mamma and Papa desire me to say that they were very much gratified at reading that you acquitted yourself so well at the examination, and Papa has given me a cheque to enclose which, I dare say, you horrid creature, will make your sister's letter less of a 'haw' than usual. I sincerely hope that you will profit by the address of that dear old white-headed SIR JAMES, and learn to be "considerate of the feelings and wishes of those around you;" that is, that you will not grumble in the holidays at having to take JULIA and me to the Opera, or insist on smoking in your bedroom when you know that the smoke comes under MARIA's door. However, I won't scold you as you have been such a good boy at school—bless me, College, I mean; ten millions of pardons, I'm sure.

"On Monday we all went to the Camp at Chobham, choosing the day quite accidentally, but so fortunately. The next morning, while I was cutting the *Times* for Papa, I was greatly delighted to read this:—

"The ladies especially showed a surprising knowledge and appreciation of the manoeuvres performed. Should our brave defenders ever be called upon to protect our homes and altars, regiments such as those now at Chobham will not, despite the Peace Society, want Daughters—though in these piping times they have none."

As to the last part, if one could hope to equal that dear divine JENNY LIND in *La Figlia*, one would almost not mind wearing the odious costume, though of all the ungraceful—but what do you boys know about such things? I want to assure you that the first part of the story is quite true, and shows that the clever gentleman who wrote it sets more value on the opinion of young ladies than some young gentlemen do whom I could name, but will not. Now, as an account of what we saw must be useful to you in your studies (though you are only in the Civil Service), I will tell you a little about it, and Papa says you are to send him a comparison between the battle of Cannæ (is that spelt right?) and the battle of Curley.

"We got a capital place for seeing, and we had not been on the ground many minutes before some one blew a horn, and out ran numbers of those large green beetles of Riflemen, and began to pretend to skirmish; but, as there was nobody to face them, they looked great sillies. But presently there was a heavy tramping, and on came the Guards, looking perfectly splendid, and ran up a hill. But I should tell you that on the top of this hill were some Sappers and Miners (it seemed an odd place to put them), and some soldiers with short guns, and when the Guards had gone a little way up the hill, the others let off their guns at them. Then the Guards pretended they could not advance any higher, so the great cannons were set roaring off, and I thought I should never get the throbbing out of my ears. Well, I

suppose this encouraged the Guards, for they made another rush; and, at the same time, the Household Troops and the Light Dragoons went galloping and tearing in the same direction, and looking as if they could ride over *everything in the world*. However, they didn't, for it seems that it was necessary to fire more cannons, only this time it was the Horse Artillery. After this there was great confusion, and I do not believe that *anybody* knew what he was to do; however, they all got upon the hill, and their swords and helmets sparkled beautifully in the sunshine. Lastly, those Highlanders, with the legs, made a long line, and then gave way for the others to come through it, like the opening figure in the First Set, and the green beetles began popping again, and the cannons were let off once more. Then they all went off the ground, and we had a dreadful to-do with a gipsy baby, which JULIA had foolishly taken to hold; and the mother went away, leaving the brown little creature with us, and could not be found until long after we were ready to go. JAMES said that if we left it on the grass it would be all safe; but this we would not hear of. The poor child would have been the better for the tub you used to hate so a few years ago when *Mr. HENRY* was only *Master*.

"Now, you are to say whether this was like the battle of Cannæ—I don't mean as to the baby, of course. And, if you will take my opinion, the evolutions were all nonsense. I do not see the use of cannon at all, and I am quite certain that, if the Guards rushed at an enemy as they ran up that hill at first, the enemy would run away at once. Also I think the cavalry and the infantry ought to be mixed up together, because then the soldiers on horseback could protect the others, and change with them when the poor men on foot were tired. Besides those dear horses never kick, so it would be quite safe; a soldier told me that, as I was giving his lovely black horse a sponge cake which he eat out of my hand. I think that if you gave this idea to the masters at your school—College, I mean—you would be thought very clever. But decidedly I do not like the cannons, and I am certain they are of no use.

"You are to write directly to say that the cheque is all safe, and everybody unites in love. FAN'S guinea-pig is dead. Baby has had the measles, like the PRINCE OF WALES. Can you polk better than you did? What is good for my canary while it is moulting? Do not forget about Cannæ, and if I have spelt it wrong take no notice to papa.

"Your ever affectionate sister,

"CAROLINE BERTHA LOUISA.

"P.S.—Your flirt, MARION WATERS, is going to be married. Hee, hee, hee!!!"

Unpublished Anecdote.

TALLEYRAND, talking of a man, who dealt in nothing but quotations, said, "That fellow has a mind of inverted commas."

THE NEW CAB ACT.



THOUGH on the principle of "Hear both sides," we have no objection to allow even the hoarse voice of a cab-driver to address itself to the polite ears of the public on the great question of Cab Reform, we must protest against many, if not all, of the positions taken up and set down by the editor of the New Hackney Carriage Act, in the following edition of that useful measure. We have not taken the trouble to answer the arguments of the unlearned annotator, inasmuch as we feel it to be quite unnecessary; for every one will see at a glance what the cabman is driving at.

THE NEW HACKNEY CARRIAGE BILL,

EDITED BY A CABMAN.

This here measure sets out at a sort of full gallop, which is nothing more nor less than furious driving against us poor cabmen, by saying that it is "Enacted by the QUEEN's most Excellent Majesty,"—which I don't deny that she is—and "with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual"—(them's the bishops: which I should like to know who ever seed a bishop in a cab, or on a 'bus, and therefore what have they to do with it?). The Act has twenty-two clauses; and every clause is intended to stick it into us. I shall take them clauses one by one, and if I use a little more license than the Commissioners like, they must recollect they makes us pay precious dear for our license, so we may as well have our say for our money.

1. Everybody who wants a license must apply in writing; so, if a poor unfortnate feller can't comply with the letter of the law by writing a letter which he never learnt to do, he must take to thieving, or something else, for he mustn't keep no cab, nor nothing.

2. The Co mmissioners is to have power to inspect your vehicles and your cattle whenever they like, so that when your 'bus is full and your passengers in a hurry to go by the train, you may all be pulled up while SIR RICHARD turns over the cushions, and sees if you've got any broken windows in your 'bus, or any broken winder drawin' of it. Of course nothin' will be good enough, unless we have velvet hottermans to keep the insides warm, and downy cushions for the outsides, as if we wasn't downy enough already. As to the horses, I don't know where we are to get 'em good enough. Praps they'll expect us to buy all the Derby winners and them sort of cattle to do our opposition work with. But I suppose there'll be a grant of money next year from the public purse, for private speculation won't make it pay anyhow.

3. Purwides that, if we don't keep hansom private carriages for the first-rate cattle to draw four on 'em about at three-half-mile a-piece, we are to be fined three pounds a day, and go to prison a month for every day; so that, if we've done it for a whole year, we may be fined upwards of a thousand pound, and be locked up for about five-and-thirty years. Consekvently three years would give us a hundred and five years imprisonment.

4. This takes all the crummy part of the bread out of our mouths by reducing our fares to sixpence a mile, which it used to be eightpence, which meant a shilling. Never mind! We'll get it out of 'em somehow, for we may charge twopence a package for luggage that won't go inside the cab; and we'll take care nothin' shall go in, for we'll

have the doors so narrow that we can't be made to open our doors to imposition.

5. By this they compel us to have the fares painted up, and to carry a book of fares. What right have we to turn our cabs into a library or bookcase? When we make a mistake about a fare they always tell us we "ought to know the law." Why ought we to know it better than them as hires us? Let them carry books themselves. We've got enough to do to carry them.

6. In case of disputes the Police is to have it all their own way, for what they says is law, and what we says is nothin'.

7, 8, and 9. Compel us to go with anybody anywhere; give him a ticket with our number on—as if he couldn't use his eyes—and carry as many as our license says—though, sometimes, one fat rider would make three; so that if we get four such customers we shall as good as carry a dozen.

10. This is the unkindest cut of all, for it says we shall carry a "reasonable quantity of luggage." Why, with the women, there's no end to what they call a "reasonable quantity of luggage." I wish the Parlyment would have just settled that for us; for, if four females is going off to a train to spend a month at the sea-side, who is to say what will be a "reasonable quantity" of bonnet-boxes, carpet-bags, pet dogs, and bird-cages, that each on 'em may want to carry?

11. This makes us pay for other people's carelessness; for if anybody goes and leaves anything in any of our cabs, we mustn't earn another sixpence by taking another fare, but we must drive off in search of a police-station; and how, in our innocence, are we to know where to look for such places? If we don't, we must pay ten pounds penalty or stay a month in prison.

12 and 13. Purwides for turning adrift all the poor old watermen, and for putting Peelers in their stead. Praps they'll get a new Act next year to make us keep all the poor old coves that are cut out of the bread they used to get by giving us our water on the Cab Stands.

14. Says we shall have a lamp burning inside. Who's to trim it, I should like to know?

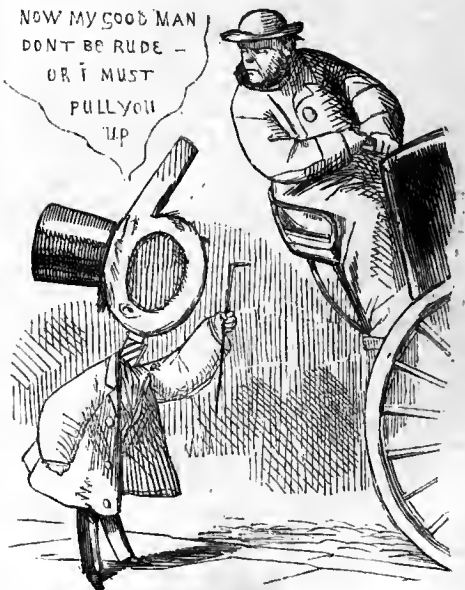
15, 16. As if we wasn't pitched into enough by redoosin our fares! We ain't to stand a chance of getting an odd sixpence out of NICHOLS or MOSES, or the Nutty Sherry, or any of them dodges, that used to advertise in our vehicles. There's nothin' said again the Railway people a doin' it. But Guvament is evidently afraid of them Railway chaps, so they are to go on doin' as they like with the public; and the public's to do as they like with us by way of recompense.

17. This says over agin what's been said already about reasonable luggage; and then says further, that we shall drive at least six miles an hour. I should like to see one on 'em who made the law drivin' six mile an hour down Cheapside, at four o'clock in the afternoon. But we must do it, or pay forty shillins, or go to prison for a month, if we like that better.

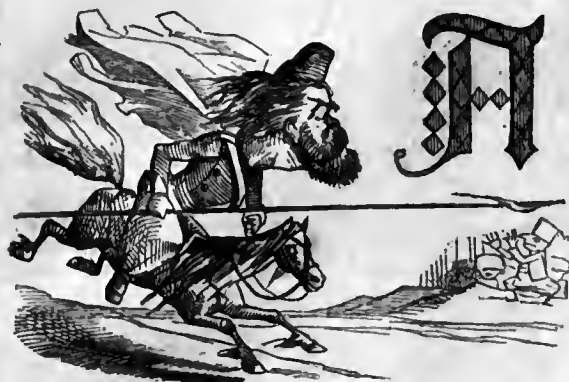
18. According to this claws if any feller wants to cheat us, or gets up a dispute with us, though he's in the wrong, and we right, we must drive the gentleman in our own carriage to the nearest police court. This ought to be good on both sides anyhow. And if we are in the right the law ought to be that the gent who made us drive him should be obliged to order out his own carriage, if he's got one—and be made to hire one if he hasn't—to drive us home again.

19. As if there wasn't penalties enough, this claws 'throws a penalty of forty shillin or a month's imprisonment in, for anything in general, or nothin' particular, at the hoption of the magistrate.

20, 21, 22. These three last clawcs says nothin', and so there's nothin' to say about 'em, unless to notice the stoopidity of sayin' that this Act and two others shall be read as one, as if anybody could read three Acts of Parlyment at a time, and think he is only readin' one—but it's just like 'em.



CHAGRIN FOR OLD COMMODORES.



RECENT leading article in the *Times* quotes a return, which has been obtained by Mr. HUME, of certain statistics relative to flogging in the Navy; whence it appears that the amount of human torture inflicted on British sailors, represented in the aggregate by 40,545 lashes during the year 1848, had declined in 1852 to 17,571. In commenting on this decrease in the torment of seamen, the *Times* remarks, that this "odious species of punishment is falling more and more into disuse;" and, moreover, that

"Anything like a frequent resort to it is taken to reflect discredit, not only upon the whole ship's company, but upon the officers in command."

If a return could be procured of the number of imprecations uttered on reading the above passage, by bluff old retired admirals and superannuated sea-captains, in clubs and coffee-rooms at our various sea-ports, where they are accustomed to growl over the degeneracy of the service, we should probably be presented with a startling array of figures. By the stigma which is cast upon the discipline which these veterans, for the most part, boast of having maintained, their feelings must be as cruelly lacerated as they themselves ever caused the backs of their men to be.

POISONOUS PUFFS.

SOMETHING has been done, of late, towards the abatement of nuisances. Cinder-heaps have been swept away, sewers trapped, cesspools closed, and lustral removed from under our noses. There still remains, however, a great deal of noxious and offensive stuff to be got rid of; particularly since, instead of merely contaminating our air and water, it infects the fountains of our current information. It taints the library, it defiles the drawing-room table. This gravevolent, civil is the pest of soiled newspapers—journals of ill savour—not imparted by any fetid sort of printers' ink, but by vile advertisements, whereat the physical nostrils, indeed, are not offended: but the moral nose is in great indignation.

An obscure and narrow street through which few respectable persons, and no ladies, ever pass, bears a scandalous name, and is considered a disgrace to the metropolis, by reason of the sort of literature displayed in its windows, which is precisely of the same quality as the advertisements alluded to; and these, in the columns of reputable and even "serious" journals, get introduced into families, and lie about the house, to attract the notice, and obtain the perusal, of the younger members of the establishment, male and female.

You may take up—or what is of more consequence—your little boy or girl may take up—a newspaper, and read, on one side of it, a leading article which might be preached out of a pulpit: on the other a series of turpitudes unfit for utterance under any circumstances.

These atrocities are heightened to the point of perfection by the circumstance that they are the puffs of a set of rascally quacks, not the least mischievous of whose suggestions are the recommendations of their own medicines—poison for the body which they vend to simpletons, whilst they disseminate mental poison gratis, both in the advertisements themselves, and in books which form the subject of them, in addition to the other poison.

As the newspaper-proprietors whose journals are sullied by these putrescences may be of opinion that the odour of gain, from whatever source derived, is agreeable, and, therefore, preserve them as rather fragrant than otherwise, the following exhortation has been addressed to their customers:—

"It rests with you—with you alone, newspaper readers, to stop the torrent. And you can do it, without expense, and with but little self-denial. Let each individual that receives this appeal write without delay to the editor of the paper he reads, whenever he sees it defiled by one of these easily-recognised advertisements, and say that, unless its insertion is discontinued, he cannot, in conscience, any longer patronise the publication. Whatever your station may be, you can do something; and the higher it is, the greater is your influence and responsibility. Our country gentlemen rests mainly the persistence of the evil in provincial papers; they can, and we trust they will stop it. Let, too, each one of you that are advertisers, be you publishers, men of business, authors, masters seeking servants, or servants seeking masters, refuse to appear any more in such company, and let it be known at the newspaper office why you withhold your patronage."

The above paragraph is extracted from the prospectus of a society which has been formed for the special purpose of suppressing this villainous puffery. The association is entitled "The Union for Discouragement of Vicious Advertisements;" and we hope it will succeed in closing a channel of communication which has all the qualities, except the utility, of a gutter.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL AUCTION MART.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"GOING the other day into an auction-room in a large commercial town, with the view of purchasing a small fancy business, I found that having already disposed of it, and of a cheesemonger's good-will and stock, the auctioneer was endeavouring to sell a *church*, on whose merits he was expatiating much in the following terms:—

"Come, Gentlemen, pray give attention
To the Lot I'm now going to sell;
For it don't want a poet's invention
Its manifold merits to tell.
If a gift, or of praying or preaching,
In any one present has shone,
He may further exemplify each in
'The church, *now put up*, of St. John.

"It is not some old weather-worn building,
Clad with ivy, and mouldering and grey,
But as fresh as paint, varnish, and gilding
Could make it, 'twas made 't other day;
And if any, who hear me, are pinning
Their faith some one order upon,
I can tell them they'll find a beginning
Of all orders and styles, at St. John.

"It is held of the Town Corporation
For a term, at a peppercorn rent,
And will surely reward speculation
To the tune of some fifty per cent.
The fixtures are mats, stools, and hassocks,
And (as second-hand garments to don
Is the fashion with curates) the cassocks
Of the late worthy priest of St. John.

"If the sittings (not counting the free seats
Which are placed in the draught near the door),
Be computed, I think there must be seats
For nine hundred pew-renters or more;
Then the district quite swarms with young ladies,
And the tenant who's recently gone,
From the slippers they worked him, quite paid his
Clerk, sexton, and choir of St. John.

By the bishop its licence was granted;
But the owners no bid will reject—
As the cash is immediately wanted—
From any persuasion or sect.
There, the Jumper may practise gymnastics;
There the Ranter's glib tongue may run on;
Turks or Hindoos, or Buddhists, or Aztecs,
May use, if they pay for, St. John.

"Ha! a Thousand! a Rapper then offers;
Fifteen hundred! the Mormons exclaim.
Come, Gentlemen, open your coffers,
For your biddings are terribly tame.
Two thousand! Not half enough! Yet it
Must go to the Rappers; Going! Gone!
The key's with the sexton, Sir; get it,
And yours is the church of St. John."

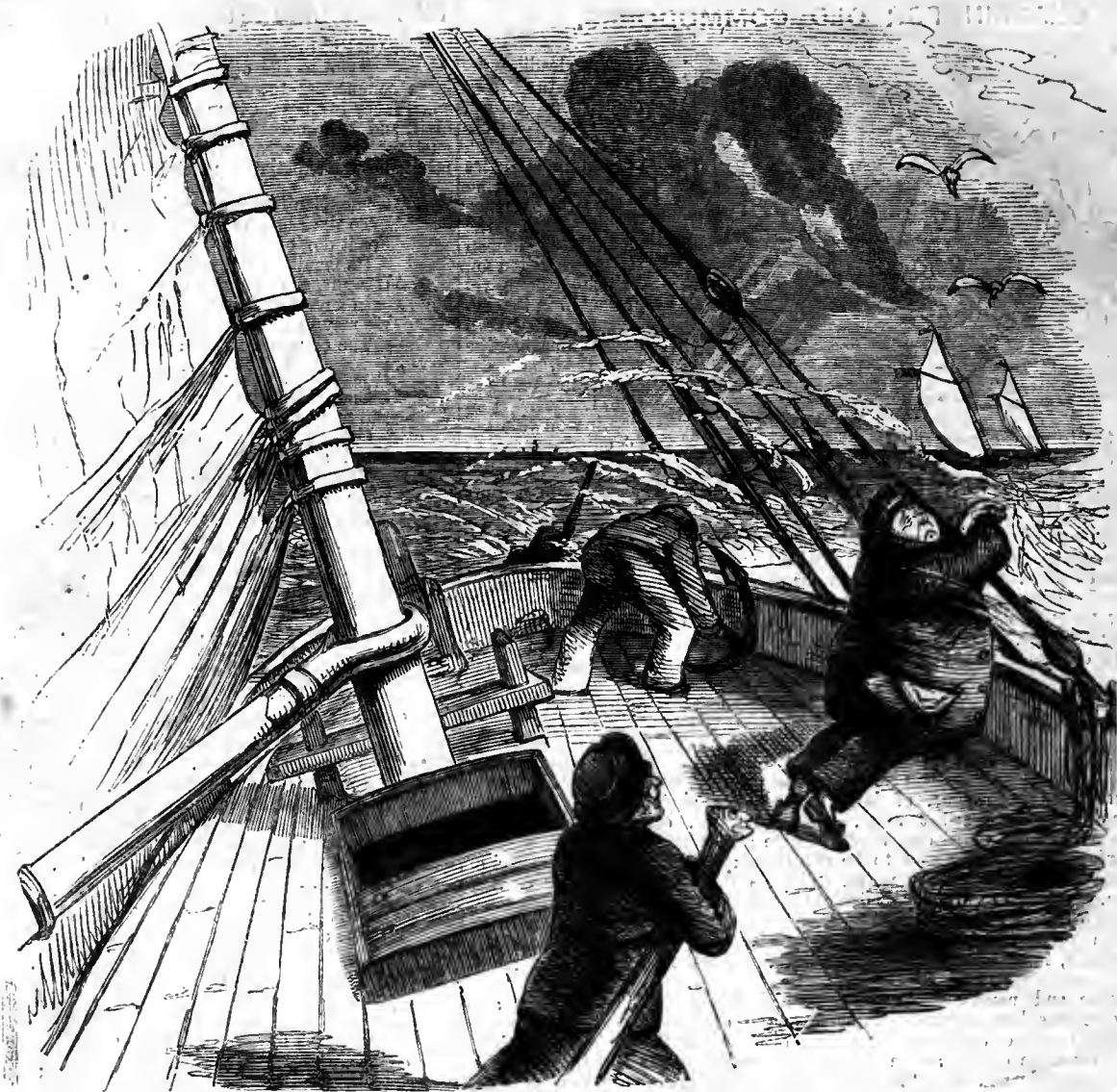
OUR METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE public is much indebted to a gentleman named LOWE, who lives at Bermondsey, and writes every day to the *Times*, to inform the world which way the wind blew on the preceding day, how much rain fell late in the evening, what amount of cloud was floating about at a particular hour of the day, and other equally interesting particulars. On Tuesday this gentleman reports his detection of some "cirri," and he kindly writes to the *Times* to give the world the benefit of the discovery.

Anxious to make ourselves generally useful, we have attempted a few meteorological observations on our own account, and the following is the report we have to offer:—

Barometer fell—to the ground and smashed.
Thermometer rose to blood heat—having been turned upside down by an infant.

Direction of wind—right in our own face.
Amount of rain—001. in. in our umbrella stand.
Amount of cloud—9 from our own tobacco-pipe. Should our scientific observations as recorded above tend to throw any light upon anything, we are more than satisfied.



NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OH DEAR NO! OLD BR—GGS IS *NOT* DEAD—HE HAS TAKEN TO YACHTING FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH.

A BIG BROTHER OF MERCY.

BESIDES the Plymouth Brethren, there are the Plymouth Sisters, called Sisters of Mercy. These ladies, however, appear to stand in the relationship of Sister to something else than Mercy; to Choler, we may say, and Choler unbridled, so to speak, and rather asinine.

The *Morning Post* published the other day a correspondence between a MR. J. D. CHAMBERS and MR. PHINN, M.P., which will probably be considered to supply the foregoing remark with some foundation.

There is, it appears, among the Sisters of Mercy, a lady who is also the sister of MR. CHAMBERS. On her behalf MR. CHAMBERS writes a letter to MR. PHINN, to demand whether he, in his place in Parliament, made certain statements respecting the community to which she belongs, imputing to them systematic fraud and hypocrisy, and the endeavour to convert their institution into a Roman Catholic nunnery.

MR. PHINN replies that he might decline to answer MR. CHAMBERS, on the ground of privilege, as well as on that of the intemperance and want of courtesy displayed in MR. CHAMBERS'S letter—which rights, however, he waves; says that he cannot reconcile newspaper reports of his words, nor exactly remember those which he used; but denies that his language, as reported by any of the papers, conveys the imputations alluded to by MR. CHAMBERS, or that he made odious and unsupported accusations of fraud and dishonesty against the ladies in question.

MR. PHINN then proceeds to remind his peppery correspondent, that the late QUEEN DOWAGER felt it her duty, after strict investigation, to withdraw her support from the Society, on the ground that its doctrines were at variance with those of the Established Church.

To this reply MR. CHAMBERS rejoins, reiterating his statements as to the imputation of fraud and duplicity, and concluding in the following polite terms:—

“My duty, therefore, as her (his sister's) protector, is simply to tell you, in plain words, that such your accusations are false.”

Everybody, of course, knows that the Sisters of Mercy form that celebrated community which rejoices under the superintendance of a single lady, writing herself “Ye Mother Sup”; not being a mother, or even a mother-in-law, or a mother in any sense known to the law, or in any sense whatever except a Roman Catholic one.

MR. PHINN merely expresses an opinion about the Sisters of Mercy, which is entertained by most other people, saying Puseyites, at a temperature of red heat. The charge against him of making false accusations is itself an accusation that is untrue.

The convent, or whatever it calls itself, of the Sisters of Mercy, is no doubt a highly respectable, though a pseudo-Roman Catholic concern. Before MR. CHAMBERS figures again as the “big brother,” he should not only make sure that the honour of his relative has been impugned, but it will be well for him to consider whether he does her quasi-nunnery much good by constituting himself a bully to the establishment.



A STARTLING NOVELTY IN SHIRTS.

THE EARL-KING ;

OR, THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY AND THE JUVENILE MENDICANT.

Who lurks in the slums ? Who goes ragged and wild ?
A villainous father and vagabond child ;
That urchin roams prowling, of swag in pursuit,
By begging and stealing to keep the old brute.

“ Oh father ! oh father ! that rum cove d’ye twig ?
He looks so hard at me—he knows I ’m a Prig !
To hook it, and mizzle, my best way would be.”
“ No, stoopid, that cove ain’t no crusher—not he.”

“ Oh father ! oh father ! he keeps looking here ;
He’s coming to nab me—that ’ere blessed Peer :
It is the Earl-King with his Book and his School.”
“ No, no, ’tis some pantiler only, you fool.”

“ Hi ! wilt thou come with me, neglected young
wretch ?
I ’ll shield thee, I ’ll save thee, from gaol and JACK
KETCH,
In work and in study thy time I ’ll employ,
And feed thee, and clothe thee, and teach thee, my boy.”

“ Oh father ! oh father ! you ’d best let me go ;
There’s the Earl-King’s new Haet ; and they ’ll take
me, I know :
And you ’ll have to fork out too, yourself, by and by.”
“ Oh gammon, oh gammon ! that ’ere’s all my eye.”

“ Come, come, and be taught, you young varlet, I say,
Or else, silly child, I shall walk thee away.”
“ Oh father ! oh father ! I know’d I was right ;
The Earl-King has grabbed me !—got hold of me tight.”

The nice father put down his pipe and his pot,
And around him, bewildered, he stared like a sot ;
“ Hallo ! you young beggar, vere are yer ?” he said.
But the poor boy to school with the Earl King—had fled !

OUR HONEYMOON.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 18—

I CANNOT but confess it—I felt hurt, twitted by the casiness, the unconcern of FRED. Of course I should have thought it very foolish, nay, worse in him, to be jealous. That would have been ridiculous, unworthy of him. Nevertheless, I could not help endeavouring to place myself in his situation—to enter into the feelings of a husband, and to think myself a man !

That a letter—and such a letter—should have been sent to me, was, of course, a mistake. But, for all that—putting myself in the place of a man and a husband—for that was, of course, the most reasonable and the most natural way for a woman to come to a right conclusion—I could not have been so calm, so tranquil, I may, indeed, say—so stone-cold. Indeed, judging, moreover, from my own feelings as a woman and a wife, it would have been impossible: not that I’m of a jealous habit of mind. No, certainly; I should say, quite the reverse. Still, it is quite plain, that if we really value and love a thing—we must be anxious accordingly. That is but natural. Nevertheless, I cannot disguise it from myself that FRED—even after he had handed me the letter to read, and I—all in a twitter I must say—had read it to him, did nothing but laugh. I’ve no doubt he was very right; and yet, if I know myself and I’d been in his place—I don’t think I should have laughed.

“ Read the letter, LOTTY,”—cried FRED—“ by all means read it; it may amuse us.”

“ To be sure,” said I; “ not that it can be for me.” And then, when I opened the stupid bit of paper, it seemed to scorch my face and something came into my throat, as I began to read the ridiculous words—*“ My dear and beautiful girl.”*

“ Must be a mistake,” cried FRED: though I thought I saw him just bite his lip, and just a little wrinkle his eye-brows. “ But go on.”

“ I have beheld you in silent admiration; but now I feel longer silence impossible !” I shan’t read any more,” said I, “ for how can it concern me—I mean us ?”

“ Go on,” cried FRED, hooking his fore-finger round his nose and rubbing it in his manner, when he is thinking.

“ It is plain you were intended for a brighter destiny than what has befallen you.”

“ Come,” said FRED in his aggravating way, “ that’s no compliment to me.”

“ To you ! Then, if it comes to that,” said I, “ and if for a minute you think this stuff was written to me, you may read the rest yourself.” And with this—with all the spirit I could—I flung the letter at him. Yes; at him; and as he looked up, and a little astonished, but more hurt, as I thought, opened his eyes at me—I felt myself so wrong, so rebuked, that I flung my arms about his neck, and the next snatched up the note to tear it to pieces.

“ Stop, LOTTY;” cried FRED; “ as it is not our property, we’ve no right to destroy it.” And then he put the letter in his breast pocket; and, as he did so, I had a twinge of the heart, a cold chill, for all the world as though he had put a viper there.

“ FRED, dear FRED,” said I, and what ailed me I couldn’t tell; but all I recollect was that saying or stammering, “ let us go home,” I fell upon his neck; and after awhile coming to myself, I found JOSEPHINE—now pale and now flustered—at my side. But still the wish was in my thoughts. “ Do, do let us go home.”

“ Well, LOTTY, love; we will go home. In a little while; a very little while; a day or two”—

“ Now, FRED; to-day.”

“ Why, to-day, LOTTY, is impossible. The fact is, I expect—but never mind;” and I felt sure there was something FRED was hiding from me; something I ought to know. But before I could reply, he took his hat and left the room. I don’t know what could have possessed me; but, for the minute, I felt alone—all alone in the world; and the next, such a newer, deeper love—I had thought it impossible to be so—for FREDERICK; and then—but JOSEPHINE was present, looking so curiously at me, that I was directly called to myself.

“ You’d never think of going home, Ma’am, without a peep at France ?” said JOSEPHINE.

“ What I think can in no way concern you,” I replied very freely; for, somehow, I could not quite understand JOSEPHINE’S looks.

“ Certainly not, Ma’am; only to be so near France, and not to cross, what would people say? And lace I’m told so cheap there! Not that I wish to go myself. Certainly not. Oh dear no. Old England for me. I’m sure I can stay here till you come back with the greatest pleasure in—no, not exactly that: still, Ma’am, I can stay.”

And the more she talked, and the more I looked at her, the more she seemed in a sort of pucker and flurry that—I’m not suspicious: still, it did appear mysterious.

“ I shall not go to France. We shall return straight home, and you

may, or may not—just as you please, JOSEPHINE, so make it entirely agreeable to yourself—go back with us, or stay here alone.” And with this, I left the room to join FRED; and he—I discovered to my great annoyance—had gone out. Gone out! It was very odd.

I couldn't rest indoors. So, without a word to JOSEPHINE, I put on my things—snatched them on I should rather say—and followed FRED. Up and down the beach—but no sign of him. Where could he be?

As the time went on, and I continued to look for and expect him, I could scarcely contain myself. I sat down upon the beach; and the sun, setting, looked so magnificent. I tried to calm and comfort myself, making out a home in the clouds. Such a home! With such gardens and golden plains and palaces of ruby pillars—but no; it wouldn't do. And I felt all the angrier that I had so tried to cheat myself.

At the moment, who should glide past me—not seeing me, as I thought—but the very gypsy child who had brought that foolish bouquet, and that stupid note!

I resolved, taking a minute's counsel with myself, to discover the individual who had employed the gypsy; so followed the child, who suddenly seemed to guess my determination. “Want a nosegay, Ma'am?” said the girl. “Buy a nosegay to get me a bit of bread.”

“Now, if I buy this nosegay”—and the little creature looked at me with her glittering eyes, as much as to say—in her artful manner—she was quite a match for me—“Will you tell me the truth?”

“Yes, lady; that I will, whether you buy or not, and sixpence will be cheap at the money.”

“Well, then, who told you to bring me that nosegay yesterday?”

“Oh,” cried the perplexing creature, with a burst of enjoyment, jumping up and down—“such a gen'tleman! Give me a shilling.”

“And how did you know me—I mean, did he point me out to you?”

“Yes;” answered the little elf—for she looked to me like a mischievous sprite, she laughed as I thought so wickedly—“yes: you was with another.”

“Another?”

“Yes: but that was in the fore-part of the day; and you both went away so quick, that you give me no chance; and the gen'tleman called me back. When I see you in the artemoon, then I give it you.”

“And what sort of a—gentleman?”

“He's now a walking—or was a walking just by the—but would you like to see him?”

“No; certainly not.”

“Cause you can. Give me sixpence, and I'll shew him you, and say nothin'—not a word, my lady. Only round here—tisu't a minute. I'll walk first.”

Without a thought, I was about to follow the child, when FREDERICK coming behind me, laid his hand upon my arm. “LOTTY, my dear,” and without looking at him, I thought I should have dropped at his voice.

“FREDERICK!”

“Not going to have your fortune told?” and he glanced at the gypsy.

“My dear FRED, this, you will remember, is the child that”—

“I know,” said FRED, as the gypsy with a caper took to her heels. “I know; but LOTTY, my love, you have surely forgotten an old friend? My bridesman, TOM TRUEPENNY.”

It was MR. TRUEPENNY. He had come to Brighton upon business; FRED saw him as he alighted from the coach. “He didn't want to break upon us,” said FRED: “for you know what a shy, modest fellow TOM is; but I said you'd be delighted to see him.”

“Delighted, indeed, FRED,” said I.

“Delighted, indeed,” stammered MR. TRUEPENNY, colouring like a girl.

“He has a little business to do, but has promised to join us in the evening,” said FRED.

“Oh certainly, with pleasure—in the evening,” said TRUEPENNY.

“You'll not fail, TOM?”—cried FRED, holding up his finger.

“Depend on my punctuality,” replied MR. TRUEPENNY. And then—strangely confused as I thought—he bowed to me, and hurried off.

“He's an excellent fellow,” said FRED.

“It was very lucky that you met him, FRED,” said I.

“Very,” answered FRED.

The Irresistibles; or, Horse Guards (Black).

It is to be hoped that all those cab-drivers who are dissatisfied with the Hackney Carriage Act will enlist in the British army. A regiment of these fellows would carry everything before them; no troops whatever could stand their charge.

NEWSPAPER PROMOTION.—The “ENORMOUS STRAWBERRY” to the columns of the provincial newspapers, *vice* the “ENORMOUS GOOSEBERRY,” broken for incapacity.

WHAT I SAW, HEARD, AND THOUGHT AT CHOBHAM.

(By one who has mentally been there).

I SAW the Light Cavalry so heavily accoutred that it seemed a perfect farce ever to have ordered them on “active” service.

I saw the Infantry dressed in such torturingly tight coats, that it appeared a bitter mockery to bid them “stand at ease;” and I thought that what made them smart on parade must make them anything but smart in actual service.

I saw the troops generally learning to stand water as well as to stand fire: and I thought a drenching shower rather seemed to damp their military ardour.

I thought that most of the regiments, in attacking a sham enemy, would be attacked by a real one in the shape of rheumatism: while many a brave fellow who never owned to a defeat would return to his quarters completely weather-beaten.

I heard young ENSIGN DRAWLINGTON complain that it was a “horrid baw fa fia who's—aw—fond of Opwa and Clabs—and—aw—that sortin', to be fawced to leave town for this fernal camp affaw:” and I thought the gallant officer would feel considerably more at home in the Theatre of St. James's than in the Theatre of War.

I saw a force of nearly two dozen policemen sent to keep in order nearly ten thousand men: and I thought that the “force” should be rather called a “weakness” on the part of the Government.

In short, I saw on all sides sufficient ground for thinking that there are few finer fields for observation just at present than the field at Chobham; although, as an area for military manœuvring, it is not to be compared with many an area in Knightsbridge.

WHAT IS A CABMAN'S MILE?



THE question of “What is a Mile?” is likely to take its place by the side of the important question “What is a Pound?” in the annals of political—or some other kind of—economy. Since the new Act has come into force—or rather into operation, for its potency is not yet much felt—there has been a fearful conflict of opinion between the cab-drivers and the public as to what is a mile. It is evident that there must be an appendix added to all the books on arithmetic, for the purpose of including Cab Measure, which is quite distinct from any other measure we have yet met with, and is about as diametrically opposed to Long Measure, as chalk is to any caseal or curdy compound. In the eyes of a cabman, “a miss is as good as a mile;” in fact, anything is as good as a mile for his—that is to say for his passenger's—money.

Any one who takes a cab from the West End to go over the water, whether by Westminster or Waterloo, may think himself fortunate if he is not involved in a sort of “Six-Mile-Bridge affair,” by the demand of the cabman for three shillings, as the fare for passing one of the bridges. We can scarcely wonder at the easy familiarity of a cab-driver; for there is no one who seems so utterly incapable of keeping his distance. We trust, however, that the new Act will enable us to have justice brought to our own door, by handing a cabman at once over to the police, when a driver gives us a good setting down in a double sense, by insulting us after taking us to our destination. We may, in fact, now hope that a cabman's abuse—as well as his distance—will have to be measured.

A Determined Duellist.

It is said that a celebrated, otherwise a notorious peer, disappointed of satisfaction at the hands of a certain illustrious Earl, has, in his despair, resolved to call out the Man in the Moon. He will quite as soon take the shine out of him as out of the distinguished Earl in question. But then it must not be forgotten that the challenger is a “LONG” shot.

AN UNDERTAKER'S LIVE JOB.

A CABMAN, who does not approve of sixpenny fares, wishes to know if the Law will bury him now that it has screwed him down?

QUERY.—Whether MR. GEORGE BUTT, M.P., who opposed MR. PHILLIMORE's motion for amending the laws against simony, may be looked upon as one of the buttresses of the Established Church?

THE OLDEST CHANCERY SUIT IN THE WORLD.



On many occasions we have heard of the father of the bar, the father of the City, and of the father of lies; but a discovery has just been made of something which may be perhaps likened to the last, in other matters besides antiquity. We allude to the father of equity, or what we believe to be the oldest suit in Chancery. This precious relic was dug up a few days ago, and its tattered remains were exposed for a few minutes to the air in the Court of VICE-CHANCELLOR KINDERSLEY. It arose out of a bill filed nearly a hundred years ago; and we need not say that it must be by this time a precious old file that keeps the tattered old thing together. It was a bill to distribute all the property of an old Scotchman among all his poor relations, and as the Scotch can always scrape or scratch a relationship with each other, and as the relations of a Scotchman are

certain to be poor enough to want something, the whole of Scotland may be said to have been more or less interested in the suit in question. Four hundred and sixty-three persons had already made out a claim, and the descendants of all these are now contending with the descendants of another batch of poor Scotchmen with "itching palms," who have filed bills of reviver for the purpose of galvanising this spectral old suit, which still haunts, like a ghost, the Courts of Chancery.

The Vice-Chancellor made an order for a reviver, "no one appearing to oppose;" and, indeed, who could have appeared but a few ghosts of dead legatees to demur to the galvanising of this supulchral business? We are satisfied that his Honour, when making the inquiry if "any one appeared to oppose," must have felt, with a shudder, that he was performing a species of incantation, and that to call upon any one to "appear" under such circumstances was almost equivalent to an invocation of *Zamiel*. The "suit," however, is to be permitted again to walk the earth for a time by the agency of a bill of "reviver," and we suppose it will disappear at the cock crow of the long vacation, to come forth again in the dark days of term-time during the ensuing November.

WILD FLOWERS FROM CANADA.

MR. PUNCH has had much pleasure in receiving a newspaper from some of his friends in West Canada. It is called the *Hamilton Spectator*, and Mr. Punch cannot give a higher idea of the excellence of the journal than by mentioning that the first article in the number sent him is from his own pen. So long as the colonists keep such models before them they may safely be trusted with any amount of "self-government."

He must, however, confess himself rather less pleased with a report contained in the next page of the *Hamilton Spectator*. It is an account of the latest proceedings in the House of Assembly. The House was in "Committee of Supply;" and salaries, printing expenses, and such matters were in discussion. The report shall speak for itself.

"The next item was £15,094 for expenses at Spencer Wood. Mr. MACKENZIE objected to it; saying, that he supposed COLONEL PAXER would like to treat him as he had once treated the poor prisoners at Sandwich, who were shot accordingly. But if the Honourable Member could do so, it would not prevent him from doing his duty to his country."

"COLONEL PAXER looked on Mr. MACKENZIE as a reptile, and trod on him as such. For the Member for Haldimand to talk of these things, when he practised rebellion, murder, and mail robbery! It was lucky for him he (COLONEL PAXER) did not catch him, for by the Holy Moses, if he had, the Honourable Member would never have been seen again on the floor of that House. He wished the Honourable Member had come over then, and by the Holy Moses he would have speedily sent him to Heaven. He would have given him a solid r's dash and have thus saved the country many thousand pounds. The Member for Haldimand was an itinerant mendicant, who earned a fortune by sitting in that House and getting a pound a day, because he could not get a fortune anywhere else. He concluded by assuring the Honourable Member that, friendly as he was to independence, if he ever caught him again in the position which he had once been in, he would hang him."

"The resolution was then carried."

Now, this is really rather strong for a Committee of Supply. The Irish Members at home are somewhat turgid and blatant; but, except that MR. GRATTAN (the present one, not the clever one, of course) once intimated that he should like to have the head of one of the Ministers—and really no one wanted a head more than MR. GRATTAN—we do not think that this very emphatic style has been introduced into the English legislature. Imagine MR. GLADSTONE, on the estimates, intimating

that he should like to hang SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, for objecting to one of the items, and enforcing his intimation by an appeal to the "Holy Moses."

On the whole, Mr. Punch is disposed to suggest to his colonial friends (over whose fortunes he watches with the utmost interest) that there is one species of "self-government" to which they seem hardly to have given sufficient attention. It is personal. Therefore, Mr. Punch, who is never personal, will say no more about it.

GOLD FOUND IN ENGLAND.

THERE seems to be at last a prospect of a check being put to the rush to the Diggings by the discovery of gold in England, and, indeed, it stands to reason that if there is gold at the Antipodes, we have only to dig deep enough down in order to get to it from this side of the world, instead of from the other. Supposing that there is abundance of gold in "the bed of the Turon," we have nothing to do but to get under the bed here instead of going all the way to Sydney for the purpose of getting into the bed in question.

A paragraph in the *Kent Mail* announces the discovery of gold at Canterbury in such a decided form, that we hope it may check the insane emigration of those who are rushing off to Australia to live under canvas, without any of the comforts or decencies of civilisation, with the idea that gold, and nothing but gold, constitutes "prosperity." The following is the paragraph to which we have alluded:—

"CANTERBURY GOLDFISHINGS.—During Friday and Saturday last a barber in the Friars saw something looking much like sovereigns at the bottom of the river Stow, but thought they were only buttons, and not worth his trouble to get. He repeatedly counted them, to the number of 17. Having, however, communicated to others what he had seen, two young fellows got a boat, and forthwith picked up a number, which proved to be true and veritable sovereigns. The report getting afloat, other persons inspected different parts of the river, and in various places found many more. Altogether above 50*l.* has been recovered in this way; and at the bottom of Fortune's Passage, St. Mildred's, a hair watch-guard, with two gold keys and a seal attached, was taken from the river; and at another spot a portion of a mourning ring was picked up."

We may expect, after the publicity we are now giving to this affair, that the outskirts of Canterbury will soon be turned into a "Canvas Town," and that there will be an unprecedented demand for fishing-tackle to supply those who will make a rush to the goldfishings. It will be observed that the Canterbury gold discoveries are superior in many respects to the Australian, for while in the latter the precious metal is in its rough state, the gold found at Canterbury is met with in the very convenient form of gold keys, seals, and sovereigns.

Some people have been puzzling themselves rather seriously with the inquiry, how it is that gold has been found in the river Stow?—but we have no hesitation in accounting for the fact by stating, that this wealth must be the result of the washings of the adjacent sea, which is well known to be one of the richest, if not the very richest, in the whole world. We mean, of course, the Sea of Canterbury.

A LIKELY JOKE.

ACCORDING to the *Liverpool Standard*, the Irish have been quarrelling amongst themselves at Liverpool; but from our contemporary's version of the affair, we are inclined to doubt this intrinsically very improbable circumstance. That narrative states that the row apparently originated as follows:—

"An Orangeman complained that a Papist boy had thrown some dirt at him."

Orangemen never complain groundlessly of Papist boys, and Papist boys never throw dirt—either literally or figuratively. Dirt!—how are they to come by it? Who ever saw or smelt any such thing as dirt in any the most remote connexion with a "Papist boy?"

Changes in the Camp.

It is found that the late wet weather at Chobham has had a most singularly contrasting effect upon the potatoy propensities of the officers who have been stationed there. For while the bibulous have been reduced to most unpalatable tent-and-water, the temperate have been rarely known to get to bed without a thorough "soaking."



THE NEW ACT.

Hansom Cabby. "H'm! SIXPENCE. YOU HAD BETTER KEEP IT. YOU MAY WANT IT FOR YOUR WASHIN' OR SOMETHINK!"

THE HAT-MOVING TRICK.



OR some time past we have seen in the country papers that a great many parties have been given for the purpose of trying the hat-moving experiment. We are not at all disposed to quarrel with the fact, for we are decidedly of a social turn ourselves, and we rejoice to find that party-spirit is so favourably progressing. But the experiment is so certain to be introduced at parties, that we cannot say we see the use of giving them expressly for the purpose of its trial. The motion may in fact be legally regarded as a "motion of course," as inseparable from a party as white kid gloves and flirting. We would simply put it to the reader, whether,

in the whole course of his social experience, he ever recollects being present at a party where, by the time he went away, his hat was not "moved" from the peg on which he hung it. For ourselves, indeed, we may confidently assert that at 99 at least out of a 100 "squeezes" we have attended this season, our hat has been so severely "operated upon" in our absence from the cloak-room, that we have scarcely had an inch of brim left us to walk home in. In fact, on more than one occasion, the operators have so far succeeded in their "moving" as to have moved it altogether off the premises by the time we wanted it: but this has only happened, we believe, when by some unlucky accident we have so far forgot ourselves as to have brought a new one.

ADVICE TO GABBLING M.P.'S.—When you resolve upon making a speech, copy the cook who, preparing a sheep's head, never dishes up the tongue without the brains.

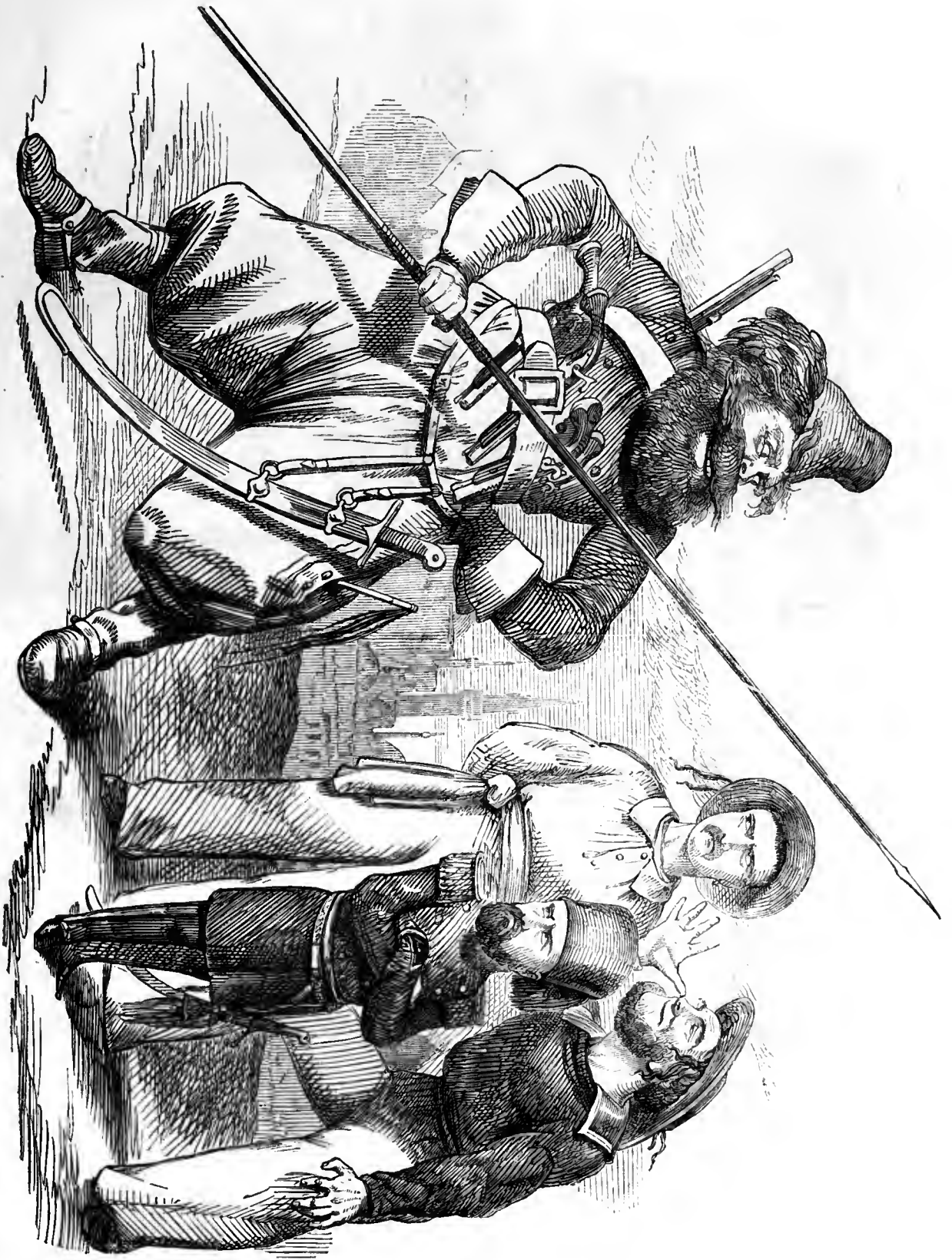
WHAT IS THE HOUSE OF KEYS?

THE *Court Circular* tells us that a deputation from "the House of Keys" had an interview with one of the official somebodies or nobodies at Downing Street the other day, and MR. WILSON, M.P., told the House of Commons the other evening that he had a series of resolutions by "the House of Keys" in his possession. After some research we find that "the House of Keys" is something or other in the Isle of Man, answering probably to the vestry of a parish, the beadloman of an arcade, or some other small local authority.

We should like to be present at a debate among "the Keys," for we are curious to know whether they allude to each other as the "Honourable Member for Street Door," "the Honourable and Learned Member for Padlock," or "the Gallant and Distinguished representative of Tea-caddy." We do not quite understand the principle of election that can prevail in the Isle of Man, if its council consists of nothing but a bunch of keys; and we are rather puzzled to guess whether the franchise attaches to persons or things, and whether it would be the door or the owner of the door, the watch or the owner of the watch, that would send "a Key" to Parliament. There is one peculiarity of result in having a House of Keys instead of a House of Commons; for, of course, in an assembly where the members are all keys they would be unable to deal with any open question. Perhaps, however, we may have mistaken the sort of "Keys" of which the "House" in the Isle of Man is composed, and the members may be mere musical "keys"—a set of sharps and flats, playing any tune, just like any other ordinary house of representatives. We cannot conclude without remarking that a very long debate in "the House of Keys" would remind one of "a lock jaw," though the association is not agreeable.

Conjuring at Chobham.

ALARMISTS needlessly we are not, and would never prematurely frighten any nervous reader. But we really think it is our duty to apprise the nation, that on paying a visit to the Camp the other evening, we discovered that the men were all turned in-to straw!



A GOOD JOKE.

Insan. "OH, IT'S MY FUN! I ONLY WANT TO FRIGHTEN THE LITTLE FELLOW."



THE POTMAN AND THE PRÆTOR.—(A LAY OF THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS).

See Times, July 14.

FLATULEIUS, the advocate,
His client's cause hath sped,
And ADAMUS, the stern Prætor,
Hath reared his learned head;
He hath summed up to the jury
With digressions, by the way,
On juvenile offenders
And the topics of the day.

Till BIBULUS, the foreman,
That was beer-bemused before,
By the Prætor's various learning
Is mystified still more;
And with the eleven, his comrades,
More obfuscate e'en than he,
Hath been led forth by the lictor,
On their verdict to agree.

They have sworn another jury,
They have called another case,
An hour hath passed, but BIBULUS
Hath not yet shown his face,
And the learned Prætor wonders
What the fools can be about,
For he told them what their verdict
Ought to be when they went out.

When, sudden, a plebeian
Excited, rushes in,
And, in a voice that drowneth
E'en FLATULEIUS' din,
Exclaimeth to the Prætor,
"My Lord, a party here
Says, as how them blessed jury
Is a drinkin' pots o' beer."

"Ho! call the recreant lictor!"
The angry Prætor cried.
"Twas his to guard the doorway
That nought might be supplied—
Nor meat, nor drink, nor firing,
Excepting candle-light;
For so the Law enacteth,
And the Law is always right!"

The lictor comes—"Thou traitor!
The law dost thou deride?
How came liquor to the jury?
How was the beer supplied?"
"My lord, I heard 'em drinking,
And found out that their lay

Was to summon forth the potman
Of the public o'er the way,
Who through the open window
The pewter did convey."

One moment paused the Prætor,
And with an angry blush,
For the Common Law thus outraged,
His awful face did flush.
One moment you had fancied
He was about to swear;
But he checked the rising impulse,
And spoke with awful air:

"Bring forth to me the landlord
Of the public o'er the way;
Say 'tis the Law that calls him,
And the Law brooks no delay.
And summon, too, the potman—
Him who supplied the beer—
And now bring foreman BIBULUS
And his bold comrades here!"

With stealthy hand, still wiping
The froth from off his chin,
They have brought forth beery BIBULUS,
And his fellows in the sin.
You had not guessed the burden
Upon their thirsty souls,
Though the Prætor's eye clean through
them
Its gathered lightning rolls!

Then, in Olympic thunders,
The hoarded tempest broke:
"Ye seem to take it easy;
I'll show ye 'tis no joke!
Think ye, in this its temple
The Law to flout and jeer,
Getting in through the window
Pots of illegal beer?"

"The Common Law of England
Blushes for you, through me;
Little thought I that these Sessions
Would e'er such scandal see!
Go, shameless men! I'll teach ye
Your appetites to balk,
In a room whereto no pewter
Can through the windows walk;
And when you bring your verdict,
About the fine we'll talk."

BIBULUS knows the Prætor,
Nor idly pardon begs;
But goeth forth crest-fallen—
His tail between his legs—
When sudden in the lobby
Is heard a mighty din,
And before the awful Prætor
That potman is dragged in!

A loud irreverent laughter
Through all the Court-house ran,
As pot in hand he stood there,
A blank bewildered man!
And so sternly looks the Prætor,
That the potman knoweth not,
If he be not going straightway
Himself, at last, to pot.

"Thou caitiff!" roared the Prætor,
(And mirth was changed for awe)
"How answerest thou this outrage
On the majesty of Law?"
Right humbly spoke the potman—
"Your worship—that's my Lord—
The beer some gem'men ordered,
And in course the beer was drowed.

"But as for 'Law,' and 'majesty,'
That's neither here nor there:
The beer was served as called for,
And paid for straight and fair.
And what I say, your Lordship—
And I means to put it strong—
Is what was I brought 'ere for,
When I ha'n't done nuffin wrong?"

"No wrong!" quick spoke the Prætor.
"Ho! gaoler—let him see,
That in justice's high precinct,
Right and wrong depend on me!
Go, bear him to the dungeon—
Be the lowest cell his lot!
Meanwhile to thee, chief lictor,
We give in charge the pot."

They have haled him from the Court-house,
And have locked him up below;
And the lictor guards the pewter,
With its head of froth like snow.
And never while our Prætor
Dealeth stern justice here,
Will the most thirsty jury
Venture to call for beer,
Or the most reckless potman
Bring it from public near!

A HINT.

THE *Times* newspaper (a publication of merit, and which may possibly be known to some of our readers) has just put forth an excellent article deprecating the terribly long sittings of the House of Commons, and the love of chattering, on the part of the Members—especially the new ones—which chiefly conduces to those protracted and unwholesome sittings. But the *Times* ought to be perfectly well aware that the remedy is in its own hands. These objectionable spouters spout, not to one another (for they ridicule one another's oratory), but to the readers out of doors. If they could not reach these readers they would cease to spout. Ergo, if the *Times* would instruct its reporters to report only what is worth reporting, and, in fact, to deal with all debates as they now deal with those in Committee, when only the pith of the speeches is given, and moreover the pith of the pithy men only, the sittings of Parliament would speedily evince a marvellous change for the better. There! *Mr. Punch*, in his keen, practical way, has solved the difficulty at once.

A Joke at the Public Expense.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Daily News*, MR. SERJEANT ADAMS, Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Sessions, is applying to Parliament for an increase of salary from £1,200 to £1,500. The learned Serjeant is often facetious; but certainly this is his richest joke.

ANOTHER INSULT TO IRELAND.

IT is quite proper, but very distressing, that Ireland should know all the outrages perpetrated and planned upon her dearest interests. Not a day can elapse that is not notched, like ROBINSON CRUSOE'S, with a new insult from the Saxon. It ought to have been sufficient that the Camp at Chobham was commanded in order to destroy the Dublin Exhibition; the tents being pitched as strongly as possible in outrageous contrast with DARGAN'S Crystal Palace. But no: a certain illustrious personage—with whom it is notorious the sea does not agree—in order to frustrate an intended visit to Dublin, went and caught the measles! Fortunately, however, he is now convalescent; left without a spot, and consequently without an excuse.

An Impossible Commissariat.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA pretends to say that he will provide his troops, now occupying the Danubian principalities, with rations. How is it possible that any such promise can be kept by an old despot, who is so very irration-al?

ANOTHER POTATO BLIGHT FOR "THE KILKENNY CAT."

THE Saxon has again cast his pestiferous blight upon one of Ireland's chosen potatoes; having withered the patriot MURPHY into an Insolvent Commissioner!

NUTS FOR NOTES AND QUERIES.



as the discovery of one MARY DAVIS; but which one is a little bit of mystery—a sort of bone that we generously throw to our old friend *Notes and Queries* to “lazily mumble” over during the hot season.

THERE is a fine field opened to the editor and contributors of *Notes and Queries* by the prominence just now being given to the names of Wallachia and Moldavia. We shall leave Wallachia to our contemporary—merely observing by the way that it may have been founded by the WALLACK family—but we have taken a fancy to Moldavia, and shall speculate a little on its origin. We are inclined to regard the first syllable, MOL, as a clear corruption of MARY; and there can be no doubt in the world that davia is no other than DAVIS, who was probably some relation to the identical DAVIS, whose most unpleasant Straits have conferred upon him such extensive notoriety. Moldavia may, therefore, be regarded

OUR ANCIENT NICHOLAS.

RUSSIA, having crossed the Pruth,
Teaches us a bit of truth;
Here we have our precious CZAR
Lighting up the flames of war.

HE that kept all Europe quiet
Is involving her in riot,
On hostilities we border
With this vaunted man of order.

WHo were right and who were wrong,
We, who hissed him all along,
Or the folks that cheered and shouted
After him who women knouted?

NOW, perhaps, you are disgusted
With the tyrant whom you trusted,
Oh, unworthy sons of Britain!
—Don't you feel a little bitten?

A Key to a Difficulty.

WHEN the appointment of City Chamberlain was conferred on SIR JOHN KEY, the worthy Ex-Alderman naturally asked for the keys of office. A brother alderman, who happened to be a wag, remarked that “to bestow a key upon KEY would be to carry coals to Newcastle, and that, therefore, SIR JOHN must be satisfied with his habitual self-possession.”

EXTREMELY PARTICULAR.—We know a stupid old teetotaler who is so true to his principles he won't even mix in society!

THOUGHTS ON THE SAVAGE LIONS OF LONDON.

BY A FRIEND AND A BROTHER.

You may talk as you please of magnetic attraction,
Electro-biology, media, and stuff;
Rapping for Spirits don't give satisfaction,
The relatives never relate half enough.
Tables on castors, and castors on tables,
All I have turn'd to alike in their turn;
Mesmeric stories are nothing but fables,
Stories indeed, which intelligence spurns.

In all these sensations I own I'm a scorner,
Never in them have my feelings a part;
But, where GORDON CUMMING was, near Hyde Park Corner,
Oh! there, there is something that touches the heart!
His exhibition of skins show'd the ravages
Hunters can make with the savage wild beast;
But now they have got there a troupe of wild Savages,
Who have not (as yet!) of their guests made a feast.

Kafirs from Borioboola, or somewhere—
There are delighting the civilised world;
Belles from Belgravia in afternoons come there;
Thither the fairest of May-fair are whirl'd.
Dowagers craving for something exciting,
Gentlemen blase with Fashion's dull round,
Those who find novelty always delighting,
With those dear Kafirs may daily be found.

And delightful it is there, to see them transacting
Their business of marriage, and murder, and war;
Delightful to sit there, and know that 'tis acting,
And not the real thing—which, of course, we abhor.
We see in each movement such truth of expression,
Their stampings and kickings are done with such grace,
That ladies of title e'en make the confession
That they in the Savage—nobility trace!

But chief the delight, when the acting is ended,
To go to the room from which CUMMING is gone,
And there inspect closely their figures so splendid,
And, timidly, even shake hands with each one,
And their dear little baby we smother with kisses,
And stroke and admire its darling bronze skin,
And think that there ne'er was a baby like this is,
As a lion of London its life to begin.

It is all very proper to say that a baby

Might be found nearer home, if we sought for a pet,
And that in the back courts of St. Giles's, it may be,
Hordes of young savages there we could get:
But, they've no fancy dresses to set off their figures,
And nothing is thought of an every-day sight;
And “UNCLE TOM”'s roused such a *penchant* for niggers,
That dark skins must now take precedence of white.

That little dark baby could never have vices
Like those which degrade us in civilised life;
And though he may p'raps chop his father in slices,
His country has customs that legalise strife.
But, really—what humbugs call—Civilisation,
Seems spreading everywhere under the skies,
That soon, I suppose, we shall not have a nation
To furnish a savage to gladden our eyes.

A BENEFICE IN THE MARKET.

In moving, on Wednesday, the second reading of the Simony Law Amendment Bill—deferred, to the delight no doubt of certain prelates, to that day three months—VISCOUNT GODERICH is reported to have asked:—

“What was it which the right of presentation conferred? It was a right to select a man who, as a Minister of the Church of England, was to be intrusted with the spiritual affairs of a certain place.”

Yes, indeed, of a certain place—and, one would think, when the right of presentation is simoniacally purchased, of a certain place (not to be mentioned to ears polite) where the cure of souls would be a farce.

Strength Apparently Accounted For.

NOTWITHSTANDING the small size of the Aztec children, they are exceedingly strong. An incurable punster says they doubtless derived this strength from Gymn-aztecs, from whom it probably descended in a straight line.

HIBERNIAN TACTICS.

THE military ability evinced by the Irish Brigade is of a peculiar kind. It is chiefly conspicuous in besieging; for almost the only talent in the whole party has been displayed in taking places.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.



THE excitement caused by GENERAL PUNCH's reviews has by no means abated. That gallant and distinguished officer seems determined that the troops in his district shall not be much, if at all, behind those who, at Chobham or elsewhere, have more favourable opportunities of attaining perfection in discipline. The Chamomile Scrubs—the scene of the reviews—are daily thronged with numerous spectators, who, though they generally arrive when there is nothing to see, and go back again in the wet, never appear to be disappointed, but, on the contrary, return in perfect good humour.

A more than usual number of persons assembled yesterday, in the expectation of seeing something grand, a rumour having got abroad that it was the intention of the GENERAL to call out the Brook Green Militia (which distinguished corps, in consequence of the recent augmentation, now numbers nearly two file and a half), and to brigade them with the Queen's Piebalds. It was said, too, that the forces thus brought together would be separated as two divisions, and occupy respectively the Scrubs and Starch Green, and that a sham fight would take place. But the idea (if ever entertained) was abandoned—for what reason we cannot say, as we do not happen to know—these things being kept in profound mystery: but we are informed that a sergeant is under arrest, and will probably be “smashed” for having said that the ground on Starch Green was too stiff for the Piebalds. Such an atrocious attempt at a joke will meet with little sympathy from our readers, and we doubt not the offender will meet with his deserts, though, after all, perhaps, the idea was given up on that ground. The Piebalds, having sole possession of the Scrubs, went through their evolutions with their accustomed precision. The “brilliancy” of the movements was somewhat abated in consequence of GENERAL PUNCH having ordered “field exercise” instead of “marching order.” But those who have any regard for our gallant defenders will, we are sure, willingly give up “glittering helmets,” &c., for anything that may conduce to their comfort. We subjoin a letter which has come into our hands, which will show that the privates are subjected to privations and moving accidents in peace as well as war—in barracks as well as in the field:—

To LIEUTENANT WHIFFIN, Royal South-South-East-Middlesex
Dun Browns.

“DEAR WHIFFIN,—I must tell you how we have been going on. Old PUNCH has been working us up in fine style—four field days a week, and riding drill on the off days; besides practising pitching tent in the afternoon in the barrack yard. However, he is such a jolly old fellow, that we don't mind a little extra work for him. One thing he has done which we are particularly thankful for. He lets us go to his reviews in field exercise instead of marching order.

“Young GREEN of ours says he considers it a personal favour. You know he swapped helmets with CAPTAIN WIDEAWAKE when he (WIDEAWAKE) went up to the DUKE's funeral, and has never been able to get his own back since. WIDEAWAKE is always “so busy he can't give it him now.” The consequence is, that W.'s helmet rolls about on GREEN's head like ‘anything,’ especially at a trot, and the scales are so long that he's obliged to keep his mouth open all the field day to keep it on his head. So that it's fortunate for him that he's only been a serrefile as yet. If he were to lead a troop he would have some difficulty in giving the word of command. Some recruits only recently dismissed have a similar difficulty to brave.

“I got my troop last Tuesday, which I suppose you saw in the *Gazette*; and as the GENERAL wants the captains to get up the names of all the men in the troop, and the number of all the horses, I've got the troop-roll from Sergeant-Major, and am getting it off by heart. I had a ‘law-suit’ the other day. PRIVATE GRUMBLE reported the bread, but as he was not supported by the other men, I put him down easily. The fact is, he's not much liked by the rest of the men in the troop. He used to be looked up to as a ‘schollard,’ but has lost ground lately, owing to a singular circumstance. A letter appeared in the *Ballymucky Reporter*, signed ‘MILES,’ and Sergeant-Major tells me

that GRUMBLE wrote a letter in reply, and signed himself ‘Two miles,’ and was informed in the answers to correspondents, in the next number, that he was an ass. All the men saw it, and GRUMBLE got laughed at for his ‘law.’ I am very glad the men have lost faith in him, as CAPTAIN CHUM told me he was always boring about fractions and the price of shaving brushes. As the GENERAL wants us to know all about straps and buckles, and packing valise, &c., I told Sergeant-Major I would look at one yesterday. So PRIVATE MUSCLES was ordered to show; but as his highlows were at the shoemaker's, and forage cap at the tailor's, and the rest of the valise was filled with two sheets and a bolster, I didn't get much information from him. The Sergeant-Major said I had better order him a week's marching order, and make him show kit in the afternoon. Which I did, as I thought it better to do what the Sergeant-Major said. I looked at the kit in the afternoon. Such a kit, WHIFFIN, you never saw. The Sergeant-Major ‘shook up’ everything, and found that the fellow had actually got a wisp of hay rolled up in a helmet-bag to represent a shirt, and his ‘drors,’ as he called them, would, I verily believe, reach from my quarters to the riding-school. Sergeant-Major says he's always late for morning stables in winter because his drawers are so full of holes he can't get into them till a candle is lighted. I hope all this ‘private’ information won't bore you, but I have really had no time lately to go to town and see any of our old haunts. Besides, the GENERAL says we must take an interest in this sort of thing, in order to study the ‘comforts of the men.’

“Good-bye for the present, old fellow. I shall let you know how we're getting on from time to time.

“Yours truly,

“JOHN SNAFFLES, *Queen's Piebalds.*”

“P.S.—I've released MUSCLES and given him a new kit, on the condition that he won't get drunk for a month. You know our match with all Hammersmith comes off in three weeks, and it wouldn't do to have him away then—he's a capital long-stop. By the bye, you must contrive to have a pain in the side, or some urgent business with your legal adviser about that time, as we can't get any one to bowl in your place.—J. S.”

MORNINGTON'S CHALLENGE.

(Which was an Attempt to stir up a Noble Lord with a Long Pole.)

HAIL, MORNINGTON—what! venerable Peer,
Dost thou again before the Public show?
Gone to the deuce we thought thee, many a year,
As BYRON has it, “diddled,” long ago.

Thus reascending on our modern stage,
As through a “trap,” thou mak'st us boys again;
The ardent spirit of thy reverend age,
Of GEORGE THE FOURTH revives the splendid reign.

For well do we remember how thy fame
Accustomed was our fathers to amuse;
And what a by-word was thy complex name,
Then daily ventilated in the news.

Then ventilated:—was not that enough
That name's purification to complete?
Think'st thou that it required the sulph'rous puff
Of gunpowder, to make it wholly sweet?

Would'st thou eat fire—the fire of other days?
And SHAFTESBURY to that repast invite?
Knowing thou might'st: as well propose to blaze
At any bishop, or at MR. BRIGHT.

Pah! there's a tune which, in the festive hour,
Will cause me evermore to think of thee;
“Pop goes the Weasel”—thou would'st, too, go pop;
Pop goes the WELLESLEY, let it henceforth be.

Digestive Apparatus.

THE best “grubber” obtained a prize at the late agricultural gathering at Gloucester: but we are not informed whether the successful competitor was a citizen, who emptied a turcen of turtle, or a ploughman, who devoured “a leg of mutton and trimmings.” In such a contest Town would be likely to beat Country; at least if the grubbing-match were open to the Corporation of London.

RESULTS OF A WAR.

In the event of Austria and Russia joining in an European war, it is not too much to suppose that Hungary, Lombardy, and Poland, will all become members of the “EARLY RISING Association.”



THE CAMP.

Juvenile (apropos of Highlander in sentry box). "OH! MY WIG, CHARLEY. WHAT A JOLLY JACK-IN-THE-GREEN HE'D MAKE!"

THE DISCOUNTER'S DIRGE.

A Fragmentary Lament found in the Common Pleas after the recent Trial of "S—MM—NS v. P—RK—NS—N."

SUPPOSED TO BE SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM CAMPBELL.

"And I could vcep," the *Oneida Chief's*
Caucasian vendor thus begun—
"To hear them Councils, with their briefs,
Traducing of my father's son,
With jokes uncommon low.
And that there Judge, vich busts in wrath,
Vich takes no heed of vot he saith,
But stamps a name as sticks till death—
'A Knave.' He called me so,
And all because that Christian boy
Paid somevot dearly for a toy.

"That Hemerald brooch, the vich vas given
By Hingland's Queen to PEEL so deep,
I charged but fifty-two eleven,
As I maintains vos really cheap;
They swore the stone was glass,
The bracelet for his gentle EVE,
They called a Ounds ditch make-believe,
And said I'd plotted to deceive
The fashionable ass—
Six bills at sight I swore my right,
The jury took vun extra sight.

"My art goes thump.. Before me now
That Judge's countenanth appears;
I see him knit a norrid brow,
His vice is thunderin in mine ears;
He puts me in a hawful ole,
He riles me till I'm fit to bust,
He calls my case, from last to first,
About the vilest and the wust
Of vich he's ad control:
And says the union's 'past belief
Of 'such a Fool,' and 'such a Thief.'"

THE CABMAN'S BEST FRIEND.

"SIR,

"The Police cases under the New Hackney Carriage Act show that a determination to struggle against the working of that measure prevails among the members of my profession, which, though I am a legally qualified medical practitioner, is at present that of a cabman. For, Sir, I turned cabman rather than turn quack or sycophant, one of which things a man must, in general, turn, who has to get his living out of people most of whom are weakly in mind, body, and sex: particularly in these days when ladies of rank and Members of Parliament patronise clairvoyance and homœopathy. I may add that I have less driving to do now than I had when I was in medical practice, and that I get better paid for it.

"My object in addressing you, is to beg that you will use all your influence to make the public insist on having the provisions of this Act, in regard to fares, severely carried out.

"It may be the opinion of insolent WILLIAM, and intoxicated JAMES, my brethren of the whip, that in expressing this desire I am merely uttering the sentiments of a truculent magistrate, or other odious and tyrannical member of the aristocracy, desirous of interfering between a poor fellow and the swell out of whom it is his business to get as much as he can. They may be disposed to invoke dreadful vengeance upon me for what they consider a sympathy with wealth and respectability, rather than a fellow feeling with labour and themselves. But, Sir, my beery and abusive friends are both wrong. I want the Act of Parliament enforced for the benefit of the people; which is identical with our own.

"The mistake of vituperative WILLIAM, the error of hiccuping and unsteady JAMES, is the supposition that cabs were made for none but extortionate rascals to drive, and none but opulent spendthrifts to ride in. Nature—for nature presides even over hired vehicles—intended cabs not only for the conveyance of intemperate dandies with cigars in their mouths, for travellers in hot haste regardless of expense, and reckless pleasure-hunters dashing away to Cremorne or the Opera. She meant them also for the accommodation of sober matrons of narrow circumstances and broad umbrellas, poor clerks, small tradesmen, indigent authors, and other humble persons pressed for time, troubled with corns, caught in the rain, or otherwise precluded from pedestrianism.

Now, an excessive legal fare was enough to keep these kinds of people out of cabs; to say nothing of the certainty of an additional demand, accompanied by insult, and urged in derisive and revolting language.

"Let it be once understood, on all hands, that the new cab tariff is to be a serious reality, a thing as settled as the price of a pot of beer, and I am sure the increase of practice will more than compensate us for the diminution of our individual fees. I speak of those who, like myself, seek an honest livelihood by taking as many cases—that is, fares—as they can, upon reasonable terms, instead of plundering such patients or victims as they can get hold of to the most villainous possible extent.

"Pray, therefore, impress upon all friends of the working man, that working men are to be considered in the light of cab takers as well as in that of cab drivers. There are some impetuous young blades who are prone to scatter their cash about on all kinds of cabs, amongst whom we have the honour to rank in their estimation.

"Accordingly they in general overpay us monstrously. Advise them to discontinue that injudicious liberality; it spoils us: it causes us to be discontented with full wages, and to laugh in the face of a customer who proposes to pay us our legal duc. It has possessed us with the notion that everybody who takes a cab is infinitely rich: so that when a man does not offer us much more than we are entitled to, we are accustomed to ask him ironically whether he calls himself a gentleman. Hence it is that we dance, with menacing gestures, around those who resist our endeavours to cheat them; collect mobs about them; and pursue them with execrations as far as we dare. A stop will be put to this state of things by the strict and uniform enforcement of the much-negated Act which has been passed for the abatement of our knavery and the prevention of our insolence; I will add, on the whole, for our good: at least for the good of one member of our body, who is also a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Apothecaries Company, albeit now necessitated to cry

"The Stand, July, 1853."

"HERE YOU ARE, SIR!"

NOTICE.—Unless all the Jokes, which have been sent in about JULIEN "cutting his biton," are immediately removed from the *Punch* Office, they will be sold as waste paper, and the proceeds devoted to the benefit of the "ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS."



AFFECTING IGNORANCE.

Cabman. "I beg your pardon, Sir, but is my Fare really a *Serpence?*"

OUR HONEYMOON.

SUNDAY, MAY 26, 18—.

"My dear," said FRED, this morning—"I—I don't think I can go to church. But, of course, *you* can go, I don't feel like myself this morning."

"I don't wonder at that, love. Indeed, you don't look yourself. But I expected as much."

"*You, LOTTY!*" and FRED opened his eyes.

"Why, I knew what would come of it. Here were you out till twelve o'clock?"

"It wanted a quarter," said FRED, as if a quarter could make any difference.

"Twelve o'clock," said I firmly, "allowing for watches, before you came home."

"I told you—I was out talking with TOM," and FRED tapped the table.

"Well, if I must say what I think, FRED; I don't like MR. TRUEPENNY. *I—do—not—like—him.*"

"I don't wish you to like him, my dear. You're to like and love me; and to love one man industriously and conscientiously is as much as any woman can be expected to do. More no reasonable husband can ask of her."

But this I wouldn't seem to listen to. "Twelve o'clock," I repeated. "Well, what you could find to talk about all that time—and I sitting here at the window alone!"

"You might have gone to bed," said FREDERICK.

"Gone to bed! And *you* out! Why, what can you think me made of?" But he only looked at me from under his eyes and laughed. "I'm not a stock or a stone."

"Certainly not, my darling. I may perhaps be permitted to observe—in your own picturesque language—quite the reverse. *Quite* the reverse," and he again tapped the table.

"No, love," said I; for I thought I'd at once nip *that* notion in the bud—"of course I don't wish, in fact, I should never think of such a thing, as to desire to control you in the choice of your friends. If I don't like MR. TRUEPENNY, why I can't help it; and there's an end. But what I wish to say, my love, is this—oh, it's no laughing matter, for I'm quite in earnest, I assure you—if MR. TRUEPENNY thinks he's to keep you out till twelve at night, and I'm to go to bed; if he thinks *that*!"

"But I don't believe"—said FRED coolly—"he thinks anything of the matter. Indeed, what is it to him whether you never go to bed at all?"

"Of course; nothing. Only I'm not going to sit up and say

nothing. A woman's not to be kept out of her bed as if her soul wasn't her own."

"Why, your soul doesn't wear a nightcap, does it?" asked FRED, meaning to be aggravating.

"I don't know *that*," said I; for, as I've said, I was determined to nip the notion in the bud. "Nevertheless"—for I wasn't to be put off—"what *could* you talk of till twelve o'clock?"

FRED said nothing, but looked up at the ceiling.

"No good, I'm sure," said I in a bit of a passion, and before I knew it.

"CHARLOTTE!" cried FREDERICK, and his eyes flashed, as I'd never seen 'em. And then in a moment he looked kind, and I thought sad; and holding out his hand, he said, looking at me and his eyes softening,—"LOTTY, love, don't let us quarrel."

My heart was in my throat, and my arm about his neck. "We shall never quarrel, FRED," said I. "But what I meant to say was—what an odd person MR. TRUEPENNY is."

"Odd? A most excellent fellow!" said FREDERICK with energy.

"Of course. You wouldn't have any other for a friend; I know that, love. But what I mean is, he's so confused—so bashful."

"Yes. A bachelor's fault. I was so myself once. But it's wonderful what confidence marriage gives a man. Kiss me, my darling."

"There, now, FRED; it's Sunday," said I, not knowing what to say.

"But why should MR. TRUEPENNY be in such a twitter when he sees me? He blushes and stammers, and?"

"It's your beauty, no doubt," said FRED.!

"Nonsense!"

"A solemn truth. Ah! my dear, it's a great comfort for timid men that beauty, like the elephant, doesn't know its strength. Otherwise, how it would trample on us! It's a fact, LOTTY, if you had only known half your power, you'd never have married me. Certainly not. But then women never do. Looking-glasses are thrown away upon 'em, poor things. When you consented to take me, LOTTY, I don't know that I didn't feel quite crushed by your condescension. Quite crushed. Yes: the last knowledge a woman ever acquires is a proper sense of the power of her own beauty. Otherwise, LOTTY, they'd never throw it away upon us; but live and die like the roses. Don't you think they would? Like the roses?"

I said nothing, but was just gently pulling his ear, when the church bells struck out.

"If it isn't church-time," said I; "but I'm drest. Nothing, but my bonnet."

"Well, LOTTY, you can go without me; yes, you"—and then he paused, and looked at me, I thought so strangely, and said—"no, my love: you shall not go alone. We'll go together." With this, he left the room; and a sudden shadow seemed to fall about me.

The next moment, the servant introduced "MR. TRUEPENNY." With his face the truth flashed upon me that—that—I didn't know what. But, instantly, I felt resolved to find it out; and so, in a minute, was in my very best spirits.

"FREDERICK," said I, "will be here directly. He's preparing for church."

"Church," said MR. TRUEPENNY, as if the word half stuck between his lips.

"Don't you ever go to church, MR. TRUEPENNY? I mean?"

"Always," said he. "But the fact is, when one Comes to the sea-side—"

"PETER's boat," I observed very seriously, "was at the sea-side."

"To be sure, certainly," said he; then he looked at the toe of his boot, and then at the pattern of the carpet; in fact, anywhere but at me. Then he coughed, and said—for all the world as if he was talking of prawns—"I'm told there's very good preaching about here."

"I should hope, MR. TRUEPENNY, that there is good preaching everywhere; that is, if persons are only disposed to listen to it." MR. TRUEPENNY—his eye still on his boot—bowed. "I hope," said I, "you will accompany us to church?"

"What! I?" cried the man, really alarmed.

"To be sure: why not?" said FRED, coming into the room. "And then, TOM, we'll take a walk—LOTTY isn't equal to the fatigue"—how did he know that?—"and then we'll all dine, and comfortably close the day together."

"Well, I—I—I've no objection," said MR. TRUEPENNY; as though desperately making up his mind to endure the worst.

"A most admirable preacher, I'm told. Has preached before his Gracious Majesty, when Prince Regent," said FRED.

"Indeed?" said MR. TRUEPENNY, as if he wished to be astonished.

"A great favourite at Brighton; he's so extremely mild and well-bred. Touches upon the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—and scourges the miserable sinners who keep carriages—gently, tenderly. For all the world as if with a bunch of peacock's feathers you'd dust so many images of Dresden China."

"That's lucky," said MR. TRUEPENNY.

"*Why* lucky?" I asked—for there *was* something in the man's manner.

"I meant to say," he stammered, "that there are times when one

doesn't like—like one's sins to be—bullied—that is, not at the sea-side."

"Quite right, Tom," said FRED, who I could see was helping him out. "Very well in one's own parish church, but"—

"We shall be too late," said I, and I ran from the room; and in a minute—never in all my life did I put my bonnet on so quick—in a minute I was ready.

The church was extremely full—as we afterwards found—for the season. FREDERICK was particularly serious; and for MR. TRUEPENNY, if he'd been listening to his own condemned sermon, he couldn't have been more solemn. It was odd, too, I thought, the glances he now and then cast towards me. And particularly when the clergyman said—and he seemed, I really *did* think for the minute, as though he was looking right into our pew, when he said—"Thou shalt do no murder"—at the very words, MR. TRUEPENNY let his prayer-book slip, and made such a start to catch it, that he drew all eyes upon us. I saw FREDERICK colour scarlet, and bite his lips as he glanced at his friend. At last the service was over, and we got away.

"A very nice sermon," said MR. TRUEPENNY, trying to say something.

"Very soothing," I added; for I knew he was half-asleep all the time.

"Yes; that's it," said he; "but that's what I like, when I come to a watering-place. Something quiet, something to think over."

Well, we returned to the inn; and somehow we got through the day. I don't know how late MR. TRUEPENNY would have sat; but, for all FRED's nods and winks, I was determined to sit him out. At last—it was nearly twelve—at last he went away.

"We shall meet in the morning," said FRED to him.

"Of—of course," said MR. TRUEPENNY; and then, with the awkwardest bow in the world, he left me and FRED together.

"We'd better go to bed," said FRED. "Isn't it late?"

"Very," said I; "and for my part I thought MR. TRUEPENNY was never going."

I went into my room, and—there upon my table—was a slip of paper written in JOSEPHINE'S hand, with these words:

"If you really love master, you'll not let him get up to-morrow morning!"

And now all the horror was plain as light! "Get up!" I thought—and all a woman's resolution came upon me—"only let me once get him well to bed, and he *doesn't get up*." I listened for his footsteps. He came. I met him with a smile; and *didn't I lock the door?*

MARKET AND TRADE REPORT.



CITY.—The deportation of such large numbers of shirt hands, to which we have before alluded, has caused an unparalleled rise in wages, amounting, in some cases, to as much as a farthing per dozen on "gents' dress." It is rumoured that the "United Distressed Needlewomen" contemplate striking for a reduction of the hours of labour. Twenty-one hours a day, with three intervals of two minutes each for meals, except during the busy season which comprises only about eleven months in the year, is spoken of as likely to be their stipulation.

MANCHESTER. — Policemen are in rather better

demand, at a slight advance on former prices. Good stout articles are quoted at from 13s. to 17s. per week; sergeants 19s. to 21s.; best blues, strong, full length, 23s.

Carving his Way to Iniquity.

A CULINARY wag (not SOYER) has inserted in his Cookery Book the proclamation of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, in which he talks so largely about the "orthodox faith," and "the sword," and has labelled it: "DIRECTIONS FOR CUTTING UP A TURKEY."

THE STAMP OF LIBERALITY AND MEANNESS.

THE liberal man, when he is in doubt about the proper weight of a letter, puts on two stamps: the mean man only puts on one.

SAPPHICS OF THE CABSTAND.

Friend of Self-Government.

SEEDY Cab-driver, whither art thou going?
Sad is thy fate—reduced to law and order,
Local self-government yielding to the gripe of
Centralisation.

Victim of FITZROY! little think the M.P.'s,
Lording it o'er eab, 'hus, lodging-house and graveyard,
Of the good times when every Anglo-Saxon's
House was his castle.

Say, hapless sufferer, was it MR. CHADWICK—
Underground foe to the British Constitution—
Or my LORD SHAPTESBURY, put up MR. FITZROY
Thus to assail you?

Was it the growth of Continental notions,
Or was it the Metropolitan police force
Prompted this blow at *Laissez-faire*, that free and
Easiest of doctrines?

Have you not read MR. TOULMIN SMITH'S great work on
Centralisation? If you haven't, buy it;
Meanwhile I should be glad at once to hear your
View on the subject.

Cab-driver.

View on the subject? jiggered if I've got one;
Only I wants no centrylism, I don't—
Which I suppose it's a crusher standin' sentry
Hover a cabstand.

Whereby if we gives e'er a word o' cheek to
Parties as rides, they pulls us up like winkin'—
And them there blessed beaks is down upon us
Dead as an 'ammer!

As for MR. TOULMIN SMITH, can't say I knows him—
But as you talks so werry like a gem'man,
Perhaps you're a goin' in 'ansome style to stand a
Shillin' a mile, Sir?

Friend of Self-Government.

I give a shilling? I will see thee hanged first—
Sixpence a mile—or drive me straight to Bow Street—
Idle, ill-mannered, dissipated, dirty,
Insolent rascal!

PEDESTRIANISM AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

MEMBERS of the House of Commons, being in the Library, or elsewhere about the House, have to run for it in order to be present at divisions, and are sometimes too late. Lightness of heels (as well as of principle) appears to be a quality necessary to a representative of the British people. An election contest might be an actual foot-race: Why not? The candidate that is able to outrun his opponent is at least as fit and proper a man to represent a constituency, as he is who can outbribe him. However this may be, we expect soon to see some such arrangements as the following among the Parliamentary notices:—

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY will run JOSEPH HUME, or any other Member, on the India question; or what not.

FREDERICK LUCAS, the Scarlet Runner, will match himself with PHINX, the Bath Brick, to run any length upon the Nunneries' Bill; or as much farther as the POPE chooses.

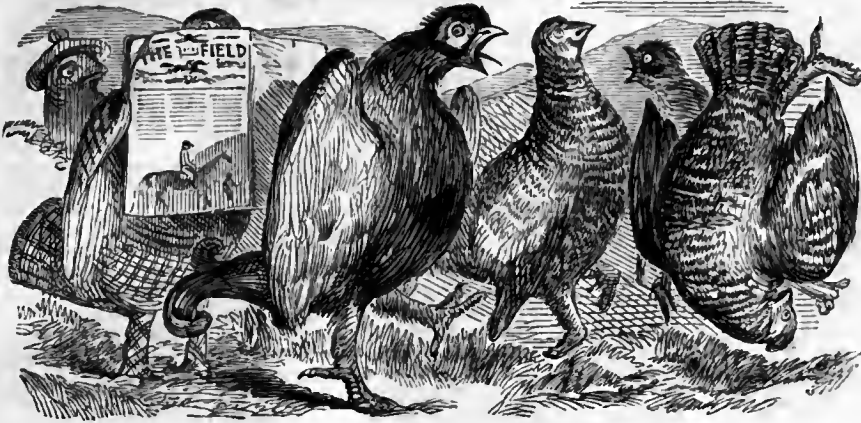
COLONEL SIBTHORPE will run any Member of HER MAJESTY'S Government (in which he has no confidence) at any time, on any question.

We shall also have SIR J. T. TYRRELL, the Farmer's Boy, challenging LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the Bedford Pet, to a trial of speed; the ATTORNEY-GENERAL will be invited to a similar match by SIR F. THESIGER; MR. BRIGHT will be proposing to hop LORD PALMERSTON; and perhaps MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI will want to jump MR. GLADSTONE in a budget.

ST. STEPHEN'S RUBBER.

To judge from the smoke in which the investigation of the Dockyard abuses has ended, it would seem that the late Government played their cards in the knowledge that knaves were trumps.

THE EAST INDIA HOUSE.—It has been said of the East India House, that "it is an establishment which, in patronage, and other delicate little matters, generally goes 'the whole Hogg.'"



DELIGHT OF THE GROUSE AT THE PROSPECT OF A LATE SESSION.

PAX VOBISCUM;}

THE Irish constituencies being now completely in the hands of their spiritual advisers, it is contemplated that henceforth the Speaker's writ for a new election in Ireland shall be directed to the priests of the vacant locality. The Reverend gentlemen are to meet (whiskey toddy and tobacco be charged to the county), and their endorsement of their tool's name on the back of the writ, without any other form of election, is to save all the riot and bloodshed which they now feel it their duty to their Church and their consciences to cause, if a layman, Catholic or Protestant, ventures to present himself to the electors without priestly sanction. Anything for peace and quietness.

THE FARMER'S MAGIC STROP.

THE genius of MR. MECCHI has sharpened many razors:—may it have a corresponding effect upon agricultural blades.

HINTS FOR A NEW EDITION OF THE
DRAMATISTS.

WE have been favoured with a glimpse of the note-book of a great dramatic critic, who evidently contemplates giving, or selling to the world, a great national treat in the form of a new edition of the dramatists. The annotator seems to combine all the acuteness of the needle with the straightforward bluntness of the railway buffer. We subjoin a few specimens:—

NOTE ON THE TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

There is a passage in this play which has escaped the attention of all critics who have preceded me; a passage which shows *Glenalvon* to have been of a social disposition. In one of the scenes with *Norval* *Glenalvon* says (*aside*),

"His port I love."

And, from this remarkable passage, we get three facts: first, that *Glenalvon* liked port; secondly, that he had tasted *Norval's* port; and, thirdly, that the port in question was of a high character.

NOTE ON JULIUS CÆSAR.

The character of *Cæsar* has never yet had full justice done to it by the critics; but there is one passage which may be compared to a perfect thoroughfare for finding our way to *Cæsar's* real condition. He evidently belonged to the landlord or agrarian party in the State, and there can be no doubt that the terms on which his tenants held of him were exorbitant. The whole fact bursts in upon us like a thunderbolt through the roof of an out-house, or a broker through the door of an apartment with the rent in arrear, when we read the following line, spoken by *Antony* in the course of his funeral oration over *Cæsar*:

"See what a rent the envious *Cæsar* made!"

* Now, this allusion to the rent made by *Cæsar* proves either one of two things: First, that he let lodgings at a high price; or, secondly, that he derived a considerable income from a landed tenantry. I am inclined to the latter supposition, for it is possible that had he let merely lodgings, some of the lodgers would have been introduced into the play, with that nice appreciation of the ludicrous for which SHAKESPEARE is conspicuous. This not having been done, we are driven on the other hypothesis, to which, on the whole, we give the preference.

The above specimens will suffice to show the public the addition that may be shortly expected to a department and style of literature in which the English language is already rich—excessively rich—in the opinion of some of us.

Philosophy Teaching by Conundrums.

WHY are diplomatic papers called Circular Notes?—Because they go round about a subject without coming to any definite end! They are, moreover, called Circular because they are seldom on the square.

EXPENSIVE SPIRITS.—The estimates of the charge of the disembodied Militia are heavier than one would expect on the supposition that the Militia, disembodied, consists of the ghosts of Militiamen.

THE AFFAIRS OF TURKEY.—The SULTAN may "lead a life of jollity:" but his Minister for Foreign Affairs is REDSCHID.

BRICKS.

THE natural history of Bricks is interesting.

We are enabled to trace it without difficulty from very ancient periods, both with reference to its different structures, and with reference to building purposes.

It is pleasing to observe how the bitumen was first used, how it was moulded into form, and baked into hardness, by the heat of the Persian sun. We can trace it through many of its forms until we come to the great Roman Brick of nine inches long, three inches broad, and three inches thick. We now discover, with the satisfaction and pleasure of the antiquarian, how long these Bricks have endured; but, for many years, we were not aware of any application of the Brick, other than that of strength, stability, and support of edifices—edifices which, sometimes, might really raise the question: "To what extent the architect for *Time* meant to contend with *Eternity*?"

We think we are indebted to our Cambridge friends—it may be to our Harrow friends, we cannot tell—for the first moral or ethical application of the word Brick.

How common it has been of late years to say to a man, whose virtuous tendencies are of the first order, "My dear fellow, you are a Brick." It becomes, however, more emphatic in the usage of the third person. "Do you know MR. SO-AND-SO? Is he really a man I can trust? Is he a good fellow?" The answer in one word is, "He's a Brick." The answer is satisfactory, in all senses, to the propounder of the question—indeed, a more satisfactory reply cannot be uttered.

We have heard this kind of expression called *slang*—it really is not so. Gentlemen, take up your *Plutarch*, turn to the *Life of AGESILAUS*, and what do you read? You'll find, if you understand Greek—and if you don't, set about learning it immediately, for the purposes of history, as well as poetry and elevation of thought—that when the Ambassador from Epirus went to AGESILAUS, to have a diplomatic chat with him, he said to him: "Where on earth are the walls of Sparta? In other States of Greece the principal towns have walls—but where are yours, dear AGESILAUS?" The SIR STRATFORD CANNING, or LORD COWLEY, from Epirus, was answered by that amiable monarch: "I'll to-morrow at morning dawn shew you the walls of Sparta. Breakfast with me, old chap; some of the best black soup that Sparta can afford shall be put on the table; and I'll shew you the walls."

They met: and AGESILAUS had drawn out his Spartan army before him, and, with exulting cheer and dignified mien, said to his friend from Epirus, "Look! these are the Walls of Sparta, Sir; and every particular man you see is a Brick." How classical becomes the phrase! how distinct from slang!

We do not say we have translated the great *Plutarch* literally, but we have translated him in spirit, and if that great man had been now living, and could have seen this, he would no doubt have been delighted, and grateful to us for our application of history to the correction of vulgarisms, and to the promotion of sound and sincere classical literature.

Slight Mistakes.

WHY is there such a fuss made about the purchase of benefices, the possession of pluralities, and the management of bishops to get more income than they ought to have? These are all merely clerical errors.

THE "VEXATA QUÆSTIO,"—"What is a mile?"

SPIRITED CONDUCT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

MR. CHARLES KEAN continuing to be exposed to the nuisance of criticism, has determined, though with much regret, on a still more decided step in vindication of his personal dignity than any he has yet taken. Having already struck off the Free List of the Princess's Theatre all the critics who have insolently ventured to express unfavourable opinions of his acting, MR. KEAN had hoped that the public would have taken this warning that he is not amenable to hostile criticism. In this hope he regrets to find himself disappointed. Many persons still consider him a bad actor, and have not shrunk from audaciously expressing this detestable opinion in and out of the Princess's Theatre. Further forbearance on MR. KEAN's part would clearly be an act of injustice to himself.

He has, therefore (though at cost of much pain to himself), resolved on a measure which he trusts will prevent any repetition of this annoyance. MR. KEAN deeply regrets that HER MAJESTY, having lately visited the Haymarket Theatre, was observed (no doubt, in an unguarded moment,) to laugh at MR. BRAID's offensive (and most unsuccessful) imitation of MR. KEAN's performance in the *Corsican Brothers*, which MR. BUCKSTONE has had the bad taste to sanction in a ridiculous and entirely unsuccessful burlesque or extravaganza, called the *Ascent of Mount Parnassus*. This having been brought to MR. KEAN's ears (as most acts of the same kind are sure to be), he has, in consequence, struck HER MAJESTY's name off the Free List of the Princess's Theatre, exclaiming, in the manner of *Richard*, and in a tone of dignity which so overpowered the prompter and stage-manager that he has not yet recovered the shock—

"Off with her name! so much for Royalty!"

Evanescent Art.

THE most remarkable exhibition of Dissolving Views is that of the National Gallery, where, through various chemical processes and mechanical means, the pictures of the ancient Masters are undergoing dissolution.



Gipsy. "HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"
Pretty Gent. "OH! LAWK! DON'T MENTION IT!"

THE PUBLIC'S ADDRESS TO HIS CABMAN.

(IMITATED FROM THE ARAB'S ADDRESS TO HIS STEED.)

My insolent, my turbulent! that stands crest-fallen by,
With the recent Cab Act in thy hand, and tear-drops in thine eye,
Try not to overcharge us now, or make our pockets bleed;
You cannot do it now again—thou'rt sold, my man, indeed!
Fret not with that impatient cough: if surlily inclined,
The nearest station is the place at which redress to find;
The magistrates have now the power to mulct thee of thy gold,
Or send thee off to jail, my friend. Thou'rt sold, my man, thou'rt sold.

'Tis well! those old and crazy wheels not many a mile can roam;
After next October you must keep that vehicle at home.
Some other cab less old and torn you shortly must prepare,
With roof not full of crevices, admitting rain and air.
Yes, it must go! the crazy cab, the old abandoned fly,
Must on thy master's premises be finally put by;
And in it there some juveniles, who cannot get a ride,
May cram themselves, by climbing up the wheels on every side.

Do they ill-use thee, Cabman? No! I'm sure it cannot be;
You that have bullied half the world, and humbugged even me.
And yet, if haply thou'rt done up, and for thee we should yearn,
Can the same law that cut thee off compel thee to return?
Return! alas! my Cabman bold, what shall the public do,
When rain is falling everywhere, wetting the public through?
I'll stand me up beneath an arch, and pause and sadly think—
'Twas at the beer-shop opposite, the Cabmen used to drink.

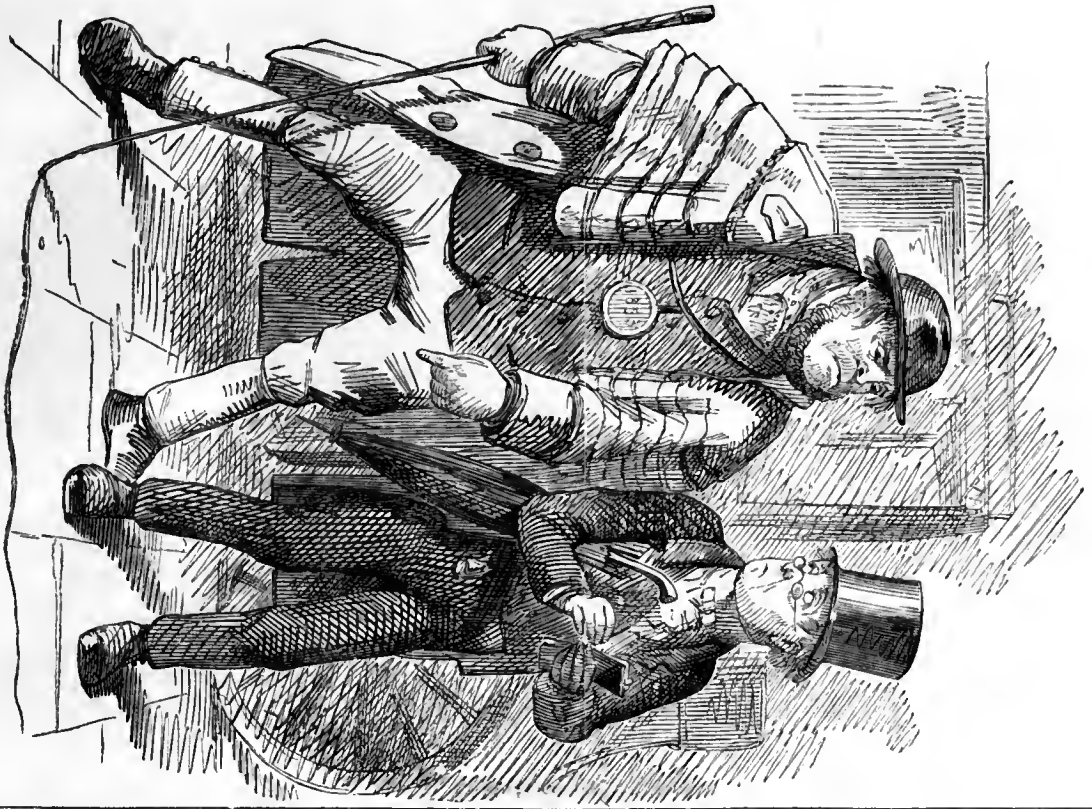
THE CABMEN USED TO DRINK! Away—my fevered dream is o'er;
I could not live a day and know cabs were to be no more.
They've cut thee down, exacting one; but legal power is strong:
You tempted us, my insolent! you kept it up too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false! 'tis false! Thou'rt better off, my Cabman, thou art told.
Thus, thus, I leap into thy cab, to ride five miles from town,
And when at Acton I alight, I'll pay thee half-a-crown.



NATURAL HISTORY OF CHOBHAM.

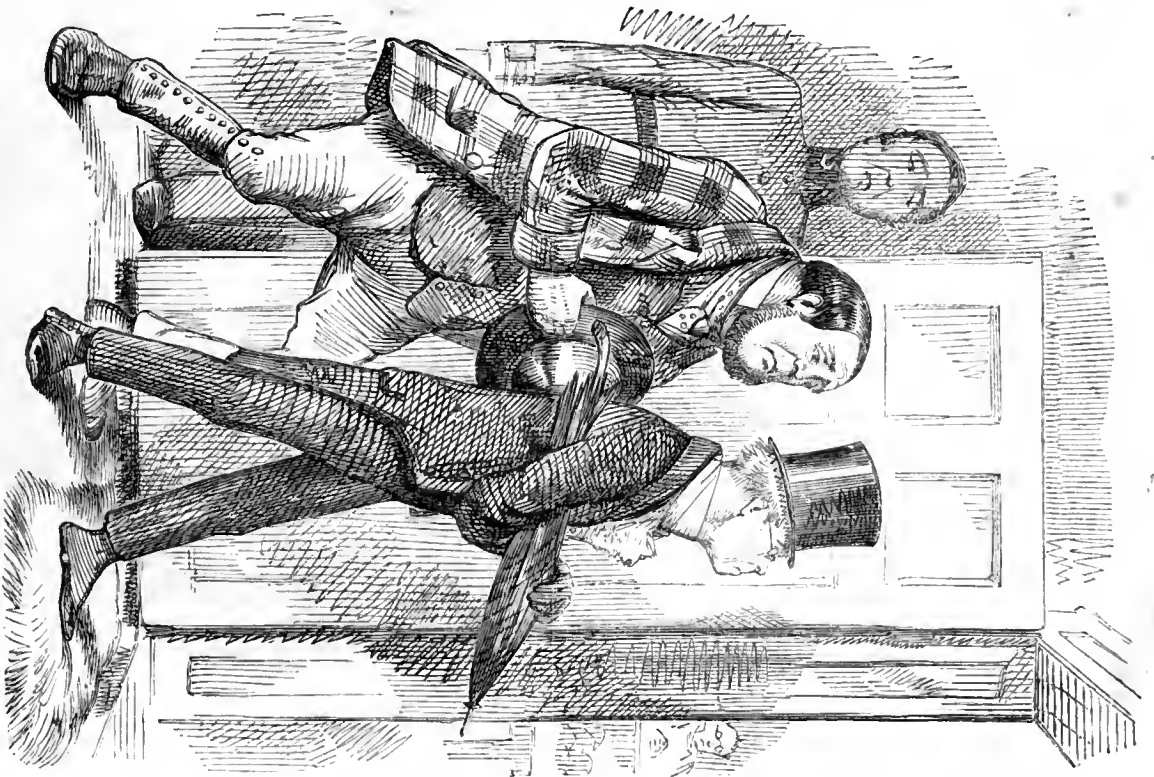
An Appropriate Amendment.

SEEING how extremely difficult it is to get a complaint listened to at almost any post-office, we think the old simile "As deaf as a Post" might very suitably be altered into "As deaf as a Post-Master."



BEFORE

AND



AFTER.

“Vell, Summons no! I ahn’t a going to take Sixpence! You call yourself a Gentleman, I s’pose?”

“O! Don’t Summons me, Sir! Consider my poor wife and children, there’s a kind Gentleman.”

1861

1861

THE GREAT CHOBHAM CAMPAIGN.



E learn with pleasure that the gallant fellows assembled under canvas at Chobham have proved that they can not only stand fire, but they can stand water with astonishing bravery. No soldiers have ever gone so far "into the bowels of the land" as these highlowed heroes, who have stamped the imprint of their military heels on the mud of Chobham. Never

were laurels so thoroughly watered as the laurels worn at Chobham, by what Cockneyism would call indiscriminately the veterans and the wetter-uns of our encamped soldiery. If any man lately under canvas has had a stain to get rid of, we may be sure that it has been thoroughly washed out by the showers with which he has been saturated. The only wonder is that the gallant fellows have not been all washed away by a mode of "hero wash-up" that would have been indeed deplorable.

THE LAST OF THE PAUPERS.

A PAUPER is generally imagined by foreigners to be a lantern-jawed, herring-paunched, emaciated and pallid wretch, cropped and shaven, clothed in pepper-and-salt ditto, and employed in crushing bones for manure and soup. Thanks to Free Trade and the Diggings—among second causes—this order of fellow Christians is now almost extinct. Our continental neighbours will find, on inquiry, that a wholly different appearance is for the most part presented by the remaining objects of British charity. Coats, waistcoats, and trousers—in some cases gaiters and breeches—of superfine black cloth, warm and comfortable to the feeling, sleek and glossy to the sight, envelope with liberal amplitude proportions which are plump, and perhaps corpulent. The nether extremities are encased in capacious and shiny highlows, sometimes silver-buckled. A goodly beaver hat with extensive brim shades the entire man from the rays which tend to liquefy the oleaginous part of him. This is the only badge of poverty that he bears about him; its form is suggestive of an emblem of manual labour—the Shovel.

His dietary is open to no objection in regard either to quantity or quality; except that, in both respects, it tends rather to produce plethora and engender gout. It is, in fact, discretionary; for even when he enjoys an indoor maintenance, he receives a stipend in lieu of rations, and this sum is usually handsome enough to enable him to indulge in every delicacy of every season.

When he thus lives in the House—the Almshouse provided for him—he has the whole of it to himself, and is required to share it with nobody except his own family, if he is blessed with one: so far, therefore, from being separated from his wife in a comfortless ward, he occupies a mansion which is the abode of domestic happiness.

His work is mostly as optional, conversely, as his victuals: so that he can eat and drink as much, and exert himself as little as he likes. The only employment obligatory upon him is light clerical duty, and the greater part of that he is permitted to delegate to somebody else. He is supposed, indeed, to be continually producing new editions of Greek Testament, biblical or patristic commentaries, confutations of Popery, apologies for Church-rates, and other works tending to the spiritual welfare of the nation; to the due performance of which tasks a necessary condition is learned leisure, accompanied by nutritious food and generous liquor.

This walking monument of beneficence—walking when he does not ride in a well-appointed carriage—is almost the only eleemosynary kind of person, except the actual mendicant, existing among HER MAJESTY'S subjects. The funds which serve for the maintenance of the order of industrious poverty to which this useful member of society belongs, are derived from freehold and personal property together with rent-charges on land, amounting on the whole to £50,000,000. That all this property was granted by our ancestors for charitable purposes—to wit hospitals and schools—attests their munificence; whilst how prosperous we are is evident from the fact, that in order to use up all their bounty, we roll several hundred paupers into one.

The Heroes of a Hundred Showers.

The Clerk of the Weather ought certainly to be called to account for his treatment of our gallant soldiers at Chobham, who have been literally in "soak" during nearly the whole of the present campaign. The incessant wet is, in fact, a reflection upon the courage of the military, for we may well ask if they are subjected to weather that is always foul on the principle, that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

THE MAD CABMAN'S SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Wot 's this?—wot hever is this 'ere?
Eh?—arf a suvrin!—feels like vuu—
Boohoo! they won't let me have no beer!
Suppose I chucks it up into the sun!—
No—that ain't right—
The yaller's turned wite!
Ha, ha, ho!—he's sold and done—
Come, I say!—I won't stand that—
'Tis all my eye and BETTY MARTIN!
Over the left and all round my hat,
As the pewter pot said to the kevarten.

Who am I? HEMPRER of the FRENCH
LEWIS NAPOLEON BONYPART,
Old Spooney, to be sure—
Between you and me and the old blind oss.
And the doctor says there ain't no cure.
D'yc thunk I care for the blessed Bench?—
From Temple Bar to Charing Cross?
Two mile and better—arf a crown—
Talk of screwing a feller down!
As for poor BILL, it's broke his art.
Cab to the Moon, Sir? Here you are!—
That's—how much?—
A farlim' touch!
Now as we can't demand back fare.

But, guv'ner, wot can this 'ere be?—
The fare of a himperial carriage?
You don't mean all this 'ere for me!
In course you ain't heerd about my marriage—
I feels so precious keveer!
How was it I got that kick o' the ed?
I've ad a slight hindisposition,
But a Beak ain't no Physician.
Wot's this 'ere, Sir? wot's this 'ere?
You call yerself a gentleman? yer Snob!
He wasn't bled:
And I was let in for forty bob,
Or a month, instead:
And I caught the lumbago in the brain—
I've been confined—
But never you mind—
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! I ain't hinsane.

Vot his this 'ere? Can't no one tell?
It sets my ed a spinnin—
The QUEEN'S eye winks—it aint no sell—
The QUEEN'S ed keeps a grinnin:
Ha, ha! 'twas guv
By the cove I druv—
I vunders for wot e meant it!
For e sez to me,
E sez, sez e,
As I ort to be contented!
Wot did yer say, Sir, wot did yer say?
My fare!—wot, that!
Yer knocks me flat.
Hit in the vind!—I'm chokin—give us air—
My fare? Ha, ha! My fare? Ho, ho! My fare?
Call that my fare for drivin yer a mile?
I ain't hinsane—not yet—not yet avile!—
Wot makes yer smile?
My blood is bilin' in a violent manner!
Wot's this I've got?
Show us a light—
This ere is—wot?
There's sunthin the matter with my sight—
It is—yes!—No!—
'Tis, raly, though—
Oh, blow! blow! blow!
Ho, ho, ho, ho! it is, it is a Tanner!

Parliamentary Parallels.

"Mr. SPOONER presented a petition from parishes in Wiltshire against the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays."

Suppose Mr. LUCAS were to present a petition from parishes in Meath, praying for the closure of butchers' shops on Fridays?



A PHOTOGRAPHIC POSITIVE.

Lady Mother (loquitor). "I shall feel obliged to you, Mr. SQUILLS, if you would remove these stains from my daughter's face. I cannot persuade her to be sufficiently careful with her Photographic Chemicals, and she has had a misfortune with her Nitrate of Silver. Unless you can do something for her, she will not be fit to be seen at LADY MAYFAIR'S to-night."

[MR. SQUILLS administers relief to the fair sufferer, in the shape of Cyanide of Potassium.

SONGS OF THE MENDICANTS.

No. 1.—THE SAILOR (BEGGAR'S) SONG.

I'm a jolly London sailor; I
Gaily still I keep afloat,
With the picture of a Whaler,
And the model of a boat.
True, I ne'er was on the Ocean,
But I've travelled wide and far,
Kept by the police in motion,
Pity a Whitechapel Tar!

Shivered are my timbers, stranger;
Lame, you see, is poor JACK JUNK:
Yes, I got this, braving danger,
(Falling from a scaffold drunk).
On my forehead see depicted
Valour's honourable scar
(T was with a pint pot inflicted).
Pity a Whitechapel Tar!

Glazed my hat and blue my jacket,
White my trowsers, loose my tie;
Seaman's costume, when I lack it,
Down at Houndsditch I can buy.
Naval talk I've learnt in places
Where the British seamen are;
"Furl the main-top," "splice the braces."
Pity a Whitechapel Tar!

Nursemaids, from your upper casements
Throw the halfpence freely down;
Cooks from areas and from basements,
On the sailor do not frown.
Bring the joints out, if we ask it,
Distant is the seaman's star;
(Here's the plate! I'll prig the basket).
Pity a Whitechapel Tar!

TOAST AND WATER.—A Toast proposed at a Temperance Meeting.

GREAT JEW MEETING.

On Saturday evening last, a large and influential meeting of members of the Hebrew nation assembled in the Synagogue, Great Saint Helen's, for the purpose of taking into consideration the recent article in *Punch*, in which that illustrious individual, remarking upon the fact that Jews were somehow or other mixed up in most cases of fraud, chicanery and imposture, strongly counselled the respectable and wealthy portion of the community to take such measures, as might tend to destroy an argument especially useful to those whose bigotry resisted the admission of the Jew Englishman to the civil rights of a Christian Englishman.

Among those who were present we noticed BARON INGOTS, SIR AARON MONTECHRISTO, MR. ALDERMAN FITZDAVID, the REV. RABBI HAPHTORAH, PROFESSORS BERESHITH and BARA, and others, as representatives of the higher classes; and MESSRS. ABRAHAMS, ISAACS, JACOBS, IKEY, BARNEY, CLO, O. CLO, BEHEMOTH, GONOFF, SHOBBES, FENCE, SHEENEY, TANGO, &c. &c. on the other interest. The former class had not deemed it desirable to bring the ladies of their families, but in the body of the meeting we remarked MRS. and MISS IKEY, MRS. BEHEMOTH, MRS. and the MISSES SHOBBES (11), MRS. and MISS SHARON, MRS. TUSKS, and other distinguished Mosaic ornaments of private life.

MR. ALDERMAN FITZDAVID was voted into the chair, and a disposition to disturbance among the less select part of the meeting was speedily suppressed by the worthy Alderman reminding them, in a firm but good-humoured tone, that "he happened to be a magistrate." A young gentleman in the crowd appeared to take this remark as personal, and left the meeting somewhat abruptly, immediately after which it was noticed that MRS. SHARON was compelled to borrow her daughter's pocket-handkerchief.

MR. ALDERMAN FITZDAVID then read the article from *Punch*, and said that the Hebrews were deeply indebted to that periodical. It had never shrunk from fighting their battles, or from pointing out their errors, and he was convinced that no right-minded Jew could mistake *Mr. Punch's* meaning or mistrust his goodwill. There was no doubt that the great mass of the Jews in England worshipped gold with a devotion which made them blind to better things.

A Voice. 'Vot's better, my dear, ceptin' dimonds; eh, vot

MR. ALDERMAN FITZDAVID would tell them. Honesty was better, and straightforward dealing, and liberality. Why had the word Jew become synonymous—

A Voice. Eh? vot. There's a proud vord. Dictionary, s'elp me! Aint he ambitious? Synonymouth! Lor!

MR. ALDERMAN FITZDAVID. Synonymous with—he would not say cheat, but with a sharp practitioner, in the mouths of their Christian fellow-subjects?

A Voice. All prejudith, my dear; all blinded prejudith, whereof it behoves them to be ashamed. (The speaker was here removed by Policeman C 146, in order to an arbitration in regard to a gold snuff-box just annexed by the former.)

BARON INGOTS said that he was urgent to remove this reproach from Israel. He looked to education as the remedy, but then the Jews had already ample provision of well-conducted schools. There was something wanting besides mere book-learning.

The REV. RABBI HAPHTORAH would not preach to them, but he, in common with all who endeavoured to do good by instruction, felt painfully that the spirit of modern Judaism counteracted the effect of the noble Hebrew rules of life. What was the use of his proclaiming "Covet not," when the lesson of every day was "Covet everything, and get as much of it as you can."

A Voice. The Christians as talks is so much better, isn't them?

SIR A. MONTECHRISTO. That was no answer. Besides he was bound to admit that there was a large portion, though only a portion, of the Christians, who did look to better things than mere gain. It was a disgrace to the English Jews, considering their limited number and great advantages, that they did not present a practical refutation of the charges of their enemies.

A Voice. Hear him! Vy, he could buy up streets full of Christians as easy as I'd buy a net of oranges. (*Blandly.*) D'ye happen to vant any fine oranges, SIR HAIROH? Proud to vait upon yer at yer ousc—knows it vell. Not a Lord in the land—not the DUKEY VELLINTONS himself has got a finer. Now.

PROFESSOR BERESHITH dwelt with much earnestness upon the contemptible character of the greedy and avaricious man, and upon his inevitably low station in the scale of society; but his speech was interrupted by MRS. BEHEMOTH, who insisted on forcing her way to the chairman, in order to get him to buy a ring which had come into

her hands rather promiscuous, and was just fit for his finger. The horrible clamour which the energetic matron made, on being put forth from the meeting, tended to bring matters to a conclusion. Other speeches were delivered, in which the Hebrew gentlemen expressed their sincere desire to improve the condition of their humbler brethren, but the latter did not seem very grateful, or much inclined to co-operate. A resolution of thanks to *Punch*, and of hope that he would continue his exertions for and among the Jews was carried, and the meeting was broken up.

'A WASTE OF SYMPATHY.'



PUNCH has seen that much generous sympathy has been excited for an unfortunate Cab-driver, "said" to have been sent to prison for a month for the offence of not having five shillings in his pocket. One story is good fill another is told; but unfortunately the police reporters tell so many stories, that it is almost impossible to keep pace with them. After several columns of indignation—more or less virtuous; after the expenditure of a rivulet of ink, having more than the usual quantity of gall in it; and after a little energetic questioning in the House of Commons, the plain truth comes out that the Cab-driver never said a word about "not having five shillings," and consequently was not sent to prison at all for his poverty, but because he was convicted of an overcharge, and because he declined the test of actual measurement which was offered to him.

We make every allowance for a reporter whose province it may be to exaggerate gooseberries, and give undue enormity to cauliflowers for paragrammatical purposes, but it is rather too hard of him to indulge his imagination and allow it to run riot in getting up a monstrous case of

magisterial oppression. The affair has, perhaps, answered its purpose, for it has given gigantic dimensions to a police report and made that prodigious of half-a-crown which would, if kept within the commonplace limits of fact, have yielded scarcely a shilling; it has given an opportunity to "able editors" to write admirable leading articles—admirable in every respect but the foundation, which has unfortunately given way; and it has permitted vigilant Members of Parliament to show their vigilance, by asking the Home Secretary what he is about, and why he doesn't reverse a few magisterial decisions every now and then, by way of keeping up the "independence" of the Bench and showing that he is not asleep in his office. So far as any good may result from these things, the fictitious report of the Cab case has answered its purpose; but the only real advantage we can see in it has been gained by the Cabman, for whom subscriptions have poured in which have enabled him to pay his fine, and perhaps leave him a handsome balance for future penalties. Whilst we firmly oppose the Cabman in all his delinquencies—and they are not a few—let him only come forward with a real wrong, and he shall have all the benefit of *Punch's* avenging *biton*.

Well off for Soap.

In consequence of the reduction of the Soap Duties, an eccentric gentleman, who likes a smooth shaven lawn, has the lawn in front of his house lathered in order to be shaved.

LOVESUIT AND LAWSUIT.

PROMISE of marriage is like precious China—a man has so much to pay for its breakage.

MARTIN IN JACK'S GOWN; OR, MAWORM WELL ACTED.

THERE is no kind of man more delightful to meet with than a good clergyman who is also a good fellow, and, moreover,—within canonical and decent limits—a wag. Now, here is one such singularly pleasant parson, writing, as a correspondent of the *Times*, thus:—

"Sir,—My attention has just been directed to an Advertisement in the *Times* of the 11th instant, inserted by the Great Western Railway Company, announcing an excursion train for Sunday, the 17th instant, to Oxford, Banbury, Leamington, Warwick, and concluding by saying, that 'the Warwick station is only a short distance from the romantic ruins of Kenilworth Castle.'

"This last sentence is probably only added as a bait to catch excursionists. It is well, therefore, that such and the public in general should know that—thanks to its excellent proprietor, the EARL OF CLARENDON—the romantic ruins of Kenilworth Castle are not open to visitors on the Sabbath—an arrangement, I may add, which has added much to the morality and proper observance of the Lord's Day in our parish.

"I remain, your obedient Servant,
"EDWARD K. EARDLEY WILMOT,
"Vicar of Kenilworth, July 18.

This is no judaizing Puritan, this Mr. WILMOT. This is no semi-Christian pharisee, substituting for the broad phylactery the extensive white choker highly starched; no fanatical sort of hybrid or mule, taking most after donkey. No; our Reverend gentleman is a genial, kindly priest, with a turn for playful irony—in the spirit whereof he writes to the *Times*. He knows well enough—bless him!—that the liberal EARL OF CLARENDON would never have shut up "Kenilworth Castle" against the busy people, on the only day when there would be any use in opening it to them. He, to be sure, is aware that the ungracious deed has been perpetrated by some underling; some sanctimonious BAREBONES of a steward, or some methodistical old house-keeper, to whom the "bitter observance of the Sabbath" is sweeter than fees. Indeed, his use of the Jewish word Sabbath, in this connexion, for the day which he calls below by its Christian name, allows his real feeling as regards the matter to transpire. In feigning to thank the excellent EARL OF CLARENDON for a miserable act of bigotry, he takes a funny way of letting the noble EARL know what a sectarian ass some one of his servants has been making himself in the name, and at the expense, of the reputation of his Lordship.

The conclusion of our Reverend humourist's epistle is capital. No doubt such an arrangement as that of shutting up "a romantic ruin," a scene of picturesque and venerable beauty, replete with historical associations of famous memory, suggestive of lofty and solemn thought; no doubt the arrangement of closing such an objectionable place as this on the Sunday, must have "added much to the morality and proper observance" of that day in the parish, by tending considerably to increase the congregation at—the public-house.

THE JOLLY OLD WATERMAN.

AND did you e'er hear of a jolly old Waterman
Who at the cabstand used for to ply?
He feathered his nest with the passenger's halfpennies,
Smoking his pipe, with a drop in each eye.
He looked so drunk—yet stood so steadily,
The drivers all flocked to his stand so readily;
And he eyed the old rogues with so knowing an air,
For this Waterman knew they would cheat every fare.

What sights of gents drunk and incapable, very,
He'd clean out so nice, and politely withal,
As he called the first cab, when the finely-dressed victims
Came staggering out from Cremorne or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be quizzing and queering,
And 'twas all one to TOM, all this chaffing and jeering:
For laughing or chaffing he little did care,
For this Waterman wished but to rifle the fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen,
As he joggled along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was caught by a Cab Act so awfully stringent,
That it caused all the tricks of the cab-s: and to fall.
But would this old Waterman feel proper sorrow,
For all his old tricks, and turn honest to-morrow;
And should this old Waterman act with more care,
He'll be licensed, and never impose on a fare.

The American Cupid.

A YOUNG lady calls Mr. HOBBS, CUPID, because CUPID is Love and Love, as the proverb says, laughs at locksmiths, and so does MR. HOBBS.

A CABMAN'S IDEA OF A FARE.—A cheque on a Banker.



PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICER IN THE BLUES.

CURE FOR THE CONSCIENCE MONEY MANIA.

REALLY the Conscience Money Mania is becoming quite a nuisance. Every day, almost, the *Times* contains some such announcement as this:—

“THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of half-notes value £15, for unpaid Income Tax.”

A good healthy conscience is the noblest point in the character of that noblest work of creation—an honest man. But a diseased conscience is as bad as a rotten potatoe; it is worse than no conscience at all; some degrees below mere dishonesty. This kind of conscience makes people pay omitted Income Tax. They shouldn't do so. It is really quite immoral. The Income Tax is acknowledged to be an imposition by GLADSTONE himself, inasmuch that he has even made arrangements for its cessation. That it never will cease, however; that it will be as perennial as evil in the abstract, or the Deuce himself, is feared by everybody except the jolly beggars, and those who are too ignorant and helpless, or too lazy, to earn liability to its infliction. Any symptoms of acquiescence in it, of anything but dogged opposition to it, on the part of the public, will infallibly encourage Chancellors of the Exchequer to try and perpetuate it. To pay it voluntarily, to pay it at all except under protest, to pay it under any circumstances whatever but those of legal necessity, is to give Chancellors of the Exchequer that encouragement: much more to pay it in a conspicuous and ostentatious manner, at beat of drum, so to speak, as the gentleman settles his just accounts in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. And this is encouraging the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to go on cheating the nation, or rather cheating part of the nation, in order to bribe the rest. It is being an accessory to the confiscation of one's own property; to defrauding one's self: whereas, surely, if suicide is the worst kind of murder, self-cozenage is the vilest sort of rognery. Therefore, we argue that the conscientiousness that pays conscience money on account of Income Tax is, as aforesaid, morbid; a diseased bump, in phrenological language, which ought to be shaved, and have ice put to it, or leeches, or cupping glasses after scarification, to be followed by a blister: recourse to these antiphlogistic measures being combined with alterative and cooling medicines.

A GROSS IMPOSITION.

SHOULD the Corporation of London be “hauled over the coals” it will certainly be the heaviest burden that has yet been laid on the unfortunate coals—in spite of what they already suffer.

IMPORTANT TO MANUFACTURERS.—The machinery of a cotton-mill in general goes like clock-work, but this is not the case when the hands strike.

THE GAME IN THE EAST.

Of all the games that e'er in the world of play were hit upon,
Since the ingenious “heads I win, and tails you lose” was lit upon,
The most winning game by far is that now played by the CZAR
With France and England—famous flats to try his wicked wit upon.

A Turkey is the stakes in the match; and who can wonder
That to the wily CZAR France and England should kneek under,
That the honour in their hand 'gainst his tricks can never stand,
When his game is all finesse, and theirs all revoke and blunder?

What marvel France and England each deal are looking graver?
What marvel Russia's play grows more brilliant and braver?
When, thanks to his strong club, 'ere the close of the first rub,
He's the nine points of possession scored already in his favour?

When they lead off with a bow, he trumps it with a bluster;
They come out with a minister, he answers with a muster;
When diplomatic right meets autoeratic might,
The latter oft proves stronger, though the former may be juster.

Meanwhile no rook e'er plucked his pigeons with more suavity,
Or pocketed his winnings with more self-denying gravity,
Or ever did express more acuteness of distress
At the slightest hint of cheating, or any such depravity.

And throughout, it must be owned, he has shown the utmost patience
In entertaining any or all negotiations;
But we argue and he acts, till our words against his facts
End in landing him across the Pruth, for further operations.

LOGIC FOR MR. LUCAS.

NUNS are, for the most part, ladies of extreme sanctity and purity who educate large numbers of children, and do a great deal of good to the poor.

Therefore, to institute any inquiry as to their liability, under existing circumstances, to compulsory detention in their convents, to cruel punishments under the name of penance, to coercion in regard to the assignment of their property, or any other species of constraint, ill-usage, or duress, at the hands of malicious, fanatical, or unscrupulous superiors, and ecclesiastical governors, is unnecessary and inexpedient.

Table Turning Extraordinary.

“DEAR PUNCH,—FARADAY was regularly non-plussed by experiments at the Royal Agricultural Meeting at Gloucester. The President, Vice-President, and Honorary Secretary caused to be placed before them a large tub filled with three gallons of cream; the fingers of the three gentlemen were placed upon the rim of the tub, and in about fifteen minutes the cream began to move round until it became *solid Butter!*”

“A BLACK SPIRIT.”

Science among the Swains.

If there were any truth in Spirit Rapping, we should be glad if the ghost of any good old British farmer would be so kind as to rap out its ideas on the subject of an agricultural implement, for which a prize has been awarded by the Royal Agricultural Society, and which rejoices in the name of a Dynamometer. Respecting this new-fangled invention, however, it would not, perhaps, be correct to print all the expressions which the worthy but possibly rather prejudiced spirit might “rap out.”

JEWISH DISABILITIES!

TOM DUNCOMBE thanks his stars that the Jews never can come into Parliament, as it will be a matter of impossibility for them to swallow the immense quantity of *gammon* there is in the House.

What “can” the Police be about?

A WRETCHED creature who hangs about the *Punch* Office thrust the following indescribable piece of nonsense under the door:

“When is the weather favourable to Haymaking? When it rains pitchforks.”

There! and yet we pay a police rate of two shillings and twopence in the pound.

A MISTAKE IN ALL THE MAPS.

WHATEVER geographers may say, in order that the combined fleets may enter the Dardanelles, they must get out of the Pacific.



EFFECT OF THE CAB STRIKE.—GOING TO THE OPERA IN A WHEELBARROW.

THE LAMENT OF THE PORTSMOUTH SLOPSELLER.

PRETTY Christianth! No war! Dey von't fight after all!
 Pretty Christianth, nice Christianth, dese nations I call:
 Dey promith'd so fair to cut each others' throats,
 And dey 're goin' to thettle de squabble by notesh!

Not a goin' to fight!—and deir quarrel arose
 About deir religioth—not comin' to blows!
 Dere never was Christianth behaved so afore,
 But who's to depend on 'em now, any more?

Here'th we bin' a goin' and thtoekin' our thopth,
 And what shall we do now wid all dem old thlopth
 Wid which all our thelyth and our vinders is filled—
 No war, nor no actioth, nor no theamem killed?

Vat customers is dere dem vatcheth vill buy,
 As ve've got for the thailorth—dem vatcheth to fry?
 Dem jewels, rings, thatin, and thilks, all in 'more
 Agin JACK with prizemoney comin' athore?

And vere's all de monish ve thought good as made
 In other thmall vays of rethpectable trade,
 Such as lodgin' and board for de tars to provide,
 And p'raps a few thlight 'commodations bethide?

Dere's JACOBTH a cryin', 'cause now he von't get
 JACK JUNK to run head over ears in his debt,
 Vid his Vill and his Power, lest he shouldn't come back,
 By vay of insurin' de life of poor JACK.

Vot a shame o' them Christianth our hopes to cethite,
 And then for to cruth 'em, and not have no fight!—
 Just ven as ve'd made up our mouths for the meat—
 Pretty Christianth! I thpose you don't call this no sheat!

The Bill of the Session.

A MORE important Bill than any which has been introduced into Parliament this Session remains to be brought forward. That is, the Bill of National Expenses, including the baker's bill, which will have been incurred on account of the paper war with Russia.

OUR HONEYMOON.

MONDAY, MAY 27, 18—

"Tom's a good fellow,"—said FREDERICK, when he got to bed.

"I don't want to hear anything of TOM now," said I; for suddenly I felt as if I could have—well, I don't know what; but I did for the minute almost hate the man.

"He goes very early to-morrow. By the first coach, love. I've promised to see him off."

"How very kind of you, FRED;" and I could almost have cried, he seemed as if it was so easy for him to try to deceive me. "Going to see him off? Then—for it's very late; for my part, I thought the man would never go—then you'd better go to sleep, FRED; that you may be up. Otherwise you'll be very tired, dear; very tired."

"Think so?" said FRED, trying to be cool: for I knew it was only trying. "Think so?"

"I'm sure so," said I, worried and restless and vexed: not that I stirred.

"Well, then, love, good night," said FRED.

"Good night," said I, very short; though I felt as if my heart would break.

I lay and listened, with the door-key under my pillow; and my pillow well under my shoulders. That key I was determined should never leave me: I'd make sure of that, and I grasped it to be certain it was there. Then I listened again. He was not asleep; I was sure of that; though he lay as still as any baby, and tried to seem asleep. Very well, thought I; very well; you shall not outwake me: no—I'll watch like any owl. At least like any guardian spirit.

And to think that FRED—my own FREDERICK, with one heart between us, as he's so often said—could lie there; yes, by my very side, and have a secret and keep it from me—well, I did begin to think that dear Mamma was right; and I've heard her say she'd never trust dear Papa further than she could see him—not always that.

At last he slept.—No; he didn't. Well, I never thought he could have such art. But perhaps he suspected my thoughts; imagined I was watching him! When this entered my head, I determined to affect sleep myself; and so see which of us could do it the best.

So I settled myself and—again being sure of the key; yes, there it was—safe enough—and began to appear to go to sleep. In a little while, I had so beautifully deceived him that he was fast—fast as a church.

—It couldn't have been above five minutes, but I had dozed off; and woke with such a start!—Almost instinctively I placed my hand under the pillow; the key was safe.

"What's the matter, LOTTY? Dreaming?"—said FRED; for I had either awakened him, or he was awake all the time. "What's it about?" he asked.

"Nothing in particular," said I, "good night, love; or you'll be too late for MR. TRUEPENNY."

At the word, I thought I heard FRED sigh—just gently sigh—and the sound went like a dagger through me!

And then what a dream I'd had: and it couldn't have lasted above three—certainly not five—minutes! What a dream! Such a confusion of things! I thought I still grasped the key, and it turned in my hand to a pistol! And then I thought I dropt it on the ground, and it went hopping along like a grass-hopper, popping and going off as it went. Then I thought I was resolved FRED should not get up and go out—and then I suddenly found myself tying the sleeves of his shirt in double-knots, and then emptying the water-jug into both his boots! Then I thought I went through a church-yard, and saw that odious TRUEPENNY—drest like a pantomime clown—digging a grave; and as he dug it, singing a song about spades being trumps. Then I thought FRED was suddenly by my side, and that dreadful TRUEPENNY took up a shovelful of earth, and was about to throw it, with a laugh, in the face of FRED, when I—I tried to scream, or did scream, and awoke!

Oh! how I did wish we were well at home! And how I did lie—lie upon thorns and listen for him to go well to sleep, that I might creep out and learn everything of JOSEPHINE. And how I blamed myself that, before I came to bed, I didn't go and hear all she had to say!—But then I was in such a flurry to have FRED all safe, and the key in my own possession—safe under my pillow—and I thought he would so soon go to sleep, and he hadn't! Which made it plain to me that he had something on his mind; and that something—oh, how I did abominate that MR. TRUEPENNY. No; I thought to myself—as I lay awake, waiting for FRED to go off, that is, if he was going to sleep at

all—no: MR. TRUEPENNY: you never enter my house. You never cross the threshold of the Fitch. A pretty friend indeed to take a man out—and that man newly married—to be shot like a sheep; and to leave a lonely, unprotected, broken-hearted—

The bitter thought was too much for me, I wept in good earnest; but cried so quietly—I was almost choked—for fear FRED, for he was not asleep, should hear me! Oh, and again and again I thought, if ever we *do* get home! What a home I'll make it! And still—and I was sure of it—still he was awake.

And then I thought, suppose he should not go to sleep at all. Suppose he should get up and—well, no matter; I was resolved: I'd get up with him. I'd go with him. I'd cling to him. I'd never leave him. I'd call assistance, constables—

And now it was broad daylight, and—yes, surely, he *was* asleep? I listened; and I couldn't be mistaken: no, I was sure he slept. And then I rose gently—very, very gently to look, and—yes,—he was in a deep sleep. His face—that beautiful face—was white, white and flushed and still as marble! Oh, how much I seemed to learn—how much more to live in that minute—looking, looking—and he—all the time as if there was some dreadful story under that deep stillness!

I rose quietly as possible; hardly breathing. But still he slept—I was sure of that. I took the key from under my pillow. Oh, that dreadful lock! It was old and rusty, and began to creak and squeak; and I holding my breath, and almost standing upon my tiptoes trying to turn the key. At last, with a grating noise the lock turned. I passed—he was still asleep. I opened the door; and was about to pass to JOSEPHINE'S, when something whispered me, lock the door again. I did so; for I couldn't be too sure. So I locked the door—that casket-door, as I thought—for FRED lay sleeping.

Fortunately, JOSEPHINE'S door was unlocked; though—I had not time to speak of it at the moment, not but that the thought struck me at the very instant—though how a young woman could go to bed without double-locking her door I couldn't understand, although on second thoughts perhaps she had left it open for me—and JOSEPHINE fast asleep. Fast! in fact, as I said, anybody—that is, any robber

—might have come in and stripped everything, and she been none the wiser. At last, by nudging and shaking I woke her.

"Murder!" she half-cried; but I put my hand before her mouth. "Silence! you foolish creature! You needn't cry out so! It's only"—

"La!" said the girl; "I was dreaming; and you did a little startle me. I thought it was true."

"Now, JOSEPHINE! what is it? I mean about your master"—

"It wasn't him I was dreaming on, Ma'am," cried the creature.

"I should think not, indeed," said I. "Dream of your master! Like your impudence! But what I want to know is—all, all you know."

"La! Ma'am!" cried the stupid girl, rubbing her eyes, and yawning frightfully.

"I mean that note you left on my dressing-table!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as though at last she was thoroughly awake.

"Oh, ma'am, be sure you don't let master get up. Put your arms round his neck, if you almost choke him—but don't let him get up."

"Why not?" I cried.

"He's going to fight; with pistols. One of—that is, I've been told all about it; but not time enough to tell you. Master would have fought yesterday, only it was Sunday, so he went to church instead. MR. TRUEPENNY has come, like a friend, all the way from London, to see fair play; but don't you let him get up, Ma'am, pray don't"—

"Fight! And with whom?"

"Don't know exactly, Ma'am; but that doesn't matter. One may be as bad as another. But you're sure master's safe, for he was to go out early, as I heard?"

"I've locked the door; and he shall not stir. If he attempts it, I'll raise the house!" said I.

"Do, Ma'am," cried JOSEPHINE, "and I'll help you."

I returned to my apartment with new resolution. I unlocked the door; crept into the room, and without looking again locked it; taking out the key, and hugging it close, I stepped softly towards the bed. FREDERICK was not there! I looked round—the sash was raised. He had escaped through the window.

All I know is, I gave a shriek and fell fainting upon the bed!

THE WOMAN'S ELEVATION LEAGUE.



THE March of Intellect will eventually stride onwards in "seven-leagued boots," for there is every now and then some new league claiming to give a forward impetus to humanity. The last new league is calculated to carry us many miles in advance of everything we have yet approached, for it is no other than a "Woman's Elevation League." Every league of this description contains several acres—commonly called wise-acres—and though no names are given in the "prospectus," we dare say we should meet with several "old familiar faces," if we could fall in with the committee, and that we should recognise among the members not a few of those professed friends of "progress," who are always making a

hash of something or other, and eventually falling out among themselves in the name of "universal harmony." The "Woman's Elevation League" professes of course to give Woman a tremendous hoist in one shape or another. We confess that our own ideas of the Elevation of Woman are not particularly definite, but are divided between MADAME POITEVIN in a balloon, and MADMOISELLE GELLINI making her "terrific ascent" at Cremorne to the top of a pastboard tower amidst a "brilliant display of fireworks." Possibly this is not the sort of "elevation" contemplated by the "league" in question for the female sex, though it is evidently designed to place Woman occasionally at the top of a poll; for it is contemplated that she shall take her seat in Parliament. We have been in the habit of thinking that women are very well as they are, but the "League" is desirous of making her a doctor, a trader, an artist, a politician, and a minister. The League thinks she does not "embrace" half enough; but we are modestly of opinion that a woman's embraces should be confined to her own family circle as closely as possible.

It would be impossible for any "League," however purely benevolent its objects may be, to proceed without subscriptions, and accordingly all ladies who wish to get "elevated" are requested to send "one shilling" as a preliminary step towards

the happy state alluded to. Any lady may, however, become qualified for "elevation" for life by a contribution of five guineas—a sum so large, that we think few women who take a sober view of matters in general will like to part with it. We have reasons of our own for thinking that the "elevation" of Woman would be a dangerous step, for a woman when once "put up" is not easily put down again.

THE KENSINGTON BUS-MEN.

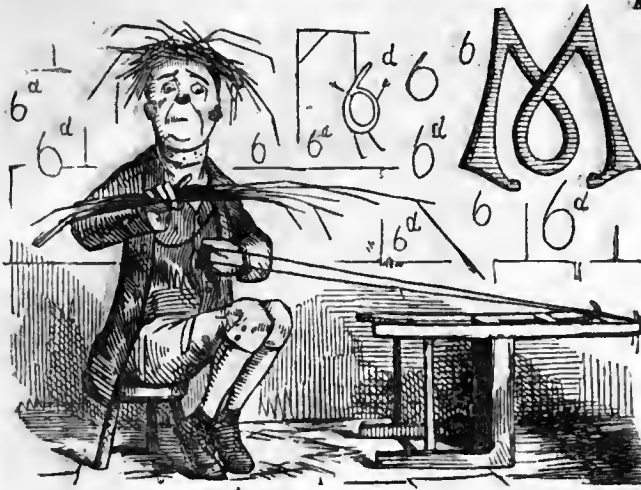
It would be a great convenience to the public if somebody would undertake the task of issuing a daily guide to apprise us of the fluctuations in the fares of a Kensington Omnibus. The price of shares, and the value of the funds are steadiness itself to the ups and downs of the fares demanded by the Kensington conductors, who frequently vary one hundred per cent. from the morning to the afternoon in their claims on the pockets of passengers. We can compare the fluctuations of the Kensington fares to nothing but the daily changes in the price of fish or other perishable commodities. On the day of the Cab strike the Kensington and other Bus-men brought out their fares at much higher quotations; but the public kept aloof, and very few passengers were "done" at the increased prices. It is some satisfaction to feel that after October these "tricks upon travellers" by the savage Bus-men of the West will be impossible, as the Police Commissioners will fix the fares, and one may then leave home in the morning with some confidence that after having paid a fair price to go into town, it will not be necessary to pay double the sum to get back again by the same conveyance.

A Cool Dog.

GENERAL FOX complains to the *Times* that the Great Northern refused to forward a setter, which he wished to send to Newcastle-on-Tyne, unless the dog was packed in a hamper. This precautionary stipulation, though rather vexatious, was not unreasonable, perhaps, in the dog-days; but when the Company required that the dog should be packed in a hamper, they might as well have also insisted on having him packed in ice.

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.—The Cab Strike was no joke, although it was all WALKER.

THE NEW CAB ACT,



MADE FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF PERSONS WHO RIDE IN CABS, AND FOR THE BETTER PROTECTION OF THOSE WHO DRIVE THEM.

(Being the kind of Act that Cabmen would wish to have.)

This Bill will shortly be printed. The following are some of its most important provisions:—

The Cabman shall have the option of accepting a fare or not, just as he pleases, and he may charge, either by time or distance, precisely as he likes. If he has travelled a long distance,

then he is to have the power of charging according to the number of miles, but if he has only been a short journey, and has taken a long time in going over it, in that case the Cabman is to be allowed the privilege of charging by the hour.

Any Cabman, fancying he has gone quite far enough—and Cabmen know best for themselves how far they can go—may suddenly stop, and insist upon his fare alighting, no matter at what distance the latter may be from his destination.

The rate of speed to be regulated by the Cabman himself, as it depends entirely upon what kind of horse he has got, and whether he has engaged his fare by time or distance.

In the event of the fare making any complaint, or neglecting to pay at once the full sum demanded of him, the Cabman is empowered to drive him to the nearest station-house, and to have the matter investigated. If in the wrong, the Cabman may have him fined for incivility, the penalty whereof shall be a sum not exceeding five pounds, and not less than five shillings; or, at the discretion of the magistrate, imprisonment, with or without hard labour, in the House of Correction, for a term not less than two calendar months.

Any person refusing to give his card, or to be quietly carried to the station-house, or convicted of having used insulting or disrespectful language against a Cabman, to be liable to a heavy fine, not exceeding £50, one-half of which is to go to the QUEEN, and the other half to the Cabman, or an imprisonment as above; and the person so condemned is further to find two sureties to keep the peace for six months.

Any person convicted of two such offences is to be deprived for ever of the privilege of riding in a public cab.

The rate of payment to be two shillings for the first mile, and as much as the Cabman likes to charge for every mile after that.

The above rate to be materially increased, if a person is going in a hurry to a railway, or is returning home late at night, and also on all special occasions, such as QUEEN'S Birthdays, Easter and Whitsun Mondays, Horticultural and Botanical Fête days, and all illumination nights, and likewise at all times when it should happen to be hailing, snowing, or raining.

In the event of a dispute as to distance, the ground to be measured at the expense of the person disputing the Cabman's word, and a sum of two pounds to be paid into Court as a guarantee for the result thereof.

Clause the Thirteenth enacts that, in all matters of dispute, whether the Cabman shall be proved to be right or wrong, he is to be paid his expenses, and a certain sum, not less than five shillings, for his loss of time.

Every person, beyond two, to be charged at the rate of a separate fare.

Luggage to be charged according to weight, at the same rates demanded by the Parcels' Delivery Company.

Back Fare to be paid on all occasions, and to be doubled after twelve o'clock.

By the next Clause it is enacted, that ladies are to be charged one-half as much again as gentlemen (this clause has been objected to as being rather stringent, and oppressively severe, but when it is considered the trouble that ladies give, and how they always object to pay what a Cabman asks of them, and how they always keep the Cabman waiting, with their useless arguments and frivolous complaints, it is but right that the Cabman should be protected against all such contingencies, and be allowed something extra for his unfeeling waste of time).

Babies, if taken, to be charged each as a separate fare, or else weighed as luggage, according to the option of the Cabman.

In no case is the fare to have the power of appeal against the Magistrate's decision.

There are several minor clauses, but we think we have shown enough of the NEW CAB ACT to prove that if only one-half of it is carried out, we shall have not only the Cabmen better protected, but also a better and more respectable class of riders in cabs.

THE CABALISTIC NUMBER.—This number is 6, with a small "d" placed on the right hand side, over the top of it; meaning that the price for riding in a Cab is now Sixpence a mile.

LATEST FROM THE CAPE.—A proposal has been under consideration in the magnetic circles here, to form an expedition for the purpose of moving Table Bay.

OUR MUDDY METROPOLIS.

LORD PALMERSTON at a recent City dinner good-humouredly twitted the Corporation on their dirt, and playfully threw the Thames in the face of the citizens. The Home Secretary, with a pleasant mixture of urbanity and satire, entreated the aid of the Londoners in consuming their own smoke, and absorbing their own mud, with a view to the filtration of their own river. We suppose his Lordship fancied the City Corporation might correct the City dirt; as one poison is said to dispel another, on the principle of *similia similibus*. We fear the Home Secretary fails to see with his usual clearness when he looks at the Thames as a sort of mirror which is only labouring under a temporary obfuscation, but which is capable of being restored to that translucent state which, according to the poets, formerly belonged to it. The Thames is one of those enormities which none of us can ever hope to see to the bottom of.

BEWARE! BEWARE! BEWARE!

(Being the Experience of a very Old Man.)

BEWARE of listening to a man who says he "will not detain you five minutes."

Beware of purchasing wine at an auction, which is described as "late the property of a nobleman who has gone to live upon the Continent."

Beware, if you are in a hurry, of getting into an empty omnibus.

Beware of a shop that deals in "AWFUL FAILURES!"

Beware of mentioning the name of Ireland in the presence of an Irishman.

Beware of interfering in any quarrel—more particularly a matrimonial one.

Beware of marrying a woman who has "great expectations."

Beware of short cuts, when you are travelling; of playing with a man who knows a trick or two at cards; of buying a horse of a friend; of living near a firework-gallery; above all, beware of putting your name on a stamped piece of paper, as much as you would beware of steel-traps and spring guns, or of putting your fingers in the fire.

ROSES OF SHARON FOR AUSTRALIA.

WE are pleased to learn that MRS. CHISHOLM—(she is to have a formal interview of HER MAJESTY, we understand, before departure)—is about to take in her own ship, the *Caroline Chisholm*, no less than twenty young maiden Jewesses, resolved to emigrate to Australia for the noblest and most humanising of purposes. These damsels—should matrimony be their fate—have every hope that they shall be enabled to win their gold digging husbands from an unceasing pursuit of the root of evil, teaching them that, after all, gold is only the dross of life, and that there is nothing like virtuous love and contented poverty. These young enthusiasts have made quite a sensation in the Minorities; and one speculative Hebrew has already offered them very handsome terms to exhibit themselves. Several entire Jewish families have already emigrated to the diggings. None of them, it was observed, had pickaxes; but all had scales.

A Coagulated Horde.

IN connexion with the Eastern question, it may be remarked that the Kurds appear to be a very savage, murderous race; and that Kurds like these can hardly be supposed to be made of the milk of human kindness.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPOSSIBILITY (AT PRESENT).—"To make hay while the sun shines."



A SON AND HEIR.

Son and Heir. "HOW MANY OF US ARE THERE? WHY, IF YOU COUNT THE GIRLS, THERE ARE SIX—BUT SOME PEOPLE DON'T COUNT THE GIRLS.—I'M ONE."

THE CABMAN AND HIS GOOD AND EVIL REPORT.

THE Reporter of the celebrated Bow Street Cab Case has written to the *Times* and to us (our letter is sealed with the official seal of the Court) to contradict the contradiction which was given in the House of Commons to his report of the case of PHILLIPS the cabman, who would not or could not put down five shillings for measuring the distance of a fare with respect to which he was charged with an overcharge.

The Reporter appeals to our sense of justice—a tribunal to which nobody ever appealed in vain; but we cannot see that any injustice has been done, and therefore the appeal can only meet with a dismissal. The Reporter and the Magistrate are at issue in their statements of what took place, but the former's contradiction of the latter had not been published when our article was at press; and, had it been, we certainly see no reason why we should believe one party to the discredit of the other. That reporters are fallible we know by the frequency with which their inaccuracies are corrected; and we fear the Reporter in question is capable of making a mistake, for he informs us that "years ago" his "Bow Street reports led to the dismissal of a very incompetent magistrate" (which may be possible), "and to the appointment of Mr. HENRY as his successor," which is utterly incredible. We need not waste words in pointing out the absurdity of the assumption that the report of what was being done by a magistrate at one court, could in the smallest degree conduce to the appointment of any other magistrate, though the publicity given to any improper acts of the former might lead to his dismissal.

In conclusion, we have only to say that the Magistrate gives one version of the affair, and the Reporter gives another. Neither magistrates nor reporters are infallible, and we must therefore leave the public to decide for themselves which of the two has, on this occasion, been accurate. The Reporter lays some stress—and with some show of reason—on the alleged fact, that his statement of the case is supported by a note in the minute-book kept by the clerk, and pried into, as it seems, rather unceremoniously by the Reporter; but if a

magistrate is liable to err, it is possible that his clerk may be capable of error. Having performed an act of justice, by recording the protest of the Reporter against the impeachment of his accuracy, which we noticed last week, we have done with the subject.

A learned Assistant Judge, while trying a boy for stealing a pudding, summed up thus:—"Here's the pudding; up pops the boy, off goes the pudding, and after him goes the policeman. You've got the boy, the pudding, and the policeman before you, and now, Gentlemen of the Jury, consider your verdict." In like manner, we say to the public, "You have got the report, the Reporter, and the Magistrate before you; therefore, Gentlemen of England, consider your verdict."

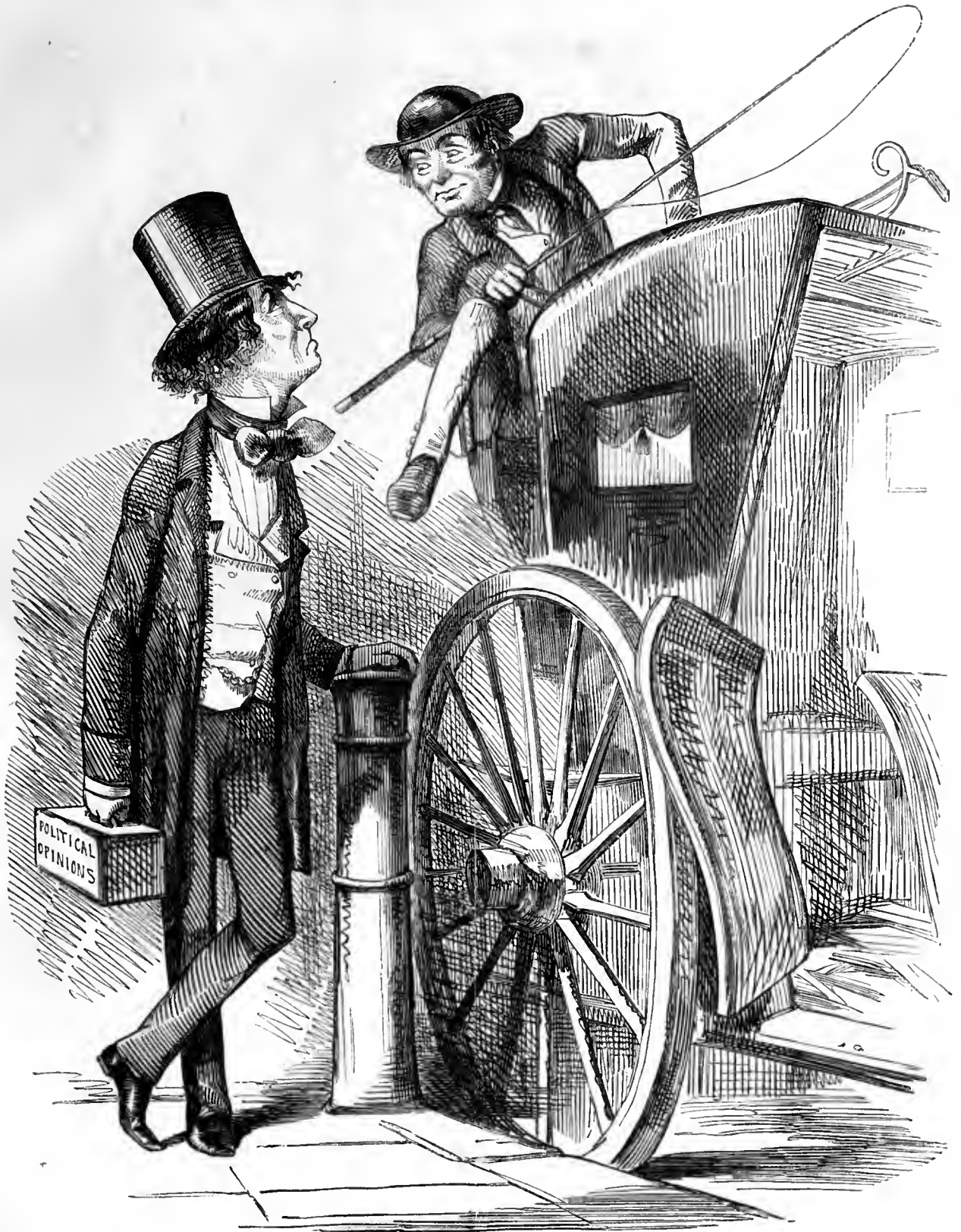
BAD BEER WITH A GOOD NAME.

FROM the report of a recent case in the Rolls Court, it appears that some rogues have been putting damaged Prestonpans Ale into bottles labelled with the names of MESSRS. BASS and MESSRS. ALLSOPP, and selling the stuff under these false titles "at fairs and races." We suspect that this trick is too common. You meet, occasionally, with beer thus labelled, by which, no doubt, those firms are libelled; for it is a libel on respectable brewers to impute bad beer to them: and the sort of bitter beer we allude to is bitter bad. We call it beer, indeed; but we no more believe that it is made of malt and hops than that it is brewed by ALLSOPP or by BASS, whose names appear on the bottles it is sold in, but, to give a correct idea of their contents, ought to be altered to BASE and ALLSLOP.

"Time was made for Slaves."

THE present policy of NICHOLAS is an illustration of the truth of this. For all he wants for Russians is time; a commodity that our Cabinet seems disposed to allow any quantity of.

SHEAR IMPUDENCE.—Following from street to street a poor foreigner with a long beard, and persecuting him to buy a pair of razors.



THE DISTANCE TO DOWNING STREET.

D-s-li. "HOW FAR TO DOWNING STREET?"

R-ss-h. "WELL, SIR, YOU'LL FIND IT A LONG WAY ROUND."



THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE IN WANT OF A CAB.

SCENE.—The Great Western Railway Station on the morning of Wednesday, July 27th. A Train has just arrived, bringing, inter alios et alias, THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, with her usual moderate but miscellaneous accumulation of luggage, consisting of a hair-trunk profusely brass-lettered, and without the slightest lifting appliance in the way of handles; a cubical black box, with a convex top, very apt to give way (like its mistress) on slight provocation, and trusting much for support to a net-work of curiously knotted cordage; an oblong contrivance of wicker-work and oilskin, like a chicken-basket in a tarpaulin overcoat; a flower-pot, with a balsam in full blow; a basket, much too small for its work; four distinct parcels, of respectable dimensions and irregular form, two in brown paper, one in a newspaper, and the fourth securely sewed up in huckaback; a large stone bottle of real mushroom ketchup; a pair of strong shoes, which having obstinately refused to enter the hair-trunk, have been brought up by hand; an aged, but still expansive, carpet-bag, bursting with its contents; a bonnet-box and an umbrella, with a parasol and a camp-stool. As the Scene opens, THE UNPROTECTED is discovered in the act of reclaiming and gathering about her, with her usual distractedness, these her goods and chattels, as they are landed from the Luggage-Van, in the midst of a crowd of all ages, sexes, and conditions, occupied in the same way. The Porters have an embarrassed air, and not a Cab is to be seen on the Stand. Sharp-witted Passengers, who have rushed off to secure "first Cab," stand bewildered on the edge of the Platform. Ladies are huddled helplessly together, ruefully surveying their baggage. Indignant individuals are asking questions; and the possession of every inch of room in two fortunate Omnibuses is being fiercely contested, with very little regard to the route about to be taken by these vehicles.

Indignant Gentleman (who has a habit of constituting himself the stern representative of Public Opinion). No Cabs! Halloo!—Station-master—Guard—Hi—you Sir—Here; what's the meaning of this?

Station Officer (respectfully, but sadly). Cabs struck, Sir, I'm sorry to say.

Hopeless Lady (who has a happy faculty of seeing the worst at a glance). Oh! I was sure something dreadful would happen.

Indignant Gentleman. Cabs struck? What the devil! eh—d'y'e mean to tell me—struck!

Officer. Not a Cab to be had all over London!

Indignant Gentleman (whom the unhappy passengers have already begun to look up to, so imposing is his manner). Here's a pretty state of things—the blackguards! But they're punishable. They're bound to ply for hire—it's illegal.

Officer. Can't say, Sir. But they've done it, any way.

[INDIGNANT GENTLEMAN delivers a withering Philippic against the Executive in general, and MR. FITZROY in particular, which is respectfully received by the Passengers, but does not excite much attention from the Railway Officials, whom he threatens violently with damages to a large amount. THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, who has heard the preceding dialogue, seems stupefied. She has not uttered even a cry or an exclamation, but sits helpless and hopeless, amidst a barricade of her luggage.

Practical Man (who has hitherto said nothing, but heard everything, —to a Porter). Can I get a man to carry my luggage?

1st Porter. We'll carry on it all outside the Station, Sir; there's men there—

2nd Porter (shouldering a mountain of Portmanteaus). And wheeles—

3rd Porter (upheaving a similar load, and half to himself). Such as they is.

[The Porters have by this time arrived at the luggage of THE UNPROTECTED, who still sits as if crushed by the blow.

Cheery Porter. Now, 'arm; jes' sit up off the trunk, will ye—

The Unprotected (suddenly awaking to a sense of her desolation). Oh!—where?

Cheery Porter. Anywheres, ma'am; only let me ketch a hold. Now, JEM.

[Her luggage is appropriated by the united efforts of two Porters, who are bearing it off.

Unprotected Female (vaguely following and clutching at the load). Oh!—but where to? You never can—it's to 38, Great Coram Street—and there's bottles in the bag,—by the name of JONES. Oh—please—couldn't you—

Cheery Porter. All right, 'M. You'll p'raps get a trap outside. This way, Ma'am—it's all right.

SCENE changes to exterior of Station. Here the full extent of the Metropolitan calamity is apparent. Amidst the stranded packages of the day's arrivals, are seen heaped together the exhausted Passengers sitting, lying, or standing about, among, and upon them, like shipwrecked sailors amidst the debris of a lee-shore. Crowds of Cabmen, in various stages of intoxication, are gathered together, triumphing in

the desolation they have made. A miscellaneous collection of vehicles of all descriptions is vainly endeavouring to supply the place of Cabs, and an impression is being slowly made on the piles of luggage. The Conveyances include most things on wheels—from a costermonger's truck with the smallest of donkeys, to a battered old Sheriff's carriage drawn by two large cart-horses. Chaff abounds, as might be expected.

Cabman in Box Coat (To INDIGNANT GENTLEMAN, who with much dignity has just deposited his luggage in a costermonger's cart, after reiterated threats of legal vengeance on the Company). Olo! Guv'nor—ow's greens?

[INDIGNANT GENT retorts by a withering look, but wisely abstains from a reply.

Cabman (in fustian jacket and ditto). Here's your hout-an-hout accommodation—Sixpence a mile—ho!

Cabman in velvet (pointing to a wheelbarrow, to which is consigned the luggage of a despairing mother, including three babies). Hall alive, oh! alive, oh! Pen—ny—win—kles—hall alive, oh!

Cabman (in dress coat, with straw-band to his hat). Wot'll you take for the babbies, Marm?

Waterman (in clogs and maudlin). AX MUSTER FITZROY to step up, some on yer, and look at this 'ere.

Chorus of Cabmen (with prolonged howl of execration). Y—a—a—h!

Satirical Cabman (to ARISTOCRATIC OLD GENTLEMAN, who has just ascended a small, but highly unctuous butcher's cart, in a state of concentrated bitterness). Heasy over the stones with that 'ere cat's-meat, Butcher.

Aristocratic Old Gentleman (starting up in the cart). What's that you say, you blackguard?

Chorus of Cabmen. Cat's-meat—cat's-meat!

[THE ARISTOCRATIC OLD GENTLEMAN retires from the unequal contest, and allows his pride to fall with his fortunes.

Driver of Butcher's Cart. Where to, Sir?

Aristocratic Old Gentleman. 115, Eaton Square. No—stop at 110.

Satirical Cabman. Mind you ring the hairy bell, old feller—Cat's-meat!

Bitter Cabman. And mind yer, if he stops to call at the Pallis, it's sixpence for hevery kervarter you waits—Butcher.

Chorus of Cabmen (saluting the departure of the butcher's cart). Ya—a—ah! Cow Cross—Sharpe's Alley! Ya—ah!

[At this moment appears the Luggage of THE UNPROTECTED, followed by her disconsolate self. She is hailed by the Cabmen.

1st Cabman. Olo—Marm—you've forgotten your patings.

2nd Cabman. And there ain't no Cabs—'acos we're a takin' it hairy-stereratic, we are!

Cheery Porter (tumbling down the luggage). Now—Ma'am—if you look sharp—you'll soon get a carriage—I dessay.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but could n't you help me—if you please!

1st Cabman (delighted with her distress). Here's furnitur! First floor to let with the sticks! What d'y'e ask a week, Marm—for the use of the flower-pot?

Unprotected Female. Oh—how can you—man? Oh—will somebody call something. It's 38, Great Coram Street, by the name of JONES—and I'll pay anything!

Bitter Cabman. Oh, no—you must n't go out o' the Haet! Sixpence a mile and no back fare—that's the ticket!

3rd Cabman. Wans kept—and goods carefully removed!

Treacherous Cabman (in a tone of pretended sympathy). There you are, Marm!

Unprotected Female. Oh—thank you—where?

Treacherous Cabman (calling a water-cart which is laying the dust). Here, Force-pump—lady to take hup!

Satirical Cabman. And a reasonable quantity of luggage—wide the haet!

Unprotected Female (simply). Oh—but I can't ride in a water-cart!

Satirical Cabman. Thort you might like it this 'ot weather, Marm.

Polite Cabman. So werry refreshin'—and you looks 'cated, Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh—if you wouldn't—

Polite Cabman. Could I hoffer hany refreshment, Marm.

Treacherous Cabman. A little 'ot heel-soup, Marm—or a penn'orth o' winkles!

Unprotected Female. Oh—if it was only a wheelbarrow!

[THE UNPROTECTED sinks in despair upon the pile. The Cabmen surround her in fierce exultation. Crowds of wrecked passengers and piles of luggage slowly accumulate around her, and gradually conceal her from the eye. A feeble plaint is occasionally heard to ascend from the recesses of the heap. SCENE closes.

A COUP DE SOLEIL.—The most remarkable illustration of "high Art," is presented by the Sun in his character of a Photographer; and indeed he may be regarded as *par excellence* the rising artist of the day.

WANTED (during the Cab-strike), A ROOMY WHEELBARROW, capable of accommodating a Member of Parliament on the rising of the House. Address, COLONEL SIBTHORP. No Free-Trader need apply.

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE ROMANCE OF KING ARTHUR.

Showing how the Round Table moved of its own accord, and of the terrible Adventure of the Rapping Spirits, and how SIR LANCELOT took upon him the quest of a Medium.

LORDINGS, who a milder folly than your fathers knew have found,
And, where they had pushed the bottle, only push the table round;
Gentle (ay, and simple) Ladies, who, when Rapping Spirits come
To relieve the weary, dreary tedium of the rout or drum,
Rapt in admiration listen, half in wonder, half in fear,
Lest there should be "something wicked" mingled with a spert so dear;
Sages, who, with show of reason, 'gainst all reason can discourse
Of ideo-motor systems, motive wills, and vital force;
Dupes of every age and elime, whate'er your station, sex, or years,
Lend me all your strength of credence, all your wondrous length of ears,
Whilst of things that in the old time in KING ARTHUR'S court befel,
Till his very table moved, a veritable tale I tell.

Good KING ARTHUR had a custom, whenec he swerved not in the least,
That the morn should bring the tourney, and the noon should bring the feast,
For he knew his knights, aye ready for the battle or the board,
Were as prompt with knife and cleaver as with battle-axe and sword,
With the same good will would carve a haunch and cut a focman down,
And with equal satisfaction crack a marrow-bone or crown;

Thus in Camelot around the great loo table in the hall
Just thrice fifty knights were daily ranged by KAYE the Seneschal,
Whilst KING ARTHUR in the centre of the table took his seat,
That he might the better notice if his knights were off their meat.
'Twas a sultry day in summer: e'en the castle's massive walls
Could not keep the heat from out the lefty corridors and halls:
Open were the doors and windows (partly for the sake of air,
Partly that the baser people might behold them dining there,
For in high baronial state but little pleasure would there be
If a crowd of reverential paupers were not there to see),
And the sunlight, pouring through them, on the shining armour gleamed,
Gleamed on all the banners bright that over every chieftain streamed,
Gleamed upon the golden flagons, and the monarch's flashing sword
Laid before him, and his silver beard down flowing on the board.
Floating in there came a murmur, of the trees that whispered near,
Of the river babbling to the reeds in accents low but clear,
Of the birds, and of sweet silver voices from the green above,
Where GINEVRA and her maidens prattled of their champions' love.
Silent were the knights, and in that happy meditative mood,
Which an ample meal induces, each his brother warriors viewed,



Or with smiles and winks would bid them listen to the nasal tune
Of the King, who dozed—"his custom always of an afternoon."

Thus they sat, and each upon the table laid his brawny hand,
Idly musing, till SIR TOR, the youngest of the mighty band,
Crying, "Why, the table's moving!" pressed against SIR DINADAN
Sitting next him, and impelled him gently towards the good KING BAN.
BAN on BORS, and BORS on PELLE, PELLE on SIR GARETH leant;
GARETH, bending over GAWAIN, GAWAIN over TRISTREM bent;
Thus as each, from each escaping, other upon other drove,
All, in what logicians call a vicious circle, gan to rove,
And the table, twirling with them, seemed to each excited mind,
Though they pushed it on beside them, to be leaving them behind.
Fast and faster flew the table; faster every champion flew,
Till the swords, the helms, the banners, flagons, dishes, faces too,
Merged in one vast whirling body, many-hued and globiform,
(Like an old Cartesian whirlwind, or a rotatory storm),
With KING ARTHUR in the centre, twirling in his royal chair,
And his great beard like a pennon streaming on the troubled air.
So till now they had been whirling, puffing, stamping, night and day;
But SIR ECTOR tripping, stumbled suddenly on proud SIR KAYE:
As the first impulsive push went, so the fall went circling round,
Till the knights, each prone on each like cards, lay panting on the ground.

"Certes!" said the good KING ARTHUR, soon as he had breath to speak,
And had wiped the dust from off his dragged beard and pallid cheek,

"Certes! These be great adventures, such as I remember not,
Ever since the death of MERLIN, to have come to Camelot;
One 'Seat Perilous' he fashioned, when he framed this board for me;
But, if thus it takes to moving, perilous each seat will be.

Doth its wild unwonted motion then portend some dire mishap?
Doth some hidden danger threaten to our crown?"—A sudden rap
Low but clear within the wall the monarch's wise discourse broke down,
Saviny, plain as rap could say, "A rap is threatened to thy crown."
"Perdy!" said the startled monarch. "What strange visitant thus
shoeks

All our ears at such a moment? It must be the ghost of—"Knoecks
Two or three upon the wall came, ere "of MERLIN," he could say.
Then SIR LANCELOT stepped before him, as the echoes died away.

"If a knight should fly from knoecks, 'twould surely be a parlous shame,"
Said he. "Wherefore to accomplish this adventure I shall claim.
I will take my horse and spear and journey down to Caer Lud,
Where 'LINETTE, the damsel sauvage,'* dwells beside the Fleet's clear
flood;

All the meaning of this marvel she shall tell, and let me see
All the glories of the future, and the wonders that shall be.
Ho! Sir Butler, bring me quickly four men's shares of wine and meat,
That, as much as may suffice me for my journey, I may eat."

Seemed to him, as forth he journeyed, that the laud was passing
strange;

Was it sooth, or was it glamour that had worked so great a change?
For the moorland and the woodland, where with horse, and hound, and
horn,

He had chased the bear and aurochs, glowed with summer's ripening
corn;

At the well known fording-places stately bridges stemmed the tide,
Turmpicks, 'stead of knights or giants, barred his way on either side;
Feeble women, damp and dingy, for a trifle came to show
All the ruins of the castles he had kept with many a blow;

* This historical personage was apparently the first landlady of the Belle Sauvage.

And where cross-roads met, and where the best adventures once had been,
Whitewashed sign-posts bade him turn to Frogmore Pound, or Pogis Green.
Now and then athwart his course came, with a rumble and a scream,
Green and golden creatures, glaring fierce, and breathing fire and steam,
Seemed that each was dragging on a thousand victims at the least:
"By my knighthood," quoth SIR LANCELOT, "this must be 'the questing beast';
Something rusty have I grown by dwelling there at peace so long,
For ever eating of the fat, and ever drinking of the strong,
Yet with stout and knightly valour I shall dress me to the fight;"
But, before his lance was couched, "the questing beast" was out of sight.
So he journeyed till, one evening, from the hill-top looking down—
As the setting sun in gold and crimson bathed the mighty town—
All the spires, and masts, and towers (that seemed as they had lent the skies
Gauds from London's wealth to deck them) flashed upon his wond'ring eyes.
"This adventure," said SIR LANCELOT, "I may scarcely understand,"
So he wisely brought his good sword closer to his strong right hand.
To "LINETTE the damsel Sauvage," who abode on Ludgate Hill,
He arrived at length by dint of wondrous toil and care and skill;
In a four-pair back she dwelt, and it was noted on her door,
That she held "mesmeriques séances" every afternoon at four.
Seemed that she was greatly altered from the blooming girl who brought
Fair Dame LYONS and SIR GARETH home to Royal ARTHUR's Court—

She whose witchcraft (witch they called her) in her beauty seemed to lie;
Red, but not with bloom, her cheek was; bright, but not with health,
her eye,
And her mouth, whose slightest smile had won the hearts of ARTHUR's train,
By its pale thin lips' quick tremor half confessed the inward pain.
Much she laughed, when LANCELOT told her what had brought him to her door,
And how ARTHUR's famous knights had sprawled upon the sandy floor;
"Though," said she, "my quick clairvoyant spirit saw the merry scene;
And I heard you ask each other what the mystic raps might mean;
So I cast a glamour round you, that your dazzled eyes might see
All the glories of the future, and the wonders that shall be.
Ask not why the table moved or what the mystic raps may be;
Marvels, such as these, we Media can't explain without a fee;
But be sure, these things that fright thee in the future shall not fail
To avenge thee on the men who'll deem thy fame an idle tale.
Though the men of future ages you and yours shall despise,
They shall not be wholly prescient, and not altogether wise;
Some defect, to prove them human, shall their brightest plans deface;
Follies worthy of the weakest, shall the wisest age disgrace;
And as if some superstition still the human brain must bother,
They shall but shake off one folly to be taken with another,
So that those, who all the tales of ARTHUR as mere lies reprove,
Shall believe his great round table by his knights' mere will could move."

As she spoke the glamour faded, and SIR LANCELOT saw the moor
And the woodland stretching out for many a league his road before;
Many a sign of knoll and headland marked an old familiar spot,
So, upon the vision musing, back he rode to Camelot.

FRIENDS OF CABMANITY.



SIR ROBERT INGLIS, LORD DUDLEY STUART, and MR BONHAM CARTER are to be congratulated on the highly respectable lifehold residence which, it appears, they have acquired. They are to dwell, conjointly, in the hearts of the cab-owners, where, let us hope, they will not quarrel: especially as MR. BRIGHT is to be their fellow-tenant. On Wednesday evening last, at a meeting of that worthy proprietary, convened for the purpose of asserting the principle of extortion against the Legislature, a man named BEADLE, who proposed a shilling a mile fares, is reported to have said:—

"The gentlemen who sat at the Cranbourn Hotel had endeavoured to show the Government that they could not live under the law, but they had met few friends in the House, except SIR R. INGLIS, LORD D. STUART, and MR. BONHAM CARTER, whose names, he hoped, would never be effaced from their memories. (Cheers, and cries of 'MR. BRIGHT!') Yes, MR. BRIGHT had spoken for them, but he had only met sneers and jeers from those very men who now said that changes must be made in the bill before they came to work it."

Some people value any kind of popularity. MR. BRIGHT may exult in the shouts of the least respectable Manchester people. LORD DUDLEY STUART may like to be cheered by the baser sort of Marylebonians. MR. BONHAM CARTER may rejoice in the huzzas of the lowest classes of the population at Winchester. SIR ROBERT INGLIS may be elated with the applause of the inferior portion of the inhabitants of Ratcliff Highway. If they do, they will be proud of the position they occupy in the good graces of the proprietors of dirty cabs, miserable horses, and abusive, rapacious fellows.

It must be rather flattering to Church Dignitaries to observe what company they are in, as eulogists and admirers of the Honourable Member for Oxford.

The fact itself is not wonderful: for cab fares as they were, and episcopal incomes as they are, are things not very dissimilar, except in having been eightpence a mile on the one hand, and being from five to twenty thousand pounds per annum and upwards on the other.

RECOVERY FROM THE CABMEN'S STRIKE.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

"SIR, "PERMIT me to relate the particulars of my wonderful recovery of the use of my limbs, and consequent restoration to health. I was afraid the strike of the Cabmen yesterday would have been a great blow to me. I found that I had to walk three miles to my office. Sir, I expected that exertion to be my death. I have been for years a sufferer from indigestion, occasioning an unpleasant emptiness before meals, and an oppressive fulness afterwards, and attended by headache, giddiness, dimness of sight, shortness of breath, and other premonitory symptoms of apoplexy. I have been bled and cupped, and have taken all sorts of medicine; made my stomach a regular doctor's shop, and not only that but a College of Vegetable Pills and a HOLLOWAY'S DEPOT. Under these circumstances, I should never have dreamt of walking three miles, if I had not been obliged to do it. I did it, though. It exhausted me a little. It threw me into a perspiration. But, sir, it gave me an appetite for my dinner such as I had not experienced for years. I ate and drank heartily; I had not enjoyed anything so much since I don't know when; and after an unusually ample indulgence in the pleasures of the table, I sunk into a refreshing slumber, which I understand was unaccompanied by stertorous breathing. Sir, I shall continue to walk to my office—whereby I shall invigorate my frame, improve my appetite, save Cab-hire certainly, avoid liability to extortion and insolence, and lose some of the weight without any of the importance of

"A CITIZEN."

"Hermitage, Clapham, July 28, 1853.

MOVEMENTS IN (CELESTIAL) HIGH LIFE.

WE are informed, by our fashionable reporter, that a suite of apartments on the first floor have just been bespoken at MIVART'S Hotel for the EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE DISSATISFIED CREATURES!—Cabmen should not complain of being paid at the rate of sixpence a mile; for, look at some of our best Panoramas, they only charge a Shilling—and they are generally "three miles long."



A SKETCH TAKEN AT GOODWOOD.

PETITION FROM THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

To the Right Hon. the House of Commons :

"The Petition of the undersigned sheweth,

"That your Petitioners are members of the medical profession, and earn their living by the sale of pills, plaisters, boluses, black draughts, blisters, powders, and similar commodities, which are administered or applied to persons suffering from sickness, indigestion, bile, lowness of spirits, drunkenness, dissipation, and general debility.

"That your Petitioners are deeply interested in the condition of the working classes of great cities—who toil through excessive hours of labour, and dwell in close, unwholesome habitations. Your Petitioners have ever found their largest and most valuable practice among this class of the community—and continue to do so, notwithstanding the miserable and abortive attempts of Government, and of weak-minded enthusiasts, to interfere with their trade—by improving, 'as it is called,' the dwellings of the poor, and preaching against bad drainage, dirt, and drunkenness.

"Your Petitioners view with alarm and indignation the proposed desecration of the Sunday, by opening the Crystal Palace and its grounds, at Sydenham, to the people of London; and cannot but express their conviction that it would lead to the infliction of serious loss on the profession of which they are members.

"Your Petitioners humbly call the attention of your Honourable House to the fact that they derive a very considerable revenue from the following sources, all of which are threatened to be diminished by the increase of parks, pleasure gardens, and conservatories for the working classes.

"First, From fevers and other diseases generated by heated and impure atmosphere; from which even one day's escape in seven may tend to relieve the present dwellers in the dark courts and alleys of London.

"Secondly, From adulterated gin and British brandy, which are consumed in vast quantities by a large portion of the aforesaid dwellers in dark places, who seek in these stimulants some little excitement during their brief repose from the daily labour of life.

"Lastly, From broken heads, bruises, black eyes, &c., all of which require a considerable amount of medical treatment, 'both in the hospitals and out,' on Monday mornings.

"Your Petitioners forbear to enter into the religious portion of the argument, as they do not exactly remember the text in the New Testament which forbids the walking in corn-fields, or gardens, or conservatories on the Sunday; but your Petitioners are of opinion that your Honourable House ought to preserve these privileges as heretofore for Earls, Bishops, and wealthy members of your Honourable House, who can afford to keep gardens and conservatories at their private expense.

"Your Petitioners therefore pray your Honourable House to protect 'their native industry'—by keeping the doors of the Crystal Palace and its gardens closed against the working classes of London."

THE CABMAN AND HIS PINT OF STOUT.—A FABLE.

A CABMAN, being inclined to drink, stepped into a public-house, and asked for a pint of stout, which he swallowed at a draught, and in payment for the liquor laid down a fourpenny piece. The landlord, who chanced to be serving in the bar, being a wag, called after his customer, as the latter was going, "Hi there, you!" to which the other, turning his head, replied, "Halloa!"—"Come, I say!" pursued mine host, "this here won't do!"—"Wot won't do?" demanded the other.—"Wot?" the landlord repeated; "wot's this here?"—"Wot's this here?" returned the cabman; "why, it's a fo'p'ny bit, isn't it?"—"Well, and wot then?" cried the landlord.—"Wot dy'e mean?" retorted the cabman.—"Wot do you mean?" rejoined the landlord; "wot dy'e mean this here for?"—"For a pint o' stout, to be sure," was the cabman's answer.—"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" shouted the landlord.—"Wot are yer larfin' at?" exclaimed the cabman, in astonishment; "Fo'pence a pint o' stout—ain't that right!"—"I s'pose," replied the landlord, "yer call yerself a gentleman."

Here the people who were tipping at the bar burst into a loud laugh, which awoke the cabman to a perception that the landlord had been making game of him. "Come, come," said Boniface, "I was only chaffin' you; but now I hope you'll see the propriety of takin' wot you're entitled to when you're offered it, without indulgin' in superfluous and unpleasant observations."

STRIKE OF THE WIVES OF ENGLAND.

MR. PUNCH has received a letter, written in a bold feminine style, and sealed with a crest, a hand-and-patten—a letter, of which the subjoined are the contents:—

"At the present moment, when everything is rising, it behoves the Wives of England to be up and doing too. There are thousands—perhaps millions of my oppressed sisters this minute married to husbands in the human form who, with a meanness which ought to make them ashamed of themselves, allow so much and *no more* for the expenses of the house. No matter what are the markets—the weekly allowance is the same. Bread may rise—butter may go up—legs of mutton may advance—and still no rise at home!

"Therefore, it is desired that all wives suffering in silence under the yoke of the tyrant will take their remedy in their own hands; and strike.

"All ladies willing to co-operate—that the blow may be aimed through the cupboards at the husbands on the same day—are requested to communicate (post paid) with

"MRS. MARY ANNE HEX."

"Shoulder-of-Mutton Fields."

WANTED, A NOBLEMAN!

We have for some time looked with much curiosity to ascertain the result of the death of a noble Earl, whose name used to be as familiar to us as Household Words, in connection with certain pills which were warranted to cure bad legs, black-legs, and all sorts of legs of every degree of standing.

If the pill and ointment business should have fallen off since the death of the Earl, who was advertised as a living specimen of the benefits to be derived from cramming himself with the one, and saturating his skin with the other, we can only recommend the proprietor to put into circulation the following Advertisement, with the attractive heading of

"WANTED, A NOBLEMAN!"

Wanted, a Nobleman! ready to fill
His noble inside with a Popular Pill.
He must have a Bad Leg, Indigestion, and Gout,
With an abscess internal, that ought to come out;
He must suffer from Headache, Consumption, and pains
In the nerves, and the elbows, the eyebrows and brains;
He must also have tried every doctor in town—
DOCTOR JONES, DOCTOR SMITH, DOCTOR WHITE, DOCTOR
BROWN.

But vain must have proved all professional skill,
Till he heard, quite by chance, of the Popular Pill.

Wanted, a Nobleman! full of disease,
From his head to his foot, from his nose to his knees;
With Asthma, Paralysis, Deafness, and Mumps,
Sciatica, Elephantiasis, Dumps,
The Blues, Yellow Jaundice, the Red Gum, White
Swelling,

Confining him just twenty years to his dwelling,
And making him pay many doctors a bill—
Till a friend recommended the Popular Pill.

Wanted, a Nobleman! ready to swear,
Of cure or improvement he'd learned to despair;
When a friend, whom he'd known fifty years at death's
door,

Whose family long since had given him o'er,
Ran into his chamber with laughter's wild shout;
As he gaily continued to caper about,
Declaring he owed it to taking his fill
(For the last eighteen months) of the Popular Pill.

Wanted, a Nobleman! ready to munch
The Popular Pill between breakfast and lunch;
He must take it at bed-time, at sun-rise, at noon,
At the fall of the leaf, at the full of the moon;
If a noble there is, who's disposed to fulfil
The office of puffing the Popular Pill,
And will of its virtues incessantly speak,
His salary will be a guinea a week!

ST. LUKE'S AND ST. STEPHEN'S.

POSTERITY will scratch his head when he meets with the subjoined passages whilst studying the Parliamentary intelligence in an ancient file of the *Times*. MR. C. BERKELEY, moving the House into Committee on the Expenses of Elections' Bill, said

"It was now a Bill merely to prevent the use of bands, bell-ringing, and colours at elections."

After some remarks by MR. COWPER against the Bill,

"COLONEL SIBTHORPE then rose to move, in pursuance of notice, that the Bill be deferred for three months. He said he had read the Bill carefully over, and he thought he had designated it as it deserved, when on a former occasion he had called it a mean, low, dirty bill. (Laughter.) It was a dangerous and delusive measure; it was a trap set for unwary men, who might suddenly find themselves to have been guilty of an offence which they had no intention of committing. . . . It restricted the liberty of the subject. . . ."

However, the House went into Committee on the Bill; and the COLONEL took the opportunity of renewing his protest against it: declaring that

"He would oppose the Bill in every stage, for he regarded it as a disgraceful, mean, dirty, shabby measure."

After the odd remark had been made by MR. F. SCULLY, that

"With regard to the carrying of flags and banners, he had no doubt that in England such services were frequently made the means of corruption,"

The report proceeds to state that

"SIR J. GRAHAM thought the best course would be to give up this Bill, and proceed as soon as possible with the next order on the paper, the Lunatics' Care and Treatment Bill."

Proceed with the *next* Bill—the Lunatics' Care and Treatment Bill? How the *next* Bill? A Bill on the showing of which it appears that certain poor creatures were in the habit of going about trumpeting, drumming, bell-ringing, carrying flags—enacting such fooleries as these—on the solemn occasion of electing a Member of Parliament; of contributing a philosopher to the Collective Wisdom; a Bill in reference to unfortunates corruptible by means of flags and banners: how, a rational Posterity will ask, could this have been a previous Bill to the other? Must not what was called the next Bill have been, in fact, merely the next clause of the same Bill; a general measure relating to the care and treatment of lunatics?

COLONEL SIBTHORPE's denunciations of the proposed enactment will not, perhaps, tend very much to prevent Posterity from taking this view of the case.



The Member for Lincoln as he will appear at the next General Election.

BOMBA'S BANE.

The *Examiner* states that the Neapolitan chemists are not allowed to expose bottles, red, white, and green, because they form the tricolours of Italy. We may add that BOMBA has nearly been poisoned by partaking of an English salad which, besides lettuce, contained red and white radishes.

THE BETTING HOUSE DEPUTATION.

"A deputation against the proposed Bill for the suppression of betting-houses had an interview with Viscount PALMERSTON yesterday."—*Court Circular, Thursday.*



EARLY on the above day, *Mr. Punch* received a note from his friend, LORD PALMERSTON, apprising him that such a deputation was expected at the Home Office, and asking him to "come down." *Mr. Punch*, who is always ready to come down in a good cause, immediately complied, and may indeed add, that from the disgraceful state of Whitehall (proverbially the worst swept, kept, drained, and watered street in London), *Mr. Punch* was laughingly charged by his noble friend, on entering, with having "come down with the dust." *Mr. Punch* need hardly remark that his retort was triumphant. The Home Secretary and his friend were soon apprised that the Betting-house Keepers were in attendance. Buttoning up their pockets, therefore, the two statesmen directed that their visitors should be introduced.

LORD PALMERSTON'S easy manner, not unmingled with a pleasant scornfulness (scarcely perceptible to the fine natures of the Deputation), was a model of the

best style of Reception. *Mr. Punch* was sterner—he could not smile on such folk. His appearance threw the Deputation into manifest consternation, and one of the fraternity was heard to observe, with a most irreverent reference to one of *Mr. Punch's* features, that "if Nosey was to be heard, it was all Queer Street." The vulgar party was supposed to mean that *Mr. Punch's* well-known sentiments on the subject of Betting-houses would render remonstrance ineffective.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Home Secretary, with the smallest inflexion on the latter word, "I promised to see you. What have you got to say?"

"Why, my lord," said a keen, slangy-looking man, with tight light trowsers, a seampish cut-away coat, and a dark blue cravat, adorned with a huge horseshoe pin, "we think, that is me and the rest of us, MR. BOLT, MR. SAINT LEVANT, MR. DIDDLES, MR. FLYPAPER, MR. WHITEWASH, and these other gents" (gracefully introducing each on naming him) "including your humble, namely myself MR. DOBRUS, we think, my lord, that in this matter Parliament is rather down upon us, and that it ain't the thing. We want your lordship to see it in that light."

"I am open to—to—to—a—to conviction," said his lordship; "or, if the word is offensive to any gentleman present, I will say, to argument."

"My lord," said MR. DOBRUS, impressively, "the British turf is a noble and manly recreation, fostered by princes, and encouraging the finest breed of—"

"MR.—a—DOBRUS," interrupted his lordship. "*Mr. Punch's* time and my own is valuable. Please to keep to the point. Betting-houses have nothing whatever to do with the turf, so suppose we don't talk nonsense. If you can give me any reasons why gambling-shops, that demoralise the rising generation and fill the gaols (with, I am sorry to say, the customers, not the dealers), should not be suppressed, do. But as to talking of the turf, you might as well tell me that St. Paul's is a big church, or, what is a little more to the purpose, that the House of Correction is in Coldbath Fields."

"But, my lord, as a racing man, you must know—"

"I am not a racing man, MR. DOBRUS, but I have some race-horses. But once more, leave out of the question that which we have nothing to do with. We are speaking as men of business. It's all very well to eant out of doors about "one law for the rich and another for the poor," and to say that "JACK JONES has as much right to het his half-crown on *Joe Miller*, as LORD BATTLEAXE has to bet his thousand pounds on *Hydaspes*," but that trash is of no use here. Rich and poor has nothing to do with the matter, except that you do your best to make the rich poor and the poor poorer. But when you take JACK JONES'S half-crown he no more bets on *Joe Miller* than on the Moon. He knows and cares nothing about *Joe Miller*, but he wants to gamble, and a horse's name does as well for that purpose as anything else. What has JACK JONES to do with the turf, or you either?"

"But, my lord," exclaimed all the Deputation, "JACK has a right to gamble."

"Let him. But you shall not keep gambling-houses to tempt and ruin him. The law forbids them to the rich, and so it shall to the poor. The Bill will be law this day fortnight. Anything more to say, gentlemen?"

The Deputation retired, considerably disgusted, and were understood to have subsequently made particular inquiries as to the cost of passages to Australia.

THE TEA-TOTAL MOVEMENT.

THE Tea-totalers—whose zeal we much admire, though we cannot rush into the cistern or hang on to the pump with all the ardour they display in their attempts to bring an hydraulic pressure to bear on public opinion—have published a sort of summary of their achievements. They have forwarded "30,000 letters" to noblemen, &c., from which we infer that they have filled at least 300 waste-paper baskets, and furnished wrappers to several thousand quarters of pounds of butter. They have held several hundred "tea-meetings," and they might have added, "munched a million muffins," to say nothing of the consumption of crumpets, which must have been something marvellous. They have delivered some thousands of lectures on water; and have probably exhausted a great many highly respectable pumps in the operation.

We find from a prospectus, that the hot days of August are about to be refreshed by a flood of American eloquence, which is about to be "turned on" at Exeter Hall, through the medium of a Mr. GOVEN, of whom it is said that "he makes strong men to weep like little children, and women to sob as if their hearts would burst." This command over the tears of his audience is an appropriate attribute to one whose mission is to popularise water; and there can be no doubt that when every eye around him is gushing with moisture, he will feel himself quite in his element. If he bears out the reputation he brings with him, his lectures will be no laughing matter; for he is, as it were, pledged to set all the men and women off into so many watering-pots, by drawing from them such a series of wailings and sobs, as will not only drown the voice of the orator, but threaten even to drown those who are assembled to hear him. We hope the Trustees of Exeter Hall will see to the drainage of the building before these orations come off, or we do not know what may be the result of a combination of several thousand floods of tears with the orator's flood of eloquence.

THE REAL SMOKE NUISANCE.

WE must confess that our objection to the Smoke Nuisance does not extend so much to the honest chimney-pot of private life, or to the tall smoke-evolving structure of manufacturing industry, as to that useless and disgusting object, the street smoker, who puffs his "cheap and nasty" cigar in the faces of innocent passengers. We sincerely hope that LORD PALMERSTON will render it imperative on those offensive locomotives to consume their own smoke in some way or other. They are usually of a class that may be got to swallow almost anything, and we would therefore suggest that they be called upon to swallow their own smoke, for in the event of there being no other outlet, their mouths are always open to them.



Most Musical, Most Diplomatic.

WE are particularly happy in being the first to state that the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, our illustrious ambassador at the Court of Vienna, is busily engaged composing a new March of Intellect for the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

THIS Concert, which has been going on now for several years most harmoniously, is likely to be disturbed by the fact of Russia, who is, really, very clever on the base, wishing to play first-fiddle.

A GROWL FROM THE SCOTTISH LION.



It was the auld Scottish Lion,
I heard him growlin' sair;
"Deil ha'et, gin I pit up wi'
Sicean treatment ony mair.

"Oh, ance my mane was winsome:
And oh! but my tail was lang;
But on them baith is scorn and seath,
From Southron deeds of wrang!

"Now up and ride, LAIRD EGLINTON,
That was sae stout in stour,
That when it raimit cats and dogs,
Aye jousted through the shower.

"Now, horse! my provosts and baillies,
And convener of the Trades,
Dean o' Guild, and maister o' Merchants,
The auld Lion craves your aids.

"It's up on your ain middens,
My cocks, sae croose to craw,
And gar play your Scottish fiddles,
And your Scottish hag-pipes blaw.

"And they hac ta'en and sworn an aith—
An aith both strang and true—
That for the auld Lion o' Scotland
They will win baek his due.

"I've a sair, sair pain in my belly,
And a sair catch in my breath;
Ye'll mind it was English misdoings
That brocht me to my death.

"And ye've aye nphauld, sae bluff and bauld,
My right my tail to wag,
Aboon the pock-puddins' Lion
Upon the Scottish flag.

"Ye'll to the Prince Royal o' Scotland—
Him the Southrons misca's 'Wales,'
And ask him what gars his household
Wear breeks aboot their tails?

Why a Scots' prince hasna aboot him
Scots' men and places got,
A' things Scots, but the wages, whilk
should be
Punds sterlin', and no punds Scot.

"Say there's a keeper o' the swans
Whose office ocht to cease,
Or Scotland behoves a keeper too,
To keep her Solan geese.

"There's the maister o' the music,
That the music maks ava',
For his thousand puns a year
I trow he were best awa'.

"Or if no that Scotland ocht to brink
Her musio-maister too,
Wi' bagpipe and Scotch fiddle
We'll find him wark to do.

"And they have put down the Scottish
miut,
Nae money noo mak' we,
I trow they hac sent to Brummagem!
To coin the Scots' bawbee!]

"And we hac Parliament Members
enuch
Our votes wi' place to buy;
There's many a gude job in England,
But nae Scots' thumb in the pic.

"And Holyrood Park is a honny place,
But 'tis nae place for me and you;
And the Embro' baillies lets it
For a kailyard out to feu.

"And oh, 'tis in geography
We're driven to the wa'—
Till in the map o' Europe
We're hard to find awa'!

"And when a Scotsman's to be hung
(E'en Scotland rogues will plague)
There's nae a Scottish hangman to fit
The noose about his craig.

"Now, well-a-day, and wae is me,
For the days of auld lang syne,
When wi' England we had nocht to do
Save liftin' o' her kinc!

"The Lion o' a kingdom small
I trow I'd suer be,
Than the Lion of an empire vast
When there's ithar there than me."

A CHANCE FOR THE POOR CLERGY.

It is certainly scandalous that there should be any sale of livings, though, if the practice must exist, we are happy to find that a "good living" may be bought for a sum within the crippled means of a poor clergyman, who has not yet exhausted the whole of his begging and borrowing resources and energies. The annexed advertisement will, we trust, attract the attention of the sons of the clergy who may be induced to confer the "good living" on one of the thousands of poor parsons whom the clergy's sons claim the especial privilege of aiding and comforting. The advertisement is copied literally from the *Times* newspaper.

A GOOD LIVING.—To be SOLD, a new PATENT MANGLE, by Baker, with good business attached, suitable for any industrious person desirous of obtaining a respectable livelihood. Price £12. Apply at, &c.

There is a "good living" to be had for twelve pounds, and it is evidently a much better thing than the average run of small curacies, for it will enable a person to obtain "a respectable livelihood."

We are glad to find that the condition of the poor clergy is at length being looked at in its proper light, and that a good mangle may be advertised as a "good living" so as to catch at once the eye of the clerical class to whom the owner of the mangle has evidently addressed himself. We shall really begin to hope that the wretched condition of the underpaid clergyman is beginning to "take a turn," if we can find in Reverend hands a few mangles with "good livings" attached to them.

LONDON WITHOUT A POLICEMAN.—There is a threat of all the policemen striking.—We doubt if London will perceive the difference, even supposing that they do.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST AT LIMERICK.

Of what use is it to read a good book and transgress its rules in the very act?

The *Times* has a paragraph, stating that two London missionaries, the REV. MESSRS. DICKINSON and LEWIS, attempted to read and expound the Scriptures to a crowd in Limerick on Sunday evening; when—

"After a few minutes a mob collected and set upon the Reverend gentlemen, who were severely maltreated. It is computed that 10,000 of the *canaille* of Limerick were engaged in booting, yelling, and throwing stones, where they could with safety to themselves, at the obnoxious clergymen."

Oh, MR. DICKINSON! Oh, MR. LEWIS! *Punch* does not quote anything above SHAKESPEARE; but how could you—Reverend gentlemen—how could you scatter sacred words before the Limerick multitude? Have you not sufficiently studied the volume you were reading from to recollect what it says about pearls and—Limerick multitudes? Well—you have disobeyed the precept—and taken the consequences.

Something really New.

Q. What Member of the present House of Commons has really made himself a new name in the country?

A. The Member for South Essex—who spells his name SMYTH. We have met with SMYTHS in thousands before, and know a few SMYTHES, and have been introduced to SMYTHS and SMYTHES by the hundred; but never, in our whole existence, do we recollect having ever met with a single SMYTH! It's grand! How noble the simple introduction of that *j* makes it! But we wonder how the servants pronounce it at an evening party?



CRUEL.

“REMEMBER THE STEWARD, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE.”

THE RETURN TO DUTY.

BY A VERY MILD CABMAN.

RECALCITRATION, WILLIAM, cease;
JAMES, we'll return to work in peace:
Alas! the struggle to prolong
Were useless—would be, therefore, wrong.

The Legislature and the Press,
Whom Heaven—although they've wronged us—bless!
Have triumphed by superior force:
Submission now should be our course.

And though defeated, after all,
Our loss, in fact, will be but small;
A slight reduction of our fare,
Which our proprietors will bear.

Employment will increase, besides;
Our friends will take more frequent rides,
And that will amply compensate
For payment at a lower rate.

Whilst o'er our tongue respect presides,
And courtesy our manner guides,
Of temperance let us own the sway,
And that of cleanliness obey.

Of insult or extortion, none
In terror, then, our cabs will shun;
Perhaps ev'n ladies then will dare
To constitute themselves our fare.

And oh, divesting our pursuit
Of altercation and dispute,
How much more pleasantly shall we
Discuss our toast, and sip our tea!

All the Difference.

HOWEVER much the Whigs may be found fault with for their acts of omission, they are perfectly clear about their acts of Commission, for we believe it is indisputable that they have passed more acts that have saddled the country with Commissions than any other Government.

THE TAILOR ASSASSIN.

AN unhappy French tailor has been charged, on the evidence of our old friend JOINVILLE, with a conspiracy to assassinate our old enemy LOUIS NAPOLEON. The “conspiracy” looks very like an attempt on our gracious QUEEN, for the unhappy wretch of a tailor wanted HER MAJESTY'S head on twenty pieces of gold coin, and his design was directed far more upon English sovereigns than upon French Napoleons. Twenty pounds was the price to be charged by the French tailor for making his country free and happy; but, considering that the trade of patriotism is rather at a low ebb just now, we cannot help thinking that the unfortunate humbug placed his services at too high a figure.

Whether the accused really contemplated the murder of LOUIS NAPOLEON is doubtful, though MR. BODKIN was engaged to argue that the tailor designed the *quietus* of the Emperor with, perhaps, “a bare Bodkin,” which, being the instrument of his trade, might have been the intended instrument of his iniquity. Our private opinion of the matter is that the French vagabond, instead of wishing to shed the blood of the present ruler of France, was anxious only to make the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE “bleed” to the tune of twenty sovereigns. Instead of elevating the scamp into a political conspirator, it would be better to treat him at once as a swindler and a would-be obtainer of money under false pretences. There is no greater “mistake” than to assign political motives to a merely mercenary act, and to arraign as a monster, who would have murdered an Emperor, a poor insignificant adventurer who, though utterly hopeless of a “clean shirt,” may have aspired to the chance of “a guinea.”

The Maims of Money.

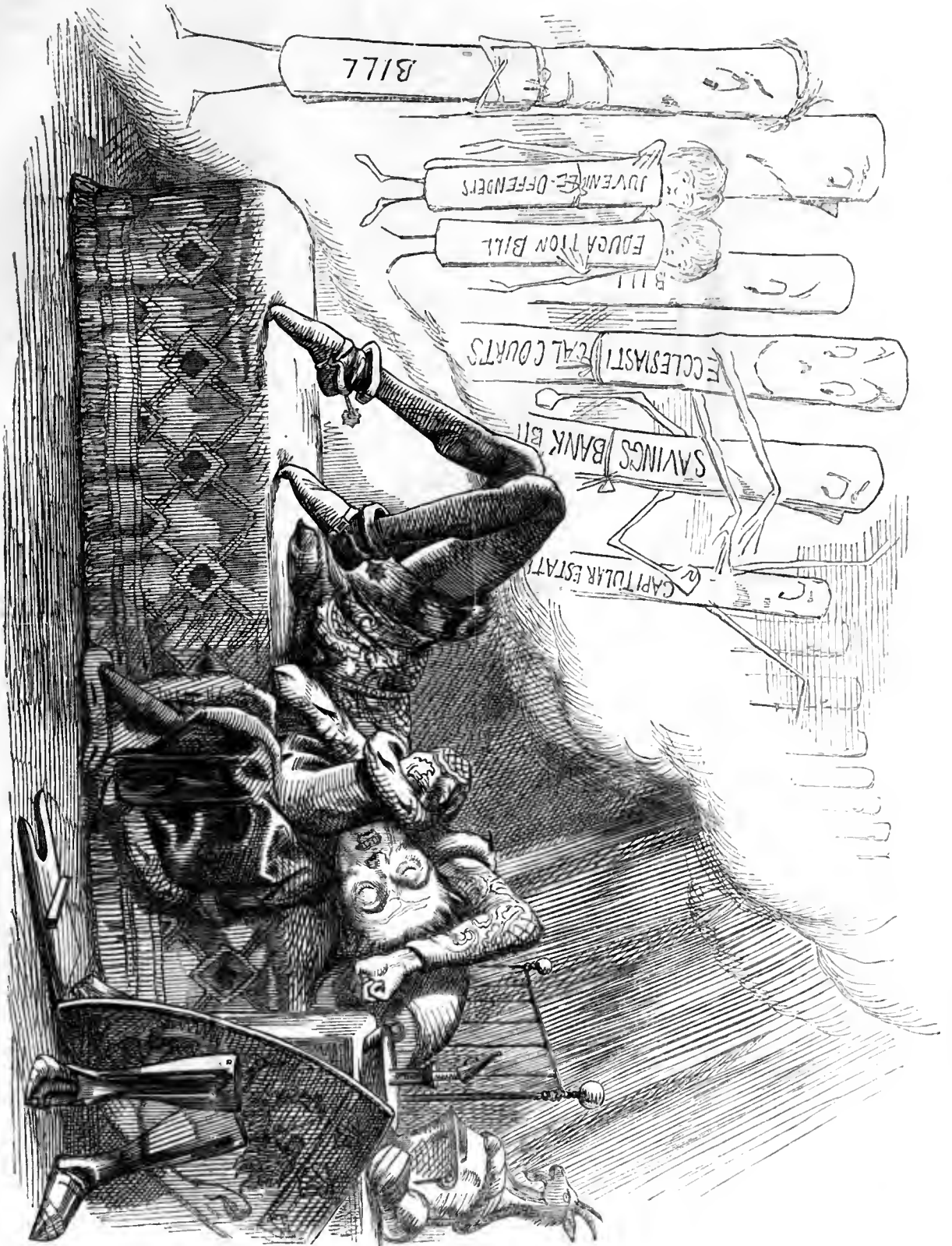
You scarcely ever receive change for a sovereign without finding that one of the shillings or sixpences has had a hole drilled through it, which—suggesting a painful doubt as to the exchangeable value of the coin—is altogether a bore. We are glad that MR. WILSON has got leave to bring in a bill to prevent the defacing of the QUEEN'S money; and we hope this measure will have the effect of remedying one of the greatest evils of change.



MR. PUBLIC SUPPLICATES THE CABMAN TO RETURN TO HIS STAND, TO CHARGE A SHILLING A MILE, AND ALL SHALL BE FORGOTTEN!

[A Picture seen only “in the mind's eye” of Cobby.]

SUNDAY AMONG THE SEWERS.—The Sabbatarians want to have nothing stirring on Sunday but stagnation; which is not only not conducive to health, but also tends to engender zymotic diseases.



GHOSTS OF THE SESSION.

A SUGGESTION FROM SHAKSPERE'S RICHARD THE THIRD.



KENILWORTH CHURCH AND KENILWORTH CASTLE.



HERE has reached *Mr. Punch* a very good-humoured letter from a Reverend gentleman suggesting to him the expediency of subscribing £10 or £20 towards the endowment of a new church at Kenilworth, in order to show that he, *Mr. Punch*, is not opposed to the Christian observance of Sunday, which might, the worthy clergyman seems to think, be inferred from his objection to the Jewish observance of it.

The idea of a church at Kenilworth is peculiarly happy. On Sundays it might be a counter-attraction to the Castle. Success to the exertions of the minister that is to preach in it to render it such!

Our clerical correspondent's suggestion is

ingenious; it merits attention: it shall be attended to in good time.

If *Mr. Punch's* ideas—and circulation—were narrow, he might plead that the church at Kenilworth is not in his own parish. But that would be an invalid as well as a sneaking excuse for parsimony. The parish of *Punch* is the world.

When all the property appertaining to the Established Church has been so distributed among the clergy as to maintain every one of them, bishops and all, in a style of apostolical competence, and when the whole of the surplus thus created shall have been applied to the endowment of new churches, then, if any more money is wanted for that purpose, *Mr. Punch* will be most happy to contribute as much as ever he is able; and his munificence shall, in the very first place, effuse itself upon the new church at Kenilworth.

STRIKING CIRCUMSTANCES.

REALLY JOHN BULL may almost be described as a maniac with lucid intervals. He appears to be always suffering under some form of mania or other. A few years ago it was the Railway Mania—a very dangerous phrenzy. Then from time to time occurs a Poultry Mania, or one of the similar and milder forms of insanity. The mania now prevailing is one which, if not attended to, may perhaps prove troublesome. This is the Striking Mania. Everybody is Striking. The other day it was the cabmen; now it is the Dockyard labourers; the policemen, even, have struck and thrown down their staves. Our mechanics have so far become machines, that, like clocks, as clocks ought to be, they are all striking together.

Should this mania spread, we shall have Striking become what might be called the order, but that it will be the disorder, of the day. The professions will strike; you will send for your lawyer to make your will, and your messenger will return with *non est inventus*—struck; or should you ask the legal gentleman a six-and-eightpenny question, you will discover that he has struck for 13s. 4d. The physicians and surgeons will strike for two-guinea fees; the apothecaries for ten-shilling mixtures. The clergy will all strike—as indeed some of them, the poor curates, might reasonably do—and pluralists will be demanding forty thousand a year instead of twenty; whilst bishops will hang up the mitre, stick the crozier over the chimney-piece, and hold out against the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for double incomes. In short, almost everybody will strike except the threshers, the smiths, and the pugilists.

With all this striking, though, we had better take care that we are not floored.

Musical Intelligence.

TALKING about music—and our Honourable Members have been talking a great deal about it lately—a celebrated professor says: "You generally find that persons who are not fond of music play the Flute."

THE POPULAR LAURIE BALLAD.

THERE is a song to which we have alluded before, called "*Annie Laurie*," being sung at all the Mansion House dinners; and though ANNIE is the name in common use, there can be no doubt that PETER is the party whom the ballad is designed to flatter. We have therefore engaged our own Laureate in the graceful task of fixing on the head of the LAURIES the honour which had been conferred on ANNIE, by a poet evidently unconscious of the "coming" Alder-man."

The Mansion House is bonnie when dinners are not few;
And it's there that PETER LAURIE gave me his promise true,
Gave me his promise true that I his guest should be;
And for Old SIR PETER LAURIE I'd lay me down and dec.

His neckcloth's like the snaw-drift; his frill like down of swan;
His watch-chain is the smartest electro e'er shone on,
Electro e'er shone on! And green is his coat-ee;
And for Old SIR PETER LAURIE I'd lay me down and dec.

Like lead on the pavement dropping is the fa' of his heavy feet;
And like winds in winter blowing, his voice on the judgment seat,
His voice on the judgment seat! And, though he frightens me,
For Old SIR PETER LAURIE I'd lay me down and dec.

WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

WE paid a visit to the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens the other day, for the purpose of noticing the collection of Mollusca, Zoophytes, &c., and very much regret to find it incomplete.

There are specimens from the German Ocean and the Bristol Channel, but none from the Seas of London, Durham, Rochester, or Salisbury, the rapacity of whose tenants is so well known, that there is no doubt, could their destructive propensities be as clearly seen as those now exhibiting, the very Seas themselves would be drained to stop their depredations.

On inquiring the reason of the absence of so interesting a collection, we were told that although a variety of nets, such as the Ecclesiastical Commission, WHISTON'S Inquiries, and others, have been tried, they have never succeeded in bringing these very recondite creatures above

the surface, for when they perceive their approach to public gaze, they become so alarmed, and struggle so violently, as always to succeed in escaping to their natural shelter among the riches deposited at the bottom of their Seas.

The most rapacious among them is said to be the "Episcopops," as only one of them can be found in a See. This will not cause surprise, for it has been ascertained that £10,000 per annum is devoured by a single specimen. The Episcopops is always attended by a crowd of Rectors, Canons, and Vicars, who are all more or less grabiferous.

These curious animals are said to possess a peculiarity wanting in all other species, that of ubiquity; as they are supposed to be able to be in several places at once.

SHOCKING LANGUAGE.

"SIR,—The papers inform us that MR. PHILLIMORE, the other night, asked the President of the Board of Control why the returns given in the case of 'RUSTOMJEE VICCAJEE and VICCAJEE PESTONJEE' were incomplete? That a subject, evidently surrounded with ease, should be attended with difficulty is certainly strange. But I want to know, if you can inform me, who or what 'RUSTOMJEE VICCAJEE and VICCAJEE PESTONJEE,' aforesaid are? I thought at first that these words were specimens of the 'foul language' used by cabmen and others as complained of by COLONEL SIBTHORPE. Am I right? By the bye, while on the subject of bad words, may I ask (indignantly, as the father of a family) how it is that PROFESSOR GREGORY and other chemists are not restrained from circulating such words as the following: Methyl-ethyl-amylophenylum, Ethylpropyl-amylophenylum, Methyl-ethyl-amylophenylum; 76 letters in three words—my hand aches with writing them. To be sure, as a set-off, these professors sometimes give us something more euphonious; 'Margarate of Glycerine' sounds like the title of a novel, but then whoever heard of 'Glycerine?' Where is it? What did Margarate there, and is she a descendant of MARGARET OF ANJOU? I trust that you will be able to give me some information, or, at any rate, give your assistance in the cause of monosyllabic simplicity.

"BUZZZ."

"P.S. 'What's in a name?' is a question that has been often asked. I find that 'MARGARATE OF GLYCERINE' is not so pretty as her name—she's FAT."

MR. PETERLOO BROWN'S EXAMINATION OF THE OXFORD STATUTES.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I APPEAL to you in a case of difficulty, and trust that my familiarity will not begot your contempt. My name is BROWN: not an uncommon surname, perhaps, but I am distinguished by my Christian name of PETERLOO. My eldest lad is called after me, and it is in his behalf, *Mr. Punch*, that I crave your advice. He is at present an Eton boy, but he will soon be ready to be an Oxford man, and I am now looking forward to his matriculation. You are, doubtless, Sir, aware that every one who goes through that form has to subscribe to certain oaths and conditions, before he can be admitted to the privileges of the University. I myself never had the benefit of a University education, but I am well aware how it helps a man to gain a position in society—a position which my rapid rise to fortune has only in part secured to me; for there are, *Mr. Punch*, aristocrats by birth, who turn up their noses at us aristocrats by wealth, and yet will stoop to—however, to return to my son. I am determined that he shall not want for advantages; but, as I have a certain sort of squeamishness about a person taking oaths that he does not know the meaning of, and swearing to observe statutes of whose nature he is unaware, I sent to Oxford for a copy of the University Statutes, that I might run my eye over them, and see what were the laws that governed the noble, the great, the famous, the—in short, the culighted place,



NORODY SHALL WEAR ANY OTHER CLOTHES THAN THOSE OF A BLACK OR SCUBFUSK HUE.

the University of Oxford. The book is now before me:—*Parechola sive Excerpta e corpore Statutorum Universitatis Oxoniensis*. and a copy is, I believe, presented to every undergraduate at his matriculation, that he may be fully aware of the laws that he has sworn to obey. The Statutes I find to be written in a Latin form—I cannot say, in a *dead* language, for it is of a kind very much resembling the living, and of that description vulgarly termed 'Dog' Latin; so that I, who never got further than *Eutropius*, and whose acquaintance with the language has become rusty from want of use, can easily make out a translation of the sentences. I find that my son will have to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, which, I dare say, is all very proper; take the Oath of Allegiance, which is quite right; and also, the Oath of Supremacy, in which he will have to say, that he, PETERLOO BROWN, does, from his heart, abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position that Princes, excommunicated or deprived by the POPE, or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever.' Now, although I may be secretly of opinion that my lad might as well swear to any Bosh, as all this

about the excommunicate Princes, yet I pass this over, and proceed to the Statutes themselves.

"I find that a great part of the book is about the keeping of terms; the granting of various kinds of degrees, of congregations, convocations, dispensations, and all that sort of thing; and I then come—under the head 'Tit. XIV. De Vestitu et Habitu Scholastico'—to the Statutes that more immediately concern my son PETERLOO. And this is the result of my search.

"I find that nobody, unless he is a Peer's son—(who may do what he likes, for you will find, *Mr. Punch*, that it is one of the great beauties of our University system, that it allows no distinction of persons, but puts the sons of the ignoble and the noble on equal terms; but I am digressing!)—I find '*Statutum est*,' that 'Nobody shall wear any other clothes than those of a black, or "subfusk" colour' (*coloris nigri aut subfusci*), 'or imitate (in their dress) what is extravagant or fast' (that seems to be the meaning of the words '*fastum aut luxurium*;' but, as I said before, my Latin is rather rusty). Now, since this is the rule, I would ask how it is, *Mr. Punch*, that young BELLINGHAM GREY (my neighbour's son) should, at the end of every term, bring home from Christ Church (where by the way, he is ruining his father, but that is no affair of mine!) suits of clothes of every colour but black or 'subfusk' (not that I exactly know what colour that may be), and remarkable solely for their extravagance and 'fast-ness?' I want my lad to dress like a gentleman, but I don't always want to see him putting in an appearance like an undertaker, or counter-skipper, or

like the man in the play (is it *Hamlet*? though, probably, *Othello*?) continually clothed in 'an inky suit of black.' And, if he swears to observe such a Statute as the above, why, of course, the authorities will see that he obeys it, and dresses accordingly.



NORODY SHALL FOLLOW THAT ABSURD AND PROUD CUSTOM OF WALKING IN BOOTS IN PUBLIC.

can be from no fault of his own, will shut him out from all the privileges of the University? It is a momentous question for a father to make, and one which may interest the bosom friend of the present Chancellor—I mean Mr.—I beg his pardon, Dr. DISRAELI. One thing is plain: that the advertisements of 'Do you want luxurious hair?' can be of no use in Oxford, and that bears-grace must be at a discount. And if my son PETERLOO should fail to observe any of the above Statutes touching his personal appearance, or the giving himself airs, he

will, when he is a graduate, have to pay 6s. 8d. for each offence (*pœna 6s. et 8d. plectatur, toties quoties*), and while he is an undergraduate he will, for such offences, have to suffer corporal punishment (*pœna corporali*). Good gracious, *Mr. Punch*, I have read that the great NEWTON was horsed when he was a Cambridge undergraduate; but I thought that such a degrading custom was either confined to that University, or had passed away with the dark ages, and oil-lamps, and Protection, and all that sort of thing. Does not Oxford—the Mother of Science, and (for what I know) the Aunt of Literature, and the Grandmother of the Arts—does not Oxford, I repeat, keep up with the progressive enlightenment of the age? I almost repent that I have entered PETERLOO there (at St. Vitus' College), and I tremble to think of the effect that corporal punishment will have on him when he is become a man. As an Eton boy it (perhaps) does him good; but as a man! I thought such disgrace only attached to the army. For, of course, the corporal punishment cannot be inflicted *only* in the Statutes.

"I then find that it is '*Statutum est*,' that if any one should happen to introduce a new and unwonted style of dress, that the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of the Colleges and Halls shall thereupon hold deliberation and give their opinion; and that the Vice-Chancellor shall then forbid the cutters-out and the tailors, making these kind of

"It is next ordered, that 'Nobody shall follow that absurd and proud custom of walking in boots in public.' (*Insuper, ab absurdo illo et fastuoso publice in ocreis ambulandi more, abstinere compellantur*. I give you the very words, *Mr. Punch*, lest you should not believe me.) Now, where on earth is the harm of my lad wearing Wellingtons? But I suppose that every one in Oxford (I do not know the place) wears the 'Oxford Shoes,' and that this Statute has been inserted to keep up what is, doubtless, the staple trade of the city. For, of course, the Statute is observed, or they would not make the students swear to obey it.

"*Statutum est*,' also, that 'Nobody shall wear the hair long or in curls (*in capittitio modus est, nec concinnos, aut comam nimis promissam alant*). Now, Sir, my son PETERLOO has been favoured by Nature with a particularly curly head of hair. I wish to ask you, Do you think that this misfortune, which it is evident



NORODY SHALL WEAR THE HAIR LONG OR IN CURLS.

garmenta (*Deinde, Vice-Cancellarius scissoribus sive sartoribus vestiaris hujusmodi vestes consiciendi potestate interdicit*); and that the Heads shall prohibit their scholars from wearing them; but that if the young men, with a morbid pertinacity (*morbi pertinacia*), persist in clothing themselves in the aforesaid garments, the Vice-Chancellor shall, after three monitions, expel them.

"The motherly care shown by Alma Mater that her sons should not fall into scrapes by making Guys of themselves, is here very strongly evidenced; and I think it would be a profitable subject for inquiry, if MR. HUME would move for a return of the number of times that the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Houses have met, in accordance with the above Statute.

"The remainder of *Tit. XIV* is taken up with the cut of the gowns, &c., but is as unlike a ladylike page of *Le Follet* (which Mrs. BROWN takes in) as anything can be.

"The Statutes demanding attention in *Tit. XV*, are so numerous that I will trouble you with them in another letter; but they are so amusing that they will repay perusal, and your opinion upon them will not only be highly valued by, but of the greatest use, to

"Dear Mr. Punch,
Your constant reader,
"PETERLOO BROWN."

SONG.—RIPEFORAJAIL.

RIPEFORAJAIL for an income is burning,
RIPEFORAJAIL has no taste for clod-turning,
RIPEFORAJAIL has no funds for gin-spinning,
Yet RIPEFORAJAIL has "Green" gold for the winning;
Come lend a kind ear to a betting muff's tale.
While he tells you the craft of bold RIPEFORAJAIL.

The EARL OF BAREPURSE, o'er Newmarket doth ride,
And views his colt win in the very last stride,
Long odds for his net, and the Ring for his game,
Short whist for the wild, and the dice for the tame;
But the TATTERSALL gudgeons, and CROCK pigeons pale,
Are less free to EARL BAREPURSE than RIPEFORAJAIL.

RIPEFORAJAIL, when his carcase was light,
Used to sweat and to curry a thoroughbred bright,
And when "grown-overweight" the Kents turned him abroad.
To pick winners, in print he each week pledged his word;
Gents who love "the blue ribbon," and sport the blue veil,
Became quite confidential with RIPEFORAJAIL.

RIPEFORAJAIL to distinction is come,
He's no longer a tout, but he owns a flash home;
A fig for THE DAVIS and 'cute HARRY HILL!
They might lay the long odds, he lays longer odds still,
A haize board and counter, and weeds very stale,
Are the sole stock in trade of bold RIPEFORAJAIL.

The COCKBURN was steel, and the BETHEL was stone,
And PALMERSTON warned him he soon must be gone;
Fierce and loud this last week was the curse and the cry
Of his victims when shutters alone met the eye;
With their Goodwood deposits he gave them leg-bail,
And a cove at Boulogne looks like RIPEFORAJAIL.

SPHERES OF REAL USEFULNESS.

THE subjoined advertisement relates to an exhibition, which is, perhaps, somewhat interesting, and which might be rendered very much so:—

DIORAMA OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS, 32, Sloane Street, will continue open for a short time. Parents will find this a truly Christian exhibition for their children. Tahiti—New Zealand—The Maori—Island of Tanna—Death of Captain Cook—First Missionary House at Tahiti—Cape Coast Castle—Baayan Tree—Ashanti—Missionary Tombs—The Dungeon, and Rose Madia.

What this exhibition wants, in order that it may enlist the sympathies of those who are the most earnest promoters of Missionary enterprise, is the addition of a few views of certain savage and heathen regions, the conversion and civilisation of whose inhabitants are more particularly important to the British public. The New Cut, Ratcliff Highway, Houndsditch, Whitechapel, and the slums of Westminster, afford fields for the operation of preachers and philanthropists as extensive, as remarkable, and as unknown as the Polynesian Archipelago or the Cannibal Islands.

DIETETIC RULE OF CONDUCT—Never ask a favour of a man until he has had his dinner.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURE.

Old Lady (who is not used to these new-fangled notions). "Oh, Sir!
Please, Sir! don't, Sir! Don't for goodness sake Fire, Sir!"

WHAT IS A MILE?

WE think that the question of "What is a Mile?"—a question which promises to swallow up in interest the Eastern Question, and all other questions which as yet remain unanswered—should be settled as soon as possible; for, until it is settled, we shall never be able to arrive at a proper settlement of the Cab fares. This settlement is due—not only to the persons who ride in cabs—but to those who drive them, for there are so many varieties of a mile, and so many different ways of measuring it, that it is impossible to say which is the right one. For instance—

If a young lady walks round the corner of the street in which she lives, she comes home quite fatigued, and "is sure she has walked more than a mile."

If a husband is dragged—a little against his will—to a certain street where there happens to be a bonnet shop, though it is not more than twenty yards, he is morally certain "he has been taken a mile out of his way, if he has been taken an inch."

It is curious the number of miles a mother-in-law has walked when she feels desirous, poor creature, of having a cab.

Besides, miles vary so much. A mistress's mile is generally very different to a servant's—a master's to a clerk's. Auctioneers' miles are proverbially very short ones when they are describing a property as being not more than "an omnibus distance from town," or when they are enlarging upon the merits of a Villa that is "only an easy drive from a railway station." Travellers' miles, on the contrary, are generally very long ones. You will hear a delicate young man, who has just returned from a pedestrian tour, boast of having walked his "two thousand miles," just as if he had trailed a pedometer behind him, and had measured every inch of the road. Panoramas also, have a very elastic method of stretching out a mile, which cab-drivers would doubtlessly not object to adopt as their own particular standard of measurement. They talk very glibly of being "three miles long," whereas, if the distance came to be measured, it would probably turn out to be—like cabmen's distances generally—not more than half. There is another deficiency, too, that frequently occurs with the mileage question. We have known a distance, that when a party first went over it, was only four or five miles, become suddenly increased to eight or ten at least, when the same party—especially if a dinner party—had to go over it again on their way back. This difficulty has been felt so strongly at times, that every one of the party has preferred—at that late hour—stopping where he was, instead of walking home all that distance. These unnecessary difficulties imperatively call for a speedy answer to the puzzling question, "What is a Mile?" for hitherto the question has been passed over by our Police magistrates, from one parish to another, like a pauper, for the want of a settlement.



ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Lady. "Your fare's Sixpence, I think? Please to knock at the door."

Cabby. "Not if I knows it, Marm.—The Hact 'bleeges me to take Sixpence a Mile, but it don't 'bleege me to knock at a door."

A CABMAN'S PROTEST AGAINST THE HINJUSTICE OF THE HACT.

Vy, here's a pretty time o' day! a precious hact indeed!
I'm blest if, since I tuk the vip, the like I ever seed.
The ould hacts they vos dreadful bad, and cut us all to bits;
For justice from just-asses a poor Cabman never gits:
Though he may do the thing vot's fair, the fare the thing vot's shabby,
It's all the same; the ugly beak is allus down on Cabby.

But look at this 'ere hact: my eye! there's fine and pris'n, too!
I vonder vot the Parlyment is going next to do.
Just s'pose a fare should leave a purse or pocket-book behind,
And s'pose, ven I gits to my stand, the book or purse I find;
It isn't mine, it's werry true, but I don't know it's his'n;
And there comes claws eleven; and claws a 'onest man to pris'n!

Then see the "rates" in Sheddle A, vy vot a shame it is
To drag two fat uns near a mile, and only git a tiz!
Now s'pose a twelve-stun fare comes up and takes me off the rank,
And makes me drive him, pretty sharp, from Smiffield to the Bank;
I civ'ly axes eighteenpence, and cheap, too, for the job—
He sticks into me claws seventeen, and fines me forty bob!

Ve're chaffed and jeered by every cove, by slaves on a bus;
Our werry watermen are now our masters top of us.
A po-lice chap may poke his dirty mug into my cab,
And, if he says it isn't clean, my license he may grab;
And arterwards, if I but "use" my own eah, I must pay,
Says claws the third, a penalty of sixty bob a day!!!

Vy, haven't Cabmen feelings? Then vot right 'ave you to gash em?
They aren't 'osses, vich, we know, all likes us for to lash em.
If we are drav about all day from this to t'other station,
Our fares serew'd down to sich a pint as 's werry near starvation,
Our parson'l liberty consarned, and bilked of all our priggings,
I'm blowed if I dont drop the reins and bolt off to the diggings.

EXHIBITION OF POLITICAL INDUSTRY.

THE honourable and gallant Member for Lincoln has reason for complaining that there is no prospect of the outlay upon the New Houses of Parliament being finished. The outlay will not be finished before the Houses are—Victoria Tower and all; and when we see what progress is being made with the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, we cannot but think how desirable it is that those edifices, and, indeed, the whole Parliamentary concern should have been got up by a Houses of Parliament Company. If that had been the case, the edifices would not only have been long since lighted, ventilated, and decorated, but the thing would now be a paying property. Such it might easily have been rendered by making the galleries larger, and admitting the public at so much a head—say playhouse prices—which crowded audiences doubtless would be willing to give, in order to hear the spouting. Besides, the Members might have been required to pay for their seats, and the revelations that have taken place this session before the Election Committees afford sufficient assurance that they would have done that handsomely.

Whiskey above Proof.

WE suppose that the principal objection of the Irish priesthood to the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN'S *Christian Evidences* as a national school-book, is, that if the pupils were allowed to have the truth of Christianity proved to them, they would also want proof of everything else that their Reverences tell them to believe.

THE ETIQUETTE OF SMOKING.

LIGHT your eigar *first*, and, after you have taken one or 'two whiffs, turn round, and inquire, most politely, "If smoking is disagreeable to any one present?"

THE MOST UNPLEASANT MEETING.—Having to meet a Bill.

A CAROL ON 'CAROLINE' CHISHOLM.



COME, all you British females of wealth and high degree,
Bestowing all your charity on lands beyond the sea,
I'll point you out a pattern which a better plan will teach
Than that of sending Missioners to Tombuctoo to preach.

Converting of the Heathen's a very proper view,
By preaching true religion to Pagan and to Jew,
And bringing over Cannibals to Christian meat and bread,
Unless they catch your Parson first and eat him up instead.

But what's more edifying to see, a pretty deal,
Is hearty British labourers partaking of a meal,
With wives, and lots of children, about their knees that climb,
And having tucked their platefuls in, get helped another time,

Beyond the roaring ocean; beneath the soil we tread,
You've English men and women, well housed and clothed
and fed,

Who but for help and guidance to leave our crowded shores,
Would now be stealing, begging, or lie starving at our doors.

Who taught them self-reliance, and stirred them to combine,
And club their means together to get across the brine,
Instead of strikes, and mischief, and breaking of the law,
And wasting time in hearing incendiaries jaw?

Who led their expeditions? and under whose command
Through dangers and through hardships sought they the
promised land?

A second MOSES, surely, it was who did it all,
It was a second MOSES in bonnet and in shawl.

By means of one good lady were all these wonders wrought,
By CAROLINE CHISHOLM's energy, benevolence, and thought,
Instead of making here and there a convert of a Turk,
She has made idle multitudes turn fruitfully to work.

The ragged pauper crawling towards a parish grave
She roused—directed to a home beyond the western wave;
She smoothed his weary passage across the troubled deep,
With food, and air, and decencies of ship-room and of sleep.

There's many a wife and mother will bless that lady's name,
Embracing a fat infant—who might else have drowned the
same,

A mother, yet no wife, compelled by poverty to sin,
And die in gaol or hospital of misery and gin.

The REVEREND EBENEZER I'd not deny his dues,
For saving Patagonians, and Bosjesmen, and Zooloos;
But MRS. CHISHOLM's mission is what I far prefer;
For saving British natives I'd give the palm to her.

And now that a subscription is opened and begun,
In order to acknowledge the good that she has done
Among that sort of natives—the most important tribe—
Come down like handsome people, and handsomely subscribe.

OUR HONEYMOON.

TUESDAY—MAY 28, 18—.

SHALL I ever forget the day? As it comes round—if I'm spared for fifty years—I'm sure I shall always feel a chill, a pang at the thoughts of it. That dear, foolish creature, FRED! As if being shot could make it any better! And then the thought—the horrid thought would press itself—piercing like a dagger—to be sent into weeds in one's very Honeymoon!

Of course, the whole house was raised. When JOSEPHINE heard me scream, and came to the bedroom door, and found it locked, and couldn't make me sensible to open it—for I'd the key in my hand, and so had dropt it on the floor when I fell myself in a swoon—

Of course, when JOSEPHINE could make nobody hear, she very soon raised the house, and there were chambermaids and waiters at the door, and they were breaking it open, when I came enough to myself to prevent it!

"It's all right, Ma'am," said JOSEPHINE. "Master's safe: not a whit the worse, depend on 't."

"Safe! Are you sure?"

"Certain, Ma'am." "Cause the landlord has given information to the constables, and no doubt on it, he says, they'll all be in custody afore they can shoot one another."

"Shoot!" Well—for the moment—I did hate the creature as she spoke the word; speaking it with all the coolness in life—death, I might say.

I hastily slipped something on: went into our room. Had up the landlord, the landlady; and it really was wonderful—gave me for the time quite a shock at human nature—to see how little they were moved—in fact not moved at all—by my wretchedness, my downright misery. "Oh," I thought, every other minute, "if I once get him home again!" And then the next moment, some horrid sight would come before me—and no one, no one to help or advise me. Yes. The landlady counselled me to have a cup of tea, and the landlord advised me to make myself comfortable. "Things o' the sort"—he said—"never come to nothing, now-a-days. Besides, he'd given the word to the constables—and I might make myself easy they'd all be locked up in a jiffy."

"Could he tell me"—I asked—"the most likely road to take?"
"Why, no," he said, "some folks took one, some another. Some liked the cliffs, some the Devil's Dyke; but as he'd sent all ways, why, again he assured me, I had nothing to do but to make myself comfortable."

And even as the horrid man said this, his more dreadful wife—not but what the woman meant well; only I couldn't abide her for her composure at such a time—the woman came to me stirring a cup of tea with, as she said, just a spoonful of brandy in it to settle my spirits.

What a thought! I to take tea with brandy in it, and FREDERICK perhaps at that moment—

JOSEPHINE—I'll do the girl so much justice at last—was running to and fro, upstairs and downstairs—and putting the house, from one end to the other, in a ferment. At last the landlady desired her to be quiet, and not go about making noise enough to tear people out of their beds. If all the world was gone out to be shot, that was no reason why their house should be ruined!

Well, I won't attempt to describe the two hours I suffered! How, sometimes, I thought I'd have a horse and go galloping anywhere, everywhere.

"It's all over, Ma'am!"—cried JOSEPHINE, running in.

"Over!" and I saw death in the girl's face.

"Over, Ma'am. They fired two shots, Ma'am—two a-piece—they say, and"—

"Yes—yes"—

"And master?"

"Killed!"—I screamed.

"No, Ma'am! Quite the reverse!"—

(How I thanked the girl for the words, though where *could* she have picked 'em up?)

"He has not killed his—I mean the—other gentleman?"—

"No, Ma'am, totally the contrary. Nobody's hit—not so much as winged, though what that means I can't say—only I heard one of the men say as much. But all of 'em in custody."

"What now? Why, what for?"

"Why, Ma'am, as I hear, for every one of the gentlemen to be bound over to keep his peace for the rest of his born days! And la! bless me—how ill you turn, Ma'am, and when it's all over?"

"Not at all, JOSEPHINE. I'm very well, now: very well, indeed;"

and then rose my determination. Yes, I'd go home that very day. "JOSEPHINE, pack up as much as you can. Your master shall go home, I'll take care of *that* directly."

"That's right, Ma'am. Now you've got him safe and sound once more, you couldn't do better, Ma'am. And for Mr. TRUEPENNY"—

Well, his very name set me in a flame. "MR. TRUEPENNY! He never crosses *my* threshold! A very pretty friend indeed, to come and lure a man—a newly-married man!"

"Not married a month yet, quite, Ma'am," said JOSEPHINE, "which makes it hard."

"And take him out, I may say, in cold blood!"

"Which makes it ten times wickeder," said JOSEPHINE.

"And butcher him like a lamb," said I.

"Exactly like a lamb, Ma'am," cried the girl. "Only there is this difference, Ma'am: you know master isn't a bit hurt."

"That has nothing to do with it. He might have been killed, and what would Mr. TRUEPENNY have cared? No! I might have been left a wretched widow!"

"And much Mr. TRUEPENNY would have helped you then, Ma'am," said the good girl.

"No, he never crosses the *Fitch*—never: and that I shall tell your master. The foolish, dear fellow! How I will scold him!"

"Do, Ma'am; he deserves it all. To go fighting and—and after all, do you know for a certainty what he went fighting about?"

"Folly, madness, of course," said I. "Jealous of"—

"Well, I thought so!" cried JOSEPHINE, with a strange knowing look. "I thought as much. Jealous, and of you, too, above all folks! And in your Honeymoon, too. Well, I'm sure; as if there wasn't time enough for that!"

"I don't mean to say jealous; not of me—of course not. But the fact is, he fired up at a rudeness, a liberty that!"

"You don't say so, Ma'am!" cried the girl. "La, and if you please, how was that?"

"Why, it was all folly—all nonsense—and he ought to have known better; but—there was a little flower-girl on the beach. What's the matter, JOSEPHINE?" for I saw the creature look suddenly confused.

"Nothing, Ma'am—only I—I once saw that girl—a gipsy-girl, Ma'am—with flowers, Ma'am; yes, to be sure."

"Then you know her?" I asked.

"Can't say I know. Because one should hardly lower oneself to know a creature of that sort. Only once, and perhaps twice, I've had a nosegay of her."

"Well, she *would* give a nosegay to me," said I.

"Just like 'em, Ma'am," replied JOSEPHINE.

"Yes. She ran to me, and put a nosegay in my hand. And in that nosegay, what, JOSEPHINE—and I watched her narrowly as I further questioned—what do you think there was?"

"Law! Who can answer for the gipsies," cried JOSEPHINE.

"Well, then, there was a letter—a love-letter; and that letter finding its way to your master's hand!"

"Oh, Ma'am! Do forgive me! Pray forgive me! I couldn't help it; but I see it all now. The gentleman *would* write—that letter was not for you!"

"No? For whom then?"

"If you please, Ma'am, and you'll not be angry, that letter"—said the bold creature—"that letter was for me!"

"For you! And here has nearly been murder done—here has your master!"

But at the moment FRED ran into the room, and I was in his arms.



UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION OF MR. JONES DURING A TABLE-TURNING EXPERIMENT.

N.B. MR. JONES'S skin is extremely sensitive; he must not remove his hands from the Table, and for 35 agonising minutes a wretched fly makes a promenade of his face.

THE MILESTONE TREADMILL.

How to find fit work for convicts—work that shall at the same time be serviceable to the Public, and shall not take the bread out of the mouths of honest men—is a question that nobody has yet answered. Profound philosophers have sometimes got very near to the discovery of the quadrature of the circle, perpetual motion, the transmutation of metals, the elixir of life, the crystallisation of carbon, the longitude. They have almost succeeded; all but solved the problem; when, just on the verge of the accomplishment of the great work, they find all their profound calculations upset by some petty, superficial obstacle which they had overlooked. Precisely thus had we nearly attained to the invention of a proper employment for convicted thieves: just so were we confounded on the brink of success by a stumbling-block, which has

tripped us up and flung us back again heels over head, alighting, however, on the former, as we always do.

A communication in the *Civil Service Gazette* states the case of a letter-carrier, in the Derby district, who has to walk above 20 miles a day, and deliver letters at eleven villages. This amount of walking exercise, allowing 15 minutes for delivery at each village, and 25 minutes for refreshment, the writer calculates to be 8 miles an hour for 2½ hours. It reads like an achievement of running a fabulous distance and picking up an incredible number of stones with the mouth. That a man might match himself to attempt such a feat of pedestrianism for a limited period and high stakes is conceivable: but this one does it daily for 11s. Of course he has sent in his resignation; no free agent could continue to do such work on such terms. Only eleven shillings for all this hard labour!

Hard labour. These two words are brilliantly suggestive—seem to flash upon us the settlement of the convict employment question. Hard labour—occupation toilsome and unremunerative; at the same time useful: just the proper occupation for criminals. Rig out all our rogues and thieves in blue and scarlet, turn them into postmen, and give them six months, or upwards, of 8 miles an hour for several hours daily letter-carrying. MERCURY in Windsor uniform; messenger and thief in one: on the turnpike treadmill—'tis a pretty idea, too, into the bargain.

But here up starts the difficulty. It is peculiarly necessary that a postman should, before all things, be honest. By this trifling obstacle is the magnificently specious scheme of substituting Post Office employment for the treadmill frustrated. The mounted police, and other constabulary, might prevent the fellows from escaping, and keep them in their routes; but could hardly hinder them from secreting money and notes in stumps of trees, old walls, and other nooks and corners, for concealment therein till the expiration of their sentences. Whilst, however, there exists this objection to the employment of rogues as postmen, there is nothing whatever to forbid them from employing themselves in that capacity. Hence the frequent abstraction of half-sovereigns from letters; taxing the detective acumen of MR. SCULTHORPE.

We see that a bumpkin of a Post Office messenger was tried the other day at the assizes for making away with letters. He was an ignorant clown: and he destroyed them simply that he might not have the trouble of delivering them. Alas for our economy! Unfortunately we can't give inadequate wages without being in danger of getting either a knave for our servant or a fool.

So we didn't quite set the Thames on fire; it won't do to make letter-carriers of convicts: and as to the nuisance of having knaves and fools amongst our postmen, there is evidently no help for that but to raise the postmen's salaries.

Devotees in Cells.

MR. LUCAS, the other evening, made a reasonable speech in the House. He complained that the principle of religious equality, in English prisons, was not sufficiently observed with regard to Roman Catholic prisoners. A fair ground of complaint! By all means let every Romanist convict enjoy his own conviction.

AN ANSWER TO THE EASTERN QUESTION.



the usual dryness of which would, we are convinced, render any little dampness impossible.

PASSPORTS IMPROVED.

THERE was a talk of passports being issued with photographic portraits. Men may not object to this plan, as they do not care so much for a little disfigurement, but we doubt strongly if ladies will ever give their countenances to it. It is well known that photographic portraits do not improve the beauty of any one. They give the features of the "human face divine," but without the slightest touch of flattery. Worse than this, if there should be any little defect, the cruel metal does not trouble itself in the least to conceal it, but has the vulgarity to render it in all its staring obliquity or deformity. We have our fears, therefore, that this very unfashionable system of portrait painting will never suit the ladies. It goes upon the Antipodean theory of making the pretty faces appear ugly, and the ugly ones still uglier. We are confident that no lady who has any respect for herself, or her husband, will face such an ordeal. Some other plan must be invented by the police, or else there will be an end to all travelling on the part of our ladies.

Where is the woman who would care about going abroad, when she was liable to be stopped at every minute, and forced to produce, for the amusement of some coarse gend'arme, an ugly photographic portrait of herself? We propose, therefore, that the following system be adopted:—Let M. BAUGNIET, or some other artist as clever in taking portraits, be constantly in attendance at the passport office. He would strike off a likeness in a very short time—such a likeness as, delicately flattered, the lady herself would take a positive pleasure in producing every time she was asked for it. It would be an elegant work of art; which the lady would like, probably, to preserve by her, and the possession of which would also materially enhance the pleasures of travelling. All the expenses to be paid, of course, by the State—for it would be a most ungracious action to ask a lady to pay for her own portrait—or else to be defrayed by the railways, or steam-packets, of the country which the fair traveller intended to visit. The companies would be amply repaid by the influx of passengers, besides having the enviable privilege of claiming copies of all their female visitors. An ample profit, even, might be realized by selling the lithographs, for a lady might be allowed to claim as many copies of her likeness as she pleased, upon the understanding that all copies, beyond the one which was given to her for the necessary police purposes of travelling, were to be paid for. A large revenue might be derived from this branch of the passport system, for what lady would hesitate to take a hundred copies of herself, if she was made extremely handsome?

The Vegetarians in the North.

THE Vegetarians have been consuming a quantity of green stuff in public at the Town Hall of Salford. We shall expect soon to hear of a variety of Extraordinary Feats performed by geniuses of the Vegetarian class, such as swallowing turnips whole, demolishing spinnach by the sieve, onions by the rope, and cabbages by the cartload. We perceive that the Vegetarians have set themselves in opposition to everything like compromise; and a poor unfortunate who endeavoured to meet the Vegetarians half way by living on tapioca, was recently hooted down, and warned of the frightful consequences to be apprehended from the starch in the tapioca, which might lead to stiffness of the joints, and a thousand other maladies.

THE BATTLE OF SPITHEAD.

OF COCHRANE and the Court,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to Spithead did resort
All that London could send down;
Where they lodged the night before, is unknown—
Room to sit, or sleep, or stand,
Fancy prices did command:
With the houseless, street and strand
Thick were strewn.

Many a cockney was afloat,
Unaccustomed to the brine;
But no wind to speak of blew,
And the day was bright and fine;
It was ten of Thursday morn by the chime,
And no ripple curled in wrath,
As they steamed upon their path,
And sniffed old NEPTUNE'S breath.
Oh, 'twas prime!

Old penny boats, new-brushed,
Till they looked quite smart and clean,
Their bows plebeian pushed
More nobby craft between.
"Give 'em coke!" the captains cried; and each one
Charged his furnace to the lips,
Till steamers, yachts, and ships,
The funnel's clouds eclipse—
Dark and dun!

In vain! in vain! in vain!
All attempts to keep 'em back;—
With a turn-a-head, again
They were right across the track—
Underneath some first-rate's bows, or frigate's boom—
Spite of angry captain's hail,
And passengers grown pale,
When did Thames' steamers fail,
To find room?

The well-bred yachting men
Much better did behave,
With six pounders and c'en ten
Their salute they duly gave,
And their burgees to the breeze did smartly fling—
While Solent's shores repeat
The thunders of the fleet,
That HER MAJESTY to greet,
Loudly ring!

Till to the great relief
Of eyes and ears and nose,
At a signal from the chief
The salutes came to a close,
And we thought the firing over for the day;
While COBDEN and friend BAIGHT
Asked themselves "if such a sight
Of powder we'd a right
To fire away?"

When sudden through the haze,
The foemen heave in sight,
And again those broadsides blaze
In the mimicry of fight—
But yet, from out the cannon's harmless roar,
Speaks a warning true and deep,
Of the floating powers that sleep,
The curse of war to keep
From our shore!

The friends of peace may chide,
But not the less 'tis true,
There's a time our strength to hide,
And a time to show it, too;
'Tis not always true economy to save—
Then wherever ocean rolls,
From the equator to the Poles,
May our hearts of oak bear sail,
True and brave!

AN OBTUSE ANGLE?—Attempting to catch a perch with a hook, but no bait.



CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS DURING THE HOT WEATHER.

NEVER GO TO SLEEP WHILE YOU ARE HAVING YOUR HAIR CUT IN PARIS, OR IT MAY BE CUT IN THE FIRST STYLE OF FASHION.

SPECIAL REVIEW OF THE FLEET.

(By a Distinct Observer.)

I HAD the advantage of inspecting the Review of the Fleet from a peculiar point of view. Before me was an enormous volume of smoke, which completely prevented me from seeing the vessels; it was, however, a volume in which I think I read something to the purpose.

There is, perhaps, hardly any mind wherein the tremendous roar of 1,076 guns, the smallest of which are 32 pounders, and the largest throw 68 lb. shot and 84 lb. shells, would not excite some degree of emotion of some sort.

The boom of each Brobdignagian piece of ordnance inspired me with a sum in mental arithmetic, which the immediate thunder of another explosion prevented me from carrying out with strict accuracy. The problem, however, was simple enough. So much noise, so much gunpowder, so much money. So much money; so much taxation. The scene—of smoke chiefly—was too sublime; the noise was too overwhelming; perhaps I had also drunk too much brandy and water: to admit of my COCKERING myself in exact calculation; but I ciphered roughly in a mental soliloquy, thus:—

Bang! There goes the Income Tax. Bang! That's the Succession Duty. Bang! Bang! That's the Stamp and Paper Duties. Bang! Bang! Bang! There's the Assessed Taxes. Bom! the Malt Tax. Pop! the Wine Duties. Pop-pop-pop! The rest of the Taxes on Consumption.

All this money gone in fire and smoke? Not so—the greater part of it, doubtless in national defence and Peace Assurance; but is it not just possible that a rather enthusiastic nation may get a little too fond—as it has been ere now—of gunpowder and artillery; a little too prone, if it does not take care—no disparagement to Chobham Camps and Spithead Reviews—to amuse itself by playing at soldiers and sailors.

Of course it is necessary, to a certain extent, to discharge small arms

and to fire broadsides at nothing. But yet, "amid the joy and the uproar" of these imposing high jinks, it may be a useful exercise for the mind of the spectator, if not too much clouded by powder smoke, or other fumes, to count the cost of the cartridges, and compute the dimensions of the hole which they blow in our pocket.

PARLIAMENTARY BULLETIN.

It is useless to affect any further disguise with respect to the condition of an Illustrious Body; or to the human certainty, almost, of that melancholy event which nothing but some unlooked for occurrence, or inconceivable change in the Constitution, can now protract above a few days. The following Bulletin was issued this morning:—

"St. Stephen's, August 18, 1853.

"Parliament has passed a very unfavourable night; for the most part in a state of extreme prostration; dozing heavily at intervals, but now and then exhibiting symptoms of restlessness. The distinguished patient is happily free from pain, and so completely in possession of the mental faculties as to express a wish for Grouse; but the difficulty of performing the vital functions increases; and the mind of the nation must be prepared for the inevitable result.

"Signed {
ABERDEEN,
PALMERSTON,
J. RUSSELL,
W. E. GLADSTONE."

We cannot be expected to express much sorrow at the approaching departure of the Imperial sufferer from the present Session of existence, already protracted beyond the usual span; and, in fact, will not pretend to say that we shall not consider it a very happy release.

THE REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.—It is wonderful that this affair was not a sad mistake; for there is no doubt that the Reviewers were all at sea.



THE SHAM FIGHT AT SPITHEAD.

Boarder. "AH! IT'S ALL WERRY WELL; BUT O, JACK—IF YOU HAD BEEN A ROOSHIAN!"



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

WHO SENDS ALL THE CONSCIENCE-MONEY ?



HERE is a question we would ask the reader: Did ever he meet with a person who had sent any "conscience-money" to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER? We have met with many curious people in our life-time, but we must say we never came in contact with an eccentric individual, who indulged in any peculiarity half so strange as the above. We do not believe such an individual exists. If ever there was a myth, we should say that individual is fairly entitled to call himself one. He must be the myth of all

myths; unless perchance it is the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER himself, who sends all these conscience-moneys. We have long had a suspicion of this nature; firstly, because we never see any return of these numerous sums of money entered in the Quarter's Revenue; and, secondly, because we believe he does it to decoy others to do the same. If you notice, these conscientious offerings are generally made in favour of the income-tax. Now, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER knows very well that this tax is not a popular one. He also knows that, on account of its unpopularity, there is a very large class of HER MAJESTY'S subjects who particularly dislike paying it. Give them but a chance of evading the payment, and they do not in the least scruple availing themselves of it. We do not say whether the practice, so pursued, is honest or not, but such is the fact! The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, therefore, hits every now and then upon the "conscience-money" expedient in order to reproach every man who has been a defaulter with the fact of his non-payment. It is only another way of saying to him, "Why don't you follow his example? Look at A. B.; what a noble-minded fellow he is! By some accident he has neglected to pay £50 for his share of the Income-Tax, and here, by Jove, he has sent it! Now, if you have any conscience, you will immediately do the same."

We cannot say whether any one does send anything. A few pounds may drop in occasionally, but we suspect that the majority of the sums, sent in the name of A. B., or X. Y. Z., and the other popular initials of the alphabet, are forwarded by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER himself. It is a financial dodge for inducing reluctant tax-payers to do that as a matter of "conscience," which they will not do as a pleasure.

THE END OF QUACKERY.

AMONG the many novel systems of medicine for which the present day is remarkable, there is one distinguished by a name that, at least, seems very appropriate. It is called Coffinism. This is candid. The term, however, is so comprehensive, that it might, with great correctness, be applied to all manner of therapeutical schemes which deviate from true medical science. There is one right method of treating diseases, and there are many wrong ones; to all whereof the denomination of Coffinism is justly applicable; since it indicates, with exactness, the tendency of each of them; every improper way of attempting to cure people being a path which leads to the "bourne from which no traveller returns;" in short, which terminates in the elm box.

A Whisper in the Ear of Nicholas.

WE hope we have heard the last of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S Ultimatums, or Ultimata, just as you like to call it. We trust the EMPEROR will bear in mind the old Latin injunction of "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," which, for his own particular Imperial use, we beg to alter into "*Ne sutor ultra Ultimatum*."

CURE FOR A CUT.—Buy a new suit of clothes.

SONGS OF THE MENDICANTS.

No. 2.—THE SONG OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVER.

WEARILY spins the web of life;
Dismally London's streets I tread:
I've got at home a consumptive wife,
And two small children lying dead.
(*Aside.*) I must indulge a quiet grin—
I shall feel better when I've laughed;
My wife's at home consuming gin,
While the children sleep with an opium draught.

If my wife and children you could see,
I'm sure you'd help me, good Christians all;
Believe my wretched tale, and on me
In halfpence let your compassion fall.
(*Aside.*) If my wife and children you wish to meet,
As soon as she's sober, you'll mayhap
Find her in the adjoining street,
With the well-drugg'd infants on her lap.

A Weaver I've always been by trade,
From the time when I was eight years old;
But I've been unfit for labour made,
By hunger, over-work, and cold.
(*Aside.*) Yes, I am a Weaver, I'll stick to that;
And my skill will often myself surprise,
When I think what precious yarns I spin,
And what wondrous webs I weave—of lies.

To beg I'm forbidden by the Act;
But Providence will your charity bless,
If you'll purchase a small religious tract
From a pious Weaver in distress.
(*Aside.*) Hallo! how's this? I'm fairly caught;
A religious tract, I think I said;
I've left them at home, and by Jove, I've brought
My stock of flash song-books out instead.

MR. PETERLOO BROWN'S EXAMINATION OF THE OXFORD STATUTES.

LETTER II.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"IN my last letter to you, I mentioned a few of the *Statutum est* of 'Tit. XIV.' of the Oxford Statutes; and I now come to consider 'Tit. XV.' of the same amusing work, premising that I shall confine my remarks to this *Tit.*, as it would be a task of insufferable weariness—and one, I suppose, which like the discovery of the source of the Nile, no philanthropist would ever live to carry out—to attempt to explore the twenty-one *Tits.*, which, with their *appendices* branches, run through that immense tract of paper intended for the use of the academic youth (*in usum juventutis academice*). But I may remark, *en passant*, as our 'lively neighbours' say—(I don't know French, Mr. Punch, but I like to quote it occasionally, as it shows refinement and education, and that you read the *Morning Post*, and all that sort of thing)—I may remark, that for the Vice-Chancellor to drive twenty-one of these *Tits.* in hand, and keep them well together, must be no ordinary act of JEU-ISM; and I think it would have added greatly to the effect of the late Commemoration, if they had put out illustrated posters, that the new Chancellor, 'acknowledged by the Press to be the premier jockey of the day, and without a Peer in the Westminster Circle,' would make his 'first public entrance into Oxford, driving TWENTY-ONE TITS IN HAND!' after which would, of course, follow 'the performances in the Theatre,' with 'the drogeries of the Caucasian Clown,' and 'the laughable farce of *The Phenomenon in a Doctor's gown*.' I think something might have been made of that; but the hint may perhaps be taken against the next opportunity.

"*Tit. XV.* treats '*De moribus conformandis*;' and it first orders that all juniors should pay due respect to their seniors—their seniors that is, in academical rank, for age does not come before dignity in Oxford—the undergraduates to the B.A.'s, the B.A.'s to the M.A.'s, the M.A.'s to the D.C.L.'s, and so on, according to the standing of the 'Man of letters;' (a phrase which evidently refers to those mysterious decimations of the alphabet, which some people delight to put after their names). And the 'due respect' is to be shown, firstly, by yielding up the best seats, (*locum potiore[m] cedendo*) which, they tell me, was done in the theatre at the late Commemoration, by putting the undergraduates in the gallery, the M.A.'s in the pit, and reserving the boxes and dress circle for the 'Dons' and the ladies; and secondly, by giving the wall, and by capping, or, as the Statute more expressively

says, 'by uncovering the head at a proper distance,' (*ad justum inter-callum caput aperiendo*) though what this proper distance may be, appears to be left to the taste of the capper, the rank of the cappee, the force of the wind, the length of the arm, or any other directing influence. Probably the distance is measured by the relative dignity of the wearers of the cap, so that an undergraduate would have to uncover himself as soon as the Vice-Chancellor came in sight; and, in the event of a dispute as to the proper distance, the matter would probably be settled as they arrange similar differences of opinion under the new Cab Act, and would be brought before the Vice-Chancellor's Court, who would, doubtless, order the distance to be measured. At any rate, it appears that my son PETERLOO will have to learn to keep his distance, and this inclines me to think favourably of this Statute; for I have always been of opinion (since I made money by it) that there is nothing like being 'umble' to your superiors, and showing them all that respect which they desire, even if they don't deserve. But I am glad that the Oxford authorities enforce this Statute by wisely ordaining that those who neglect the proper marks of respect, shall be punished with impositions, loss of terms, and the setting down of their names in the Proctor's Black Book, (*in libro Nigro Procuratorum*), which I have no doubt is the Bogy with which the nurses of Alma Mater terrify and awe her refractory children. But moreover, if they should still contumaciously persist in their conduct, (*si contumaces persistierint*), they shall be fined in addition, not more than five pounds for each offence. It does not say what is done with the money, but it probably goes towards purchasing a plaster for wounded dignity. Now, *Mr. Punch*, as touching this healthy Statute, I am rather curious to know how many undergraduates, B.A.'s, or M.A.'s, were, during the late Commemoration, castigated by the Proctors (*Procuratoribus castigentur*), or fined this five pounds, or had their names put down in that terrible Black Book, or done anything else to, for not capping at a proper distance, or yielding the wall to DR. SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. &c., when they met that talented author of *The Lily and the Bee*, (that *sweet, thoughtful* poem, as MRS. BROWN calls it,) when he promenaded the High Street in all the scarlet glories of his new D.C.L.-ship? For, if the Proctors' Black Book be innocent of names branded therein for the dire offences mentioned, of course there would not be such a Statute for matriculating members to swear to obey.

"It is next ordered that nobody should wander idly about the city or its suburbs, or be seen loitering about the streets, or the public market-place; (*neque in Plateis, aut publico Foro, stantes aut commorantes conspiciantur*), just as though Oxford was always in a state of insurrection, and it was feared that if groups of students lounged in the streets, the Riot Act would have to be read, and the military called out. But, on the whole, I admire this rule also; for I know that when young men hang about in front of attractive shop-



NO ONE SHALL LOITER ABOUT THE STREETS OR THE PUBLIC MARKET-PLACE.

windows, the natural result is the running up of bills; and my son, PETERLOO, has rather a pretty taste for jewellery and pictures. I am glad to think, therefore, that the authorities put a stop to these expensive lounges, and even punish them '*pro arbitrio Vice-Cancellarii*,

vel Procuratorum.' But I cannot help thinking, *Mr. Punch*, how greatly painters must draw on their own imaginations, when they represent the High Street of Oxford as always enlivened by several of these condemned groups: clearly an artistic license, as the authorities would have immediately dispersed them, in accordance with their Statute.

"The next Statute that says nobody must frequent the houses of the townspeople and the workshops of artificers, without reasonable cause, I pass over with the simple remark, that it would have been



NOBODY SHALL FREQUENT WHERE THE HERB NICOTIANA IS SOLD.

better to have avoided the gratuitous insult that places respectable houses in the same clause with others that are both shameless and nameless; and I come to the next Statute, which says that Nobody shall frequent the taverns, wine-shops, or places within the city and University precincts, where wine, or any other liquor, or the herb Nicotiana or 'Tobacco,' is commonly sold. (*Cauponis, Anopolis ac domibus * * * in quibus vinum, aut quavis alius potus, aut herba Nicotiana sive Tobacco, ordinarie venditur, abstineant*), and that the townspeople who admit the students to such houses shall be heavily fined, or punished with loss of custom for a certain time.

"Bless me, *Mr. Punch*! to think that I have smoked tobacco all my life, and called it by its wrong name! But, as SAM SLICK observes of the Frenchman, 'Blow'd if he didn't call a hat a shappo! This comes of his not speaking English!' so, I suppose, I fell into the mistake of calling the herb Nicotiana by its vulgar name of Tobacco, from not having had the advantage of an Oxford education. The Statute speaks for itself. It entirely sets at rest those absurd reports that we hear and read of the great consumption in Oxford of wines and spirituous liquors, pale ale, and the herb Nicotiana; and when my neighbour's son, BELLINGHAM GREY, of Christchurch, has the politeness to offer me a 'weed' (he does not call it a 'herb,' I observe, so I suppose the plant has degenerated,) which he says he purchased at CASTLE'S, or some other great stronghold for Oxford smokers; and when he further entertains me with accounts of snug little undergraduate dinners at the Star, or Mitre, and how from the effects of an injudicious mixture of liquors the waiter's face came to be artistically corked and otherwise taken liberties with; and when he narrates other anecdotes of a like pleasant nature, I must suppose that he takes me for a Marine, and tells his tales accordingly. For it is very evident to all sensible persons, that when the authorities require the students to swear not to do these things, and to receive certain punishments if they do them, that they would be strict in enforcing the Statute, and would not tamely suffer either thoughtless undergraduates to break their oaths, or the unfortunate tavern and shop-keepers, and vendors of the herb Nicotiana, to run a risk of fines and loss of custom. Would they, *Mr. Punch*? I should rather think not, says

"Your Constant Reader, PETERLOO BROWN."

A BARE POSSIBILITY.—The Russian Bear keeping the peace in Europe for long.

THE DOOM OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

THE Act has at length passed for the total destruction of Westminster Bridge, and another bridge is to succeed, which, if it is really to succeed, must be as unlike as possible to the existing bridge, which has been a complete failure. The career of this bridge has been downward from the first, and its continuance has been a phenomenon similar to that which is illustrated by the old saying that "a creaking door hangs long upon the hinges." Westminster Bridge has been, as long as we can remember, "going, going, going," and it has been a matter of constant wonder that it had never yet "gone." We have never on traversing it been able to look back upon it with the respect due to "the bridge that carries us safely over," for we have always felt that the safety was due rather to good fortune than to any merit the bridge itself had to rest upon.

We cannot help feeling delighted that an act of Parliament will at last put this unhappy old bridge out of its misery, instead of sanctioning the further infliction of the painful operations to which it has been subjected. The poor old bridge is no longer to be maimed and mutilated, but it is to be made away with once and for ever. It has already undergone the process of trepanning, by having something removed from its crown, and it has long ago been able to boast of nothing better than wooden legs, by the process of giving it timbers to stand upon, as well as wooden arms, by the substitution of wood-work for its old original balustrades. We are delighted that the old nuisance will not be suffered to die in its bed, or rather in the bed of the river, into which it daily threatened to tumble. Westminster Bridge has, indeed, had a fair trial, for it has been tried by its piers, and its condemnation has been the inevitable result, for its piers have been, perhaps, the chief cause of its downfall.

OUR YOUNG LADY AT SPITHEAD.

MISS LAURA TREMAINE to her Sister, the Wife of AUGUSTUS FLOPP, ESQ., M.P.

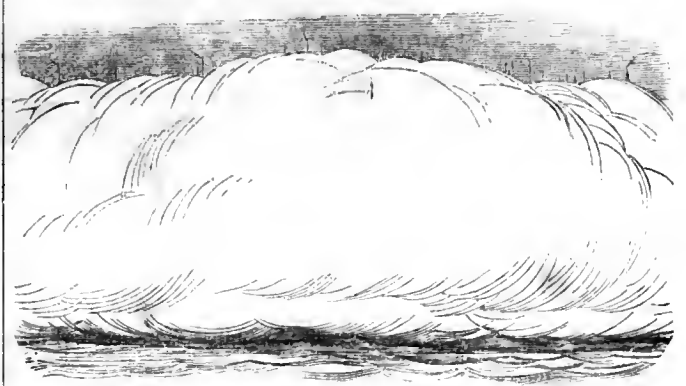
"MY DEAREST LOUISA,

"CERTAINLY, of all the unkind and churlish creatures that ever lived, the House of Commons contains the very worst specimens, and, my dear, they are all alike, so there is no use in your making a protest on behalf of your own Honourable Member. Not to take you to the Spithead Review, and then to plead, as an apology, that there were no ships for your accommodation! And this is the omnipotent Parliament, that has only to say that coals shall not smoke, and they instantly emit nothing but perfumed incense; that cabmen shall not cheat, and they at once become as polite as guardsmen (and a great deal politer); that candidates shall not bribe, and they immediately begin to pay the voters who have opposed them, just to prevent the poor men from being unlawfully rewarded by their own friends. And yet this wonderful Parliament pretends that it cannot find a ship or two to take its own wives to see the Queen review the fleet! The men must think you are perfect geese, my dear Loo, to offer you such rubbishy excuses. It is very well for AUGUSTUS that he married you and not me, as he was once inclined to do (he *was*, so you need not make a face), for you accept 'the House' as an excuse for everything, and are afraid to look at the newspaper in the morning to see what hour Parliament rose, for fear you should discover that he *could* not have been waiting for a division at three. And you believe, too, that it is necessary for him to be full dressed for a debate, and that it produces just the same effect upon him as champagne does upon ordinary men. O, LOUISA! But you *like* it, I believe.

"Well, as I have not got an AUGUSTUS to tell me stories and leave me at home, I went with LADY DE GULES and her sister to Portsmouth, and every kind of care was taken of us. We went from the hotel (where I hear they were demanding unheard-of prices from strangers, and charging them five guineas for leave to pass the night on a hob, with the run of the fender for a dressing-room), and some naval officers whom LADY DE GULES ordered up for our service—her brother, you know, is a Lord of Admiralty—escorted us through the dockyard, and had a boat waiting at the stairs to take us to a great steam-ship lying in the harbour. Now, I should like to know why the wives of Parliament could not have had this very ship. There was plenty of room, nothing could be nicer. We had an awning over us, and the Captain ordered one of the cannons to be taken in, so that we had the porthole for a window, and there we clustered, LADY DE GULES having shawls and things put upon the cannon, and perching herself on the top. There were a few good people on board, but I rather think that at the last moment, when the Admiralty authorities found that they did not want the tickets, they flung them to the local folks, who came on board very fussy and angular—horrid men, all in black at ten in the morning, and women covered with jewellery, which one of the little middies said they bought cheap of the Jews in the High Street—it *did* look like it. However, they kept at a respectful distance, and sneered

at one another. Some of the officers on board were very attentive, and if I wanted to marry a man in uniform, I would sooner have the sea-lively than the land. They are fresher, and much pleasanter to talk to than the hardened army men, and really think more of you than the other spoiled creatures do. It was quite delightful to see them fly about to make you comfortable, doing things the soldier-officers, as your dreadful child calls them, would faint at the idea of—except at Chobham, where I admit they behave very decently. I should think it was not impossible for a woman to get to like a sailor pretty well, if she saw nobody else.

About the sight itself, my dear LOUI, you had better ask somebody who understood it—your husband, perhaps, for he was in the *Bull-dog*, which behaved dreadfully ill, breaking the line, or some fearful sea-water crime. First, when the QUEEN came in her yellow yacht, the guns were fired, and then there was a long pause, while she visited the *Duke of Wellington*, a monster of a ship with, I think they said, eleven hundred and thirty-one guns, or tons, or something; but you must not take figures from me. Then we all went away in a sea-procession, which was very pretty, the great ships in long lines in the middle, hundreds of steamboats and thousands of yachts following in a miscellaneous crowd, the sun shining very brightly, and the sea as green as grass. LADY DE GULES, like a goose, fancied herself sea-sick, which I believe she would do if a glass of salt-water were set upon her dressing-table; but we would not pity her, and she thought better of it. While we were at lunch—at which the officers behaved with great devotion, and a disinterestedness remarkably unlike something you and I have seen—it seems that the fleet was cannonading an enemy, but I looked out of window and could see nothing but smoke, so we stayed where we were.



I send you a sketch of it from memory. *Entre nous*, I was not quite unprofitably engaged. I do not know whether it will come to anything, but just ask AUGUSTUS, *from yourself*, whether the Shropshire branch of the LARTONBURY family is the right one, and if he knows HENRY LARTONBURY. Swanby House, or Hall, or something, is, I think, the family place, but I have some idea that *my* LARTONBURYS don't live there. Until I know this, of course, I can say nothing, but it is a *strong case*, and he can wait with great safety. Be sure you ask AUGUSTUS, and write to me directly to LADY DE GULES'S.

"We came to town by a special train with lots of Members of Parliament. I could not see AUGUSTUS, my dear, but the others did not look so unhappy at being without their wives as you pathetically tell me he looked on leaving you. O you silly LOUISA!

"I hope I have given you a full account of the day's proceedings, but the newspapers will tell you the rest—one of the writers was in the carriage with us—I had no idea they were such nice clean people, and he knew more than all the Members put together—there, don't look angry.

"Ever your affectionate,

"Gules House, Saturday."

"LAURA."

"P.S.—Be particular about the *Shropshire* branch, because there are some Hereford LARTONBURYS who won't do at all, and who ought to be made to change their name. Light hair, dark eyes, and a very affected manner, but not a bad style."

The Fashionable Epidemic.

THERE is a curious epidemic flying about—we hardly know what it is—but it attacks principally the highest and the middle classes. So very contagious is it, and so certain in its effects, that, to our knowledge alone, no less than 5632 families, principally residing at the West-end, have been ordered by their physicians to *leave town immediately* for "change of air."

SCREAMING.—A term generally applied to refractory children, and Adelphi farces!



IMPORTANT MEETING OF SMOKE MAKERS.

IMMENSE excitement prevails among an important class of manufacturers—those engaged in the manufacture of that atmospheric canopy, the sable expanse of which extends over London and its environs, serving the inhabitants of the whole metropolitan district as a parasol. The cause of this commotion is the Smoke Nuisance Bill—so called; against which a number of gentlemen, and others, professing the principles of Free Carbon; met last night to protest, at the Hole-and-Corner.

The chair having been taken by MR. SUTKINS, the business of the meeting commenced with uproar. Comparative silence having been obtained,

MR. LONGSHAFT, brewer, rose to move a resolution, that the principle of the Smoke Bill was at variance with the constitution of England. At a time when London was much more smoky than it is now, it was said that "Liberty is like the air we breathe." Could any atmosphere be more salubrious than that air? Smoke possessed curative properties, especially in reference to hams; and the very essence of smoke was applied for the cure of kippered salmon. He had sent some bottles of smoke from his own brew-house to a celebrated German chemist, who had written him a certificate in the form of a letter, to the effect that he had analysed the smoke, and found it to consist principally of carbon, which possessed antiseptic properties; sulphurous and carbonic acid gases: the former of which acted as a tonic, whilst the latter constituted the enlivening element of bottled ale and stout, ginger beer and soda water. The philosopher had accompanied this statement by a declaration that he, for his part, liked the smoke as a perfume, and would be glad to be supplied with a few more bottles of it for his personal use. Hitherto this beautiful smoke had been allowed to waste its sweetness on the London air, which was now threatened with the deprivation of that singular advantage. The loss of the smoke would not affect him individually much, as he lived some distance out of town; and could only indulge in a whiff now and then, when he went to his place of business. He regarded the attack upon their chimneys as the commencement of an invasion of their hearths; and exhorted all who meant to defend the latter to rally round the former. (*Great applause.*)

MR. FUNNELL, Captain of a Thames steamer, seconded the resolution. In his situation he had good opportunities of hearing the expression of public opinion about the Smoke Bill. People said if Parliament objected to volumes of smoke, why did they publish so many Blue Books? If they wanted to prevent chimneys from puffing they shouldn't have took off the Advertisement duty. What was the use of

emancipating Blacks abroad if they wasn't to enjoy freedom at home? That was what the Public had to say about the matter. For his part he looked on the separation of fire and smoke as an unnatural divorce. Consume his own smoke! Why they might as well ask him to consume his own wife. Fire without smoke—by-and-bye, he supposed, it would be bread without butter. What? he expected the next thing would be your scientific legislators would bring in a bill for dividing thunder and lightning. He called this here Smoke Bill the Repeal of the Union. A little smoke on the river was wholesome. A stream that had such a lot of sewers flowing into it required fumigation. He had heard passengers returning from Kew Gardens talk about plants there that lived upon air. In course, the more substance there was in the air the more nutritious it must be both for vegetable and animal life. Legislation was going too fast. Ease her! stop her! take a turn astern! As to this tyrannical and arbitrary Bill of LORD PALMISTON'S for the consumption of smoke, he should give it every opposition; and he hoped through their united efforts it would be brought to end in that very identical object it was directed agin. (*Much cheering.*)

MR. COWL had the honour to belong to a branch of the medical profession. His practice was the cure of smoky chimneys. He protested against a measure which would deprive him of his patients; and if the Smoke Act was enforced he hoped at least he should receive compensation.

MR. GENTLET was a producer of smoke. He supposed his interests were affected by this measure, which required the producer to be also the consumer, but did they call that political economy? To be sure he was not the proprietor of a chimney; but he possessed a nose: which came to the same thing. The very occupation he pursued was that of smoking. It was the employment of his life. It might not be a very useful branch of industry: but it was an ornamental one. They knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled from the end of his weed that a Pickwick was near. They knew that a gent of fashionable exterior and elegant manners was nigh likewise. If he was obliged to consume his own smoke, how could he continue to diffuse fragrance in society? He identified himself with the party of smokers; as he was a smoking party himself. If smoke was such a nuisance, why did they make so much the other day at the review at Spithead? Let them put that question in their pipe—and, he would add, smoke it. Talking of pipes, he would tell PALMERSTON that his idea of a chimney consuming its own smoke was a mere sham.

[*The speaker resumed his seat amid great laughter, principally from himself, and the meeting terminated as it began, with clamour.*]



A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

(Founded upon a Popular Song.)

"WELL, FRANK! THIS DELIGHTFUL CAMP IS NEARLY OVER."

"HM, HAW! YA-AS! AND IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME, I'LL TAKE A LAST FOND LOOK, AND A—A—LEAN UPON MY WHAT DY'E CALL IT; AS THE SONG SAYS, AND A—WIPE AWAY A TE—AR!"

THE BOUNCE OF A PISTOL.

SIR J. V. SHELLEY reads a circular in the House of Commons summoning certain members to attend on a certain occasion for a certain party purpose. The document bears the signature of C. H. FREWEN. It is couched in a spirit of low cunning, and tends to reflect great discredit on its author.

MR. C. H. FREWEN writes to SIR J. V. SHELLEY, demanding to know from whom he had received this circular; a private letter presumably given to him in breach of confidence.

SIR J. V. SHELLEY replies that the circular was a printed document, and therefore not entitled to be considered private. Whereupon MR. C. H. FREWEN (who dates his letters from Cold Overton Hall) replies that, no matter for that, or in whatever way he got possessed of it, the man who would read such a letter in such a way

"Can have no pretensions to call himself a gentleman."

But stay. We do not say that all this is true. We only say that it has appeared in the *Times*. For aught we know, the *Times* may be a facetious contemporary, cracking jokes on the head of MR. FREWEN, as if it were a thick one. We do not mean to say that MR. FREWEN made such an ass of himself, as he did make, if his correspondence, as printed in the *Times*, is genuine. But, however,

SIR J. V. SHELLEY—always according to the *Times*, mad—rejoins by desiring of MR. FREWEN that the whole of the correspondence should be published, as the first letter had been, and declining to answer any more letters. And then:—

"MR. FREWEN retains this letter unopened. SIR J. SHELLEY ought to be aware that MR. FREWEN cannot receive any more communications from him except through another person."

What does MR. FREWEN mean by this?—if the nonsense is his really? Surely not the old bluster, the obsolete bullying trick; Chalk Farm,

pistols and coffee for two, with cock pheasant also if required for the satisfaction of a gentleman desiring a bellyfull for breakfast. Not an invitation to fight a duel; that ridiculous anachronism; the necessary consequence of which in these days, to the principal fools concerned in it, each of them, must be getting either shot, or imprisoned, or laughed at; most probably the latter. Shot by the other fool; imprisoned—if not hanged—for shooting him; or laughed at for neither having shot him nor been shot by him; but probably having simply exchanged with him a blank pop! If MR. FREWEN has indeed been such a booby as it appears in the *Times* that he has, *Mr. Punch* can only say that he would recommend him to change the designation of Cold Overton to that of Clod Hall, and to assume the name, together with the arms, of *Bob Acres*.

HOMEOPATHY SUPERSEDED.

HERE is a gross libel or a fine satire:—

EXTRAORDINARY ANTI-SURGICAL OPERATION.

THE USE OF THE KNIFE UNNECESSARY.

MR. R. L. ———, MEDICAL HERBALIST, 15, I ——— STREET, ROXBURGH TERRACE, begs respectfully to intimate, that as a great many Persons have been very desirous to see the Serpent which he extracted *alive* lately from the breast of a lady labouring under Cancer, he will be most happy to show it to those interested, any day from 10 to 12 o'clock, at his house, 15, I ——— Street.

Edinburgh, 12th August, 1853.

This is either a libel upon somebody or other, glanced at under the figure of the Serpent; or it is a satire on the gullibility of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, from the *News* of which city it is extracted. The modern Athenians, with all their acuteness, are said to be rather susceptible subjects for quackery.

IMAGINARY PLAY-BILL.

WE observe that at one of the Metropolitan theatres an endeavour has been made to dramatise *The Times*. We admit some curiosity to know in what way the leading journal has been adapted to the purposes of the Stage. During this hot weather it is of course impossible for us to visit the theatre; but in the mean time we have drawn upon our melodramatic reminiscences, and have sketched what we suppose must be the playbill of *The Times*. We are, however, open to conviction, should our anticipations have been inadequate.

ACT ONE.

SCENE 1.—Printing House Square, by moonlight. A policeman on duty. Clank of the steampress heard amid the silence, and distant plash of the river. Coronetted carriage driven hastily in. Beautiful and fashionable lady, in opera costume, alights. Her agitation. "He must be saved." She dashes hastily into the building. Policeman saunters up and examines arms on carriage, and the next moment is recognised by the Hunkey. "Ha! my Lord." "Silence, my faithful JEMES." Resumes his walk. Lights seen along a passage—mysterious lady is being conducted to the EDITORIAL CHAMBER!

SCENE 2.—The Strand. Meeting of two Reporters, one coming up from the House of Commons, the other going down. "Likely to sit?" "Another hour—Irish row." "Bless those Irish!" "Amen." They part—exit Reporter to the House. The other lights a cigar, and three ruffians spring out upon him. They have long Macintosh coats, but beneath the disguise is seen the glittering uniform of the Guards. "You bring the report of LORD NAMBY MACPAMBY'S Speech!" "I have." "Hand it over." "With my life only." They seize him, but he dashes his cigar into the face of the first, and wrestles with the second, but would be over-mastered by the third, when the latter is dashed to the earth. Two run away, the last is prisoner. "But, who is my preserver?" "Sir, I am but a numble actor, but you were once kyind to me in a notice of my Clown in the Pantermine, and, believe me, Sir, kyindness is like the gentle jew from eaven, which droppeth, &c." They drag the prisoner beneath a lamp. "THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE MARQUIS OF HAUGHTYCASTLE! Ha, minion!" "Nay, let him go—my numble Friend. I know the game. A LADY'S SECRET."

SCENE 3.—Same as first. Beautiful woman comes out in tears. "He was most courteous, but firm as the monumental adamant." She enters the carriage, and throws herself sobbing on the cushion. Policeman springs in after her, and seating himself opposite, throws his bull's-eye full on her face. "My husband!" "Aye, wretched woman. Drive on, JEMES." (In a voice of thunder.) "HOME!" (With intense irony.) "Your home, Madam; yours, once loved CORONETTINA."

ACT TWO.

The House of Commons. Very full. Cries of "Order, order!" Clamour increases, and no one can be heard. Fifty Members on their legs, trying to speak. LORD JOHN RUSSELL springs upon the table and gesticulates violently; but all that can be heard from him, is "Obteege," and "Constitution." MR. DISRAELI dashes his hand furiously upon the Green Box, which gives way, and all his oranges roll out. Scramble and comic business. LORD NAMBY MACPAMBY rises, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and also extremely tipsy. Terrific cries of "Spoke, spoke!" The Chairman of Committees falls on his knees and pleads for silence, but sinks beneath the volley of blue books, votes, and bills, instantly hurled at him from all the Members. Suddenly the SPEAKER rushes in, seizes the mace, and lays about him on every side. Members are knocked over one another. Tremendous confusion! Fights!—and Curtain.

ACT THREE.

The Editor's Ante-Chamber. Several of the Ministers waiting to see him; some with glittering stars, blue ribbons, &c. A door opens (centre), and an eminent Stockjobber is kicked into the middle of the scene, and falls—a huge bag of sovereigns in each hand. Bags hurst, and the gold strews the stage. "I offered £500,000 for leave to put in one article." Proud tribute to the British Press. Porters sweep up the gold, and throw it out at window, and the Stockjobber after it. Enter LORD ASTERISK dragging the beautiful lady. "Ha! you here, my lords! But 'tis well. She appealed to the 'Times,' and I have brought her hither." Lady on her knees—back hair down. "I am innocent—indeed I am innocent." "I am not to be juped, Madam." "I swear it." "I believe you not. Your adorers, in disguise, have been staining the

pure streets of our proud Metropolis with ruffianism. But in vain, Madam." "In vain! Wretched me!" "Now by all that is sulphureous"—(he draws the sword usually worn by the British aristocrat)—"HOLD!!!" Awful appearance of the EDITOR. "Mistaken nobleman! She came but to save her BROTHER, LORD NAMBY MACPAMBY. He has spoken in the House to-night, and knowing what a dreadful fool he is, she wished his speech suppressed, that your brother-in-law's idiocy might not be published all over the world." "Her brother! And those Guardsmen!" "Her cousins." "Ow! ow! ow! Can you forgive me, CORONETTINA?" "Am I not your wife, dearest?" The EDITOR, moved, tears up LORD NAMBY MACPAMBY'S speech. "One husk will not be missed amid so much chaff."

Affecting Denouement!



"OFF WITH HIS HEAD!"

LESSON FOR INNOCENT CABMEN.

SING a song of Sixpence,
"A pocket-full!" says I.
Four-and-twenty farthings?
That's all my eye!
But my eye was opened—
A summons he did seek;
And wasn't that a pretty case
To bring before the Beak?

The Beak was on his judgment-seat
A fining swell covets money;
And *Punch* was perch'd 'longside him,
Grimming precious funny.
FITZROY had, in the Commons,
Been pickling us a rod;
And off went the prison van,
And took me to Quod!

The Road in 1853.

THE days of the Highwaymen are over: but that need not be lamented by the admirers of the robbers of the good old times. The Highwaymen have been succeeded by the Railwaymen.

THE FÉTALIST.

THE First Emperor left behind him a "NAPOLEON Book of Fate."
THE Second Emperor promises to enrich the history of France with a "NAPOLEON Book of Fêtes."

TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE.—The man who believes too little may be safer than the man who believes too much; but it is a question if, through life, he knows half as much pleasure.

RUSSIAN IMPUDENCE.—A celebrated Diplomatist who lisps a little, being asked to define Russian Impudence, answered very significantly, "Why, it's beyond PRUTH!"

RESOURCE FOR YOUNG LADIES.



HY should young ladies in distress commit suicide, or turn governesses in genteel families, when they might earn a decent competence by penny-aling? Can they? Why yes, to be sure they can. For example, here is apiece of that work as characteristic as crochet:—

“THE MOORS.—This morning, with the break of dawn, the quick report of the rifle would be heard on all the moors of Scotland, and before this sheet is in the hands of our readers, many thousand boxes of birds will have been bagged by the keen sportsmen.”

“Many thousand boxes of birds,” each box containing several, will have been “bagged by the keen sportsmen;” every single bird almost out of the several thousand bagged on “the quick report of the rifle.” For,

you see, the rifle could not, except very rarely, kill two birds with one bullet: so that a brace of grouse dropping to the “quick report of the rifle” would be a rare occurrence. Pop goes the rifle; down goes the bird, perhaps; but that is all, in general. As the keenest sportsmen, however, sometimes miss, and rifle balls have a longish range, the sporting on these moors must have been rather dangerous to unfeathered birds as well as to game. Six shots might “achieve;” but the seventh, at least, would, in all probability, “deceive,” as the British melodramatist

says in *Der Freischütz*. But we are ourselves firing wide of our mark, or digressing from the point: which is, that the above paragraph, copied from the *Stirling Journal*, is evidently the production of a lady. The sex of the writer is betrayed in the vague allusion to “the rifle.” A masculine scribe, with that precision in reference to shooting that cannot be expected from the female mind, would have been more specific, and would have told us whether these wonderful Scotch rifles that brought down so many grouse were *Minié* rifles or American revolvers.

A CIVIL CABMAN'S SAUCE.

A CABMAN was summoned before the LORD MAYOR—
The report in the *Times* may be found—
For refusing to take in his carriage a fare,
Which to do he was legally bound.

The cab of defendant, complainant averred,
That he saw, disengaged, on the stand;
And to hire it proposed, but defendant demurred,
And declined to accord the demand.

But only to think, now, how gentle, how mild,
How pleasant a Cabman can be!
As he made the objection, he quietly smiled,
And observed that he wanted his Tea.

In the same airy strain and light jocular mood,
Which we cannot too highly admire,
Did the gentleman not, he politely pursued,
That refreshment himself, too, require?

But how shall we ever the sequel relate?
This behaviour, so worthy of praise,
Procured—it is really distressing to state—
Twenty Shillings—or else Fourteen Days!

EL VERDADERO DESCUBRIMIENTO D'IXIMAYA.

FOR DON VELASQUEZ CROCKER, UN INGENIO DE ESTA CORTE.

THE manuscript of the following “True Discovery of Iximaya,” by “a wit of this court” (as the old Spanish dramatists would have said), was brought to *Mr. Punch's* office, together with three pounds of chocolate and a box of cigars, by an unknown hand. *Mr. Punch* forgives the mixed jargon of the verses, being moved thereto by the integrity of the chocolate and cigars, which were entirely Spanish; but, as his readers have not tasted of the one, or inhaled the fumes of the other, he has employed three of the best Spanish scholars in the Foreign Office (placed at his disposal by LORD CLARENDON) to prepare the annexed translations of his correspondent's most recondite phrases.

SEÑOR PUNCH, amigo mio; cuyo sobremueho brio
Todo triste enfado rio drives from out the heart of man!
JUDITH, cuyo cor airoso offende su esposo!
Y TOBIAS, tan jocoso, de los canes Grande Can!
Hear a singular narration of a long-lost Aztec nation
In a lonely situation dwelling on its ancient plan:
I alone have entered into its forbidden lands by dint o'
All the wit of MENDEZ PINTO, and the brass of JONATHAN.
In the town of Guatemala, sitting in the antecala
(That you know 's the tap-room parlour) of a queer old Spanish inn,
While the portly Mesoñero—platicante el dinero
De tan rico forastero through his appetite to win—
Brought from out the meagre larder of his precious poor posada
A sabrosa sazónada, mess of beans, in dripping fried;
I was mindful of a greasy Padre, very fat and wheezy,
Who, with action free and easy, came and sat him by my side;
Saying, “Senor por mi vida, if I share your slight comida,
It is not because I need a meal, but that I wish to show
Mi poquito de respeto por tan principal sujeto.”
“Tan a'fable y discreto Padre I am glad to know:
You are welcome, father,” said I; “my repast, you see, is ready,
So, if you will bless the bread, I gladly will the half resign.”
Thus we sat, some white wine sipping, and the pan bendito dipping
In the unctuous beans and dripping, till I said, “O! Padre mine,
Prithce tell me sin engaños why your old ciudadanos
Twixt two large and fierce volcanoes chose to build this lordly town?*

Uno d'agua rebienta; un con llamas atormenta
El Pueblo; both have sent a raging torrent rolling down.”
“Ah! amigo muy amado!” said the Padre; “ALVARADO
Este lugar mas dichado chose betwixt each fatal spout,
Thinking that whene'er they brought or floods of fire or streams of
water
On the town from either quarter, one would put the other out.”
Then I said, “I've heard men say a town entitled Iximaya.
Never seen by white man, lay a few leagues off behind the hills.
Is it true, Sir?” Said the Padre, “Por los ojos de mi mad e,
Vino con los contos cuadro! Talking, dry-lipped, nothing skills.
Bring us, quick, some Ratafia and cigars, DOLORES mia;
Manana sera otro dia; all to-night we'll merry be.
Yo estaba un chiquito (here he took a cigarrete)
Algo de lo pastoreito, when its walls I chanced to see:
'Twas from yonder high Sierra's cloud-encircled summit; where a
Vagabunda negra perra, which I loved, had gone astray,
Sus esplandientes tejas, blancas como mis ovejas,
I could see and count the rejas, tho' 'twas twenty leagues away.”

Struck by what the priest related, for a while I meditated
How to find if what he stated were the very truth, or no.
Then I said, “You live so near it, that methinks 'tis somewhat queer it
Is not better known down here.” “It, Senor,” said he, “is not so!
Por, sus gallos y gallinas, envueltos en hasquimas
Viven en profundas minas, lest they should be heard to crow.”
Shily to DOLORES winking, straight I left the Padre drinking,
And departed quickly, thinking, “I will make a journey there.”
Soon I paid the Mesoñero; sought me out an Arriero,
Asked the road, and hired a pair o' steady mules and paid the fare.
Difícil y peregrino se mostraba el camino;
Nunea Mulatéro vino on that lonely road before;
Por las selvas mas oscuras, y profundas espesuras,
Where the jaguar would be sure, as we appeared, to give a roar,
Por los montes y fuentes, y arroyos sin puentes.
Where the alligator spent his leisure hours, on we bore;
Till the Mulatéro dying, I was forced to leave him, lying
On the mountain after trying circulation to restore.
Then for want of preparation for my novel situation
I was threatened with starvation; ate the very clothes I wore;
Comi yo de las albardas por el tanto Sol asadas;
Cené de las almohadas sodden in the streams I past;
Till one day, desahogado, flaco, manco, fatigado,
I attained (A! desdichado!) Iximaya's walls at last.

* The town stands between two volcanoes: one of fire, the other of water.

Ricos hombres, bellas damas, que con freseas verdes ramas
 Gobernaron blancas llamas, came to meet me at the gate,
 En su lengua me hablaron, y mi garbo alabaron,
 (Though I must have looked a rare one) led me in, in wondrous state;
 Took me to the Casa Real, where the King and Queen at tea, all
 Joyful any white to see, allowed me there to stop and sup.
 Quando dormir partiamos, El Rey dijo, "Te amamos
 Antesque al lecho vamos, let us take a parting cup!"
 Early the ensuing morning, I my person was adorning,
 When without the slightest warning, some one came into my room.
 Su semblante presunido, y su limpio vesido
 Con toallas guarnecido, made me for a while presume
 'Twas the barber come to shave me, curl, shampoo, perfume, and lave me;
 But an awful turn it gave me, when I saw he had a knife.
 Thought I, "If it's not the barber, poor esta que estaba,
 Some designs they sure must harbour 'gainst my sad unhappy life."
 Hombres de colossal taille metieron me en calle,
 Saying to each other, "Shall he cheat the sun and stars and moon?
 No! but at the rich and costly shrine of HUETZILPOZTLI
 (That's the god they worship mostly) he shall be a victim soon."
 Y llevaron me entonces to the temple, for the dunces
 Didn't know that more than once his life the stranger tried to beg.
 But a condor o'er me flying, just as I was sadly lying
 On the sacrificial stone and crying, let me catch him by the leg.
 One priest held me by the palcot, but the condor soared in alto
 Aire with me till, por falta de fuerzas, down he fell,
 And I woke in the posada, where my reverend camarada
 At the self-same almohada I was holding tugged as well.
 So if you should hear one day a little more of Iximaya,
 In the speaker's ear just say a single verse of CALDERON,
 "In this world, so full of seeming, all the sons of men live dreaming;
 That their dreams are true still deeming. 'Y sueños sueños son.'"

"SEÑOR PUNCH, &c." My good friend *Punch*, whose superabundant pluck expels
 every sad annoyance, &c., &c. *JURY*, whose valorous heart disturbs her spouse, and
 thou, O, *Joséph T.* by! of all other dogs, the grand dog (for the so-called Italian prince
 was but a type of tice).

"Mesotiero, &c." The innkeeper considering how to win the silver of so rich a
 stranger.

"Posada." An inn where you should, but cannot repose. *Lucus à non lucendo.*
 "Comida." Dinner, otherwise a periphrasis for beans and dripping.

"Mi poquito, &c." My little modicum of respect for so principal a person.
 "Uno d'agua, &c." One burts with water, the other torments the town with
 flames.

"O, wondrous policy! From North to South,
 Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth."

"Este lugar." This delightful residence.
 "Por los ojos, &c." By the eyes of my mother wine and talking go together.
 "Manana." To-morrow will be another sort of day.
 "Yo estaba, &c." I was a younker doing a little bit of the shepherd.
 "Vagabunda, &c." A vagabond black female dog. "Sus, &c." Its sbling roofs,
 white as my sheep. "Rejas." Windows
 "Por los gallos, &c." For the cocks and hens, with their heads wrapped in cloaks,
 live in cellars.
 "Dificil, &c." The road proved strange and difficult. No muleteer had travelled
 it before.
 "Arroyas sin puentes, &c." Rivers without bridges.
 "Comi, &c." I dined on the saddles cooked by the heat of the sun. I supped upon
 their cushions sodden, &c.
 "Ricos hombres, &c." Noblemen and beautiful ladies, who guided milk-white llamas
 with fresh green boughs.
 "Quando, &c." When we were going to bed the King said, "We love thee," and
 then followed in the language of the nursery rhyme, "Let's take a cup," said *GREZY*.
 "Well sup before we go."
 "Su semblante, &c." His conceited look and white dress garnished with towels.
 "Peor esta, &c." I am out of the frying-pan into the fire.
 "Hombres, &c." Men of colossal figure put me into the street.
 "Y llevaron, &c." And carried me off at once.
 "Por falta, &c." For want of strength.
 "Y sueños, &c." Dreams are only dreams.

A Hit at Two Houses.

THERE is this difference between the great tragedian at the
 Olympic and the great burlesque actor at the Princess's.—That
 whereas MR. ROBSON elevates burlesque into tragedy, MR. CHARLES
 KEAN lowers tragedy into burlesque.

BEARISH IMPUDENCE.

THE seizure of the Principalities by the Russian bear was an act of
 aggression which must be allowed to be unblushingly bear-faced.

PITY.—We have a great pity for a man who is ruining himself, but
 very little for the man who is ruined.

SABBATARIAN TEMPERANCE MEETING AT GLASGOW.



NUMEROUS and highly in-
 fluenced meeting took place
 last evening at Glasgow, to
 protest against the proposed
 opening of the Crystal Palace
 on Sundays, as being likely
 to lead to that of other in-
 structive exhibitions, tending
 to seduce the people from
 the spirituous observance of
 the Sabbath.

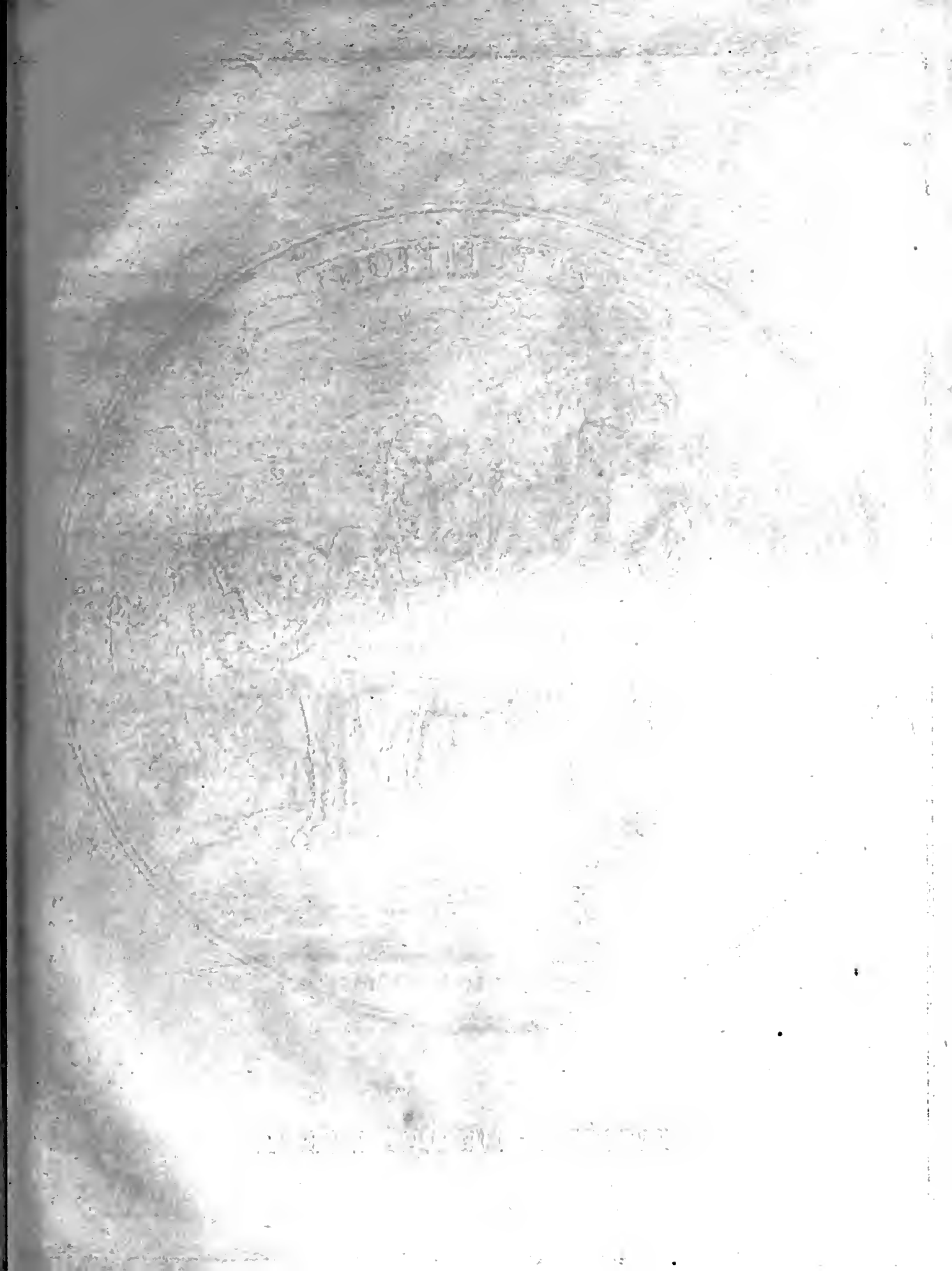
It is notorious that the
 sobriety of Scotland, gene-
 rally, is particularly exem-
 plified in the statistics of
 drunkenness at Glasgow.
 The assembly of Sabbatarians
 was held in the building ap-
 propriately denominated the
 National Temperance Hall.
 There were about a thousand
 persons present, though a
 gentleman on the platform
 declared that he saw twice as
 many.

The chair having been
 taken by a MR. M'GLASHAN,
 or GREGALACH—we could
 not, as he himself gave the
 name, make out which—the
 proceedings commenced with
 an inarticulate solemnity.
 The Chairman then called
 upon Miss SMASHER—as we
 understood. He meant, how-
 ever,

Shabbas?—then sh'like to ken wast ish. Not a
 Seosh quesh'n? Zha's an unco lee! Mospor-
 tant Seosh quesh'n. Joost your neebor's biggin
 in a low!—zha's a'. Infeesh'n spread like wild-
 fire and brimston. Scotland catch't o' England
 (Hech! hech! and laughter). Open Crishpalace
 —open Brismusheum neist—open Nashgallery
 —open a' siecan places—ent'tutes—hawsosci-
 ence—ablns leehrarics—whilk is waur. Gar
 sinfuwretches taktobuiks! Sh' prospeck's awfu'!
 Hop a' shall nev' livetose sic boeksl'nes i'
 Scotland. Seosh a mol people. A molpeople an'
 ar'leegious people. 'Stroy 'leegion shap zh'
 varra base o' morality. 'Mortal BURNS (Cheers)
 —Cotter's Saturday Night (Immense applause)
 Eh? But open Crishpalace a Sun'ay and wbosh's
 become o' Cotter's Sunday mornin'? Cotter's
 a' richt noo a Sun' morn. A' richt! Gin not
 at kirk—seekin' speeritchal cons'lation else-
 whar. (Hech, hech! hum-um-m-m!) Takkin'
 nappie over his wee drappie in's ainameithin-
 gienook. Bet' be dune zhat zhan glowrin at
 peckturs, an' stotchies, an' stuff'dbirdies an'
 beasties, forbye lezzardaneraweadil deevles—
 objecks o' nashistory an' artanshiens, an' ither
 warks o' darkness—o'zh Shabb's. Scollan ev'
 tollate sush 'seration o' Shabbash as zha-h?
 (Never, never!) Weel zhen!—mush lay protest
 at zh' foot o' shrone. Temp'rate and shpeckful
 protesh!—mush be temp'rate and shpeckful! But
 firmasteady. An' plain—not be mishunstood.
 Joost as 'a stan' the noo o' mahurdies—joost as
 'a shpeak—zh' firm and speckful temp't anshteady
 pro'st o' zh shober 'nabitantsh a Glassgie gains
 'seration o' Shabbas. (Tremendous cheers.)

The speaker then proceeded to move a resolu-
 tion, but found unfortunately that he could not see
 to read it. He was followed in speeches of a cha-
 racter similar to the above, by BAILLIE M'BREE,
 MR. SOTTIE M'QUAIGH, MR. PINTSTOUPPIE, MR.
 WILLIEWAUCHT, and the REV. MR. TODDIEWHOS-
 KIE. "We are nu fow" was then sung, and the
 meeting separated at a late hour in a state of ex-
 citement bordering on delirium tremens.

and drysalter, who said—Gemma-ladies—hech!—that is, mablubraythren—an' scethers
 —'a shink a neednashmysel' to shplain zh' objeck o' zhis meet'n. (Hum!) 'Sa mosportant
 objeck. Nashligion! Nashmorality! 'Seration o' Shabbas. Zha's zh' objeck—to preven'
 'seration o' Shabbas (Hum-um-m-m-m!) Joost that. 'A shay, to preven' 'seration o' Shabbas.
 By op'nin' Crishpalaceashunday. Na' ca' zhat 'seration o' Shabbas? Na' 'seration o'



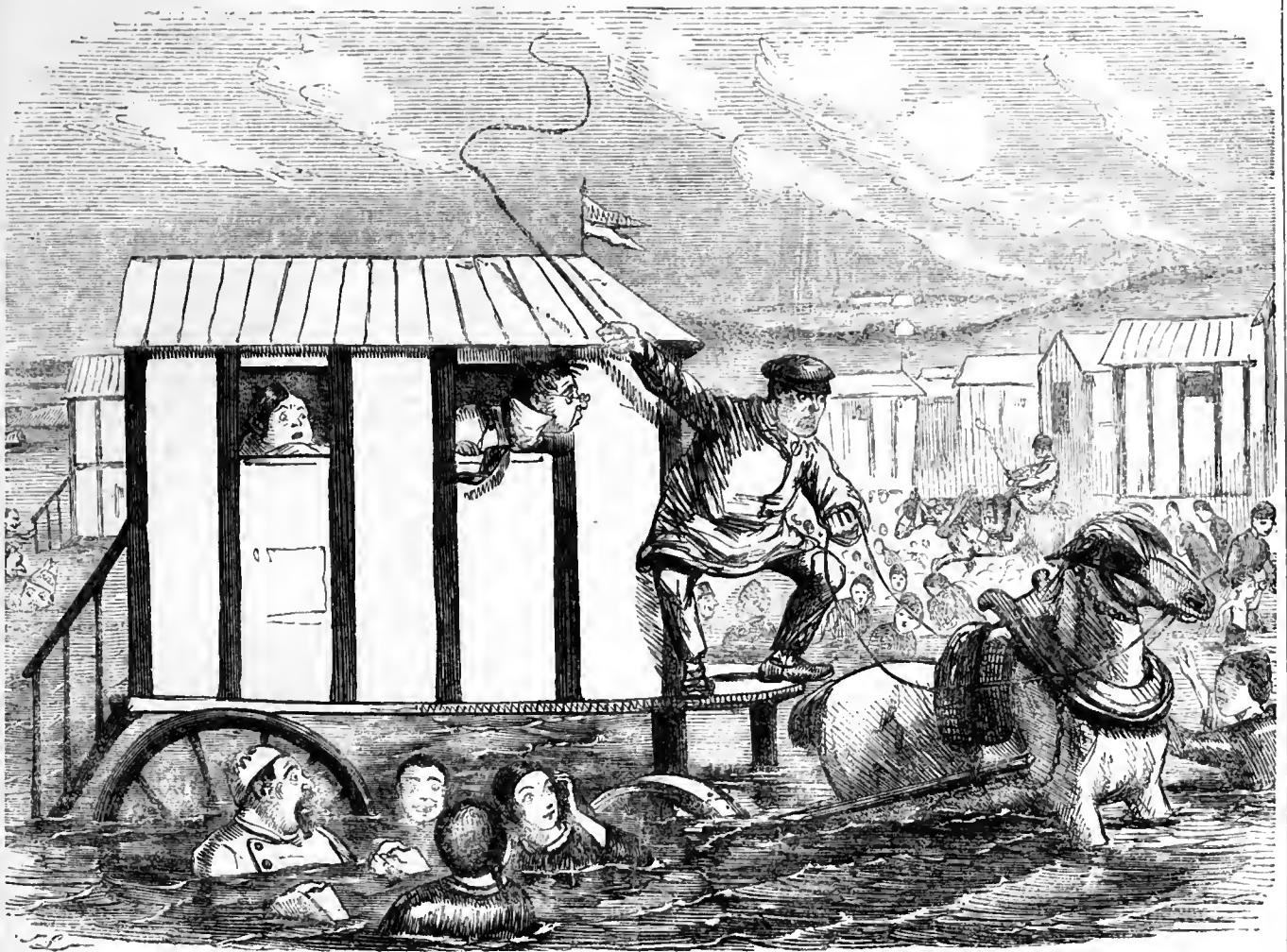


PUNCH'S MEDAL FOR A



PEACE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.





A BATH AT BOULOGNE.

APPALLING POSITION OF MR. AND MRS. TOMPKINS, WHO HAD A JIB HORSE WHEN THE TIDE WAS COMING IN.

FUMIGATION OF THE THAMES.

TOBACCO fumes are unpleasant to the majority of ladies. Nevertheless, we must protest against the prohibition of smoking abaft the funnel on board Thames steamers. The other day we were ascending the river in one of these vessels, seated in that quarter of it, when a youth, who was indulging in a Pickwick to the windward of us, was caused to transfer himself and his enjoyment forwards. No sooner had he gone away with his smoke, than our nostrils were assailed by the vilest of odours; a breath from the open mouth of a sewer on the opposite bank. This was just as we were passing the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace at Lambeth; and we could almost have imagined that DR. SUMNER had been at work purifying the Church, and had rendered its abuses palpable to the olfactory sense; in such great indignation were our nostrils at the perfume emitted in the neighbourhood of his Grace's premises. We wished our young friend back again with his "weed," the fragrance of which we very much prefer to that of metropolitan tributaries to the Thames: and until that stream is somewhat dulcified, we should think that even ladies would approve of universal fumigation on board its boats.

The Enemy.

THE question of Peace has been carried in Europe, *nem. con.* BRIGER, feeling peacefully inclined, said he should like all war-questions to be met and decided by a similar enemy; and, being asked by COBDEN "What enemy?"—he eloquently replied, "*A-n-emine contradicente.*"

WHAT YOU MAY HEAR IN A BELL.

A CURIOUS old philosopher of our acquaintance says:—"I can always tell what kind of masters and servants there are in an establishment by the way in which the bell is rung and answered. If the bell is rung sharply, or snappishly, or at all loudly, I say to myself, You are hard masters, impatient, intolerant, making no allowances, and always expecting a thing to be done before it is even asked for, and my suspicions are generally verified by their ringing the bell a second time more loudly than the first; and if the servants take a long time in answering the bell, I say to myself, You are bad servants, either lazy, or pampered, or spoilt by too much indulgence, and evidently taking but little interest in your master's wishes. It is a sure sign that there is not much peace or comfort to be met with in the house where the master rings several times for everything he wants; and where the servants require the bell to be rung twice before they think of answering it."

A Naval Blunderbuss.

WE are sorry to notice an anachronism in a popular review. We mean the review at Spithead. A gun was used in the fleet, called—we cannot say christened—the "*NELSON AVENGER.*" Now NELSON has been sufficiently avenged; if insufficiently honoured: whatever account of vengeance may have been owing to him was settled at the time; though our debt of gratitude to him may be eternal. Posterity has no revenge to take on Posterity: and a gun only meant to rake the rigging of our enemies should not be so named as to rake up animosities with our friends.

FAREWELL TO THE CAMP.

A LYRIC FOR THE 20TH AUGUST, 1853.

(From COWPER.)



The Lancer in scarlet, the Rifle in green,
And the Horse-guard in blue, have abandoned the scene;
And we've witness'd the last of the blood-stirring fray
Where gallop'd in glory those terrible Greys.

* A Colonnade is that which consists of columns. The British Army consists thereof. Therefore the British Army is a Colonnade.—WALKER.

THE Camp has departed!—farewell
the parade,
And the earth-shaking
march of the stern
Colonnade.*
The bands play no
longer from manu-
script leaves,
Nor detectives prowl
stealthily watching
the thieves.

The City of War,
which immense fun
we've had in
Is fled like the palace
that flew with
ALADDIN;
And musketry's
crack, and artil-
lery's roar
Astonish the echoes
of Chobham no
more.

No longer in toothsome libation is spilt
The Dew that is dear to the sons of the kilt;
No longer falls plashing in pleasantness here,
The frothy cascade of the black British beer.

O! Chobham Olympics, your games are all done,
The last close is wrestled, the last race is run,
The stone's "put" away, to the leap-frog there's truce,
And the ultimate eaher is pitched to the deuce.

Rejoice in thy stable, thou omnibus steed!
For thee the campaign-times were wiry indeed,
No more shalt thou toil on that villanous road,
With a cargo of snobs for thy heart-breaking load.

Weep, rascally drivers of ramshackle flies,
Adieu your extortions, your sauce, and your lies,
Farewell to that Station, the cheating point where
You've so oft charged a pound for a two shilling fare.

Well, everything passes: a Camp like the rest,
But this ends while its novelty still has a zest;
And we're free to confess that we see with regret
The Flutters Hill's sun, like the Austerlitz, set.

Here's a health to the officer—liner or guard—
Who with CAMBRIDGE and SEATON has laboured so hard,
Here's a health to his men, whose good looks and good
will

Did such excellent credit to messman and drill.

The object was good, and the object is gained,
Right sound is the teaching the troops have obtained;
And we'll mark that M.P. for a short-sighted scamp
Who grudges one mil for the Chobhamite Camp.

NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO.—The first time a
woman marries it is generally to please another; but the
second time it is invariably to please herself.

THE INQUISITION AT MALTA.

HERE is a pretty dish that was to have been set before the QUEEN:—

"Whosoever, during the performance of the sacred functions or ceremonies of the Church of the country, the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, the maintenance and protection of which, in its present position, are secured by law, and guaranteed by the British Crown, shall disturb the same with violence or with intent to profane, whether within or without places appointed for public worship, shall be punished with imprisonment, from seven months to two years."

According to MR. I. BUTT this passage is contained in the 50th Clause of the amended Maltese Criminal Code which has been coolly sent to this country for the sanction of HER MAJESTY.

No doubt a person who should wantonly interrupt a congregation of Mormonites, or even of dancing Dervishes, engaged in their devout, would deserve to be punished; of course, therefore, there is no complaining of a law which avenges interference with Roman Catholic rites and ceremonies—those rites and ceremonies not going quite so far as the rite of cremation and the ceremony of an *auto-da-fé*.

It is also indubitable that the adherents of the Romish Church have a perfect right to call their persuasion Catholic and Apostolic, or anything else they please, and hold that assertion against all comers, by all means: except, we will say, by means of fire and sword.

But to propose the recognition of the Roman Catholic Church, as Apostolical, to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, is—without reference to polemics—richly absurd: since HER MAJESTY holds her royal seat on the very condition of constantly protesting—right or wrong—that the Roman Catholic Church is no such thing.

If *Mr. Punch* were in Malta, writing under this same amended criminal code, he would have to take care how he pointed out any Roman Catholic absurdity. He is informed by MR. NEWDEGATE,

"That the 5th Clause declared it to be punishable to 'revile or otherwise insult or ridicule any article of the Roman Catholic Church.'"

Now there are other varieties of ridicule than burlesque, caricature, horse-laughter, and making faces. There is the ridicule of the *reductio ad absurdum*. It is possible to place a proposition in a ludicrous light by showing that if it is true, it is a truth which is contrary to another truth. In Malta, therefore, subject to the above clause, it would be dangerous to assert the impenetrability of matter, or any other fact in the nature of things inconsistent with any dogma of the papal system: and if *Mr. Punch* were not to mind what he was about, he might get himself into trouble in like manner with that other buffoon, GALILEO.

However, MR. KINNAIRD has procured the re-consideration of these penal papisticalities: and Ministers will think twice before they advise HER MAJESTY to stultify herself and sanction a Maltese Inquisition.

A HINT TO BELGRAVIA, TYBURNIA, CADOGANIA, &c. &c.

WE hint to noblemen and gentlemen of (very) independent property; before rushing out of town, that they should think of the numerous little bills they leave behind them. They would not enjoy themselves any the less if they discharged those little bills instead of making their tradesmen wait six long empty-pocketed months for them. The probability is, even, they would enjoy themselves all the more, knowing that they had left a clear coast behind them, where they could always land with safety whenever they wanted to escape from foreign pirates, and continental sharks, sea and land robbers. We beg, (merely moved by a charitable motive to add to their pleasures,) to draw up the following advertisement for them, on the plan of the one issued at the end of the season by the Directors of the Covent Garden Italian Opera:—

ALL persons having claims for the last season upon the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD TOM NODDY are requested, before he leaves for Baden-Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, &c., where he is going to take the usual annual course of *rouge et noir* and the mineral waters, to send in their accounts immediately, and to apply on Saturday, the 27th inst., when they will be paid in full, as the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD TOM NODDY has no desire to increase the dual revenues of any German principality with money that belongs properly to his creditors.—239, Belgrave Square."

Too Modest by Half.

MOST of the illuminations in honour of the Emperor's fête at Paris, displayed the glittering initials, N. E. This was only telling half the truth. It wanted the addition of R. O. for the French nation clearly to understand in whose honour the fête was given.

The Peaceful Mood.

(As gone through by a real Member of the Peace Society.)

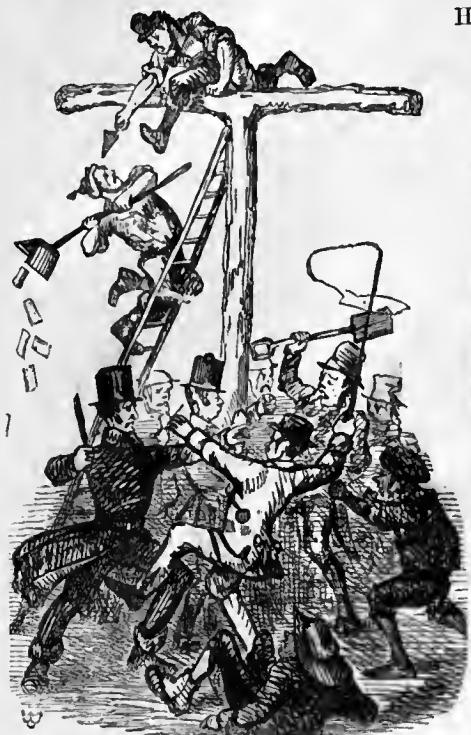
I shall, and will, fight We shall, and will, fight
Thou shalt, and wilt, fight You, or ye, shall, and will, fight
He, or she, shall, and will, fight They shall and will fight.

[To be repeated as often as the probability of a War springs up.]

PLAIN UPON THE FACE OF IT.—Many persons are led by their vices as there are many who are led by their noses: but there are a far greater number who follow both without any leading at all.

ANOTHER DIETETIC RULE OF CONDUCT.—Never to send a servant out on an errand after dinner, but *always a little before*. It is extraordinary how very quick, in the latter case, he (or she) will return.

BREAKING-UP DAY AT WESTMINSTER.



A GENERAL STRIKE.

THE Director-General of the St. Stephen's establishment, *Mr. Punch*, proceeded, in one cab, to Westminster Hall, and, desiring a chair to be placed for him upon the top of the flight of steps at the further end, commanded that the gentlemen of the Upper and Lower Schools should forthwith attend him, for the purpose of hearing his opinion of their general and individual conduct, preparatory to their being dismissed for the holidays. It is needless to say that his orders were instantly complied with, and that the Westminster Boys at once assembled before him. The only exception was in the case of *MASTER SIBTHORP*, who sturdily refused to come, and for whom a policeman was dispatched.

MASTER SIBTHORP

expended much abuse, and several quotations from the Eton Grammar, upon the officer, but was ultimately brought in, and placed within convenient reach of *Mr. Punch's* cane. *Mr. Punch* then spoke as follows:—

“My Boys,

“You have had a long half, but it is over, and I am glad to dismiss you for your vacation. The word vacation, *SIBTHORP*, is derived from the Latin, and originally signifies emptiness, for an illustration of which I will refer you to the head of the gallant member for Lincoln, or to the heads of those who can be such donkeys as to elect him. My boys, I am, generally speaking, satisfied with your conduct during the half.

“BOYS OF THE UPPER SCHOOL,

“I rejoice to find a marked improvement in the way you treat your themes. Your elocution is still open to amendment. I commend your regular adherence to the beneficial habit of early rising. I would caution you against quarrels amongst yourselves, arising from the use of intemperate speech or inapt quotation (*Masters DERBY and OXFORD blushed*); and I would remind you that no social position occupied by your papas and mammas exempts any of you from the duties which are imposed upon others (*Master WINCHELSEA began to cry*). But, as a whole, you have pleased me this year, and I will add that the politeness with which you behave to ladies who may look in upon the establishment reflects great credit upon you, not unincreased by contrast (*Sensation among the Lower School*).

“*ABERDEEN*, you are leader of the school, and I could wish you to display more energy. I applaud your love for a peaceful life, but remember that there is one thing better than peace, and that is, honour. In the map of Russia, which you have drawn, you have not defined the boundaries strongly and well, and you do not seem to know where Turkey begins and Russia ends. You will lose credit unless you exert yourself.

“*MALMESBURY*, your English is exceedingly bad, and your logic very unsatisfactory. I understand that you are proud of your intimacy with a French person, who at one time bore no good character. Take care, sir. And be more guarded in your assertions as to what feats you have accomplished, and of which I find few traces in the school records.

“*LANSDOWNE*, I give you much credit for having just exerted yourself to put down the practice of smoking—the rather, as you have reached an age at which you are entitled to all due indulgence. You are a very excellent member of the school, and I wish you regarded as a model.

“*MONTEAGLE*, you talk a great deal too much in school hours, and are said to busy yourself in matters with which you have no concern. You have been a lucky boy—be an agreeable one.

“BOYS OF THE LOWER SCHOOL,

“I am sorry to have had to expel so many of your number this half, but I hope it will be a warning. Once for all, I will not permit you, by gifts of money or beer, to induce your inferiors to misconduct themselves for your gratification. I can use no adequate word of contempt for the meanness which sought to shift the guilt upon servants. In other respects I am tolerably satisfied with most of you. A good deal of work has been done, but there is far too much talking in the establishment, and you keep people out of their beds looking after you at hours when you ought to be asleep. I hope to have different reports next half.

“*RUSSELL*, I am glad to see you the leader of the school. I was pleased with your conduct to the Jew boys, whom I still intend to place in the school. I am sorry you have done next to nothing in the way of helping the education of those under you. However, as you have given me a large promise of reform for next half, I shall say no more.

“*GLADSTONE*, you deserve the highest praise for your proficiency in arithmetic, and for your gentlemanly conduct. Some of your companions hint that you talk rather too much. I do not impute this to you, but you will consider for yourself whether the allegation is justified. The way you have got through all duties is admirable.

“*CARDWELL*, I shall give you a well-deserved navigation prize, so you need not be quite so solemn.

“*STAFFORD*, the painful exposure I was compelled to make of your conduct would have prevented my referring to it again, but that I understand you and some of your friends have been swaggering, and declaring that you had escaped unpunished. Beware, Sir, that I never again hear your voice in the school, in which I only permit you to remain because I believe that you were made the tool of bigger and worse boys.

“*FITZROY*, I am sorry to see that you are not looking well. Take care of yourself in the country, and be assured, my boy, that I shall not forget the spirited way in which you protected those poor women from their husbands' brutality, or the very proper chastisement you gave to the insolent cabman.

“*LUCAS*, you are a foolish lad. Instead of enjoying the rational and manly liberty of your companions, you cripple your mind with silly stories and legends, and do not take your meals regularly. I hear, too, that you are very ignorant of the history of Rome, which you appear to have learned at second-hand from some monkish book in dog-Latin. You are no credit to your class, Sir, and I believe I have told you before that you are *LUCAS, à non lucendo*.

“*BROTHERTON*, I applaud you for trying to get the school to bed by midnight, but you want perseverance, and let yourself be put down by any one who opposes you. If you are right and know it, never give way. Be firm, or you will not carry your objects—you cannot bolt a door with a boiled carrot, as you, as a vegetarian, ought to know.

“*PALMERSTON*, you are a very spirited, gentlemanly, thoroughly English fellow, in whom I have the utmost confidence. All that you have done this half has been excellent. I believe it would give everybody pleasure to see you at the head of the school, and it rests with yourself whether you will be so or not. *Excelsior*, my good boy. By the way, I have of course nothing to do with your amusements, but I observed you gave *MASTER COBDEN* a tremendous back fall the other day. It has shaken him a good deal, but he richly deserved it for the sneaking way he came to the scratch.

“*SIBTHORP*, as you say that you consider it an honour for me to notice you, why do you not so conduct yourself that what is certainly an honour to you may be a pleasure to me? (*SIBTHORP burst into tears.*) There, don't cry, you know I am never seriously angry with you.

“BOYS ALL,

“You may now go into your respective schools, and wait there until your monitors announce to you that vacation has begun.”

The Land Screw Steam Company.

WE believe the General Screw Steam Shipping Company is connected with the Port of Southampton. It may not be generally known that there exists another Screw Steam concern in connexion with that same good town. We mean the South-Western Railway, which, particularly by its arrangements respecting the Camp at Chobham, and the Review at Spithead, appears to have decidedly adopted the principle of the Screw.

A MAN WALKS—A LADY RIDES.

A MAN should never object to exercise, for the gentleman is always distinguished by his walk; but there is this excuse to be made for a woman who takes but little exercise—that the lady is immediately known by her carriage.



MR. PUNCH PAYS A FINAL VISIT TO THE CAMP, AND TAKES OFF HIS HAT TO A RATHER GLORIOUS OLD RAG.

FIGHTING FREWEN AND SOBER SHELLEY.

THERE appeared a chance a few days ago, that certain Members of Parliament would, instead of shooting the grouse, have the more exciting sport of shooting one another. SIR JOHN SHELLEY very properly refuses to be drawn into either a murder or a breach of the peace; and quietly refers Mr. FREWEN's furious correspondence to MESSRS. TYRRELL, PAINE, and LAYTON, who are, we presume, SIR JOHN'S solicitors.

A "little quarrel" with a legal firm may be less agreeable to one whom we fear we must call Fighting FREWEN, than a personal *rencontre* with the Member for Westminster. A fight with a forensic antagonist in Westminster Hall is more formidable than a little harmless pistol-popping at Chalk Farm; and the powder of a barrister's wig is more dangerous to be set in agitation than the common gunpowder of commerce.

POOR FREWEN is evidently much nettled at finding that SIR JOHN SHELLEY won't fight, and in the desperate endeavour to stir up the unwilling baronet, tries the old cab-driver's dodge of calling after him "No gentleman!" We must say we cannot congratulate MR. FREWEN upon having got the best of the matter in either spirit, taste, or argument; for there is something more dignified in SIR JOHN SHELLEY's request to be "excused from answering any further letters," than in MR. FREWEN's coarse wind up of "Call yourself a gentleman!"

A NEW LACTOMETER.

A GREAT philanthropist, and distinguished man of the world, has invented a new Lactometer for testing the milk of human kindness. We believe it is exceedingly simple, and consists principally of a plain sheet of paper—not unlike, in size, a page torn out of a banker's cheque-book, but having a Government Stamp in the corner of it. It is the size of this stamp that determines the quantity of milk of human kindness. The larger the stamp the greater the supply of milk. The test rarely fails, excepting with lawyers, guardians, step-fathers, and others, whose hardy natures are well known not to be largely imbued with the softening lacteal properties of human kindness. The philanthropist intends taking out a patent for his ingenious invention.

A GANGWAY JOKE.

MR. HAYTER, the Whipper-in, was supposed by the Members of Parliament to be very unfortunate with his servants, for during the past session, he was always going about trying to get a House made.

A RAP FOR THE CZAR.—A great deal of base gold coin is in circulation, but the worst Sovereign that has come before the public lately is the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

PEDESTRIANISM VERY EXTRAORDINARY.



THE *Wolverhampton Chronicle* contains the following paragraph, highly important to ladies:—

"THE WOMAN'S WALK.—Mrs. DUNN's pedestrian feat—walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours—at Noah's Ark, Hart-shill, continues to attract much attention, great numbers of people visiting her. She has accomplished about four-sixths of the task, and is very confident of success."

It has been said with no less truth than vulgarity, that the walking of womankind is all WALKER. Too generally, indeed, it resembles a mode of progression adopted by the insect tribes, except in being performed with two legs instead of several, or without any at all. All praise to the exception to this rule presented by MRS. DUNN. We have not the pleasure of being acquainted with either that lady or Mr. DUNN, but sure we are that she makes her husband a happy man if the health of his wife can make a man happy; as of course it can or should: whereas her illness at least makes him very much the reverse. By exercise in the open air is acquired that soundness of condition, accompanied by mental serenity and beauty of complexion which can never result from

dancing in an atmosphere of carbonic acid—the only purpose for which many, many ladies use their legs. What Mr. DUNN's partner costs him for shoes, we are sure he does not grudge, and he would be a fool if he did, for it is much cheaper that she should walk him out a little leather than that she should stand him in a large quantity of medicine: to say nothing of the cabs and omnibuses which are frequently required to travel a hundred yards or so by other wives.

BRITISH OBSEQUIES IN SPAIN.

If you wish to save your Succession Duty, reform your Undertaker's Bills. There is nothing to prevent you but the censure of the lowest vulgar—the mob that does not think for itself: a mob composed of quite as many well dressed persons as ragamuffins. Unfortunately, however, this populace may be able to injure as well as hoot you; and that power it will exercise if you do not conform to its idiotisms; one of which is, the addition of upholstery to ashes, and drapery to dust.

It would therefore be a great boon to you—being a wise man, and likewise an executor or a legatee charged with an interment—if your expenditure were subject to be regulated by the subjoined ordinance:—

"In conveying dead bodies to the burial-ground every kind of pomp and publicity shall be avoided."

They manage these matters better in Spain, you will say: for this is one of the articles of a Royal decree that has been issued at Madrid.

But it is also ordained in the same decree, that

"No church, chapel, nor any other sign of a temple or of public or private worship will be allowed to be built in the aforesaid cemetery."

Now, the aforesaid cemetery is the Protestant cemetery. And it is further declared that

"All acts which can give any indication of the performance of any divine service whatever are prohibited."

The above regulations will be found in a Parliamentary paper recently published, containing official correspondence between GENERAL LERSUNDI and LORD HOWDEN, relative to the Protestant Cemetery aforesaid at Madrid. The noble Lord's reply to the gallant officer will be found highly satisfactory, as conveying to the Spanish Government the assurance of that distinguished contempt for it, which is due to a set of imbecile and miserable bigots—uten ils of their priesthood.

One would really think that the clergy of Spain and almost all other Roman Catholic countries were doing their very utmost to earn the crown of martyrdom—not, however, for themselves, but for their ecclesiastical brethren, together with all the lay partisans of Popery in Protestant countries. They appear to be trying as hard as they can to prove that the predominance of their religion is inconsistent with civil freedom. The struggles, then, so perseveringly made, both in and out of Parliament, to extend and establish an influence which, wherever it prevails, is seen to issue in tyranny the most hateful; what can they be considered but endeavours to spin cobwebs about our liberties? And have we not every temptation to sweep away the spiders? Resist it, however: resist it, Mr. BULL: don't crush the poor creatures, but destroy their webs.

THE CONCEPT OF THE WORLD.—"There isn't a mite" (says LAVATER), "but what fancies itself the cheese."

"WE NEVER SELL OUR APPOINTMENTS."

(Dedicated, without permission, to the Honourable Directors of the East India Company.)

JOHN BRIGHT is a pestilent fellow,
Always ready for making a fight,
But of all his low bluster and bellow,
We East India Directors make light.
Some appointments (we do not mind telling him)
We do give away now and then,
But to go and accuse us of selling 'em!—
When we're all of us "hon'able men!"

SIR JAMES HOGG from his place in the House
Repelled Mr. BRIGHT's imputation;
And showed all his usual nous
In insisting on investigation.
Such inquiry we've made as we can, Sir,
And we're ready to make it again,
To ask freely—when parties won't answer—
Proves clearly we're "hon'able men."

In the first place our statutes declare
The sale of appointments illegal,
So of course to such sales none would dare
Directors to try and inveigle.
'T was done once—but though that was by charity—
The law on the case threw its ken,
And the row that was made proved the rarity
Of such practice 'mong "hon'able men."

City men—we've our City connections—
(In this there is no impropriety)
We've the social and private affections
Which belong to our grade in society.
If I lay a man 'neath obligation,
Of course he'll oblige me again;
But we never take remuneration—
For we're all of us "hon'able men."

If the daughter of one of our Board
(And such things have occurred in the body),
By winning the hand of a Lord
From Miss BLOGG become LADY TOM NODDY.
If young NODDIES have writerships handed 'em,
And young BLOGGS Treasury clerkships, what then?
Is BLOGG less, though JOHN BRIGHT may have branded
him,
One of twenty-four "hon'able men?"

As we're quite the commercial *élite*,
In the very first circles while moving,
If the dignified clergy we meet,
The occasion we're right in improving.
What delight for the son of a bishop
To provide, by a stroke of the pen!
In return—if a living he fish up
Why we're both of us "hon'able men."

Even Cabinet Ministers often
Are proud to admit us as friends,
In those social enjoyments which soften
Official hauteur, till it bends:
What pleasure to give one's cadetships
To a hard-worked First Lord—and if then,
One's sons, now on half-pay, should get ships,
Does that prove us less "hon'able men?"

As with other men's daughters and wives,
So with ours it is often a passion
(As th' Bank or the Brewery thrives),
To shine in the regions of fashion;
For a chaperon countess's matronage,
Or a duchess's favouring ken,
A slice of one's Indian patronage,
Is no price among "hon'able men."

Then let's hope that the scandal will never
Again with belief be received,
That for Indian appointments we ever
Dream of such thing as "Value received"
"Nought for nothing," of old was the motto,
And appointments were trafficked in then,
"All for nothing," is what we have got to—
We twenty-four "hon'able men."

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.

No. 1.



HE philosophic traveller leaves his native country in order to study the manners of "our volatile neighbours." At the London Bridge Station he finds a crowd of excited persons, evidently bent on the same object. Every man has a passport in his breast-pocket, and is encumbered with much unnecessary luggage, including the plate-chest, so indispensable to the English gentleman's toilet. A foretaste of foreign sights is given by groups of Frenchmen in beards and moustachios, wrapped in furred garments of strange fashion, and over-

come by nervousness at the varied dangers which they are about to encounter. Your correspondent, with proper indifference, reads *Punch* and the evening papers all the way to Dover. His companions are two anxious Gauls, a boy and his tutor, and a party of exceedingly gay appearance and manners, who has no uniform rule for the introduction or suppression of his li's. He is perhaps a traveller in the button or hook-and-eye line.

At Dover the tourist is turned out into the dark with his companions, and finds himself in the power of a band of bravoos, who share the luggage between them, thrust us, the helpless owners, into narrow and filthy dungeons on wheels, and then, reckless of prayers and menaces, hold a council upon our fate. We are at length hurried off into deeper gloom, and the splash of the ocean awakens indefinable apprehensions in the breasts of all. But we wrong the band—they are honest as things go, and will take ransom. A shilling, under pretence of an omnibus ride of a hundred yards, satisfies one ruffian; a second shilling stays the wrath of another, who in return mildly slides your portmanteau down a board into the steamer. This vessel is fuming in great excitement at everybody's confounded stupidity and slowness. "What on earth are you waiting for?" it seems to say. "How can you possibly expect me to take the letters in time? It's all very well for you, you know, but I'm a public character, and have got a reputation to keep up. Don't stand loitering there about those things. Pitch 'em in anyhow. Hang the luggage. What's luggage to letters? You have no idea how important the mail-service is. I know I'm very passionate, and if you don't come at once I shall scream."

Ah! the last carpet-bag is in; the bell rings, the bad language partially ceases, the mooring ropes are cast off, and the fussy old animal is allowed to have her own way. The philosophic tourist finds his companions of the train. The tutor is curled up under the table in the cabin, which is full of sleepers, lying about in every direction like great flies who have over-eaten themselves. The distinguished foreigners have already become pale even at the tranquil heaving of the harbour tide. The hook-and-eye man and the boy are smoking infamous cheroots, drinking neat cognac, and making pointless jokes in a loud voice to the steward. We are outside the pier. Your correspondent has no emotions. He sees the cliffs of Albion diminish without a sigh—a regret. He does not feel the poetry of the situation. He omits to quote *Childe Harold* to a gentleman's servant who kindly helps him on with a third great-coat. He is perhaps brutal; yet he is not without some remains of human sentiment. The greatest pleasure man can enjoy is to contemplate the misfortunes of others. Accordingly, he visits the sick. The cabin has become a hospital—a Pandemonium. To stay there is impossible, he returns to the deck. Alas! the furry exiles are paying a bitter tribute to the ocean. The happier ancients could propitiate NEPTUNE with a horse. Now-a-days he has a fancy for human sacrifices, and will only be appeased by a portion of ourselves. HOOKS-AND-EYES has lost his disposition to joke, regrets the

brandy, curses the cheroot, and sits down in gloomy silence. The youngster is jollier than ever, and chaffs his discomfited friend, whom he pronounces in private an awful snob.

Meanwhile the swift steamship cuts through the hissing waves. A south wind springs up, and we enjoy a pleasant variety of motion. To the original regular dip and rise which tried so many, is now added a jerking roll, occasionally amounting to a lurch. "*Ah ciel!*" gasp the expiring Gauls. "Steward, steward!" yells HOOKS-AND-EYES, as he flies across the deck seemingly by some supernatural impulse, and clings convulsively to the lee bulwarks. "And they said we should have a good passage," complain half a dozen other wretched beings, who make up a party to occupy the same position. The philosopher and his young friend pace the deck as well as they can, and hold sweet conversation. The artless lad details his ancient lineage, his past at Eton, his future at Oxford, and the Continental tour which, illustrated by the mild wisdom of JENKINS, M.A., is to fill up the interval between the two. These pleasant words make short the voyage. "Mark, my youthful acquaintance," says the philosopher, "mark the abject misery of these men. There are Britons among them, but the first, the feeblest of them all are French. Rejoice, therefore, for this malady is the Guardian Genius of our shores. Here are coast-defences more stubborn than Martello towers, more terrible than militia men, more vigilant even than a Channel fleet. Figure to yourself an army of red-trowsered invaders in this state offering to land on English shore, and bless the beneficent dispensations of nature. And now, perhaps, you will do me the favour of whistling *Rule Britannia*. Thank you."



The lights of Calais become rapidly visible, the seas abate, the groaning invalids recover their legs, the poor sick ladies come up from the cabin; we glide into smooth water listening to strange cries from the pier, and finally grate along the quay. We are welcomed to the strand of France by *douaniers* in green with round caps, and policemen in blue with cocked hats and yellow shoulder-belts. We must try to admire and love these men, for as long as we remain, they are fated to be our constant companions. The dilapidated troop of travellers is marched into a sort of condemned cell, whence a detachment disappears from time to time to undergo the examination of their passports and luggage. Here comes the first need of the French tongue. The miserable foreigners recover something of their importance, and the Britons, proud of their exemption from the troubles of the sea, begin to find that they are mortal. HOOKS-AND-EYES, emboldened by excessive draughts of brandy, which make him blink and walk unsteadily, becomes a public character by the wonderful volubility with which he talks an idiom of his own, perfectly unintelligible to the officials. He fancies, it would seem, that he is speaking some Continental language. An hour—two hours—are thus cheerfully spent, and we ultimately settle into a train which ultimately starts. Sleep is rendered impossible by a tin box full of hot water laid at the bottom of the carriage, which, though it certainly warms your feet, brings your knees up to your chin, and at last amounts to an instrument of torture.

The chill of dawn penetrates through voluminous wrappings, and the grey light, as it gradually strengthens, renders visible the dreary

face of the country and the haggard unshaven countenances of the travellers. Our young friend, however, is as fresh as a rose and as airy as a lark. "Why, the sunrise is just like the sunrise in England, only not so fine. My eye, look at those pigs! what tremendous legs they've got! That black one is just like a greyhound; he might go for the Derby if he was in condition. Look, there's a clod in wooden shoes. Ah! none of the labourers in Leicestershire wear wooden shoes. That's what my governor said at the last election, when we licked the Free-traders so. Nothing like the British peasantry, their country's pride, when once—I forget how it goes on. Why, they have not got any hedges, just fancy. That isn't good farming, is it, MR. JENKINS?" That Master of Arts, who, under happier circumstances, might have here given a quotation from *Virgil's Georgics*, was meekly prostrate beneath the vicissitudes of travel, and quite unable to reply. As we stop at occasional stations we see groups of happy country people, the women in jackets and white caps, the men in blouses, mounted in open cars, and laughing and jabbering without end. Houses become more frequent—tall, slim, chilly-looking white structures, with Venetian blinds outside each window. More careful cultivation marks the proximity of a great market. Finally, we pass deep ditches, low massive walls, not visible till you are close to them when you see how enormous they are, a ragged suburb, and we are in Paris. A fresh searching of luggage, a light one this time, for butter, eggs, and cabbages, I believe, sets us free—that is, as free as any one can be out of dear Old England.

The philosophic traveller here makes one reflection. What assurance a man must have to bore the British public with the description of a journey that every one has made, and knows as well as he does the Greenwich Railway, or the route from Chelsea to the Bank!

ALARMING RAILWAY ACCIDENT.



An accident, the consequences of which have proved more serious than was at first anticipated, has occurred on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, the rails and sleepers of which had, we understand, been, for some time previously, in an insecure condition. The result has been damages to the amount of above £7,000, incurred by the Company at the Northern Circuit Assizes for loss of life attributed to that state of things. As the sufferers in this instance are directors, instead of stokers or engineers, the calamity will perhaps prove a salutary lesson to them, by teaching them to make better arrangements for the safety of the public. Many of the victims, we believe, have wives and families, to whom, however, it is not appre-

hended that their loss will prove unusually distressing.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Since the accident, we are informed by our special contemporary, the *Morning Post*, that the authorities of the Railway in question

"Have issued the following ticket, which passengers on their dangerous line are required to sign, and which we here give word for word as it is printed and issued by these liberal directors:—

"This ticket is issued by the Company and accepted by the holder, upon the express understanding and agreement that the Company are not to be in any way held responsible to the holder, or his representatives, for the consequences of any accident, however caused, which may happen to the holder while travelling in any of the Company's vehicles, or being at any of the Company's Stations. It must be exhibited to the Company's Officers whenever required, and any person using it other than the person named herein will be liable to the same penalties as a passenger who does not pay his fare."

We have no reason for supposing that the above agreement is a hoax which has been palmed off upon our contemporary, or that it is a joke at the expense of those unfortunate people who have been already put to so much. On our mind there is no doubt of its authenticity. We are sorry to say we do not think it calculated to answer its purpose; which is to insure the pockets of the Company against the consequences of those awful accidents which are inevitable on an unsafe line. In the first place, we are of opinion that it would not hold good in law. But even if it were legal, it would only tend to obviate the pecuniary consequences of accidents, by preventing the accidents from

occurring; and that simply by deterring the public from running the risk of them. To find a Railway Company demanding to insure their property against his loss of life or limb, as a condition to taking him as a passenger, is rather calculated to reduce a man to a sense of the dreadful situation in which he must place himself by venturing on their line. If they persist in issuing this precautionary ticket, they might as well, for consistency's sake, adorn their stations with death's heads and tombstone cherubim, and cover their platforms with black cloth.



A FACT FOR "MURRAY."

London Cousin. "See them things, Bill; them's what the swells in Ancient Days put out their necks with. Nobby more, wasn't it?"

GREAT SUCCESS OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

It is perfectly well known, and firmly believed by many of the gullible, that some clairvoyants, by the mere inspection of a lock of a patient's hair, are able to ascertain his complaint and also to prescribe for it, without having acquired any knowledge of medicine. We are informed by a person of quality, on whom we can depend, that a certain clairvoyant having had a portion of hair shown to him the other day, instantly pronounced the individual it had belonged to a lunatic, and recommended that the whole head should be shaved. The declaration of the somnambulist was remarkably verified, and the propriety of his advice demonstrated, by the fact, that the individual who had owned the hair turned out to be a gentleman who had been sending conscience money to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER "for omitted Income Tax."

A Present for Aberdeen.

THE *Times* correspondent writes that English sailors are dying, poisoned by the miasma and mosquito bites at the mouth of the Danube, blocked up by the atrocity of Russia. And what says ABERDEEN? Nothing. We have heard of such visitors as a flea in one's ear; now, by way of a memento of dying British tars, we wish LORD ABERDEEN had just one mosquito in his night cap.

SEA SNIPS.

BATTLE steamers will, perhaps, in one sense of the word, be correctly denominated Navy tailors, in consequence of cutting out men of war.



"Oh! Look'ee here, Sir, here's a worm long enough to last you a fortnight."

OUR HONEYMOON.

WEDNESDAY—MAY 29, IS—

"Now, my dear FRED—if I could only feel certain you were quite ashamed of yourself, you don't know how comfortable I should be? Call yourself a Christian, and going out murdering people!" I couldn't help saying as much: no, quite the reverse.

"But nobody's hurt," said FRED, laughing. "Besides, now we're the best friends in the world."

"Well, men are creatures, to be sure! To make friendship over bullets and gunpowder. And supposing you'd been killed? Now, just to satisfy me, just for a moment suppose that?"

Whereupon, in his odd way, he stared in my face; and said he thought the calamity would have mightily become me.

"And to have been made a widow for another person—and that person, one's own servant. But I have given JOSEPHINE warning"—

"Nonsense!" said FREDERICK, and I did stare. "Nonsense, my darling," he repeated in his tender way; but I was not to be persuaded.

"Why, the creature was bold enough before. But with the thought in her head that her master had been fighting a duel, and all about her, she'd be as conceited, the house wouldn't hold her. She goes: now, it's no use talking, of that I'm determined."

"And so because a foolish young man—not but what he's a very good fellow—will write letters to a silly girl?"

"Oh, never tell me! He'd never have sent letters and nosegays to such a person, if she hadn't encouraged him."

"Ha! that's how you women help one another! The man begins the injury, and the sister-woman finishes it. No, LOTTY; you'll do nothing of the sort. You'll not part with JOSEPHINE; and, more than that, you'll see young BLISS to-day. Who'd have thought to fight the brother of?"

"The fisherwoman? Well, it's very odd; I must say it's odd: and if I do consent to see him, I know I shall only be laughed at."

"Do what's right, LOTTY; and then you may laugh with the laughers."

Now there was such good sense in this, that what could I say? Why, I didn't know; so I just put my arm about his neck.

"Yes, my love, and you'll not crush poor TRUEPENNY!"

"Now, don't ask me that, FRED; that is really too much."

"They'll both be here to-day; and, come, I'll strike a bargain with you, LOTTY?"

"A bargain?" said I. "Why, what's the use, FRED, when you always get the best of it? Well, I'm in a foolish good temper, so what is it?"

"If you'll receive young BLISS!"

"But is it really true that Miss Bliss—the young lady with the artificial flies—is going to be married? Really true?"

"I've told you, I hear next week. That fine young fellow we saw at the church, he's the man. When their honeymoon is over, I intend to ask them, and young BLISS, too, to *The Fitch*."

"Well?" said I, a little relenting. "And now your bargain?"

"You'll see young BLISS and TRUEPENNY—they'll be here to lunch—and we'll start for home, by the first stage to-day, directly afterwards. Is it a bargain?"

"It's two days earlier than we're looked for," said I.

"Very well, let us stop out the time here," cried FRED.

"Not another hour. No; now I shall never be fully happy till I'm at home. I do verily believe, I shall go upon my knees and kiss the door-step. So JOSEPHINE has but to bestir herself—I only hope she'll prove herself worthy of the confidence we place in her; but it's a risk, FRED; depend on it, 'tis a risk."

With this I ran away to my room, and made JOSEPHINE comfortable, telling her that I thought her a most imprudent, if not a very culpable young woman, to have nosegays and letters sent to her, and so to destroy the peace of families—for it was no use to tell me that she couldn't help the gentleman sending them, that I couldn't believe;—but nevertheless if, as I believed, she was truly sorry for her conduct, I wouldn't have the heart to throw her upon the wide, wide world; but would much rather prefer to take her home with us, and—if she continued to behave herself—to make her happy as the day was long. I said all this; but I was sorry, really hurt to observe, that the young woman listened to a good deal I said, like any stone. But then for gratitude, who's to expect it?

We soon had everything packed, and I returned to FRED. Was ever anything so provoking? Instead of MR. BLISS and that TRUEPENNY, came two letters of apology. MR. BLISS had received a sudden call upon his attention that he must obey, but hoped to be allowed to see FRED and "his charming partner"—(and he'd thought nothing of making her a disconsolate widow!—some day at *The Fitch*. As for MR. TRUEPENNY, he declared to FRED that "he had not the courage to meet his wife:" which I considered a very proper compliment to my spirit. I scarcely thought the man had as much remorse and proper feeling in him. And then he added—"P.S. I write this upon my knees, sending my contrition to your estimable partner; with an earnest prayer that, at some distant day, I may be permitted to approach her at her own fireside. Dinner is beyond my ambition as above my deserts: but, I trust, that after due time and penitence, I may hope to be called to the tea-table. May hope still lift up her azure eyes to muffins?"

"I really don't see anything to laugh at," said I to FRED, who was mightily amused as he read the letter. And to say the truth I was a little vexed. Because I had made my mind up to show FRED how forgivingly I could behave—and then to be disappointed of the opportunity was vexing.

However, we lunched alone; paid the bill; and—shall I ever forget how I jumped into the carriage? I seemed to have wings!—and away we trundled homewards—homewards!

Home.

I fairly cried with happiness when I crossed the threshold. When I dropt in my chair at my fireside, I felt like the happiest Queen upon her throne. How beautiful, too, everything looked! There seemed a bloom, a brightness upon everything in the house; whilst the garden was glowing, brimming with flowers; all of them nodding at me, as I thought, a welcome.

What a house-warming we've had! And I never can complain of the smallness of the house after such a party! A hundred and fifty, and still plenty of room for *Roger de Coverley*. Mamma danced with TRUEPENNY who—the foolish fellow!—would go upon his knees on the hearth, and drink a glass of champagne in honour, as he said, of the household gods. We've had merriment enough almost for a life! I begin to be afraid of so much happiness—can it last?

May 1, Twenty-ninth return of Wedding Day.

Thankful, grateful, for all blessings! Happiness has continued; happiness the purest and best, for—as dear, dear FRED says—the happiness was ever home-made.

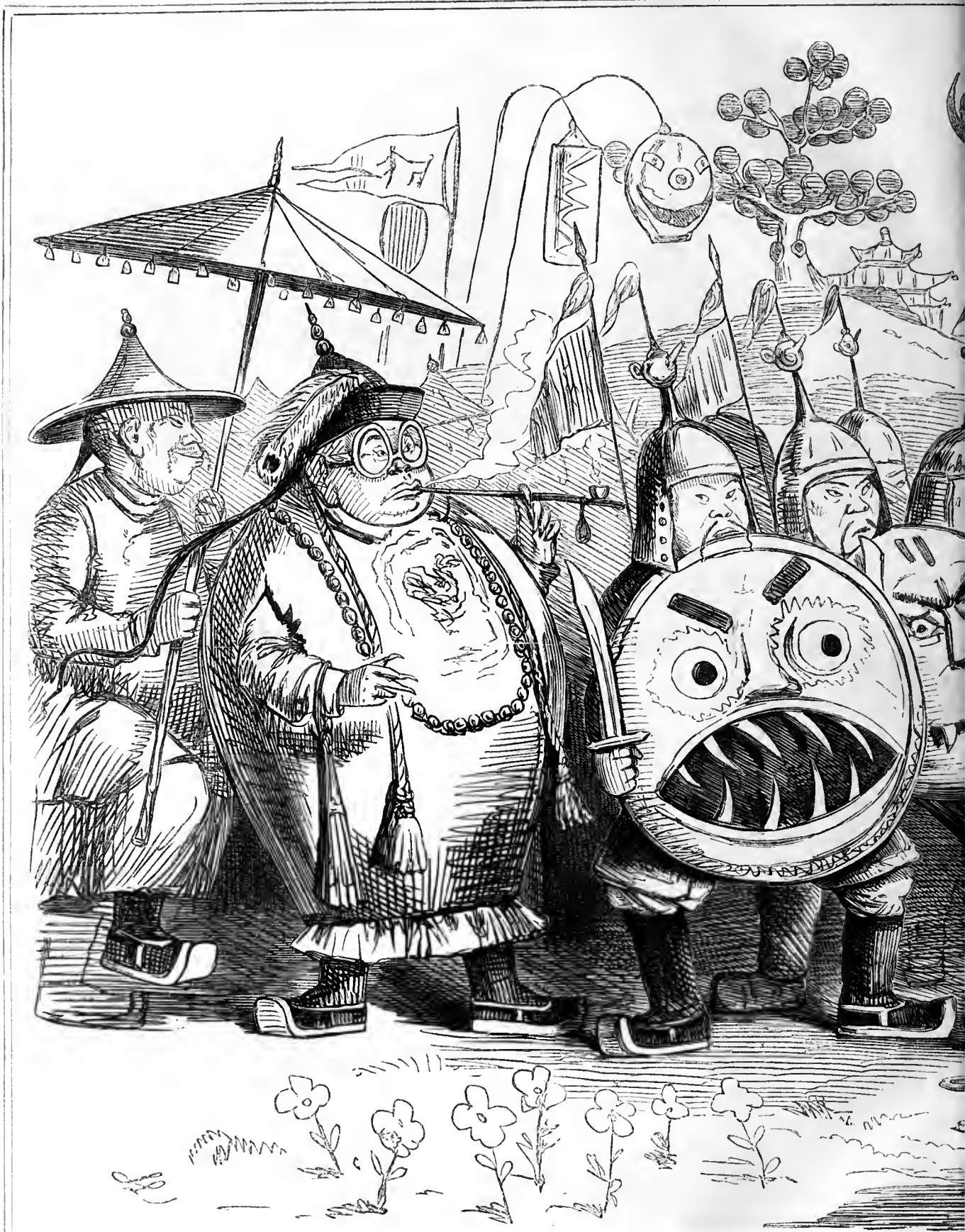
British Black Slavery.

LORD PALMERSTON has furnished the Women of America with a new answer to the Women of England. The American ladies say that now the Smoke Nuisance Bill has passed, we cannot blame the States for their Runaway Negro Act, inasmuch as we ourselves have made a law to prevent the escape of the Blacks.

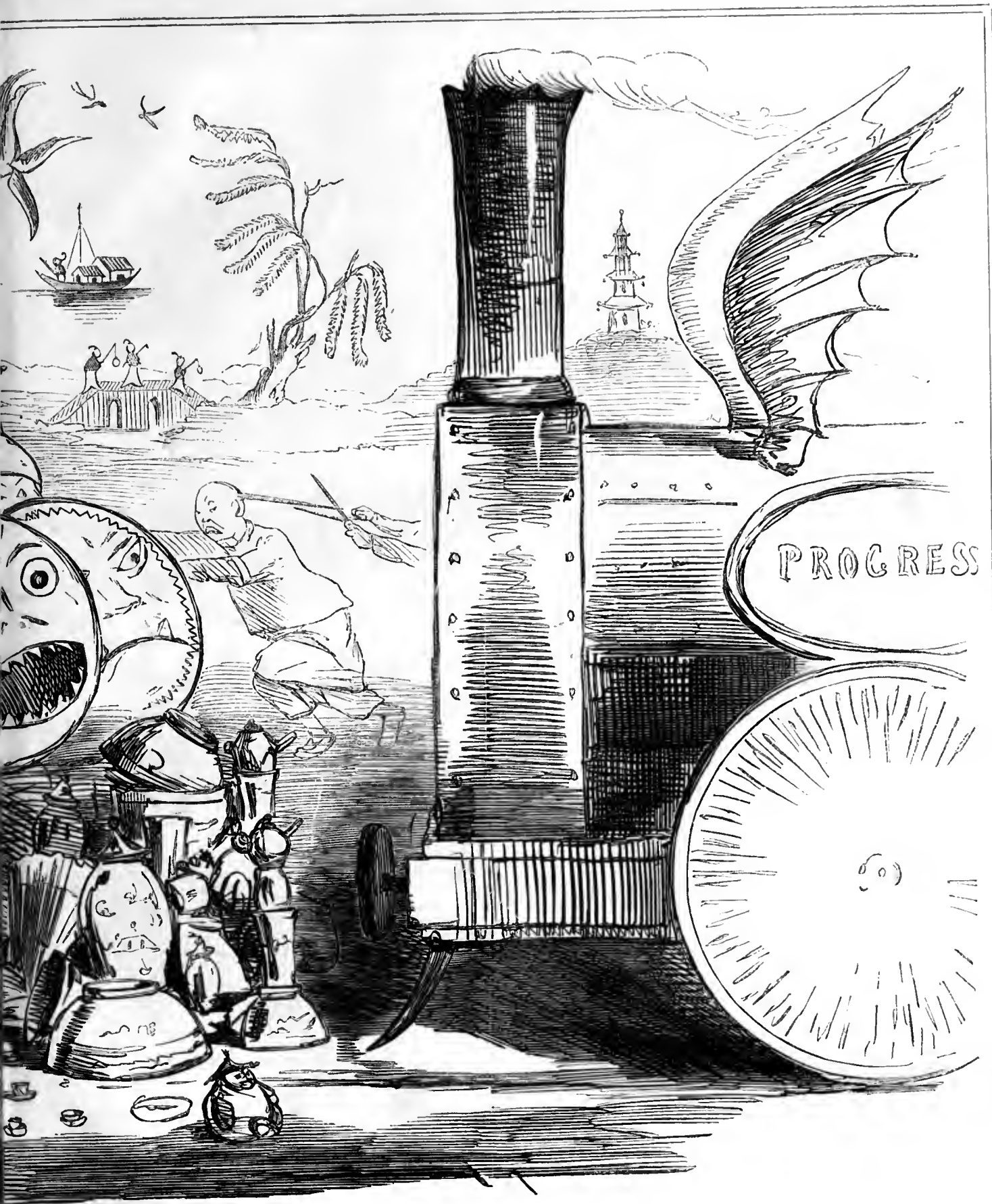
VERY LIKE A WHALE.

THE Yankee scheme for purchasing the fictitious title to the American Fisheries from the pretended EARL OF STIRLING, comes out under the auspices of an Ex-Secretary of State with the portentous name of—WALKER!

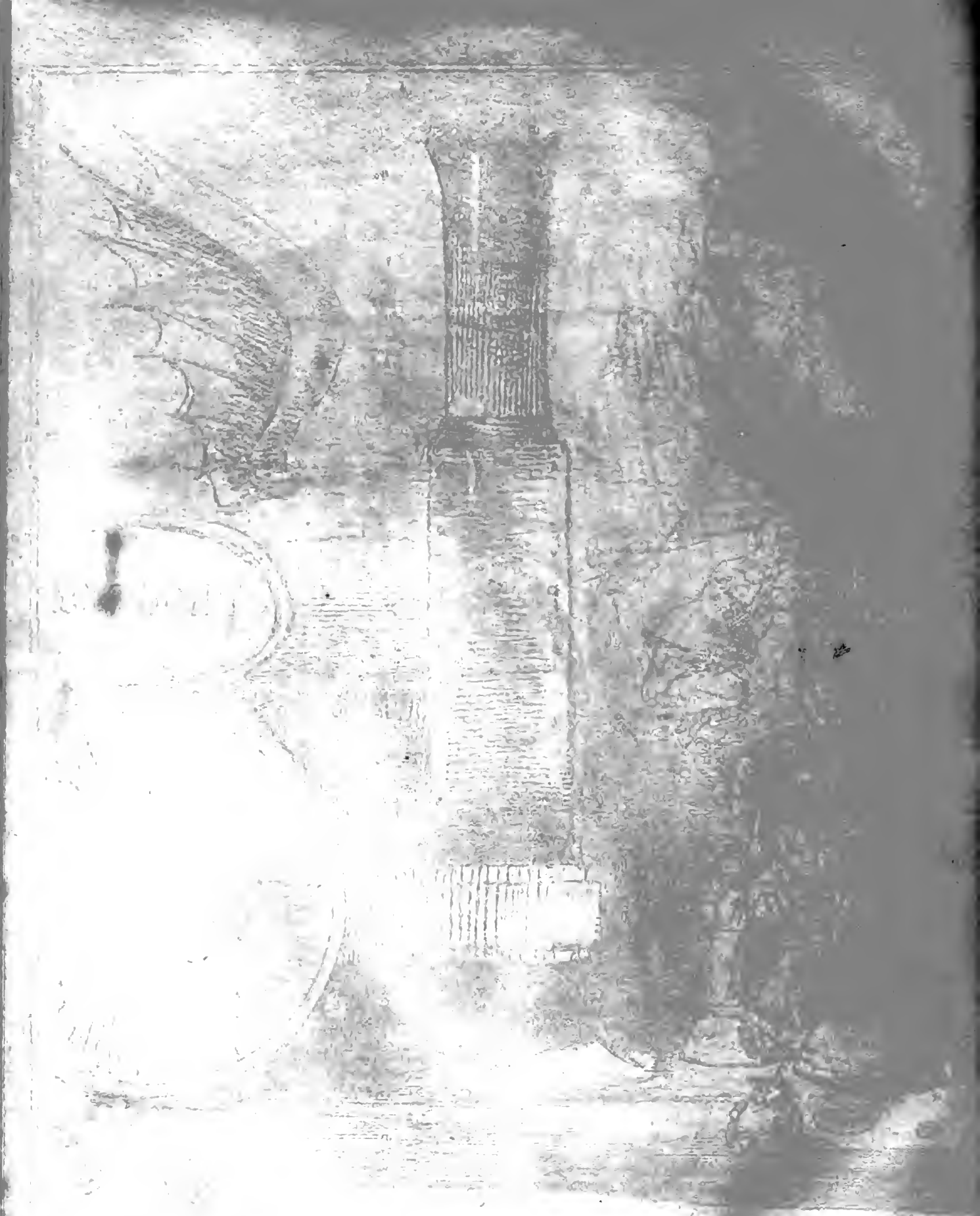




THE GREAT BARBARIAN DRAGON THAT WI

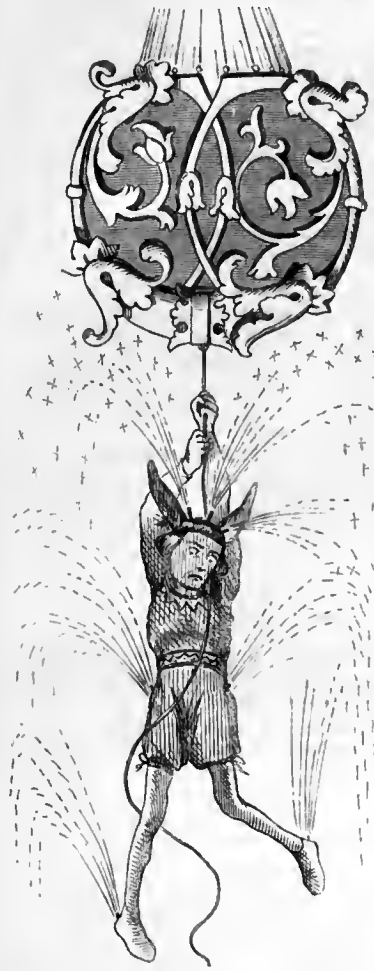


AT UP "THE BROTHER OF THE MOON," &c. &c. &c.



THE BROTHERS OF THE ...

GREAT CATCHES.



HETHER everybody has his price or not; there are some quite capable of selling themselves, even by auction: as, for one instance, we should think, the author of the subjoined advertisement:—

AS LEDGER CLERK, Manager, and Correspondent. —A gentleman, of close-sticking business habits, who does nothing by halves, whose references as to character, &c., are first-rate, and whose devotion to his employers' interests ever has been unbonded, is just now open to a RE-ENGAGEMENT. The advertiser is of ripe, vigorous, middle-age, and so undeviatingly systematic, as by the restless force of example, to be qualified to establish, in all around him, habits of perseverance, self denial, and sagging industry, such as could not fail to tell wonderfully, as those habits became more and more fully developed, on any set of people so organised. Clover men of business, who, one and all, admire cleverness in others, and especially when it makes to them its own peculiar bow of the most profound obeisance, are most respectfully requested to address their replies to ALPHEA DELTA, &c., &c.

The gentleman so industriously adhesive certainly does not cry himself up by halves; and the glowing language in which he describes his age as "ripe and vigorous," might well become some Yankee GEORGE ROBINS appraising an UNCLE TOM. We can vividly imagine him putting himself up, ringing the changes on his ripeness and vigour, first-rate references, undeviatingly systematic ways, close-sticking business habits, and unbonded

devotion to his employers' interests; and ultimately, with his "own peculiar bow of the most profound obeisance," respectfully knocking himself down to the best bidder. We should like to buy him at our terms in this manner, if we could afterwards dispose of him at his own. But our friend blows his trumpet with rather too many flourishes; makes overmuch use of the figure hyperbole, to commend himself for employment in those figures that Ledger Clerks are more particularly concerned with.

In the same *Times* that contained the foregoing announcement, appears also the following:—

NO SALARY REQUIRED.—A young Gentleman (20 years of age), author of several works, wishes for a HOME. He is a beautiful reader and writer; can write poetry, tales, essays, and anything literary. He is possessed of pleasing manners, kind disposition, and would do all in his power to make himself useful, and contribute to the happiness of those with whom he may become associated. One of his works sent for six stamps. Address REGINALD VILLIERS, &c., &c.

This is a performance on a similar instrument; but it is the clarinet to the cornet-à-pistons. Only 20; a "beautiful" reader and writer; can write poetry, tales, essays, and "anything literary;" and is already the "author of several works." Why, this is a second

"CHATTERTON the marvellous Boy."

and we should say he had better take care that he does not so far resemble

"The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride,"

as to go off, some day, in a fit of vanity and self-conceit.

We are almost inclined to send him six stamps for one of his works, in order that we may ascertain if it is worth a single rap.

Roebuck Himself Again.

The *Sheffield Independent* announces that MR. ROEBUCK's health is so much improved that he has accepted an invitation to the Cutlers' feast. We are happy to hear it, and hope MR. ROEBUCK will do the Cutlers the credit of playing a good knife and fork.

THE DECIMAL COINAGE.

The Chairman of the Committee to the Vulgar (fractional) Public.

AIR—"Won't you Come and take Tea in the Arbour?"

THE Coinage Committee, which sat in the City,

At last have completed their labour,

And derive from the action intense satisfaction;

We're sick of "COLENSO" and "MAVOR!"

But as it may be thought that we mean our "report"

For the special behoof of "the City,"

Half a page of the *Times* we'll condense into rhymes

To the air of a popular ditty.

So, though it's uphill, give up all your silly

Ideas, which might suit your grandfather

About shillings and pence, which are not common sense,

And take to the decimals rather!

As in loyalty bound, we shall stick to the pound—

'Twould betray the "sovereign" to banish;

But all the half-crowns, "bobs," "joeys," and "browns,"

Into Royal Mint-sauce must vanish.

But we'll leave you the *Florin*, which cannot be foreign,

As every one lots of them handles,

And of these 'twill he found, ten will go to the pound,

For all the world like—kitchen candles!

Then, though it's uphill, &c.

Still on decimals bent, we descend to the Cent

(Find its value yourself, if you're able),

Divide by ten still, and you'll come to the Mil—

There, my friends, you've the whole of the table.

So we hope by next session, you'll be in possession

Of some sensible decimal money;

And pay all little bills in cents, florins, and mils,

Never mind if, at first, it seem funny.

But, though it's uphill, &c.

Those who talk about "browns," and say "bulls"—meaning crowns,

Perchance for "nicknames" may be roarin';

Recollect in a "mill" you've of *pounding* your fill,

And frequently plenty of *floorin'*.

Now, Public! tho' slow—that you're grateful to show

(If you are not a stingy, mean sinner),

The least you can do, is to just buckle to,

And give the Committee—a dinner!

Then, though it's uphill, &c.

THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT BOULOGNE.

(From our Travelling Contributor.)

THE British Consulate at Boulogne still "hangs out" over the "tinnery, leadery, and zincery," at the end of the port, as we have ascertained by a recent visit. The ground floor is occupied by a saucepan shop, while British diplomacy has taken the floor above, and the frontage of the premises displays a rivalry of attraction between the "British Consular Office for Passports" and the "*Bazar des Quatre*" something or other, which the tinman adopts as the name of his domicile.

We recognise no change in the arrangements since we noticed the establishment two years ago, except that the individual who represents British diplomacy has got a new cap, is rather more civil spoken than he was, and the boy who runs to call him when he is in another room is grown bigger than he used to be. This is all natural enough, and so far unobjectionable, though we are not quite so well satisfied with a rope that has been attached to one side of the staircase by way of bannisters. On the day of our visit there was a consular *torehon*, or diplomatic dishelout hanging to dry on the landing, which we thought savoured of anything but dignity. The rope was well enough as far as it went, and the Consul has given the public just rope enough to hang itself, or rather to pull itself up by, in ascending the staircase. We presume that all this homeliness is as much as the passport fees will afford, and we can only regret, for the credit of British diplomacy, that it is as much dignity as can be sustained upon the four-and-two-pences that pour in on the establishment at Boulogne.

Physic for Brutes.

A HAIR of the dog that bit you is recommended as a cure for the consequences of drunkenness; but when intoxication results in beating women, the dog does not afford so proper a remedy as the cat.

WHO was the first "Gent" on record?—The Lawyer, when he was allowed by Act of Parliament to write after his name "Gent, one, &c."



SCENE.—BUREAU OF THE CHIEFS OF THE DOUANES.

French Official. "YOU HAVE PASSPORT?"

English Gent. "NONÉ, MOSSOO."

Official. "YOUR NAME?"

Gent. "BELLEVILLE."

Official. "CHRISTIAN NOM?"

Gent. "ARRY!"

Official. "PROFESSION?"

Gent. "BANKER!"

LEADING ARTICLE FOR OLD LADIES.

(On the proposed New Coinage.)

We are, and always were, averse to change. We do not mean to say that we have, or ever had, any objection to those coppers which long custom has hallowed, and which have been consecrated to charity. But when innovation would tamper with the coin of the realm, we, in common with all HER MAJESTY'S loyal subjects, are necessitated to rally round the SOVEREIGN, not only as such, but as represented by monetary subordinates. And when we observe that one of the principal features in the contemplated revolution is the abolition of the Half-Crown, we cannot but consider the CROWN, and with the CROWN the THRONE, and of course the CHURCH to be placed in jeopardy. In short, we must record our emphatic protest against the proposed Decimal Currency. It was under the old arrangement of pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings, that the country attained to its present pitch of glory and prosperity. That the Decimal system has been adopted by foreigners is the very reason why we should persist in our own. What is it that makes them so eager to take our money, if not its acknowledged superiority to theirs?

The democratic, indeed the levelling character of the decimal agitation is obvious from one remarkable fact, which, may, perhaps, however, be new to our readers. It is notorious that the lower classes are addicted to the use of slang or flash language, especially in connection with pugilism. Now we have already had introduced a coin of foreign denomination, but domestic orthography. We allude to the piece of money termed a florin, a word which, as spelt by the populace—as many of them as can spell at all—signifies the act of knocking or being knocked down. It is proposed that one of the new-fangled coins shall bear the yet more vulgar appellation of a mil; which in the same vocabulary signifies a fistic encounter.

From a Parliamentary Commission subservient to a Downing Street gang, thus evidently deriving the nomenclature of their projected coinage on the one hand from Continental Jews, Papists, and Infidels; and on the other from the BRUMMAGEM CHICKEN and the TIPTON

THE PLOUGHBOY'S DOOM!

THE stubble-headed Ploughboy
No more a-field shall stride,
Smock-frocked, with whip on shoulder,
The steer or steed to guide;
At dawn, no more shall whistle
With early lark and thrush;
No longer stalk the fallows,
The clods no longer crush,

In vacant rumination,
No more shall sit on gate;
His shanks beneath him daugling
By hob-nailed highlows' weight.
That form of grace no longer
The hedgerows shall adorn,
His dab of bacon slicing
Upon his palm of horn.

The Boy—smock, boots, and bacon,
And whip,—must yield to Steam;
His whistle must be silent,
Whilst engines hiss and scream;
For MACH has in action
A new machine e'en now,
And says his apparatus
Will supersede the Plough.'

A Bear Speculation.

THE Turkish question appears to have subsided into an affair of grease. The subjoined advertisement shows what our Imperial friend has come to:—

BEAR FOR SALE.—A fine large RUSSIAN BEAR, very tame. To be seen on board the *Atalanta*, CAPTAIN WESENBERG; lying in the West India Import Dock.

NICHOLAS has come to the West India Dock. We suppose we shall soon have him Promoting the Growth of the Hair, in combination with essence of rose, violet, or bergamot.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.—A Vegetarian attending a Cattle Show.

SLASHER, what can we expect but the overthrow of all our ancient institutions, unless the blow which they are about to aim at all that we hold tender, be parried by a determined exertion of the art of self-defence?

A REGULAR PUMP.—An eminent teetotalter being requested by "a few of his admirers" to sit for his portrait, consented, on condition that it should be taken in water-colours.



A REMINISCENCE OF CHOBHAM—DELIGHTFUL EFFECTS OF A CANNONADE.

MR. PETERLOO BROWN'S EXAMINATION OF THE OXFORD STATUTES.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I venture but once again to trouble you with a few remarks; and, as I am looking forward to my lad matriculating this next October, I shall be glad of your speedy advice as to whether I ought to send him to a place where he will have to swear to observe Statutes like those I have spoken of, and those I am now about to mention.

"The next Statute after 'the herb Nicotiana,' is about the closing of the College gates at 9 o'clock, and says, that if circumstances should call for it (*si res ita postulet*), the Heads of the Houses shall then go round to each chamber (*perlustratis singulorum cubiculis*), to see if their tenants are there. This is a delightful rule; and, if circumstances do not call for the Heads to make their rounds, it only shows that the Statute is obeyed without such supervision. Early to bed, you know, *Mr. Punch*, not only leads to salubrity of body and purse, but also conduces to wisdom of intellect; and, doubtless, much of the success of the 'Oxford discipline' that we

hear so much about may be traced to this 'early-closing movement.' I am glad to find that my son PETERLOO will not have to carry out the popular idea of a student, by burning 'the midnight oil'—which you and I, as men of the world, know is a mere figure of speech, and only leads to biliousness of body and cutting of morning chapels—but that he will have to be in bed by 9 o'clock, and, possibly, may be tucked up by the Head of the College himself, attended, of course, by bedels and 'holy pokers,' and all the paraphernalia of Collegiate grandeur. And, *Mr. Punch*, what an instructive subject 'Alma Mater putting her children to bed' would be for *MR. TENNIEL* to turn into a cartoon for the new Houses of Parliament; where, in spite of the exertions of *Mrs.*—I mean *MR.*—*BROTHERTON*, the Members *will* waste the gas and their health in keeping late hours—a thing they were plainly never allowed to do as long as they were at Oxford!

"The next Statute not only forbids the students to indulge in all games that might be hurtful to themselves (*abstineant ab omni lusus genere, in quo de pecunia concetur*), but also requires them to abstain from every kind of game or sport which might cause any danger, injury, or inconvenience to others; as, for example, from the hunting of wild beasts with dogs of all kinds, with ferrets, nets, or snares (*item quod abstineant ab omni genere lusus vel exercitii, ex quo aliis periculum, injuria, vel incommodum creatur: veluti a venatione ferarum cum canibus cujuscuque generis, et verris, retibus, aut plagis*). Oh, *Mr. Punch*, does Oxford still keep the same position it held in dark centuries ago, that it is forced to make its matriculating candidates swear to abstain from the sports of a savage life, which may be all very well for a GORDON CUMMING, but do not accord with the peaceful pursuits of a cloistered student? And what, I would ask, are the wild beasts for which Oxford is famous? Are they of the same genus as those which my young neighbour BELLINGHAM GREY speaks of? He tells me that Oxford is infested with the varied species of the Ornithoryncus—the *Beast with a Bill*—which usually lurk in dens to which they endeavour, by many allurements, to entice their victims; and that, so

cunning are they, that they will even steal within the College walls and attack a Student in his own private room, and cannot be got away before they have made him bleed freely. He says, that there is no way of capturing these beasts, and that they can only be kept off by



degrees; but, that when once you have found means to settle them, their Bill immediately drops off; and that they are not seen again until their bill has been curiously renewed. I wonder that the manager of the Zoological Gardens don't get hold of specimens of this very curious beast, the Oxford Ornithoryncus; more especially as they seem to be so common. But I suppose that their difficulty of capture at present stands in the way. But, who knows, but what we shall see them next season among the 'lions' of the Gardens, and celpising in interest even the vivarium and the hippopotamus?

"But to return to the Statute. Though I think I smell a badger, yet the word 'ferrets' seems to point at rats. But if, in their humanity, the authorities discourage rat-hunting—which, of course, must be an 'inconvenience' to the rat, even if it cause him no 'danger or injury'—why do they shut their eyes to the legions of terriers, and other rat-killing dogs, that are openly possessed by the members of the University? I am at a loss to know for what species of wild beasts the 'snares and nets' are intended, unless the young men poach for rabbits and hares. But as for fox-hunting, I shall know now how far I may believe young BELLINGHAM GREY when he says that he, and more than a score of 'pinks' may be seen in a morning, setting off from the Canterbury Gate of Christ Church! And as for the loo, and whist, and 'Van John' that he speaks of, not to mention *carte*, and the money that changes hands in one evening, why I am sadly afraid that the young gentleman has been imposing upon my credulity.

"The Statute goes on to forbid the boys—I beg pardon, the 'men'!—from the use of hawks for fowling, and from the carrying of cross-bows and 'Bombardarum' (*necnon ab omni apparatu et gestatione Bombardarum, et arcubalarum; sive etiam accipitrum usu ad aucupium*). Now, I am aware that the old noble sport of hawking is being revived, because I take in *The Field* (for, of course, I look upon myself as a 'country gentleman,' and do everything that country gentlemen ought to do), and in *The Field* I sometimes read about it; and I suppose the Oxford gentlemen are assisting in the revival. But, in the name of wonder, *Mr. Punch*, what can he meant by 'Bombardarum'? Has it anything to do with your Austrian friend 'BOMBA'? Or does it mean that the young men must not carry about mortars for the discharge of bombs, or battering-rams, or some 'bombarding' implement 'of that ilk'? But no. 'Town and Gown' disturbances can never need such warlike preparations as these. I suppose I must write to your facetious contemporary *Notes and Queries*, and ask what 'Bombardarum' really does mean; for no Latin Dictionary that I have access to is able to inform me. Really, *Mr. Punch*, my LORD CHANCELLOR DERBY ought to publish either a translation of the Statutes of his University or a dictionary of these 'Oxford mixture' phrases, '*canino Anglico Latine reddita*;' for how can young men be expected to obey Statutes which are made up of words of which the meaning can only be conjectured? And if, *Mr. Punch*, you take up the cudgels for the Oxford Statutes, and tell me that they are thus purposely framed, and after the fashion of the Statutes of the country, I beg to observe that the seat of learning ought to be stuffed with other stuff than that which fills the woolsack, and that the framers of its laws should not be like the noble and versatile



NOBODY MUST CARRY A CROSS-BOW, AND A HAWK FOR FOWLING.

NOBODY MUST INDULGE IN SPORTS WHICH MAY CAUSE HURT OR INCONVENIENCE TO OTHERS.

Lord of the Upper House, to whom we might say, in the words of COLERIDGE:—

"You can utter, with a solemn gesture,
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics!"*

"The statutes next call upon the matriculating candidate to swear that he will keep aloof from all rope-dancers and actors, and from the strifes and shows of—gladiators! (*Item quod, intra Universitatem Oxoniensem aut Præcinctum, absque speciali veniâ Vice-Cancellarii, nec Fænambuli nec Histriones, qui quæstus causâ in Scenam prodeunt, nec Gladiatorum certamina sive spectacula permittantur; nec Academici eisdem intersint.*) Good gracious, Mr. Punch! is this the nineteenth century—is Punch an institution of our land; have we got a Cam^o at Chobham, and a Fleet at Spithead, or are we RIP VAN WINKLES in an inverse degree, who have slept backwards into the past? My brain is fairly muddled, Sir, with the thought that I am about to send my son PETERLOO to a place which I had fondly imagined to be the centre of all enlightenment, and which I now find retains the barbarities of the darkest ages. I don't object to the rope-dancers and actors—although I might perhaps be inclined to ask why SHAKSPEARE, and SHERIDAN, and BULWER-LYTTON should be condemned as improper; and PLAUTUS, TERENCE, and JUVENAL decided to be the only pure and proper dramatic guides of youth—I don't object, I say, to



NOBODY MUST HUNT WILD BEASTS.

my lad going to see the rope-dancing and acting, but I do decidedly object to his even having a chance of obtaining 'the special permission of the Vice-Chancellor' to be present at such degrading exhibitions as the 'sports of the Gladiators.' I shudder to think (and so does Mrs. BROWN, Sir), that my lad, who has been so carefully brought up, will really 'see before him the Gladiator lie, his manly form all cover'd o'er with wounds;' and that he will, perhaps—(I can assure you, Sir, that Mrs. BROWN is obliged to have recourse to her smelling salts at the bare thought of such horrors)—that he will perhaps set his own slave (or scout) to fight for

his amusement, and, like those frightful Romans that he is obliged to read about, will be turning up his thumbs to give the dreadful signal for his wretched servant's death! I must really pause a moment to recover my equanimity. Yet a bright thought strikes me! Perhaps, after all, Mr. Punch, these gladiatorial exhibitions are only intended to assist the students in their classical pursuits, the mind being, we know, often more speedily instructed through an appeal to the eye. And this idea is supported by the words of the Statute that the Students must not be present at such shows without the special permission of the Vice-Chancellor. For, of course, if there are no gladiatorial exhibitions in Oxford, the candidates for matriculation would not be required to take oaths about them.

"It would fatigue both you and me, Mr. Punch (weakened as I feel by these gladiatorial prospects), were I to make more lengthy observations on the Oxford Statutes; for the subject is so copious, that it would take me some time to travel through all the *Statutum est*, and stop at each. Yet I think I have told you enough about them to enable you to give me your valuable opinion on the propriety and wisdom of suffering my son PETERLOO to enter an university, to the privileges of which he will only be admitted on the condition that he swears to observe all the foregoing Statutes, and a host of others, to the utmost of his power: 'Scito te,' says the Vice-Chancellor, as he gives the young man a copy of the book which I have now been considering, 'Scito te in matriculam Universitatis hodie relatum esse, sub hac conditione, nempe, ut omnia Statuta, hoc libro comprehensa, pro virili observes.'

* "Tragedy of Remorse." Act II, Scene 1.

"But I will add one word in favour of a few more Statutes of this 'Tit. XV.' I am glad to see that, while my son will not be permitted to draw a weapon upon another, or threaten him with a knife, dagger, sword, or other species of weapon (*cultellum, pugionem, gladium, aut aliquot aliud genus teti aut distrinxerit, aut intentaverit, cum minis, &c.*), yet, that he will be allowed to bear a bow and arrow for the sake of honest recreation (*qui honestæ recreationis causâ arcus cum sagittis portaverint*), and will not be suffered to ride in, or be the charioteer of, any vehicle, unless he is permitted to do so by the Proctors or the Heads of his College, on account of his infirm health, or some other reasonable cause (*nisi cui propter infirmam valetudinem aut rationabilem aliquam causam licentia, &c.*) And yet, Mr. Punch, why does young BELLINGHAM GREY tell me tales of Traps, and Dog-carts, and Tandems, and Teams? Have all their charioteers infirm health? or has that young gentleman, in this as in other things, been practising upon the credulity of

"Dear Mr. Punch,
"Your constant reader,
"PETERLOO BROWN."

THE MONEY MARKET FOR INFANT MINDS.

HERE go the Funds, up, up,
And there go Consols, down, down,
Fluctuate backwards and forwards,
And then come around, round, round,

NICHOLAS cries, "No, no!"
There's a fall in the Three-per-Cents,
Aloft like rockets they go
The moment the CÆsar relents.

Sing hey! for the Bulls and Bears,
And ho! for the Turkey Cocks,
Sing Bonds, and Scrip, and Shares,
Sing British and Foreign Stocks.

Sing Ninety-seven, Two, Three,
Sing Two-and-a-Half at Par,
And that's the way £ s. d.
Depends upon Peace or War.

FLOWERS OF THE TOWZERY PLANT.

IN these days of steam we encounter a great deal of puffing, but few probably have beheld the largest locomotive emit so extensive a puff as the subjoined:—

"Grand, Fortentous, and Most Auspicious Event. Speedy and Imperative and Peremptory Sale of the Entire Stock of Shawls, Mantles, and Robes, of

a firm that we will take the liberty of calling MESSRS. HOKES AND CO.

In the first place, MESSRS. HOKES are to be congratulated on having introduced a striking novelty into the English language—the word Fortentous; which, being big and indistinct, looms, as it were, at the head of their advertisement, with a misty sublimity.

The nature of the impending event, denominated "fortentous" is thus elucidated:—

"In consequence of the Proprietors being made Solo Agents for MACINTOSH'S Registered Waterproof Dupallas, for Ladies' Sea-side, Yachting, or Travelling Wear, they are determined to clear off their entire Stock—and, doing this, they sink all Personal Interest, forego every consideration of gain or lucre, renounce every motive but the one Grand Object—that of a positive and absolute Clearance of the entire Stock—and this, they are determined, must, will, nay shall be accomplished, as the Dupalla will be ready for inspection in a few days."

This paragraph is a masterly composition—the very perfection of the insinuating style. Sinking all personal interest, foregoing every consideration of gain or lucre, renouncing every motive but that of desiring the positive and absolute clearance of a quantity of stock—that "one grand object" might obviously be accomplished in a simple and effectual manner by making a bonfire of the goods; which, moreover, would probably be the best thing to do with them.

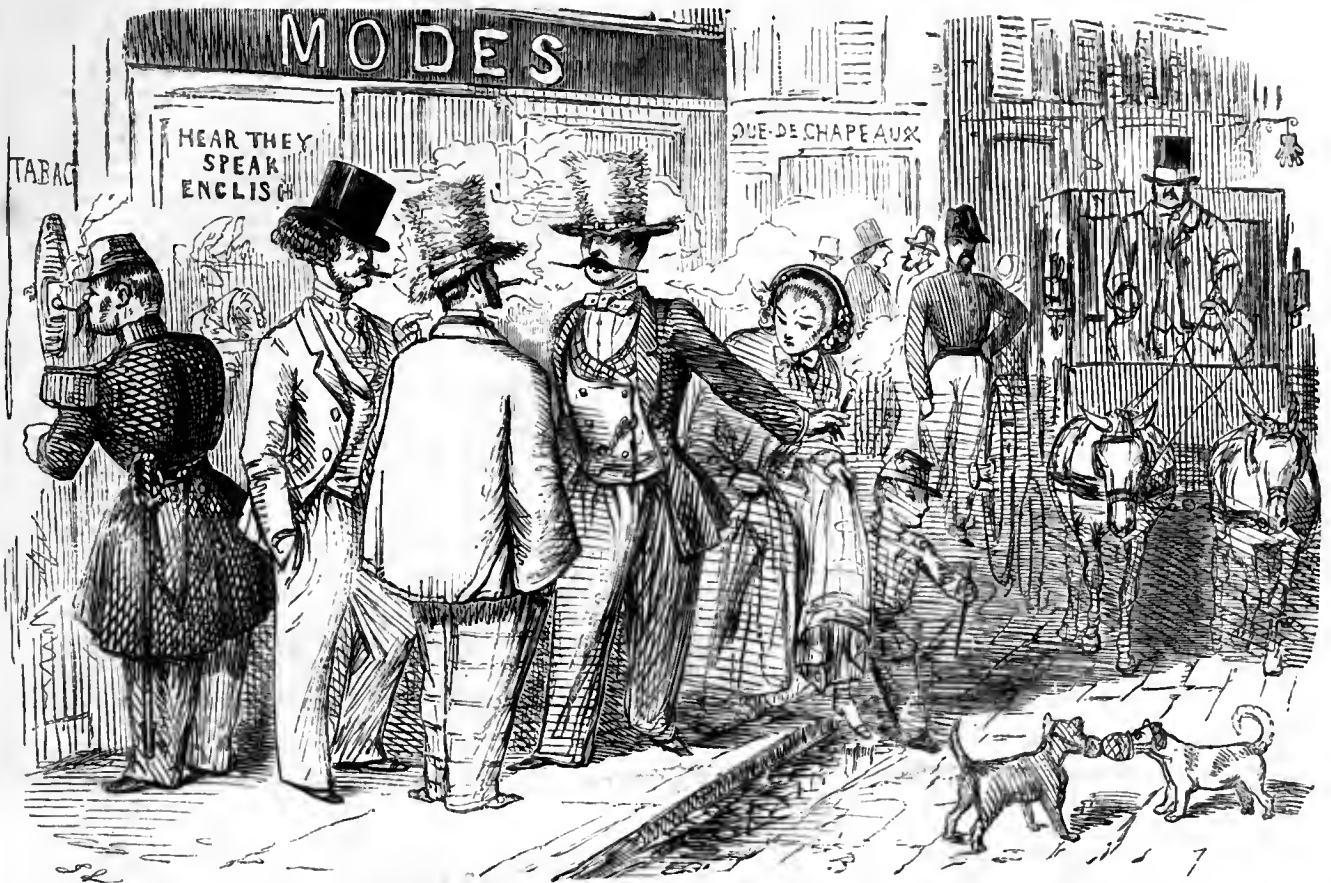
The conclusion of H. AND CO.'S Puff at once invites criticism—and defies it—

"But words are but words, after all, so H. & Co. will proceed to lay before the Public something of a more tangible nature. They pass on to facts, and facts are stubborn things, but they unhesitatingly affirm that the incontrovertible facts given in the annexed quotations of prices, only require ocular observation to establish their identity."

The stubbornness of H. AND CO.'S facts is only exceeded by their acquisitiveness; and perhaps, indeed, the latter propensity may be considered to have dictated their entire advertisement.

GENTILITY AT THE GOLD FIELDS.—Refinement in Australia appears to be a gross anomaly: and the only use of polish relates to boots.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS. No. 2.



THE traveller whose philosophy has passed through these severe trials, hungry, dirty, unshaved, weary, almost querulous, hurls his baggage and himself into a venerable and heavy hackney coach (such a one as DR. JOHNSON might have hired to take MRS. THRALE to the play), drawn by a pair of ragged grey ponies painfully over the rocky ways, which people here have the face to call a pavement. Half-an-hour's jolting brings him to the Hotel in the Rue de Richelieu, where he demands a lodging. "But yes, Monsieur can have a chamber, but certainly," is the cheerful announcement of the *concierger*, a very pearl among women, who advances from the lodge with a smile to welcome the travel-stained, ill-favoured guest. "Behold the steward who will make Monsieur know." "Give yourself the pain to mount, Monsieur," says a solemn official in a fur-cap, with a reverence. The traveller wearily ascends hundreds of shiny, slippery steps, till he arrives at the third floor, where he pauses out of breath. "Mount, mount always!" says the respectable conductor. "But Monsieur, behold us who are arrived at the fourth. This is in fine enough, is it not?" "But no, Monsieur, pardon; it is necessary to mount always." The traveller's hind legs are awfully done up; nevertheless, *allons!* we arrive at another floor. "Behold, Monsieur," gaily says the steward, as he opens the door of 299.

The first thing that strikes one is, that the last gentleman must have been addicted to chewing garlic, and smoking very bad tobacco. The windows, which appear not to have been opened for weeks, enable the fastidious English nostrils to analyse these flavours with unerring certainty. A little hall of entrance, furnished with a stove, a table, and a bench which seems intended for the repose of exhausted creditors before they make their unsuccessful appeal to milord, leads to an apartment furnished both as bed-room and sitting-room, with great taste and cheerfulness. The chairs are pretty in form, and covered with maroon velvet. There is a walnut table, *escritoire*, and chest of drawers. Over the chimney-piece of black marble is a mirror and a clock. (There is not a room in Paris which does not boast a looking-glass and a clock or clocks, though the latter may not go.) In a recess is a bed, which turns out to be perfect. The last detail, however, strikes the traveller with horror. He will be forced to wash with a slop basin and a milk jug. What to do? The official in the fur cap listens with smiling courtesy to the expostulations of Monsieur, but cannot comprehend his meaning.

There are excellent baths in the Rue Vivienne. But in the chamber?

Ah, good, they shall bring a hot bath to Monsieur at three francs. It is still something else? The English waiter shall mount to Monsieur. A shower-bath, a hip-bath, or a sponging-bath he hath not seen, neither can he conceive. The philosopher straightway orders a hot bath, and makes a note never to leave his country for the future without a collapsible *caoutchouc* arrangement, which may so far make him independent of the short-comings of continental civilisation. The respectable steward retires, the hot bath arrives, painfully supplied with water by a groaning gentleman in a blouse who evidently hates his business, especially in its *higher walks*. Perhaps he will be a member of a Provisional Government some day, and pay society off for his present griefs.

Under the potent influence of hot water the traveller gradually returns to his usual serenity. The bravos of Dover, the exhibitions of weakness on board the steamer, the bureaucratic tediousness of the *douaniers*, the insolence of the police, the jolting over the *paré*, the interminable flights of stairs, all fade from his memory as he simmers into a happier and more tranquil world of thought. Mysterious analogy to the miracles of culinary science! His heart, so to speak, stews into tenderness in like manner as the lobster, hideous and savage, gradually is divested of his gross nature till he becomes the delicate inmate of a Mayonnaise. Full of this pathetic thought the sage reaps his chin, anoints his hair, makes an elaborate toilette, and descends like JUPITER from Olympus to mingle with men of lower earth. He returns with confidence the smiling salute of the *concierger*. Ah, Madame! you may now regard us; we carry fair linen, and smell of sweet odours; we are no longer a disgrace to Albion. An astounding breakfast, and so to the Boulevards.

How much alike men are! Here are a few more Leicester Squarers than one sees in Regent Street. The gentlemen wear plaited trowsers and broad-brimmed hats, and turn-down collars; women of the lower class walk about in caps; here and there is a blouse, and that is pretty nearly all the difference to be seen. To what end should we describe an ordinary Frenchman? Have we not seen him?—have we not noted him? What child is ignorant of his unobtrusive costume, his pantaloons full round his hips and covering all his boots, his pockets half way down his leg, his tight-waisted coat, his dubious linen, his not dubious hands and face, his modest gait and diffident manner? Know we not his hair grotesquely short or filthily long, his stubbly moustache and beard, or imperial, or republican; his high cheekbones,

his eyebrows running up on each side; his vehement discourse, his grimaces, his shrugs, his lively gestures? Mark those three *flâneurs*! They are talking each as loud as he can on a different topic, not listening or listened to, yet perfectly happy and content. Would any one but a Frenchman call such monkey-jabber conversation—and like it?

They slacken their talk a little, to exhibit the national politeness. A lady, young, charming, and dressed to perfection, though a little more sumptuously than is usual with us for the promenade on foot, must descend into the kennel (a little river) if these Messieurs will not give place. Ah, bah! do not derange yourselves. JULES puts his head under her bonnet, and perfumes her exquisite coiffure with tobacco smoke. ADOLPHE and HORACE exchange *bon mots* with a coarse laugh, and the poor lady makes her escape as she may. Oh, French politeness! truly thou art a thing of the past. The modern Gaul has still the trick of taking off his hat; but the spirit of courtesy is evaporated, leaving nothing but dregs behind.

Your correspondent leaves this last sentence as he wrote it in the heat of indignation (if his temper is capable of heat) at what could not have happened in England. Mindful, however, of the danger of drawing general conclusions from particular premises, he wishes to limit his censure to French officials and French Boulevard *flâneurs*, the only persons that have as yet shown themselves to deserve it, and who may be unfavourable specimens of their countrymen. Certainly he has met with an obliging good humour in waiters and shop-keepers; that contrasts favourably with the reserved and almost sullen air of the same classes in England. On the other hand, carters and cabmen seem brutally cruel to their cattle, and will drive over a foot passenger (especially, perhaps, if an Englishman) without scruple. Who shall correctly appreciate these things?



A LION RAMPANT MAD.

THAT troublesome quadruped the British Lion, generally supposed defunct, turns out to have been Scotch and not killed; as he is now roaring and bellowing more ridiculously than ever, in the character of the Lion of North Britain or Scotch Lion. He is clamouring not only for what he conceives to be his proper corner on the Royal flag, but also, on behalf of his baronetage and some other connexions, for the whole territory and fishing-grounds of the Royal Province of New Scotland, as he calls it; that is to say, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the adjacent regions. We expect very soon to hear this foolish old Lion roar for the moon, in a state of second ebullition. To humour him, however, it might be advisable to depict him wherever he wishes in that state of rampancy which he chooses to figure in, that is, in an attitude of rampant absurdity.

Honours to Palmerston.

It is determined that LORD PALMERSTON—who goes in attendance upon the QUEEN to Scotland—shall have the freedom of Perth. Had PAM had his own way, we take it, long ere this, he would have had the freedom of Turkey.

THE HOUSE OF FAME.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL, TO
THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Clear and grey the day is dawning, free from each ill-omened warning,
And the sharp fresh air of morning blows upon our mountain way,
As o'er brook and chasm springing, or up woody crag-sides swinging,
Showers of dew and blossom bringing down from each rich laden spray;
While the birds from tree and thicket greet us with a joeund lay,
Merrily our band advancing, towards the mountain's summit glancing,
Sees the early sunbeams dancing on a dome of burnished flame,
Where, with open doors entreating our approach, a cordial greeting
Angel voices seem repeating, singing, sloth and fear to shame,
"Hasten! favoured mortals; hasten upward to the House of Fame!"

Pausing now, in contemplation, I perceive that every nation,
From each calling, class, or station, sends its quota to our band;
Poets jostling grave logicians; botanists by politicians;
Soldiers marching with physicians; kings, with hermits close at hand;
Miners; aeronauts, and divers, pass before me as I stand.
OWEN, with a fossil tusk or femur strides along; and BUSK
Jar has got of fresh Mollusca to sustain him in his toil;
WILLIAMS, fond of vermicelli, has a mess of small Sabella;
SERPULLE, and Terabella; FOWLER in his "mortal coil?"
Thinks he has a force sufficient any obstacle to foil.

MURCHISON, with CHAMBERS walking, of striated rocks is talking;
CUMMING up a glen goes stalking deer, with LANDSEET painting him;
BROUGHAM here and there is tripping, up the rocks for wild bees
skipping;

In the brooks and fountains dipping; gazing, till his eyes are dim,
On the Sun, as "Hydrostatics," "Optics," "Instincts," suit his whim.

While ARAGO drags his dying limbs with us, and, though still plying
All his much-loved arts, is sighing for his country's broken laws:
Happier HUMBOLDT's mind in masses groups rocks, pebbles, trees, and
grasses;

Clouds, brooks, torrents, mountain passes; thence one grand conclusion
draws;
From the greatest and the least of Nature's works the Common Cause
And purpose of them all divining. "Sages, in a well reclining,
Saw the stars at noon-day shining," ancient legends said; but HIND
Marching up in contemplation, by mere force of calculation
Every wandering planet's station in the sunlit sky can find,
Gazing at them from the deep recesses of his mighty mind.

And as thus, with collimators, syphons, hydro-incubators,
Seismoscopes and insulators, stuffed birds, insects, ferns and grasses,
Microscopic preparations, toms of fire-new publications,
Trophies of departed nations, jars of new invented gases,
Lenses, crucibles, and gauges, all the hurried *cortège* passes;
CLAUDET, on the concourse gazing, as they come beneath the blazing
Sun, much dust around them raising, dips his brush in solar flame;
And so skilfully his art he plies, that 'ere the busy party
From before his eye can start, he manages the whole to frame
In one picture, as a fitting tribute to the House of Fame.

Now the glens and gorges clearing, and on steep bare slopes appearing,
Blither grows our band at hearing, from the gazing crowd below,
Shouts of praise and gratulation: but our joy to consternation
Changes, on the observation that some men we do not know
Have crept up by other paths, and share our glory as we go.

And these interlopers blending thoughts of fame and self are vending
Various wares while they're ascending. Fox the public fancy hits,
At so much per scratch revealing scratches on the walls and ceiling,
Made with infinite good feeling, by dead heroes, bards, and wits,
To amuse an epileptic milliner between her fits.

REICHENBACH here runs up, saying he can see a marsh light playing
On the hill in open day; in swamps to sink above his knees
For his pains he is devoted. 'Mongst the rest, too, here, I noted
The unknown, but often quoted, author of the "Vestiges,"
Seeking for the geese that spring from barnacles that grow on trees.

Here our path with doubts and dangers thick is set; for shabby
strangers,
Little better than bush-rangers, try our purses to retain:
Pupils these of PROUDHON's teaching: CARLYLE runs amongst us
preaching

That we are but wind-bags, screeching flunkies, shams and shadows
vain:

CULLEN, WISEMAN, NEWMAN, tell us our true path is down again.
And a band, denominated Critics, of mere words created,
(Like the horses who were stated to be children of the wind)
Come to settle each pretension; but our best and wisest men shun
The oft proffered intervention of these blind guides of the blind;

On we press, and leave quacks, critics, dreamers, schemers, all behind.
From the crowd some intervening pine-trees now our band are
screaming,

Yet they shout, their praises meaning for the quacks we leave below.
We, with bated breath, slow creeping up the sharply rising steep, in

Indian file our course must keep in paths that faint and fainter grow—
 Only by the spoils of those who went before, the track we know.
 For in crevice, nook, and cranny peering, we perceive that many
 Of our predecessors any loads they liked not, here threw down.
 LOYOLA'S whole knightly armour, and the ploughshare of the farmer
 HAMPDEN; SOUTHY'S early drama of *Wat Tyler*; CODRUS' crown;
 Stout ARCHBISHOP BLACKBURN'S cutlass; JOAN OF ARC'S plain
 hoddin gown;
 GALILEO'S early notion of the Sun's diurnal motion;
 BECKET'S slyly feigned devotion to his Royal Master's sway;
 LOPE'S, CALDERON'S, CERVANTES' swords, exchanged for pens, and
 DANTE'S
 (When as force could not supplant his foes, he took a surer way);
 BRUTUS' simulated weakness; strewn about the mountain, lay.
 On these relies as we trample, fired by such a good example,
 Some of our men leave an ample share upon the flinty strand;
 PIO NONO'S contribution is his taste for Revolution;
 "RUSSELL on the Constitution," tumbles from its author's hand;
 DISRAELI flings away his projects to relieve the land;
 Engineers let fall a shower of statements that the tractive power
 Of steam, just fifteen miles an hour cannot possibly exceed;
 SWEDEN his determination quits, the due acceleration
 Of amended legislation by mere quibbles to impede;
 Pelham and Paul Clifford BULWER drops, and climbs with greater speed.
 Now small hillocks round us lying mark the spots where others, trying
 Feats beyond their strength, sank dying, ere the summit they could gain.
 LUTHER'S love of toleration perished here by congelation;
 There the too great elevation turned NAPOLEON'S seething brain;
 Here a whirlwind caught DESCARTES and swept him downward to the
 plain.
 And the day is well nigh ended, as against the steep extended,
 Each by each in turn befriended, each to each for succour clings;
 While the tempest, well nigh brushing us away sweeps down, and gushing
 From our very path come rushing mighty rivers' snow-fed springs,
 And the avalanches roar through far off glens and valleys rings;
 But, a glimpse sometimes espying, through the clouds beneath us lying,
 Of the plain all peaceful lying, of the paths by which we came,
 Or, along the road before us, of the fane close hanging o'er us—

Where the high celestial chorus greeting every one by name,
 Sings: "O! Hasten, favoured mortals! Hasten to the House of Fame!"—
 Pressing upwards at a pace, meant for success, we reach the basement.
 Shattered is each door and casement; ruined are the lower halls;
 Not a word by us is spoken, seeing statues long so broken
 That of what they were no token yet remains, and crumbling walls
 Whence the mouldering tablet, carved with long-forgotten letters, falls.
 Through these chambers sadly wending, and to other halls ascending,
 Newer they appear, though tending slowly to a like decay;
 ARISTOTLE'S, PLATO'S pages, which, through long succeeding ages,
 O'er the minds of other sages held so absolute a sway;
 Panels, which APOLLO used, with all the colours worn away;
 Witty jests of PERIANDER; bulletins of ALEXANDER;
 Systems of ANAXIMANDER; fossil *Pterodactyles* found
 In the old Homeric strata; speeches that could once create a
 New soul in a dying state, or burst the chains a tyrant bound;
 Once loved arts and cherished customs; moulder on the dusty ground.
 To the higher rooms approaching, still we find the new encroaching
 On the old; the Moderns poaching coolly on the Ancients' land.
 NIEBUHR'S stern determination many an ancient reputation
 Tumbles from its lofty station; HARDOUIN'S sacrilegious hand
 Threatens Virgil; SHEPHERD scarce will let one ancient father stand.
 Nay, our predecessors hearing our approach, and greatly fearing
 Hurt from us, on our appearing, mostly haste to give us way;
 BREWSTER with delight is glowing, laurels won from NEWTON showing;
 CUYLER yields his wreath to OWEN, DAVY his to FARADAY;
 HUME does homage to MACAULAY; FIELDING welcomes THACKERAY.
 But though on the topmost story now we stand, we know our glory
 Shall at best be transitory; brief our triumph is, though proud,
 For, far down the mountain glancing, rays, that set for us, are dancing
 On the rapidly advancing columns of a mighty crowd;
 As their leaders cheer them on we hear them shouting long and
 loud.
 That, as ours was, so their race is; that their course our track defaces;
 That they crave our hard-won places; thrills us like a sudden flame;
 And the high celestial chorus once again descending o'er us,
 As of old it would implore us, sings, to urge them on, the same
 Strain of "Hasten, favoured mortals! Hasten to the House of Fame!"

NEW AMERICAN MOVEMENT.



SOMEBODY writing from Naples, about Music, to a fashionable contemporary, says:—

"I know, too, more than half-a-dozen Americans who have left their gold cupidity behind them, and are now in Italy, living in small dirty back rooms with a pianoforte, practising *solfeggios*, with the intention of becoming singers of Italian opera."

The development and cultivation of music in the soul of America may, perhaps, tend to arrest the progress of Filibusterism, and other stratagems and spoils; including the spoliation of black liberty: and to render the airs which JONATHAN sometimes gives himself—on the fishery question for instance—tolerable. But it will in all probability produce results yet more extraordinary. A go-ahead people will not be content to stop

short at operas and concerts. Music will be utilized; applied to political and social purposes; employed to enhance the charms of eloquence, and adorn the wisdom of statesmanship. Patriots will sing bravuras at caucus or in Congress on behalf of freedom; and Presidents will express themselves in notes arranged to form symphonies; whilst the foreign policy of the States will take the form of overtures. The unseemly contests which sometimes occur in the Legislature will be replaced by grand scenes; and the stump-orator that now is will become a stump-warbler: whilst the mob will respond in chorus. American song will be famous all the world over, and command immense engagements, being paid for—as no doubt it will be delivered—through the nose.

A BISHOP IN DISTRESS.

It is seldom that signals of distress are hoisted from the episcopal bench; but the signals in question have actually been hung out recently on behalf of the BISHOP OF DURHAM. One of the "friends of the Church" has made the melancholy calculation that the good Bishop is in such an impoverished state that, after making sundry deductions, the poverty-stricken prelate has scarcely more than seven thousand a year to live upon. Considering how bishopries go in the present day, we are astonished how the prelate of Durham can pay at the price, and how, in fact, the bishop can manage to do it for the money.

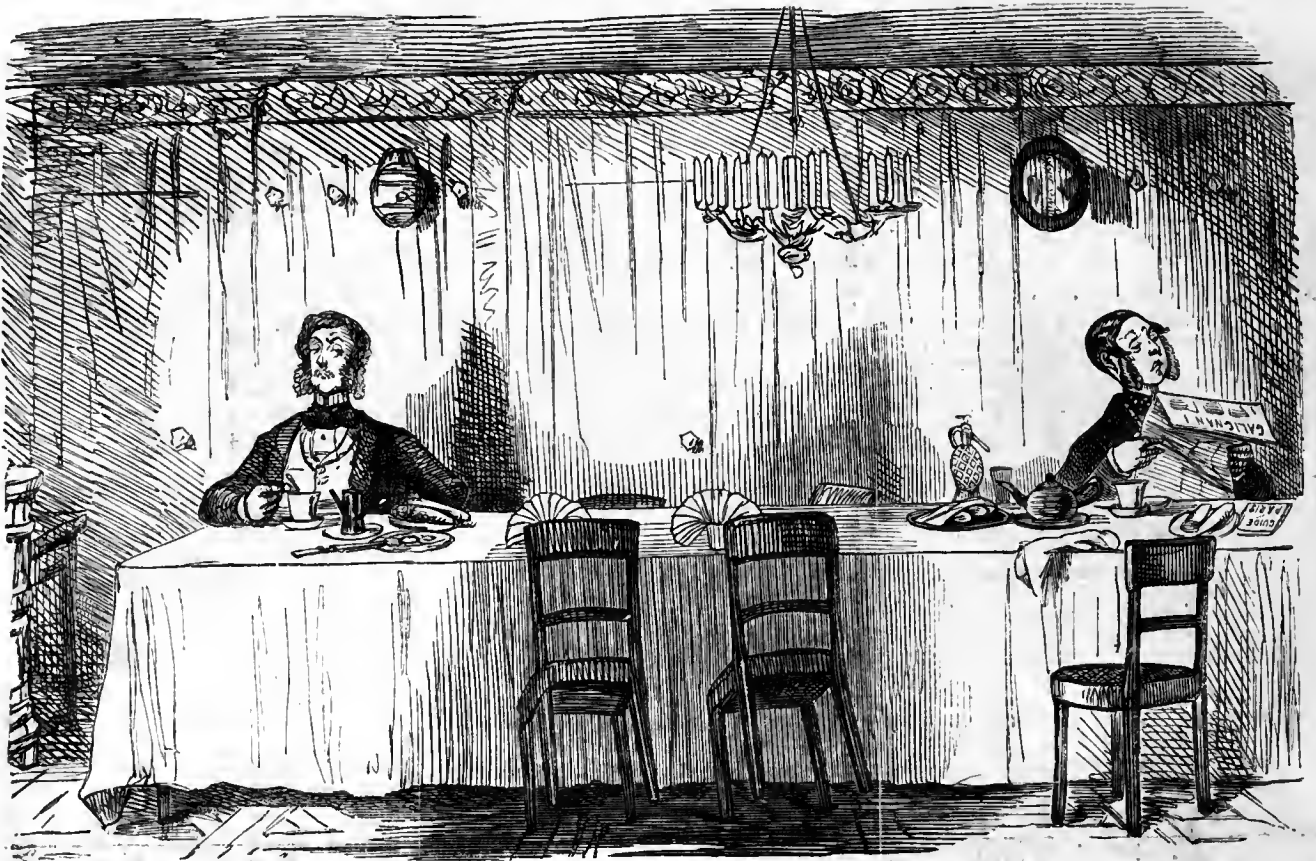
We shall probably be told next that it is a losing concern, and that the occupant of the wretchedly seedy see is about to give it up in consequence of his being "out of pocket." We recommend the Bench of Bishops to fraternise with the cabmen in making one common stand against the system of reduced fares to which both have been doomed in obedience to the modern principles of economy. The Bench may object to the association, but it is clear there is some affinity between the episcopal and the other class, for the cabman can drive his horse, while both cabman and bishop can drive a bargain.

A Mysterious Visitor.

AMONG the recent visitors to London we find notified an extraordinarily dense fog. This visitor, though somewhat obscure, created considerable sensation, and a sort of general illumination was got up by the London shopkeepers on the occasion. The fog arrived by the Thames, and made so much of the short time of remaining that the visitor was nearly all over London in a very brief period.

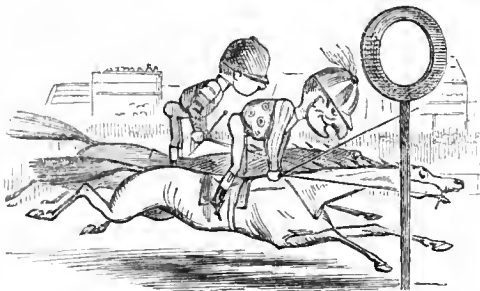
Standing by their Orders.

FRENCHMEN having foreign orders are, by a recent decree, to be allowed henceforth to wear them. If the French boot-maker in Regent Street should really wear all the foreign orders he receives he will be papered from head to foot, and it will be necessary for him to wear an additional placard requesting bill-stickers to beware, to prevent them from mistaking him for a hoarding on which bills may be exhibited.



"GENTLE SUBSCRIBER! DID YOU EVER SEE TWO STRANGE ENGLISHMEN BREAKFASTING AT A TABLE D'HOTE ABROAD. WELL! ISN'T IT A CHEERFUL THING?"

GREAT AND LITTLE SPORTSMEN.



it, we have been at some pains to collect the results of the sporting season among a somewhat humble order of individuals. The best accounts assure us that the DISHONOURABLE BILL SOAMES bagged no less than twenty pocket-handkerchiefs in a few hours, and brought down—off a clothes' line—everything within his reach. In the juvenile sporting circles MASTER JONES bagged twenty blue-bottles off his own pop-gun, and young SMITH had a splendid run after a butterfly with a few young dogs of about his own age.

Zoological Gardens to Jardin des Plantes.

THE following brief note has been forwarded by the Rhinoceros of our Zoological Gardens to Cow, the Rhinoceros of the Jardin des Plantes:—

"DEAR COW,—The French papers say you're the first rhinoceros in Europe since the time of the Romans. Gammon! I've been here more than these two years. But then, as it's only London, what should Frenchmen know about it?

"Yours, from the bottom of my tank, R."

CHINA AND BACK—IN NO TIME!

THE Chinese revolution threatens to lead to other revolutions, not only in England, but in Europe generally. As prognosticated by the *Times*, tourists are making quite a rush to the Celestial Empire. The CHUM-LI's, CHOO-HOONS, MAR-CH-BANKS, and other Belgravian mandarins have already beat a precipitate retreat from Paris, Baden-Baden, and such common-place places, and have arrived at their respective mansions with a view to arrange passages to Peking by the "tidal trains." Valets are busy packing and directing port-mantchoos (oh!) for the scene of the contentions of the MANTCHOO dynasty, and the youthful scions of Belgravia are already letting their tails grow in anticipation of the tour. To these latter, *Punch* would whisper a caution: *they eat little dogs in China*. "Chinese in six lessons," "Chinese without a master," may now be seen placarded everywhere; while our old friend DR. BOWRING is busily engaged, and will shortly publish a Peking guide book, with dialogues for every possible occasion, which will enable the reader to distinguish a Joss house from a Pagoda, and to ask for a "little more bird's nest," in the most approved accent. Those who are prevented by business or means from visiting this new fashionable resort will doubtless become familiar with the manners and customs of Peking through the medium of panoramas, or by becoming guests at the Feast of Lanterns and the flow of oil, as held at the Surrey Zoological.

The Best Christian.

MR. COBDEN would be "sorry to see this country fighting for Mohammedanism." So should we. But in fighting against NICHOLAS of Russia for ABDUL-MEDJID of Turkey, we opine that we should fight for considerably the best Christian of the two. Who was the better Samaritan? The Russian who would have betrayed the victims of Austria: or the Turk, who at the cannon's mouth protected them?

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.—Bonnets will be worn on the small of the back.

SUBJECT FOR A CHINESE HISTORICAL PICTURE.

THE BROTHER OF THE MOON AND PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE SUN HAVING HIS TAIL CUT OFF BY THE REBELS.—(All the horrible details from very scarce Plates.)





TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ENQUIRING MIND (Flasbury) requests that we will give him an historical sketch of Philosophy generally, with biographies of its principal professors, and an analysis of their corresponding or contradicting tenets. He also wants to know what is good for corns, and he particularly desires answers to both his requisitions this week.—On the first point we must refer him to any Encyclopedist, and on the second to any Chiro-podist.

BISMILLAH.—Turkey is certainly in Europe, but there is also a Turkey in Asia. There are doubtless wild turkeys in America. But we suspect that some one has been hoaxing you about the four Turkeys. To your second enquiry, about "the directest way for you to become a Member of Parliament" (usually spelt Parliament), we reply that you had better commence by an educational process, which you cannot take up at too early a stage.

ROBERT BLOODS.—We never before met with the lines you sent, commencing

*To be, or not to be, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler, &c.*

We agree with you in thinking that they are probably from some play. But perhaps some of our readers can furnish the information.

ALBIONIA E. M. has no reason to be "afraid" of our "sarcastic speeches." We never make any. Besides, her hand writing is very pretty, and we dare say corresponds with her face: But in reference to her petition that we will "manage to introduce her to some nice, clever man, with dark eyes, at least £400 a year, and a turn for music," we must pause. Is she sure she is in earnest? Our young men do not like their affections to be sported with. Let her ask her own heart, write again, abstain from sealing with a fourpenny bit, and spell "intense" with an "s," not a "e."

AMOR VIRTUTIS is informed that we cannot tell him where to get skeleton keys made.

NOY MI ACCORDO, and numerous other correspondents are apprised that we believe the lady was born about the end of the reign of King George the Second. But her address is in the *Court Guide*, and they had better apply to her personally. We do not profess to keep a Register Office.

SALUCY LIZZ.—The best cosmetic is health. Rise early, take exercise, read *Punch*, and be asleep before dark, and you will not need "washes," which, as the *Vicar of Wakefield* says, do no end of mischief. But if you must use anything of the kind, a little cantharides and mustard, rubbed into a paste with turpentine, laid on over night, and the face washed with sulphuric acid in the morning, will probably produce an alteration. But, Lizzy, on no account use it unless made up by a chemist.

A YOUTHFUL ASPIRE.—We happen, at this moment, to want neither "poetry" nor "a boy as can black boots and run errands," but should a vacancy occur in either department we will bear you in mind. Your "Lines to the Two Warrens" scarcely do justice either to the Blacking or the Blackwood one.

J. WHEELER BLASHBY (or some such name).—How can we tell you where to get a hippopotamus? But we could tell you where to get a writing master, who would be a much better "companion for your leisure hours."

MUSIDORA.—We need hardly say that we do recognise the hand, and with pleasure. Your grace's secret is, of course, perfectly safe with us, and we should write privately, but have no right to disturb a lady's *incog*. As your grace is pleased to prefer periwinkles we must bow, but a good deal may be said for whelks. We cannot, however, concur in your opinion of the music of *Rigoletto*, which we must, with all deference, pronounce "stunning." Your enclosure shall be duly forwarded to the Marquis.

ARCHIMIDES.—Yes, logarithms and decimals mean the same thing, and to reduce decimals into the concrete formula of logarithms, it is only necessary to extract the cube root and take the middle term (of course omitting fractions) until the tangents have for their basis the sine of the complement. Any charity boy could show you the process.

S. F. (Leeds).—We are surprised at such ignorance in a place of progress like Leeds. The Letters of Junius were not written by any man, but by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who conveyed them to the press through her friend John Evelyn, author of the poem of *Silver* (on which Phillips founded his, of the *Splendid Shilling*), and she took the name of Junius as a sort of joke, because at the time of writing them she wore one of the Brutus crops introduced at the French Revolution.

JACK ROBINSON.—Rather, and before you could mention your own name. But when you send us a grudge, send a leash, not a brace.

MACDONALD PAUL says, that the family of Skirlwharmie is Scotch, and its members have been worthy to rank with many of whom Scotia is most proud. Owing to the unfortunate prejudices of past ages against treason, arson, cattle stealing, and the like, the family was continually decimated by judicial interposition, but

its representative keeps, or kept (for the police are very tyrannical) a maribe store shop near Old Gravel Lane.

ROSE AND MATILDA.—Very much ashamed of both of you. To write to two officers whom you do not know, making them offers of marriage, might, under certain circumstances, be defended. But to tie your letters to the necks of two kittens, and to fling the inoffensive creatures in at the military party's windows, was contrary to all etiquette. Pray abstain from such demonstrations, if you wish us to thank you ladies.

HIRE-AT-LAW.—We are afraid we cannot assist you in tracing your relative. There was, we think, a person named Smith living either in Clapham or Shoreditch during the early part of the present century, and you might search the registries of the churches there. It may aid you in identifying the party, if we add that he was in the habit of smoking a good deal on Saturday evenings. We shall be happy if our information enables you to recover your estate and title.

RUNIC.—Your lines are very pretty, and shall appear as soon as ever we can make room for them, probably in September or October, 1873. You need not wait until their appearance before sending the game.

JUVENIS.—The epigram is by MANTIAL, and runs, correctly, thus:—

*Spes primâ facie largo factotum amicus,
Curie per contra nil desperandum gratis.*

Which may be translated—but, on second thoughts, we invite our young classical friends to read us in their translations of this very terse and sparkling epigram. The name of the first and second best shall be given, as also that of the worst, if he lets us know it.

JOSHUA R.—We are not aware that the "Finding the Dead Body of Harold" has ever been made the subject of a painting, but now you have suggested it, we have no doubt that some artist will take the idea with thankfulness. We are always glad to be the vehicle for conveying such hints, and may mention that we have often wondered that neither *Gil Blas*, nor the *Vicar of Wakefield* has supplied subjects for painters.

MURPHY.—We do not profess to be weatherwise, but we believe that it has been observed, that before rain swallows fly high, dogs are unusually brisk and active and will not eat grass, waterfowl keep on the surface of the water, fish bite greedily, loads disappear, and sheep and cattle seem remarkably calm and comfortable. We can hardly tell you "how to avert the consequences of rain," but a good deal might be done by staying within doors.

A MOTHER.—Your excuse is a common one, but it is your business to know that he is out. Respecting the demand of your youngest son for cigar money and a latch key, we think you perfectly justified in refusing either until he is eight years old. And though we consider all coercion as objectionable, we cannot blame you for fastening the street door top-bolt, which is above his reach, to prevent his going alone to Vauxhall at half-past eleven at night. But beware of severity, and talk to him of the beauty of virtue, and the social advantages of subordination.

BACKFIN.—Sturgeon abound in the Hampstead ponds, but as they belong to the Lord of the Manor, Sir T. M. Wilson, no one will fish for them. We have ourselves taken salmon, in the New River, of from sixty to eighty pounds, but the tall iron railings sadly interfere with an artistic throw of the fly. We doubt whether the fine trout you describe can be caught in Peers Pool. From off the terrace of the Houses of Parliament, now that the session is over, anglers are seen hooking John Doreys and smelts daily, but it is stated that the fag ends of the members' cigars have given them a cabbage flavour.

A NOVIOR.—Always happy to give any information on etiquette. If you are on the top of an omnibus, and see a lady walking, to whom you are but slightly known, call out "Hi!" and kiss your hand to her in a facetious manner. If she be of superior rank, it is usual, though not necessary, to put your hat on the end of your stick and spit it round, but discretion must be your guide. True politeness is that which places every one at ease.

ADA JANE.—We suspect poor ADA JANE is in rather an awkward position. We cannot see how she is to prevent her cousin's marriage with the young nobleman to whom ADA JANE herself has taken a liking. She might, certainly, go to the intended bride's mother, represent her own feelings, and ask her to give up the cousin's brilliant match—such things are done on the stage. But we doubt whether it would do in Belgravia. Let ADA JANE catch a young nobleman for herself, there are plenty about.

HENRY E. (Wilton).—How can that be? The square of the half of any chord of a circle is equal to the product of the sagitta of the opposite arcs, that is, the segments of the diameter bisecting the chord, or the versed sines of half the opposite arcs. From this the Jews argue, and we agree with Colonel Sibthorp in thinking they argue rightly, that no man can, by self-measurement, get a decent fit from a tailor.

W. W. and F. E.—Your account of your ascent of Primrose Hill is very exciting, but the feat has been performed before. To be sure, we observe that, like some other gentlemen who just now write to the papers

about their "Ascents of Mont Blanc," you failed in reaching the top; but even this remarkable feature in the performance scarcely entitles you to publicity.

AFFECTIONATE EMMA.—Your "Lines to My Little Brother (aged 2½), on his accidentally sitting down upon some Stingin' Nottles" have point and pensive, but scarcely sufficient interest for the general reader. Still we hope your brother is better.

CHARLEY, having been thrown over by a young lady, wishes to return everything she has ever sent him, but finds a difficulty, from the fact that, her papa having been a pastrycook, her presents chiefly consisted of jam tarts, Albert rock, and the like, which CHARLEY has eaten long ago. The dilemma is new and delicate, but if CHARLEY's conscience is tender, he had better estimate the price of the articles, and enclose it to the old PATTYPAN, from whom Miss had clearly no right to take them. But, as has been classically said, *Jams ate is*.

BELLICOSTUS JOCOSES.—You may obtain a commission in the army, by leaving your card at Lord Hardinge's any day before four o'clock, and by calling for an answer next day. You may give the servant one shilling. This applies to the line only. To become a guardsman, call at the Junior United Service Club any evening between six and nine, walk boldly into the dining-room, and state your wish to any party who may be dining together. The rest of the process you will find very simple.

A HIND.—Do not distress yourself. Very likely he loves you sincerely, and his winking at the bridesmaid might be mere accident—the whisper was probably to tell her how pretty you looked—and the pressure of her hand gratitude for her ready acknowledgment of it. Even the note may be explained; it was the address to which she is to forward some present for you. Never worry yourself about trifles—you have married him, and she is cut out. Go on your tour rejoicing.

JEROME PHILOSOPHS.—Matter is, no doubt, as you contend, an integral part of cognate consciousness; but do not push this law to an absurdity. If homogeneous self-antipathies come into conflict with inchoate rationalism, where will you draw the line between causality and causality? Hadn't you better shut up?

ANXIOUS JSMIMA.—There is no rule as to the number of clergymen requisite at a wedding. One able-bodied clerk in orders can do all that is necessary. The "assisting" system is a ridiculous custom, introduced by the Puseyites, by way of assimilating the ceremony to that of Rome. At the same time, we admit that a clergyman has a hard duty to perform in managing some couples, and it is probably in these cases that he calls in extra hands. Look at the announcements with that idea in your mind.

SHORT-SEES.—You may walk into Buckingham Palace whenever you please, and without any ticket. But when you enter the rooms in which any of the Royal Family are sitting, you should put out your cigar, and politeness, if not loyalty, dictates your making some complimentary remark on the elegance of the building. If you have apples or other fruit in your pocket, you may offer them to the younger Priores and Princesses; but we believe there is an objection to their R. H. accepting slices of cocoa-nut, or toffy.

WILLIAM P.—We think the young lady was quite justified in slamming the door in your face, and in throwing the geranium pots at you from the two-pair window; indeed, we do not see how any person calling herself a lady could have acted otherwise.

PRZZLED.—We have so repeatedly explained that *R. S. V. P.*, on a note of invitation, means "Write and Say Vether you'll be Present," that we are tired of answering the inquiry.

THEATRICALS (Ebury Street).—We shall be happy to read all your thirty-four plays, and, having done so, to recommend them to such managers as they may best suit. There will be no difficulty about money, but we shall be happy to make any advance you may require while the plays are in rehearsal. One hundred guineas an act is the lowest price paid at any Metropolitan theatre.

SHACKLEJEE WOPFAJEE (Calcutta).—We are much obliged. The sketch of the Ayah running round the compound after the Adjutant (bird), and the khar-suma and the chuprassy pelting her with her own tabejees and banjoobunds, has been handed to one of our artists, but we fear the nutcut will make but a queer jummakur of it. So you have got your jwauh, eh? Never mind, there are other young ladies in India. Ask again.

QUEBY.—You are wrong. Sardanápalus is accented on the middle syllable; Zante is a dissyllable; Chobham is pronounced Cobham; théâtre is accented on the a; Phæton is sounded fee-a-ton; and Mr. Disraeli as Mr. De Hissreely. Attend to these niceties if you would be supposed to have lived in good society.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—In September pickle garlic, parsnips, and spinach, and pour vinegar into each of your marmalade pots, to prevent fermentation. Smear the frames of your looking-glasses and pictures with tar and treacle; and be careful that the pantry doors and windows are left open at nights, as the autumn air of the garden is cold for the cats. If you have beer in the house, drink it.

SAINT CABBIE!



THE French have their SAINT FIACRE, who must be the patron saint of hackney coaches; why shouldn't the English calendar boast, in the like manner, of its "SAINT CABBIE?" The sufferings of that much injured creature have been more than sufficient lately to elevate him to the honours of canonisation; and the weakness, the uncomplaining resignation, with which he has borne those sufferings, surely entitle him to some public mark of our gratitude? Has he fallen from his high elevation of eightpence—or, rather, a shilling—down to sixpence, fallen almost without a murmur—and is no popular testimonial to be given him by way of ointment to that fall? Has he not endured the taunts of vulgar minds without a retort? Has he not sat quietly under the sarcasms of little boys, and never once used his whip to drive them away? Has he not been hunted from

stand to stand, worse than a wild beast, by the policemen? And has he not been compelled, which was adding insult to injury, to carry himself and cab to the station-house (without being paid, mind you, for the additional distance,) as often as the vindictive object was to fine him? These are broad daylight truths which we require no turning on of the gas to recognise—these are trials and triumphs of temper which are so many proofs of martyrdom, scarcely to be surpassed by any you will find in "Fox's Book of Martyrs." We propose, therefore, that some statue be erected in honour of SAINT CABBIE; and we think Scotland Yard, which has been the scene where he has been made to bleed so often for his injured cause, would be the fittest spot for the erection. Designs for the statue should be thrown open to public competition and sent in, for selection, to the Police Commissioners. For ourselves, we are anxious to contribute our small mite to the worthy object, and beg, therefore, to suggest the following appropriate design:—

Let a wild horse—the wildest that can be found in the Green Yard—be harnessed to the craziest cab that can be picked off a nocturnal cab-stand; and on the top of that cab let poor Cabbie be fastened *à la Mazeppe*. An aureol, made of dirty straw, should shine round his head; his whip should be lying by his side, broken in two, and suspended round his neck should be his badge of suffering, on which should be marked the fatal word "6d." On the box should be seated a Member of Parliament (the conventional long ears of an M.P. might be left out on this occasion), with the New Cab Act in his hand, driving the poor Cabman to desperation. The motto on the panel might be "FOR WHEEL AND WOE."

The above design, we are sure, would work up into a very magnificent statue.

In the meantime we hope CARDINAL WISEMAN will exercise all his influence with the POPE, or whoever may be the great almanac-maker at Rome, to have SAINT CABBIE introduced by the side of SAINT FIACRE in the Romish Calendar.

A Present from the Pope.

His Holiness—says the *Journal de Bruxelles*—has sent to the young bridegroom the DUKE OF BRABANT, "a fragment of the wood of the manger which formed the cradle of our Saviour." The POPE has a constant supply of relics on hand to be bestowed on fitting persons and fitting occasions. Euthrone Liberty in the Capitol, and the POPE, no doubt, would send *her* a relic; nothing less than "the Kiss of JUDAS?"

POOR SHAKSPERE!

THE fiddles are once more at him. Again is SHAKSPERE to be bow-strung. VERDI—we learn from the *Post*—is putting *King Lear* and *Hamlet* to cat-gut. It is, moreover, whispered that *Hamlet* is destined for the Princess's; *Hamlet* to be sung by MR. CHARLES KEAN, who is expected to make a great hit in the solo of "To be or not to be," in which he will accompany himself on the Jews'-harp.

REVIEW OF THE MEDICAL LINE.

A GRAND review of the Medical Staff of the Metropolis was held yesterday by SURGEON-GENERAL *Punch*; the officers and men of the various parishes presenting themselves in professional rank and file.

The colours of the corps have become rather faded in consequence of exposure to foul air and exhalations. They are red, blue, and green, in correspondence with night-lamps and shop-window bottles; and are emblazoned with the names of various localities in which the force, performing services of danger, has triumphed over cholera, typhus, and other foes; as "Fig Tree Court," "Puddle Dock," "Twister's Alley," "Paradise Row," "Mount Pleasant," "Slumson's Rents," "Grimes's Mews," &c.

The troops went through the exercise of prescribing, compounding, mixing, and the other evolutions of a sham fight with disease; executing their operations with great rapidity and precision. The mortar practice was much admired.

The appearance of the officers and men was better than could have been expected, considering the generally small amount of their pay.



JOHN CHINAMAN WEeping OVER HIS TAIL.

A SHOE-LANE RALEIGH!

THE *Morning Herald* has a beautiful leader upon the QUEEN's visit to Dublin; a very beautiful bit of work, indeed. The *Herald* praises with many devotion the name of woman, and the name of mother. But—

"But when to both these there is added the title of our QUEEN! she may not only, as in the days of RALEIGH, step on our cloaks, but our—

What do you think? Guess. Breasts? No. Guess again. Hearts? Oh dear no—

"but our coats!"

If the loyalty of the *Herald* continues—regardless of expense—to rise in this manner, the next climax may be thus—

"Not only on our coats, but our WAISTCOATS!"

There, we trust, the loyalty of the *Herald* will, if only for the sake of appearances, stop.

The Wrongs of Scotland.

SCOTLAND—it is said by Scotch patriots—is shamefully snubbed and slighted by sister England. There are two Dukes to be made Knights of the Thistle; and the *Edinburgh Evening Post* very pertinently asks, Why should they not be created at Holyrood, on the soil whereto the thistle is indigenous? Why not? Honest SANCHO says, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom." And in like manner, why not every Scotch knight sit on his own Thistle?

REMARKABLE SELF-SACRIFICE.



Now that Parliament stands prorogued, and the game of all parties consists of partridges and grouse, the journals naturally supply the place of political news with wonderful shots, and other marvellous items of sporting intelligence: as, for instance, the following paragraph which the *Morning Post* quotes from the *North British Daily Mail*:—

"NEW MODE OF CATCHING WILD DUCK.—A farmer in Bute, some time ago, having sown his crop, set up a couple of harrows in a field to dry, back to back, i.e. with the iron spikes outward. On making a round of his field shortly afterwards, to his astonishment he found a wild duck spitted on one of his harrows. Whether the creature in its flight in the dark had encountered the spike of the harrow, or been cashed against it by a gust of wind, no one can tell; but the truth of the story may be relied upon, as our informant, the farmer himself, is a most respectable man, and an elder of the Church."

Both respectable men and elders of the Church are

capable now and then of indulging in a little toxophilite recreation; archery: shooting with the old English weapon of ROBIN HOOD. The elder sometimes comes, or becomes, the ancient of the Church militant or old soldier, over us. The above narrative may, perhaps, be regarded as a shaft of waggy aimed at the bull's eye of faith. A correspondent, however, who is farther North than even the *North British Daily Mail*, assures us that it tells the truth, though not the whole truth. That a bird was spitted on one of the harrows in the manner described, is a positive fact. But the additional circumstance should have been mentioned, that a couch-fire having been made between the harrows, for the twofold purpose of burning the weeds, and drying the implements the more effectually, the creature was found not only spitted but roasted. It further remains to be stated, that the bird which was so silly as to spit itself, or get spitted, in its blundering flight, was not a duck, but a goose; which thus became its own cook. Last of all the coincidence deserves to be recorded, that the feathered simpleton, which, previously to the stupid act, had just been feeding, probably in an adjoining garden, was discovered, with some presentiment of its destiny, to have stuffed itself with sage and onions.

A CHAUNT.

BY A TEETOTALLER.

HENCE away, loathed Melancholy!
Friends around again we see:
Banish care, and let's be jolly,
Eating muffins, drinking tea.

Round the social board we'll cluster,
(That which names from tea I mean),
And wash down the festive "huster"
With deep draughts of Black and Green.

What care we for Beer-kings' prices?
Or the bitters of the vat?
ADAM's pale ale never rises,
There's no strychnine, boys, in that!

What to us the size of bottles?
Pint or quart, who cares a jot?
While we to tea confine our throttles,
Ours will always be a Pot.

(Only mind lest "Fine Young Hyson"
Be a synonymic for "sloe;"
And beware the aqueous poison
Which from filthy Thames doth flow.)

Jovial hoys, come pass the Sally
Lumm, nor let the crumpet stand:
Round the jocund kettle rally,
And silence for its song demand.

Water from its dumpy level
Shall cleave each thirsty soul:
And if dull care approach our revel,
We'll drown it in the sugar bowl.

Thus we'll pass each festive season,
From all indigestion free:
And enjoy the feast of reason,
Coupled with the flow of tea.

Walker!

WOMEN—they so like matches of any sort—have taken to walking-matches. A MRS. DUNN, of Hartshill, is walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. Another lady, one Miss Mew, of Cateaton Street, has also offered to do the same distance in the same time with this additional difficulty—she offers to walk in walnut-shells. Friends who know her best back her at long odds.

AN AUSTRALIAN CLIPPER.

LIGHTING accidentally on an Australian paper, we were struck by an advertisement of a steamer for sale at Sydney, which really seems worth attention. It professes to be so complete in every department that, if it should happen to go to pieces, there are ample arrangements on board for building another vessel as a substitute. There is "a double set of machinery;" and, in fact, there appears to be everything in duplicate, so that, if the vessel should unhappily go down, there is a counterpart on board to supply the defect.

We do not quite understand the mode by which this desirable state of things has been effected, but we have long ceased to be surprised at anything, and should not be astonished if we were to see the announcement of a ship with a double set of officers, and even a double supply of passengers, so that if anything happened to either there would be sufficient substitutes at hand. Considering that the announcement comes from a land in which the gold mania is at its height, we cannot wonder at the duplicity of the speculation, since double-dealing is thought nothing remarkable where all are thinking of nothing but getting gold.

The Governesses in Despair.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The Chinese language will no doubt be added to the already long list of acquirements necessary to a governess. The advertisements are even now frightful to read. When, and how am I to learn such words as will soon be expected of me? How am I to afford a journey to China in order to get the right pronunciation? I am told everything is to be taught through the medium of the Chinese: our only chance seems to be to get the Peking twang as fast as possible.

"Yours truly, JULIA."

AN ABODE OF BLISS.

We wish we were on visiting terms with the family, the heads of which we put into a Manchester contemporary the subjoined advertisement:—

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—WANTED, in a family, a respectable YOUNG PERSON, as Seamstress and Upper Nurse, and to make herself useful. It is expected that a comfortable home, and the opportunity of improvement, will be considered equivalent to her services for the first twelve months.—Address, M., 27, at the Printers'.

Were we in the habit of friendly intercourse with these nice people, they would sometimes—often, we should hope—ask us to dinner. And what a dinner it would be! Moreover, if we stopped to sleep, what luxurious accommodation would be provided for us in a house where the comforts of home are considered equivalent to the services of a Seamstress or Upper Nurse! O the turtle! O the venison! O the superior descriptions of French and Rhine wine! O the profundity of bliss in sinking to slumber in an abyss of down! But O the victuals! O the dinner!—in the first place—if dinner can be depended upon in an establishment wherein the cook most likely gets no wages.

A Warning to Vegetarians.

ONE J. J. DAW—alias, we presume, JACK JACK-DAW—has been up at Guildhall to profess himself a convert to the Jewish faith. "He is not insane," says the medical authority; "but is a vegetarian." The truth is, the cause of the poor man's conversion is simply this: he has lived upon roots only, and they have got into his head and taking great interest there, have become Hebrew ones.

THE GUILLOTINE IN CHINA.

(From our own Correspondent.)



THE Chinese Revolution progresses in a peculiar manner. Heads are not falling, as was the case in France, but tails are with marvellous rapidity in this Celestial Reign of Terror, the ROBESPIERRES of which are sending mandarins by thousands to the scaffold, to be deprived of those appendages. The execution of one of these dignitaries took place yesterday, in conformity with the following sentence:—

“DING DONG, Brother of the Moon, and Chief Justice to the Planets, having sat in judgment with great patience for the

greater part of an hour upon Ku Long, accused of narrow-mindedness and villainous detestable obstinacy, in adhering pertinaciously to obsolete usages and fashions, considers the said charge against the prisoner fully established, and hereby pronounces him to stand convicted of rascality, perversity, and pig-tailed obstructiveness, which are evil principles, proceeding from the suggestions of demons and imps; seeing that these bad dispositions form the source whence the pigtail springs, and whereby that horrible and ugly excrescence is nourished, it would be desirable to eradicate them, in order that the absurd and ludicrous tail might fall off in consequence. But as there are some objects which are not possible, in the nature of things, and this is one of them, it is best not to attempt to do what would prove impracticable; and therefore the case requires the decree to be different.

For which reason, the sentence upon Ku Long is declared to be that he shall, with as much expedition as the necessary preparations admit of, be conducted by the officers of justice to a scaffold, and having been placed thereon in a convenient chair, shall have his pigtail severed from his head, both as a punishment to himself, and a warning to others, to intimidate and deter them from making hogs of themselves by wearing tails, like those of swine, but not in the manner the pig wears his tail in, but the reverse—which makes it more preposterous. Respect this; and chop Ku Long's tail off as soon as you can.”

EVIL EYESIGHT.

SOME of our contemporaries appear to be labouring under a political jaundice, by which distemper they are caused to see everything through a blue or buff medium. The *Standard* supplies a case in point, out of the *Yorkshire Gazette*; in the sub-joined portion of an account of some local festivities:—

“... Before late in the day not less than 1500 had congregated together, and were engaged in all kinds of sports and games, and many were the waltzes and polkas, &c., which were gracefully performed by the lovers of the dance. The EARL AND COUNTESS OF MULGRAVE, with their children, and the HONOURABLE E. PHIPPS, the rejected candidate of Whitby, joined the party.

“We would advise our Conservative friends to watch the influence acquired by this new mode of treating.”

This is the way in which one party looks at another, that other being a simple merrymaking! Motley is the only wear for a writer whose ideas are so party-coloured. Cannot the superior classes cultivate kindly feelings with their neighbours without being accused of inferior motives? Such mean imputations ought not to emanate from the forces who march under the banner of COLONEL SIBTHORP, but with whom the Member for Lincoln will be ashamed to march through Coventry, or at least, through thick and thin of this kind. The COLONEL, who insists on the right of treating his constituents jovially, would repudiate with scorn the charge of corruption, brought against him for dancing amongst them around a Maypole; he would be highly indignant at being suspected of trying to turn voters round by spinning their daughters in a waltz; of insidious designs in tripping down the middle and up again, and in doing hands across, of an under-hand manoeuvre: he would be disgusted to find himself thought capable of any trick below the double shuffle.

The “new mode of treating” might, indeed, be advantageously “watched by our Conservative friends”—and imitated. To treat the people, by mixing with them in courteous intercourse, would be wise of the aristocracy. But sorrowily will

the great folks be encouraged to relax their exclusiveness, either socially, or as proprietors of parks and picture galleries, by representing them as doing so merely in a spirit of baseness.

GREAT CURE AND SMALL PAY.

DID you ever hear of a clerical SERGEANT KITE? Here you have apparently that non-commissioned officer—no offence to the probably Tractarian author of the advertisement following, taken from that highly religious paper, *The Guardian*:—

CURATE WANTED, for a small country village in the diocese of Lichfield. Incumbent resident; daily prayers; weekly Communion; day, night, and Sunday schools; plenty of work of all kinds. Salary £90, with a house and garden. The Curate must be a sound Churchman, with his heart in his work, and willing to obey orders. He must have good health, be able to conduct a choral service, and to preach (if necessary) three or four times a week. Direct P., under cover to Mr. MASTERS, 33, Aldersgate Street, London.

This is a roll on the modern drum ecclesiastic—SERGEANT KITE heating up for recruits in the noble army of martyrs. For the services above enumerated, many and arduous as they are, appear to be services of danger, rather. The heart which the Curate is expected to have in the work would be soon worn out in it. It is to be feared that the good health he is required to enjoy would not endure very long. In an extremely brief space of time he would pray, preach, teach, and chant himself to death. At least the sound Churchman would speedily get out of condition; grow as phthisical and hectic as any hero of a “religious” novel. With a salary of £90 a year, it may be anticipated that he would go fast to the dogs, and make such an end as a Curate might have made under NERO.

The Incumbent, however, in want of a Curate; may perhaps be also in want of bread, or so poorly off, in that respect, as to be unable to offer the assistant for whom he advertises more than a share of his crust. But then he ought to have mentioned this circumstance, that broken meat might have been sent to him, and that steps might have been taken to enable him to participate in the bounty of the Society for Supplying Clergymen with Old Clothes.



FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF STIRLING AND CANADA.

THE CHELSEA GHOST.



THIN the sound of the pleasant bells of St. Barnabas, and within stone's throw of—*Punch* does not know how many—chures, chapels, literary and scientific lecture-rooms, schools, and other institutions, mainly intended for the exorcising of ignorance, a Ghost has just dared to show itself, and hundreds of fools have attended its levee.

Pond Street is the locality—the name is suggestive of s'agnation and greenness—and here has been seen a terrible apparition, "A Tall Man with a Death-like Face and Snowy Garments Reaching to his Feet." Allowing for the poetry which broke out in snow, the description serves wonderfully for an Irish labourer

who, having been desperately beaten in one of the religious ceremonies of his nation, gets out of bed in the night-gown lent him by the hospital. But we will believe the Ghost to be veritable, and to have a mission. Let us see what it is.

First, a sturdy young "excavator" goes up-stairs into the ghostly chamber, and being in his cups, is the easier victim to the saucer eyes, which flame on him so hideously that he falls down in a fit.

Secondly, another "excavator" (if these poor spade men have been disturbing the Ghost's earthly tenement in its grave, justice would have sent the remonstrating spectre to the surveyor's office, or the contractor's counting-house) goes up-stairs, only to fall down in a fit like his predecessor.

Thirdly, an older labourer comes home, and being informed of the affair, proceeds to enquire into it. Stricken down in horror, his fits last for hours.

The neighbourhood, now clustered in agitation round the haunted house, clamours for the Police. Three gallant and well-grown officers, uniformed, and belted, and braceleted, and bludgeoned, march fearlessly into the house, prepared to say "Come, cut it," or "Be off out of that," to the grimmest phantom on the walk. In a few minutes the lettered heroes rush out of the dwelling, their horror untold; but a policeman, paid a guinea a week (less deductions), must have seen something remarkable when he declares, that "untold gold" should not induce him to stay in the place. And these legal authorities actually counsel the householders to leave the dreadful house as soon as possible.

The mission, you see, for which a supernatural visitor is sent from the world of spirits, prospers. Three labourers go into fits, and three policemen are frightened out of their duty. Then doors bang all night, and groans are heard, and a mob blocks up the street until five in the morning. And *Mr. Punch*, who, as may often be seen in the streets, is ready to tackle any ghost with that unhesitating club of his, goes the next afternoon to Pond Street, and finds the assembly again in full force, but not very reverent, and discussing the ghost's nature with that freedom of epithet characteristic of street conversationists. *Mr. Punch* was very much shocked to hear the roar of laughter which greeted a proposition, made by a gentleman in his shirt-sleeves and with a short pipe, to the effect that if any one would "stand" (*Mr. Punch* believes he reports the right word) a vessel of malt liquor, he would go into the house (which appears to have resembled that of SAUL), and inflict upon the Ghost—as to whose future destiny the speaker's expressions showed that he had made up his mind—a species of castigation which certainly should be reserved for extreme cases. And *Mr. Punch* further reports that all along the King's Road, and near the Hospital, and even towards theatrical Brompton, many of whose inhabitants have rejoiced to see "the Ghost walk," the popular invitation was "Come on; let's go and see that blessed Ghost."

Clearly, therefore, the supernatural visitor is fulfilling the important mission for which only can we suppose he has been sent from another world.

When the clergy of the neighbourhood heard of the affair, they were greatly moved. One of them, a young Barnabasian, threw down the sweetest handful of charming artificial flowers, with which he was making an altar-wreath for Sunday, rushed into the crowd, and affectionately, but earnestly, reproved his humbler brethren for putting faith in such vulgar and impious folly. He entered the haunted house, walked all over it, and throwing up every window in turn, addressed a few words of gentle ridicule from each: and he ended by leading away the whole assembly to his church, where he gave them some sound, shrewd counsel, which will probably spoil a Ghost's market in that quarter for some time. Others of the clergy, roused by the spectacle in Pond Street, have been equally active; and perhaps after all, this was the Ghost's real mission. In this case "it is an honest ghost, that let *Punch* tell ye."

The Roman Catholic priests of the vicinity, however, look at the matter in another light, and regard the "Deathlike face" as the editor of the *Tablet* does the Salette miracle, where the Virgin astonished the weak mind of the pig-boy and girl, and sent a very proper message to the French people not to swear. They say that the Ghost is that of somebody who, not having paid up the priest's "dues," will haunt the neighbourhood until somebody else pays them for him. The landlord of the house, who seems to have most reason to complain of the apparition, intends to pay these "dues," and charge them in the rent, unless the next tenant likes to take the Ghost with the fixtures.

This is, *Punch* joyfully admits, an enlightened age, but its lights will, sometimes, burn blue.

A CONSULTATION "IN ARTICULO."

Doctors, diplomatic doctors, mixers of the paper-pill,
Fuming, fussing, drafts discussing, o'er a dying nation,
Protocol-prescription-mongers, slow to cure, but strong to kill,
Spreading words, like blister-ointment, to allay an irritation.

CLARENDON, M.D., prescribeth sedatives and cooling potion;
Le Docteur DROUYN DE L'HUYS to stimulants inclineth;
Hofartzt BRUCK of *vis nature medicatrix* hath a notion;
Medicus AUPICK, looking wise, doth nothing, but defineth.

Wrangle, jangle, argol-bargol, still the Doctors diplomatic
But differ to agree again, and but agree to differ,
While the poor old Turk, their patient, groweth more and more asthmatic,
And his eye gets dim and dimmer, and his limbs wax stiff and stiffer.

While behind the patient's curtain, with cautious step, yet certain,
The AZRAEL who that poor old Turk hath threatened many a year—
A Calmoe skull, with vulture claw, and waist like spider girl in—
To choke death's rattle, and do battle for the body, doth appear.

The Doctors argue with him, and he patiently doth listen;
He treateth them to reasons, and they treat him to replies;
But the old Turk's eyeballs glaze, and the Calmoe cycloles glisten;—
And while the Doctors differ the presumptuous patient dies!

LOUIS NAPOLEON AT BOULOGNE.

It is said that "the authorities" are making extensive preparations for the reception of LOUIS NAPOLEON at Boulogne. As this is not his first visit, and as it is usual on occasions of great public ceremonies, to refer to "precedents," we may expect to find the "authorities" searching their annals in order to discover how LOUIS NAPOLEON was formerly received. It is not necessary to go very far back in making the inquiry, as it is as recent as 1840 that LOUIS NAPOLEON was "received" by the authorities of the place. On that occasion he was met by the National Guard, who, with great valour, fired a salute of loaded muskets on the present Emperor and his handful of almost defenceless friends. No other carriage being in readiness, a bathing-machine was provided for the reception of the Prince, who was conveyed, amid a detachment of soldiers, to the prison in the upper town. The Imperial eagle, instead of being displayed on banners, was present in person, and was removed by the "authorities" to the *abattoir*.

Having reached this result of an inquiry into precedents, we wait patiently for the official programme of the *fêtes* which will take place in honour of the Emperor's visit to Boulogne. It is quite clear from the events of the last four years that the watering place alluded to was, in 1840, wholly unacquainted with the real sentiments of the French nation. We must suppose that, in 1853, it comes much nearer the mark.



"Fresh, Marm!!! Why Trouts feeds on Insect, and the very flies fancies they're alive. See how they hovers about 'em, just as if they was now a-swimming in the River."
[VINDICT—Rayther Stale.

AUTUMNAL PROMOTIONS.

As the Autumn advances, certain promotions always take place, which we never notice at any other period of the year. We beg to record the following amongst those which have recently occurred:—

MR. JONES, the veteran ballad-singer between the acts at the Pavilion Theatre, promoted into SIGNOR JONESI, "the celebrated tenor from HER MAJESTY'S Theatre," who is now delighting the gay *habitués* of the different Libraries at Ramsgate, Margate, &c.

MISS ROWE, whose favourite song of "Will you buy my Oysters, Sir?" has been sung no less than 300 times at the Grecian Saloon, promoted into "MADLLE. ROEWE, the celebrated *cantatrice*, from the Nobilities' Concerts," who is nightly enored tumultuously at the different "Fairy Scenes" that at this time of the year generally en-liven Gravesend about tea-time, and make of it quite a Fairy Home.

MR. O'MULLIGAN, the celebrated Owl in *Der Freischütz*, at the Surrey, into HERR MEULIN, "the popular Shakspearian Clown from Astley's," who is now tumbling his way through the provinces to the especial Shakspearian delight of the visitors of MR. FLICK'S "unrivalled troupe, and quadruple equestrian company."

MR. RODGERS, the forty-third pupil of MRS. SEARLE, and principal waterer of the stage at Covent Garden, promoted at Brighton into "MONSIEUR ROGER, the admired teacher of dancing and calisthenics at ALMACKS'."

MR. NIGGERS, acknowledged to be the greatest villain that ever appeared at the City of London and QUEEN'S Theatres, promoted, for a six months' engagement at Leamington, into "MR. STANLEY SMITH, the leading light comedian of the Lyceum Theatre, under the tasteful management of MADAME VESTRIS."

MR. BROWN, the rich grocer of Finsbury Square, promoted, for the short time he is travelling in France and Italy, into *Milor BROWN*.

ENSIGN HARRISON, who has just received his commission in the "Bucks Luvineibles," promoted, during his stay at Baden-Baden, to the Captaincy of a crack regiment in HER MAJESTY'S line.

MRS. SUTHERLAND, the stock-broker's wife, of Dalston, who is at present stopping at Eus with her seven unmarried daughters, promoted by the landlord and waiters of the Hotel, where she is stopping, into LADY SUTHERLAND, and the promotion gazetted accordingly in all the *Journaux* and *Zeitungen* of the place. N.B. The promotion is not in the least denied by MRS. SUTHERLAND, until she is presented with "the small amount" of Her Ladyship's bill, when she is very indignant "at the idea of being taken for a Lady."

There are several other promotions that generally take place during the Autumn by persons who are travelling. Shopmen aspire to the rank of gentlemen; young gentlemen give themselves the air and pretensions of noblemen; and ladies do not mind to what high rank they may be promoted, knowing well enough they must sink down

again to the plain Mrs., the moment they return to Baker Street. But it is otherwise with the gentlemen, who, it is notorious, are more easily led away by the vanities of this world than the ladies; thus, you will meet with swarms of *Reutiers* in the shape of young gentlemen who have scarcely got sufficient to pay the expenses of their journey home; with innumerable *Hommes de Lettres*, who have never had anything to do with them, beyond writing a letter occasionally, signed "A Father of a Family," or "A Constant Reader," to the Editor of the *Times*; with railways-full of *artistes*, who, if the truth were known, are only hair-cutters, or else the drawing-masters of some suburban girl's-school; and with no small quantity of *Banquiers*, whom, if you could see them only in their counting-houses at home, you would find, probably, behind the trellis-work of a suspicious Betting-Shop, or else secreted in a dark back-parlour, with some six other *Banquiers*, at the head of a "Mutual Loan and Investment Office"—for the benefit, of course, of the "Poor Man" and not at all of themselves.

Beware, especially at the sea-side, and on your travels, of all AUTUMNAL PROMOTIONS.

THE ENGLISH HIPPOPOTAMUS, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, TO THE FRENCH DITTO, AT THE "JARDIN DES PLANTES."

"MON CHER HIP.—I have been reading the account of your glorious reception at Paris. Don't you allow your simple head to be turned by the homage you have been receiving. Look at me, and profit by the ridiculous lesson.

"But a short time ago I was as great a favourite as you now are. I was run after worse than a Nepaulese Ambassador—though what little lustre there was about me was all my own—not a single diamond shone in my ears! and my nose (at present so snubbed) was unconscious of the smallest precious stone! No valuable Cachemire was coiled round my head, that, in a moment of admiration, I could unroll and lay at the feet of my fair worshippers. What little merit I possessed consisted in my native ugliness; and though I flatter myself I am as ugly now as I was then, still no one runs after me now.

"As it was with me so it will be with you. My word for it, your nose will be similarly put out of joint by M. DUPIN, or some other monstrosity. I was the rage, the fashionable lion of the day. Thousands of ladies tore their dresses, and fought with their paravols, to get a passing peep at me. They called me 'dear,' 'duck,' 'pet,' and other fond terms of female endearment; and much they care about me at present! Casts were made of me in sponge-cake, and adorned the pastrycooks' windows. You saw my portrait in the frontispiece of every polka. No periodical was complete without my biography, whilst my bulky proportions were multiplied in a thousand different shapes, either in snuff-boxes, ink-stands, salt-cellars, butter-boats, or else figured on ladies' brooches. And where, I ask, am I now? I hide myself in the mud of my bath, with shame and indignation, when I think of the base ingratitude of the public.

"I cannot believe you are any uglier than I was. I will not pay you so egregious a compliment. I will say you possess the same bountiful share of recommendations. In that case I beseech you, *mon cher animal*, not to allow your brain to be affected by the popular incense that at present is being burnt under your admired nostrils. It is ever the fickle taste of Fashion to forget to-morrow the idols it is worshipping to-day. Believe me, and I speak as one who is both a hippopotamus and a brother, you will be as little run after, as little cared about this time next year, as I now am. At present you are *un charmant hippopotame*, the *fêted* curiosity of the moment; wait another twelvemonth, and they will say of you, as they do of me, that you are nothing better than a great pig, or, worse still, they will call you probably, in their insulting vernacular, '*un gros cochon*.' Ponder, be wise, and don't grow too conceited.

"Such is the affectionate advice of

"*Mon cher Hip*, your old *camarade du Nil*,

"THE HIPPOPOTAMUS (of the Zoological Gardens).

"P.S. Will you believe it, the fashionable world is now running, 'like mad,' after two little monkeys they call *Aztecs*? The ladies actually kiss them! It makes one sick merely to think of it."

Fearful Accident to a Great Civic Authority.

The *Times*, in describing the late accident on the Great Northern Railway, assures us, first, that the LORD MAYOR escaped with a trifling injury, but on the next day informs us that his Lordship continues "to swallow with difficulty." As his Lordship was on his way to the Cutlers' Feast, and as his Lordship's tenure of office ceases on the 9th November, *Punch* does not see how the *Times* can reconcile its first with its second statement.

MR. PUNCH IN CHINA.



INCE each *gobe-mouche* is speaking of
Nanking or Peking,
And as each critic, wit, or professional
diner,
Explains that you can't choose but see
that the Mantchews
Must soon be entirely driven from China,
And that a high price on our Pekoc and
Hyson
Must be the infallible end of the clatter,
Mr. Punch, who's a strong *gout* for
Souehong and Congou,
Determines to go and see what is the
matter.
It boots not to say *how* he goes; for
to-day
Young and old, grave and gay, so affect
locomotion,
That the press every hour produces a
shower

Of "Rough Notes of a Slide on the Great Frozen Ocean,"
Or "A Midsummer's Ramble from Stamford to Stambol;"
Or "The Steppes of the Cossacks, by one who has walked in 'em;"
And I'm sure that whate'er *Mr. Punch's* plans were,
If these tourists could prosper, *he* wouldn't be baulked in 'em.
Like the witches, perchance, he might choose to advance,
And so order his coachman to bring out his brougham;
Or ask *PHŒBUS* to lead forth that spirited steed,
Which is furnished, in turn, by each Muse, with a groom:
But, however, we'll fancy him safely in Quansi,
Or Quantong, where, taking his place 'mid the great, he,
Like any philandering son of a mandarin,
Sits enjoying his opium *cum dignitate*.
Rich and stately pagodas he finds on the road, as
He goes through the land, for the most part erected,
When the smallest house-tax on Gaul, Briton, or Saxon,
Would have stood not the least chance of being collected.
Wide canals, dykes, and sluices he sees, too, whose uses
Were applied both to traffic, to drainage, and tillage,
When a hard rain had undone both Paris and London,
To the mud they were made of restoring each village.
And they show him the pages of China's first sages,
Which were printed for sale in the towns of the Tartar;
When, with us, scarce a spark of wit gleamed in one clerk,
And *DE MONTFORT* "his mark" set to our Magna Charta.
They declare, too, that banking quite flourished in Nanking,
And that printed bank-notes were in vogue at the hour
When our yeomen and reeves exchanged hanoeks for beeves,
And seldom bought less than a sheep's worth of flour.
And he learns their silk factories furnished phylacteries,
Robes, handkerchiefs, tapestry too, in the jolly days
When our sires wore a quaint but light coat of blue paint,
With a few streaks of red upon high days and holidays;
And that long 'ere *BACON* and *BUNGEY* were taken
Unawares by the sudden blow up of their crucible,
Each Chinese fire-eater had found "vile salt-petre"
To the purpose of killing "tall fellows" reducible.
Then the more he enquires concerning their sires,
The greater the reason he sees to anticipate
That much of the mystery shrouding the history
Of Europe, the records of China will dissipate;
For as old *HOANG TI* built the wall, strong and high,
To check the fierce Huns as it now checks the Tartars,
Not long after old *HANNIBAL* conquered at Cannæ,
And then wasted his time in his snug winter quarters;
And as if China's sons had not driven those Huns
Into Europe by many a subsequent battle, a
Longer respite, I ween, for old Rome there had been,
Nor Europe so early had bowed to an *ATTILA*.
It is clear that a stranger and far greater danger
Threatened Rome when on Carthage her wrath she was wreaking;
And that *CATO* the Censor had shown greater sense, or
Discernment, by crying "*Delenda est Peking!*"
But alas! all these stories of China's old glories,
Mr. Punch plainly sees it is vain to recal,
Since the course of the nation in civilisation
Has for ages been typified best by its wall.
No more, like his sires, the Chinese aspires
In science and art to be making some new step;
But the national skill, like a soldier on drill,
Keeps performing a kind of perpetual goose-step.
For the vast population, the *hand* cultivation

Of the still fertile country no longer suffices;
Though to drain swamps they toil, and to carry up soil
To the rocky hill sides, no unfrequent device is.
And, on seeing their dainties, poor *Punch* fit to faint is,
As he cries, "Nought but taming gives such things a price!"
"Rats and mice, and such *small deer*," snakes and puppies are all dear,
As helping to eke out their pittance of rice.
Now whilst thus his quick wit is on their antiquities
Busy as that of a *LAYARD* or *BOXOMI*;
Or, like that of *M'CULLOCH*, of pig, sheep, and bullock,
Rice and tea, is discussing the social economy,
There springs up a great riot near, and the patriot
Army comes marching along in its pride;
Crying out as they go, "We are hostile to *Fô!*"
They fling down the josses on every side,
And smash, in their scimmages, all *BUDDHA's* images,
Whilst a new-fangled creed by their chiefs is propounded,
Which they call Christianity; though, when *Punch* comes to scan it, he
Finds it is but *CONFUCIUS* his creed "worse confounded."
Now, in hamlet or city, all quarter or pity
To their long hated rulers the natives refuse;
"Peacock's plumes" and "Red buttons" are nought but lost muttons,
Whilst impatient his badges of serfdom to lose,
Each Chinese without fail parts his head from his tail,
And henceforth minds his *toupées* instead of his *queues*.
Mr. Punch—whilst applauding their courage, and lauding
Their natural wish to recover their freedom—
Still thinks that society may with propriety
Expect him a brief "screed o' doctrine" to read 'em.
So he summons their leader, and says, "You indeed err,
If you think that this triumph your labour will terminate;
When the Mantchews have vanished, there still must be banished
Many faults which for ages you've suffered to germinate.
Your own gross inhumanity, cunning, and vanity,
Which still are so great that I cannot ignore 'em,
Helped the Mantchews, who knew you right well, to subdue you,
As the Mongols and Khalkas had oft done before 'em.
You have broken your chains of to-day with small pains;
But hereafter, if courage and honesty you lack, you
Will be conquered once more—like your fathers of yore,
By the might of some yet to come *KUBLAI* or *HULAKHU*;
For the hordes of the North are still ripe to burst forth,
As oft in their tents the rude minstrel or rhymner
Tunes his harp in the praise of those glorious days,
When their sires fought bravely for *GENGIS* or *TIMUR*.
To conclude. If you'd thrive, you must earnestly strive
To rub out of men's minds the stern dictum of *TENNYSON*,
That 'in Europe one day beats a year in Cathay,'
And thereto *Punch* heartily gives you his benison."

HINT TO RAILWAY ROGUES.

THERE is a certain arrangement which Railway Directors would do well to adopt in the construction of their time-tables. It is one very generally prevalent among that class of tradesmen whom Railway Companies, for the most part, resemble, generally, in their manner of doing business, considered with reference to fairness and honesty. At present, the hours of arrival and departure are given in the tables—together with a simple disclaimer of the obligation to keep them. This is like giving an *I. O. U.*, under protest of non-liability for the amount; a coarse and clumsy mode of shirking responsibility, and, what is worse, an ineffectual one, being impracticable in law. A far preferable device would be that of printing the hours in large letters with the qualification of "somewhere about" prefixed in very small. By this expedient the appearance of contradicting an engagement would be presented without the reality, and the comfort of security would attend the advantage of swindling.

Rival Reaping-Machines.

WE hear a great deal about the merits of some rival reaping-machines, but we know of nothing that can equal in the force of rivalry those wonderful reaping-machines—a barrister's tongue, and a physician's finger and thumb; which arc the means used by both in reaping their tremendous harvests.

AN IMPERIAL SWEET.

WE believe there is a species of long broom, called "a Turk's Head." Now we should say, that the *EMPEROR OF RUSSIA* would soon make a clean sweep of the Mohammedan Church, Empire and all, if the Sultan would but only put the "Turk's Head" in his hands.



“HOW COOL AND NICE THE FRENCH-POLISHED FLOORS ARE; BUT—
UGH!—OH DEAR!—HOW HARD!”

QUEEN CHRISTINA IN ENGLAND.

QUEEN DOWAGER CHRISTINA—who has brightened our darkened land with the lustre of her presence—is sedulously studying all our London institutions, in order to do her best to take back and naturalise copies thereof in Spain. She has already visited the Bank of England, and exhibited the most interesting astonishment on learning that the dividends were regularly paid to the public creditor. At first she received the intelligence laughingly, as a bit of heavy *badinage*, the best joke that the dull English could get up for her. However, the Governor of the Bank of England, having gravely assured HER MAJESTY that the Bank regularly paid the public creditor—he moreover produced the books in testimony of the pleasing fact—CHRISTINA, as an ex-queen and a lady, with a frank smile and a graceful curtsey, avowed her belief in the singular custom.

CHRISTINA, though still handsome and by no means old, is nevertheless addicted to serious meditation. It is said that, in token of her contempt of all worldly fopperies, she has worked more than one flag for fast-sailing vessels, trading to the coast of Africa, and lauding—(LUCIFER

willing and able)—their black merchandise at the Havannah. The flag has at once been typical of the profits of trade, and the final nothingness of all commercial things; *i. e.*—a Death's Head and Cross-Bones embroidered in white silk upon black satin; and duly blessed by HER MAJESTY's confessor. It is said that HER MAJESTY, in admiration of *Uncle Tom*, offered a very handsome testimonial to Mrs. BEECHER STOWE; namely, a little black boy, wonderfully accomplished, as page. This story, however, wants confirmation.

We keep the most interesting intelligence for the last. HER MAJESTY has paid a visit to the cemeteries of Norwood, Kensal Green, and Highgate; and—she is an excellent artist—was so much pleased with the last, that she made a sketch of the burial-grounds with her own royal hand, and sent it off by express to Madrid, accompanied by an autograph letter to her queenly daughter, recommending the sketch to be followed (with all allowance for limited space) in the new cemetery (*when granted*) to the Protestant English.

AN OMNIBUSIAN SONG.

(After BARRY CORNWALL.)

RIDE! Who rides
In a 'bus that taketh twelve insides?
Ah! who is this lady fine
That falls on this lap of mine?
A lady is she,
As big as three.
I prefer her room to her company.

Smoke! Who smokes
To the great annoyance of other folks?
Ah! who is this snob so fine?
A gent, Sirs! a gent!
He comes with the noxious scent
Of tobacco, beer, and wine:
Far better that he
On the roof should be.
I prefer his room to his company.

COTTON AFLOAT.

THE Americans have made another magnificent discovery of the use of cotton. Cotton makes the best cordage for ships. It runs freer, and ties tighter knots. (The knots hitherto caused by cotton all *Uncle Tom's* can bear witness to.) Cotton, moreover, makes the best sails: for the *Sovereign of the Seas*, Yankee craft, has sails as well as rigging of the fabric. What a slave-clipper might be rigged by the appropriate cotton! What a thing of life (and death) to walk the middle-passage; to fly in and out of African bays and creeks! But one ceremony would be needed to make such a craft perfect. She ought to be christened by the QUEEN DOWAGER OF SPAIN. As HER MAJESTY is about the richest slaveholder, the very largest dealer in human flesh, it would be very appropriate that she should give a name to the kidnapping craft. We would suggest as a name *The Christina*. The slaver rigged with cotton, and the Dowager Queen rigged with the spoils of slavery, would be worthy of one another.

How to Write the Biography of a Woman.

An impudent fellow says: “Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her Biography from them.”



A CONSULTATION ABOUT THE STATE OF TURKEY.



PERVERSION OF A CLERGYMAN.



THE Advertisements that are sent to some of our contemporaries, must be altered by them. Here, for instance, is a notification, extracted from the *Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*, by which unprincipled journal it

has evidently been corrupted in the grossest manner:—

THE REVEREND RALPH WILLIAM LIONEL TOLLEMACHE having obtained the exclusive right of Shooting, Sporting, &c., over the whole of the Manor of CLIPSHAM (except Addah Wood), and Lands belonging to J. M. PAORR, Esquire, in the Lordship of PICKWORTH, in the county of Rutland, hopes that all qualified Persons will refrain from trespassing upon the said Lands; as also upon Lands in the Lordship of SOUTH WITHAM, over which he has the right of Shooting, &c., including Lands belonging to the Blue Bull Farm in the Parish of CASTLE BYTHAM and the Hamlet of LOSTROAPE, in the county of Lincoln; and in the Parish of TRUSTLETON, in the county of Rutland; also on the Blue Point Farm in the Parish of WYMONDHAM, in the county of Leicester.

All Poachers, &c., will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law; and MR. TOLLEMACHE hereby gives notice, that he will pay to any Person who will give such information as will lead to the conviction of any Person or Persons, for any breach whatsoever of the Game Laws upon any of the aforementioned Lands, the sum of Ten Shillings upon each such conviction.

South Witham, August 22, 1853.

In the above announcement should he made the following corrections:—For "Shooting, Sporting, &c.," read "Preaching, Praying, &c.;" for "Manor," read "Parish;" for "Persons," read "Parsons;" for "County of Lincoln," read "Diocese of Lincoln," &c. &c.

For "All Poachers, &c.," will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law," read "All Preachers will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the Gospel"—by "Poachers," understanding to be meant unauthorised fanatics and disseminators of false doctrine. Understand, also, that the hope expressed by MR. TOLLEMACHE, "that all qualified Parsons will refrain from trespassing," &c., means that he does not wish other clergymen to interfere with his people. Lastly, for "Conviction," read "Conversion;" for "for," "from," and for "Game," "Divine." This is a quaint way of expressing himself on the part of the REVEREND RALPH WILLIAM LIONEL TOLLEMACHE; but JOHN BUNYAN was quaint; so was JOHN WESLEY; so was ROWLAND HILL—why not MR. TOLLEMACHE?

It is too bad to represent a Minister as addicted to the sports of the Field, when, in fact, he devotes himself to the labours of the Vineyard; as beating stubble and cover with retrievers of the canine species, instead of perambulating the highways and by-ways with Scripture Readers; and in place of converting criminals to rectitude, as converting poachers into criminals.

The spiritual manor of the REVEREND MR. TOLLEMACHE includes several districts; but, anxious as he is to do the work of them himself, it is not fair to call him a pluralist. His mild wish that his brethren will refrain from trespassing on his ground, assures us that he has no difficulty in forgiving all his neighbours their trespasses.

THE DISAPPOINTED DIRECTOR.

(A FABLE.)

AN eminent Railway Director, having early business of importance, ordered himself to be called at 6. He was not roused till 6:35. His footman said he was very sorry; he had overslept himself. But he protested he had made every effort to insure his getting up soon enough.

The Railway Director rang for his hot water. It was lukewarm. The kettle had not been got to boil. However, the housemaid vowed she had made every effort to insure its boiling.

The Director of Railways sat down to breakfast. He had to wait five minutes for his egg: and then it was but half done. The egg had not been thought of till just that moment, and then had to be sent out for. Nevertheless the cook had, she declared, made every effort to insure breakfast betimes.

Having swallowed his coffee, which was filthy, notwithstanding that the servant had made every effort to insure its goodness, and devoured his heavy roll, to insure whose lightness every effort had been made by the baker; the Railway Director called for his boots, which did not shine, although every effort had been made to polish them. He then took a cab, and arrived at his destination about a quarter of an hour later than the time that should have been occupied by the journey; still, the driver averred stoutly that he had made every effort to get his horse to go.

A large party of friends and colleagues, including several capitalists, most of whom were great epicures and gluttons, and also dyspeptic and

gouty subjects, whose stomachs and tempers were alike impatient, had assembled at the house of the Railway Director to dine at 7:30. The dinner was not announced till 8:15, albeit MESSRS. BUBB and GRUBB, with all the resources of MAGOG'S Coffee-House at command, had made every effort to insure punctuality.

Hereupon the Railway Director, losing control over his feelings, indignantly demanded what was the meaning of all this? adding, with an oath, that he supposed the world to be in a conspiracy against him. To which one of his guests, a little punchy man, who was wiser than the rest, replied, "You are quite right; but the reason why the world has conspired against you is, because you and your association conspire against the world to deceive and defraud it; for you fix certain hours in your time-tables, thereby engaging to keep them, and, not keeping them, pretend that you have only contracted to make every effort to insure punctuality in keeping them. And this is all the reply you have to make to the complaints of those whom you have housed. And so, the world has combined to pay you in your own coin, in order that you may feel how disagreeable it is to have people, from whom you expect punctuality, not showing it; but instead of practising it, putting you off with the excuse that they have made every effort to insure it."

MORAL.

Railway Companies are servants of the public; but if the Director of any Railway Company were to be treated by his own domestics and tradesfolk with the same neglect and inattention that he and his fellows treat the public with, and were to have agreements and bargains made with himself violated with the like impudence, he would be mightily incensed and exasperated. And, instead of assuaging, it would only aggravate his wrath to tell him that every effort had been made to discharge those obligations to the fulfilment of which there had been paid small regard, if any.

OCEAN MELODIES.

(Refined, from the original SEA-SONGS, for the use of the Yacht Clubs.)

The Wife wishes to go upon the Continent.

ADELINA has flirted—not once, she declares, Since you placed on her finger the ring that she wears; Since at gloomy ST. GEORGE'S your bride she became, And you gave her an Opera-box marked with her name.

When I sailed in that yacht a whole fortnight with you, Did I say I was bored (if I did it was true), With my ALFRED for hours at *carté* I played, And his meerschaum I lit, and his coffee I made.

When, the night we'd a box at ST. JULIEN'S last bal, And—goodness knows why—you deserted the *salle*, I gave you a smile when you chose to appear, Nor asked whom you knew on that horrid top tier.

Why won't you, dear AL, by mamma be advised? A wife who don't pout, AL, deserves to be prized— So to Constance and Rome ADELINA you'll take, Or a nice piece of work that young person will make.

A NUISANCE.

"MR. PUNCH,—I should be very much obliged if you would put a stop to a species of annoyance which I am continually subject to. I allude to a system of 'Notes and Queries,' which is becoming daily more and more impertinently annoying. These questions are put to me every morning through the medium of the newspapers, which I am obliged to read, 'just to be in the world.' I am a poor student, Sir, and have enough to do to answer questions of a very different description to the following, viz., 'Do you want luxuriant whiskers?' 'Have you been to — emporium?' 'Do you bruise your oats?' &c. &c. And then if I take a walk, there is scarcely a street in which I am not assailed by a pictorial Barmaid ejaculating 'Sherry, Sir?' Do, Mr. Punch, allow me, through your columns, to answer these impertinent questions once for all. I have not been and never will go to — emporium. My AMELIA doesn't care about whiskers, and therefore I don't; and as for bruising oats, and drinking sherry, 'this my answer:—I don't keep horses, and when I want (and can pay for) wine I'll ask for it.

"I am, Mr. Punch, yours &c., FIZ."

"Non Tali Auxilio."

THE head of the Chinese rebellion is extremely indignant with the conduct of the Comet who has lately been rushing about his dominions. He has dispatched a near relation of the Moon's to arrest him in his flight, and, wherever he may find him, instantly to cut off his tail.

A NEW ZODIACAL LIGHT.

At the recent Meeting of the British Association, PROFESSOR GLIMM, of Finsterberg, favoured Section A with the outlines of his plan for the better arrangement of the signs of the zodiac, which, as he truly remarked, were in a very unsatisfactory state, and not at all in accordance with the spirit of the age. "What occasion have we," he asked, "for Libra, the Balance, when we have already the scales of the Pisces?" He therefore proposes to remove Libra from its control over the harvest month, and to substitute for it Virgo, which, as every school-boy knows, is the Latin for a threshing machine in common use. As Aquarius comes under the provisions of the New Cab Act, which declares that no waterman shall be allowed on the stand, he is to retire on a pension, and his berth is to be held over for FATHER MATHEW.

The weapons of Sagittarius, and his mode of conducting the chase, have become quite obsolete, and can only excite ridicule in an age which has made so many improvements in fire-arms. He is therefore to share the honourable retirement of Aquarius, and his duties and emoluments are to be divided amongst a troop of shooting stars. These last have petitioned that *Canis Venaticus* (the hunting dog); may be allowed to attend them, but their request cannot be complied with until it has been ascertained that this celestial pointer will refrain from worrying Taurus and Aries, and barking at the heels of Virgo. PROFESSOR GLIMM has also persuaded some distinguished members of the Peace Society to arbitrate between the Gemini, who have not been on visiting terms for many years. By the intervention of these gentlemen, it is hoped these discreditable squabbles will be stopped, and Castor and Pollux will be once more seen in company.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 3.

THE Englishman in Paris lives one of two lives; a life of duty or a life of pleasure. In the former case he wanders drearily through the Louvre and the Luxembourg; he makes painful pilgrimages to churches, museums, and galleries, in the hope of picking up a knowledge of Art. He devotes this day to St. Denis, the next to Versailles, the third to St. Cloud. He fills his catalogue and guide-books with annotations, and perhaps spends a cheerful evening over a diary, in which desperate efforts are made to distinguish the styles of RUBENS and TITIAN, and the eras of Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle. In the latter case he frequents the Opéra Comique, the theatres, and the public balls: he breakfasts in the Palais Royal, and dines at PHILIPPE'S, and makes a regular promenade in the Champs Elysées every afternoon. The well-balanced mind of your correspondent seizes the advantages of both these systems. He devotes his morning to the cultivation of his intellect, and the rest of the day to the gratification of his tastes.

Behold him, then, after a conscientious study of the pictures in the Louvre, prepared to refresh himself by an airing in the Elysian fields. What a panorama of superb points of view! The Rue de la Paix, the Place and Column Vendôme, the Attic Madeleine, the endless arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, the imperial façade of the Tuileries, its classic gardens, the noble opening of the Place de la Concorde, with its obelisk and fountains, and the avenue ending with the sublime Arch of the Star. Where else can such a group of beauties be found? No wonder the poor Parisians find London dull and ugly! But the less we talk about the appearance of our dingy city the better; we must forget Trafalgar Square and its monuments, and console ourselves with our pavement, our drainage, and our comfortable firesides.

The sun shines cheerfully, the air is pure, and the philosopher enters the Champs Elysées in a state of serene enjoyment, proposing to study the manners of the great nation. He observes an ancient man by the wayside in tattered garments, who plays soft tunes on a bass trombone. No one pays the least attention to this mild minstrelsy. It is a perfect image of Wisdom talking in the streets, and no man regarding her. Another poor creature seated on the ground, grinds a feeble tootling organ amid similar neglect. The French are evidently not a musical people. The observer passes on to a temple of Punch, at whose exhibition (in reverence to the august original in England) he is about to assist, when he is suddenly aroused to a sense of a cruel disappointment. He might just as well be in Hyde Park. It is the drive by the Serpentine over again. Why,

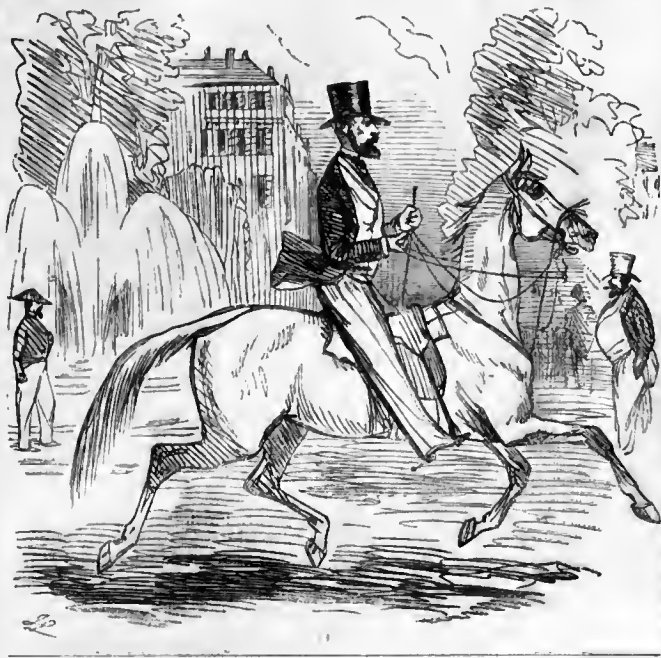
there's OVERALLS, of the Blues. There's SWELLINGS SWELLINGS; you never can go anywhere without seeing him. That was BOB HILTON, driving the high-stepping grey horse. There goes THREADPAPER of the Foreign Office, with his infant moustache (what the deuce does he want with a moustache, I should like to know?) There's old GRATINGS, who is such a hore at the Club; there's CHARLEY MARTINGALE of the Plungers, with HOOKER (known by his friends as the Bravo) in his wonderful tight trousers. But who isn't here? Two men behind are talking about the Metropolitan Handicap and GRUMBLER'S chance of the Derby. Really, really, this is too bad. The ancient poet asks, "What exile from his fatherland can leave himself behind?" The question now is what man, by departure from his country, can hope to be free from his countrymen? It is intolerable. How is it possible to take notes of Parisian manners when you are seized upon by SWELLINGS SWELLINGS and catechised about the prospects of the Haymarket Opera? You get rid of him by informing him, in confidence, that it has been taken by MR. JOHN BRIGHT for a series of Bal Masqués and Ballet entertainments, when up come the Bravo and MARTINGALE, who want to know when PITCHLEY'S stud is to be sold. You profess a sulkily ignorance of the subject, and try to get away, when MARTINGALE enters upon a sketch of French character, which he holds very low, chiefly on grounds of a sporting nature. Ever see such dogs?—ever see such horses?—ever see such riding and driving?—ever see such grooms and coachmen? You should go to one of their steeple-chases and look at them tumbling about. The last time, at La Marche, white and red cap came pounding along fifty miles an hour, and pulled up short at the brook to inquire for the bridge.



"*Ou est le pont, Messieurs? Mon Dieu, je vais perdre! De grace, ou est le pont?*" and another man got with his horse on to the top of a bank, where he stopped for a quarter-of-an-hour without being able to get off again, until at last the crowd flicked the unfortunate animal with their pocket-handkerchiefs into a state of madness, when he jumped down, only it was on the wrong side, and his rider gave up the adventure. MARTINGALE was also very severe on the cavalry, whom he described as tailors mounted on bad cart-horses, and unable to stand for a moment before British heavies.

HOOKER endorsed the criticisms of his friend, and called attention to the cavaliers who pranced up and down the drive. Certainly it was rather a ludicrous contrast, both for men and cattle, with our exhibition in Rotten Row. The horses were mostly weedy, leggy, tucked up brutes, all mane and tail, and worth about two pound ten each. One young fellow, a tremendous dandy, galloped up and down on a gray Arab-looking pony that an English gentleman would have put his little boy of twelve upon. The styles of riding were various. There were the *haute école* men, who rode very long, and showed all their saddle in front of them, and the Anglo-maniacs, who rode very short, and showed all their saddle behind them. Some gentlemen seemed disposed to tie their legs together under their horse's belly; others projected them on each side of his chest like the cat-heads of a man-of-war. They all rode on the curb, with a grasp of iron, holding the snaffle in the other hand, perpetually nagging and spurring and hustling the wretched animals about, till they did not know what to be at. HOOKER'S honest Yorkshire heart swelled with bitterness all the time. "They oughtn't to be trusted out with a horse," he said.

"It's a shame, by Jove! They drive like a butcher, and ride like a chummy on a moke" (HOOKER meant to say, a sweep on a donkey; but he always prefers idiomatic expressions, which add great vigour to his discourse). "However, I won't be unjust to the Mossoos. They can cook a good dinner, and no mistake. Come to-night, old fellow, and dine with us in the Rue Montorgueil. There's HAYCOCK of the 190th coming, and we shall have some of Clicquot's Champagne." Good. We will be there.



A MUSICAL PUMP.

A COMPOSER, whom we cannot do less than call a Musical Pump, so full is his head of crotchets and water—has published three watery sheets of music for the Pianoforte, respectively entitled "The Morning Mist," "The Rainbow," and "The Waterfall." Why should he stop here? why not thoroughly drain the subject? why not fathom it in all its depths, until he has not left a drop of water that can be sounded, or out of which any sound can be got, by any other composer? In our liberality, we beg to suggest a few subjects for him.

THE SHOWER OF RAIN—dedicated to the Lessee of Vauxhall, with an illuminated frontispiece, showing a view of the "Ten Thousand additional Lamps," in water colours.

THE UMBRELLA GALOP, and PARASOL POLKA, dedicated to the fair frequenters of the Horticultural and Botanical Gardens—with a fine running accompaniment.

THE DELUGE—humbly inscribed to LORD MAIDSTONE.

THE MACKINTOSH MARCH—with a view of Chobham Camp—and a beautiful waterproof wrapper.

THE BUCKET OF WATER—A composition for the milk-pail.

THE OVERFLOW—with a splendid engraving of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, showing the overflow caused by a little POOLE. "Exceedingly playful."—*Musical Review*.

THE CATS AND DOGS' SCHOTTISHE, as danced at all the Scottish Fêtes in Holland Park, Cremorne, &c.

And when the subject of rain-water is fairly pumped out, there are all the other atmospheric changes, of which our climate offers such a tempting variety, and some of which must surely contain a few of the elements of success. We scarcely know which are the most ridiculous—the titles that are given now-a-days to new shirts, or the subjects that are chosen, as the sources of inspiration, by our musical composers.

Extreme Conscientiousness.

THE *Field* newspaper prides itself in giving "No Reports of Prize Fights." So conscientious is the paper in this particular, that it has announced its determination—in the event of the decimal coinage being adopted—to turn away every farthing, rather than derive a profit from a single *mil*.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—It is said that a cause is always followed by effect, but this is not the case at all events at law, where a cause is too frequently followed by "No Effects."

LINES ON THE BURIAL OF A BRITISH PROTESTANT IN SPAIN.

NOT a knell gave out any funeral note,
As his corpse to the shingles we hurried;
And below water-mark we had bare leave got
That our countryman's bones should be buried.

We buried him, dog-like, on that mean site,
The tide on the point of turning,
At the wretched Spaniards' bigot spite
With contempt intensely burning.

No use in coffin enclosing his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud that bound him!
For he lay where he scarce would remain long at rest,
With the ocean washing round him.

None at all were the prayers we read;
And we felt more of rage than sorrow,
As we thought on the brutes who insult us when dead,
And don't pay us alive what they borrow.

We thought as we hollowed his shelly bed,
And smoothed down his pebbly pillow,
That the crabs and the lobsters would creep o'er his head,
And we with our fleets on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of our spirit as gone!
Our guns might to atoms have brayed them,
Yet we've let the rascals in this way go on,
Treating those very Britons who made them.

But half of our shameful job was done,
When the waves roared the hour of retiring,
And we knew we the distance should have to run,
To divert a rabble admiring.

Sharply and quickly we laid him down,
'Mid the jeers of the monks, young and hoary,
And we said, unless Spain is compelled to atone,
All a humbug is Old England's glory!

THE LAWYERS ABROAD.

OUR latest advices inform of us of an extensive inundation of the Rhine. It is impossible to get into a steamer without having "with you MR. SERGEANT SOMEBODY," or finding a Judge "sitting in error" by taking possession of the camp-stool we have for an instant quitted. Every town in Switzerland has its proportion of British Lawyers. Peru the other day could boast of two justices besides its own; and many a legal luminary has been exploring the summits of the Jura, as an agreeable change from his habitual contemplation of the *summum jus*. Equity draftsmeu instead of drawing conveyances have been glad to get conveyances to draw them; and the common lawyer has forgotten every other motion but locomotion, which, at this season of the year, is almost a motion of course. The diligences nearly all over the Continent are so unusually loaded, that there is scarcely a vacant corner to be found in any one of them, but we cannot be surprised that when so many lawyers are travelling by them they should be rather heavily charged.

THE CLOTH AND THE PLUSH.

IN SWIFT'S time a Chaplain was a mere clerical domestic; and some Curates appear to be little better now. Did ever any one hear of an ordained valet?—somebody wants to hear of such a servant, however, to judge herefrom:—

CURACY, with Title for Holy Orders, in the Diocese of Canterbury. Remuneration—board and lodging, and £20 per annum. For further particulars apply to MR. CLERIC SMITH, Secretary to the Church of England Club, 36, Southampton Street, Strand.

The above is taken from the *Times*. What is the Curate expected to undertake for £20 a year and his victuals? The cure of Soles—in the sense of scraping them, perhaps—with the additional duty of polishing upper leathers. To answer the bell that rings for prayers, peradventure—and also that which rings for hot water. We should like to know whether the employer of such a Curate returns him in his Assessed Tax Paper, with a farther entry on his account under the head of Hair Powder.

POLITICAL CAPITAL.—The only capital most Irish Members have, and even that is at a terrible discount.



SEVERE, BUT FLATTERING.

Reflective Cabman. "Vell, it all 'us vos so! The genteler the Party, the wosser the Fare!"

A CITY WITHOUT SMOKE!

THAT a city can exist without Smoke, we beg to refer our readers for the proof of such a possibility to Mr. BURFORD'S Panorama in Leicester Square. There they will be able to admire, in all its beauty and undefiled cleanliness, the lovely City of Mexico. You are standing on the top of the Grand Cathedral, and, look in all directions as you will, you cannot see the smallest wreath of smoke curling about the place. Now, we should like to see the curl taken out of London in a similar manner. It may not look, perhaps, so grand, so showy and glittering as Mexico, but still it may, in its new aspect, appear sufficiently tempting to induce Mr. BURFORD to select it as the subject of some future Panorama. The probability is, we should not know it again as the same city, in which we are now, like so many living chimneys, inhaling and exhaling smoke all day long. The new Zealander, when he does view the ruins of our sooty metropolis from London Bridge, would be able to see them at all events to greater advantage than he would if he were to take his private view from one of the parapets to-morrow. For our own selves, we are most anxious to see how London would look without smoke—for, in the name of darkness, it looks ugly enough with it.

"The Great Globe Itself."

MR. ALBERT SMITH alters his song of "*Gaius's Messenger*" to the current events of the day. MR. WYLD will have to follow his example, and keep a staff of colourmen constantly at work on his Model. Poland is gone! Turkey threatened! and in the *Times* of Saturday, we find—

"Last week of Hindostan!"

And

"Mont Blanc will close this Evening!"

ANOTHER INSULT FROM THE SAXON.

(From "*The Nation*.")

ANOTHER insult, hot and hissing, has been flung in the scar-seamed face of Ireland from the Saxon! And the Crystal Palace—or, rather, the Vitreous Dungeon for Ireland's liberties—was the appointed scene of the atrocity. Among the more sublimating objects was the venerable form of O'CONNELL (in something harder than wax!) surrounded by a crowd of his own finest peasantry.

"That's O'CONNELL," said the QUEEN.

"And very like him," said PRINCE ALBERT. And with all respect for his Royal Highness—for, as we are slaves, we have learned to treat the Saxon with respect!) with all respect we ask, how he should presume to know it was like the deified lineaments of the sublime Liberator?—"And very like him!" said the Queen's husband; but—patience is the badge of all our tribe, and we'll let that pass.

But the withering insult is now to be recorded; if it do not, as we write it, turn our steel pen red-hot, and singe the paper into flames!

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON—the second Duke—the son of O'CONNELL's "stunted corporal"—yes, Dux Secundus—presumed to "buy O'CONNELL and the peasantry!"

Think of that, oh countrymen! The DUKE OF WELLINGTON dared to put his hand into his pocket, and to take out so much tax-wrung, Saxon gold, and—counting it piece by piece—he laid it down as the price of O'CONNELL!

What did he mean by that cowardly, atrocious, ready-money transaction? Why, this: by purchasing O'CONNELL he intended to fling this burning libel in the face of Ireland—he wished to show it as his decided opinion that O'CONNELL *could be bought!!!*

But the day of reckoning with the Saxon will come. Meantime, if we hug our chain, it is only to count and *pay* for the links!

A CLERK PAID IN KIND.

LAW is looking up at Manchester—to judge from a paragraph in the *Morning Herald*; to wit—

"MANCHESTER LIBERALISM.—The following announcement has been posted on the walls of the Manchester Law Library:—An experienced clerk, who writes a good hand, is wanted by a respectable solicitor in Manchester. Salary 7s. per week, with perquisites in the shape of cast-off clothes. Apply to the librarian!"

Dull literalism would denounce the respectable solicitor who proposes to pay an experienced clerk principally in cast-off clothes, as a screw. Many a plodding fellow will expatiate on the unreasonableness on the part of a legal gentleman who remunerates a clerk on this scale, of being astonished that the said clerk should go seedy, or stretch forth his hand and commit acts contrary to ordinances and statutes in such case made and provided. It will occur to the stolid mind that the offer of a stipend of old clothes is not likely to attract any clerk of experience, beyond that of a Jew salesman. But the true man of figures, he who understands the language of Fancy, revelling in metaphor, perceives at once that the proposition which seems so stingy is, in fact, very liberal. He discerns that by cast-off clothes is meant a share in the business, consisting in those suits, which though considerably profitable, are not of sufficient importance to be attended to by the head of the establishment. It is pleasing to find the language of poetry thus obtaining, in a profession of which the phrasology has hitherto been so very unimaginative.

Washing Made Agreeable.

THERE is no washing, after all, like gold-washing. It is the kind of washing that pays the best, and the only one that a gentleman can, with credit, put his hands to.



A BIT OF HIS MIND.

Edward (to his Military Cousin). "No! I SHAN'T! I SHAN'T GO AND SHOOT BLACKBIRDS; AND I TELL YOU WHAT, MASTER CHARLEY, YOU DRAGOON SWELLS WON'T HAVE QUITE SUCH A PULL UPON US CIVILIANS NOW, FOR WE ARE ALL GOING TO GROW BEARDS AND MOUSTACHIOS."

CLASSICALITIES FOR THE NEW COINAGE.

IN adopting the decimal coinage, it would be desirable to alter as little as possible the existing nomenclature of the QUEEN'S cash. The idea of the decimal may be expressed by the slightest variation of a term in vernacular use to denote a certain piece of money. By the change of a letter in the word "Tanner," the sixpence might, nominally, be retained to the great bulk of the people; whilst, by the conversion alluded to, namely, into "Tenner," the new elements of its constitution would be at the same time signified. The novel word "Mil," should be rejected; and for it might be substituted the similarly sounding but more familiar name of "Bill," the adoption of which may be recommended on the ground of analogy, as the shilling has been already long stamped with the popular diminutive of "Bob." If the somewhat fanciful expression "Mil," or "Mill," is employed, the principle of its derivation should be consistently carried out. The words "Winder," "Bender," "Twister," "Topper," and "Stummer," might be borrowed to designate money, which itself should change its present correct appellation for the more sportive and appropriate title of Blunt. The mutation of "Florin" into "Floorer" would be obviously called for, and the crown piece might be neatly styled a "Punisher," as being the well-known amount of the fine for inebriety.

On all the coins emanating from the pugilistic mint, it would be requisite that the Lion and the Unicorn should be fighting; and whilst V. R. figured on one side of them, P. R. should be stamped on the other, that it might in every respect be characterised by the truc ring.

PUNCH'S POTATO PROPHECY.

THE reader, who minds his *Punch*, of course remembers what *Punch* prophesied in 1847 on the Irish potato rot. From that very decay, *Punch* predicted regeneration!

"The butcher, the baker,
The candle-stick maker,
All jumped out of a rotten potato."

So runs the childish doggerel; but *Punch* heard in that shambling verse a musical promise; and hearing, foretold the coming time when, from the very blight that smote the people of Ireland through Ireland's potatoes, there should be peace and plenty for Ireland regenerate. And is it not so? Answer with one of your wildest roars, oh, Lion of Judah! Is it not so—reply and tenderly, cooingly, oh Dove of Galway!

DISRAELI'S COAT AND BADGE.

Was a smarter old feller than I be'er seen
In these bright brass buttons—this new quoad of green?
Why is it I'm rigged out so fine as this here?
Why for sarvin' one master for full thirty year.

But wherefore should I be so proud o' my clothes,
And strut in 'em so, stickin' up my old nose?
Do I think the prize-suit such an honour to wear?
Shoo! it baint for the raiment alone as I care.

'Tisn't that—the mere valley and worth of the coat—
'Tis the honour the present is meant to denote,
The respect I be held in, the height of esteem,
Which is far above all I could possible dream.

Why, what dost thee think, man? these things is no less
Than a passport for wearers, a privileged dress,
I puts on this quoad on my back—that was all—
And they lets me walk in to the grand County Ball.

There was MEASTER DISRAELI, the friend o' the land,
He comes and he catches me hold by the hand,
"Come along," a sez, "JOHN;" up the room then we stumps,
Which occasioned some noise, as I didn't wear pumps.

To a Lord and a Lady of rank and degree,
'Mongst a whole kit of other fine folks he led me,
And he says to 'em, s'ee, "I the honour ha' got
O'troducin' my friend to yer, MEASTER JOHN TROTT.

"He's a noble, is JOHN, though he isn't a Peer,—
I wun't say as how he's the noblest that's here;
But an honest man JOHN is, and all on you know,
In course, what the poet calls him as is so.

"Look at this horny palm! how became it like that,
So that on it he uses to slice bacon fat?
Why by thirty years' toil—and for whom, d'ye suppose?
For a wife and five children?—not only for those—

"My lady, to earn his own bread warn't enow,
He yarned your meat as well, by the damp of his brow;
And your silks, and your satins, and jewels besides,
And the coaches you keeps, and the hesses you rides. ;

"Arter that, I be certain that you won't deny
MEASTER TROTT your fair hand for a dance by and by."
"Such a trifle," she said, "I of course can't withhold."
"But for dancin'" I sez, "I'm afeard I'm too old."

"Oh! we won't 'tempt the Poker, nor Valsa dew Tong,
And I'm sure we shall get very nicely along,"
Said my lady; when straightways the music did play,
And to "*Pop goes the Weasel*" we capered away.

Her ladyship flew, amost, over the ground,
Which I could do nothin' but hammer and pound;
But nobody laughed, for in course they thought how
Arkard they'd look suppose they was tryin' to plough.

When the dancin' was done unto supper we went,
And I feasted away to my full heart's content,
On eake, ehicken, lobster, sweets, aught I could find,
The fust time I ever ate all I'd a mind.

'Tis the bein' acknowledged, you see, like that 'ere,
Is what makes me feel proudish this clothin' to wear,
I should say "Dash the buttons!" if that warn't the case,
And consider the quoad but a badge o' disgrace.

IRON BARS OF MUSIC.

WE have often wished that we could suggest anything that would afford some scope for the unemployed ability of the artists of our almost extinct English Opera. Here, in an advertisement out of the *Times*, appears to be something like an opening for one of them—if the foreign predilections of our superior classes have not starved them all:—

ORGAN.—WANTED, a respectable man to act as **TURNKEY** in a County Prison. One who understands music, can play the Organ, and sing bass would be preferred. For further particulars apply, post paid, to T. T. S., Post-office, Bath.

The popular air of "*Still so gently o'er me stealing*," will immediately suggest itself as one of the first airs that would be called for from the musical turnkey, having been transposed so as to be sung in the bass, which "would be preferred." Any one who had personated the gaoler in the vernacular version of *Fidelio* would, however, be the man for the situation; and it is pleasing to imagine such a respectable vocalist leading the Prison Chorus at the head of real convicts. A pretty idea, too, is that of a Nightingale within four stone walls, beguiling the tedium of confinement with his "jug-jug." Of course the harmonious turnkey would enchant his incarcerated audience by his performance of the Witch music of **MATTHEW LOCKE**. That he should also be an organist is a good notion; phrenologists will admit it to be judicious to play the organ of tune against that of acquisitiveness or theft, and all other human organs out of tune and discordant with man's better nature. Talking of the organ, **SEBASTIAN BACII** would have been just the very turnkey in request, for he was a master of that noble instrument; and the kind of piece which he most delighted in performing thereon was a *QUOD-LIBET*.

It is to be hoped that the cultivation of music will be introduced at Newgate; and then, perhaps, we shall at last witness a genuine representation of the *Beggar's Opera*.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 4.



WHEN, Sir, you selected me from the crowd of eminent persons who solicited the honour of furnishing you with their impressions of the French metropolis, you were good enough to attribute to me an uncommon impartiality and serenity of mind. "That impartiality," you observed with your usual force and felicity of language, "will preserve your communications from the onesidedness that usually deforms a traveller's views of a foreign country." My modesty, Sir, (almost amounting to bashfulness) is well known to you, but I will venture to say that you were correct in your estimate. I feel myself equally free from the sturdy prepossessions nourished by

MR. DOWLAS of Mecklenburgh Square and the rose-coloured delusions which captivate young **THREADPAPER** of the Foreign Office. The former gentleman marches through this city in company with Mrs. D. and the girls, armed with a guide-book and a pocket map, and finds all barren. The latter wishes to introduce absolute government into England, supported by an army of five hundred thousand men and a censorship of the press. **THREADPAPER** is of tender years; his moustache is downy, indeed hardly visible without a glass; he will grow wiser with time, but **MR. DOWLAS**, I very much fear, is beyond all cure.

D., you old humbug! what do you mean by uttering your shallow vulgar criticism on the greatest nation of Continental Europe? You know nothing of their history, except that they were beaten at the battle of Waterloo; you can't speak a word of their language; you can't read one of their newspapers; you are supremely ignorant of their character and institutions, and yet you treat them as a mob of hairdressers, dancing masters, and cooks (and not good cooks either),

and exult in the time-honoured conviction that one Englishman can thrash two Frenchmen. **DOWLAS**, attend to me, I am going to talk about taste—a word that ought to excite shame and anguish in your mind. For a quarter of a century you have been smothering the world with printed fabrics of fantastic and horrible ugliness. Millions upon millions of yards of these abominations have found their way into every nook and corner of the world. Remote tribes of wandering Tartars and the squaws of painted Choktaws have clad their bodies and depraved their souls with your outrageous patterns. Bales marked with the well-known D. (oh, how could you, **MR. DOWLAS**, Sir?) have carried their baleful influence into the innocent populations of the Peaceful Ocean. The least hideous of these productions are those you have stolen (and spoiled) from the French, and if there is any improvement in your patterns of late years, it is entirely to be attributed to your piracy of French designs.

The fact is, that France has become the Mistress of Arts to the world. If England lives in a fever of industry, she lives in a fever of invention. Every novelty we have is due to her restless creative spirit. In arts, in letters, in philosophy, she scatters abroad new ideas with unsparring profusion; other nations, following with unequal steps, treasure up what falls, and claim it as their own. This exuberance of fancy is only the result of the universal artistic feeling which seems to animate her citizens. You cannot go anywhere in Paris without being conscious of this. Every shop window is a picture. Look at that pastrycook's. A few pieces of china and half-a-dozen bon-bon boxes form a composition that is really charming. Is there any one from Marlborough House could do it as well? Only think of the tons of three-cornered tarts and Bath buns that form the decoration of a London confectioner's. And yet this pretty arrangement is due to the intuitive taste of the little scrubby ignorant daughter of the people who serves in the shop. I will not draw your attention to the quiet becoming style of her dress, because you have often confessed to me in private your admiration of Parisian toilettes, though in the presence of Mrs. D. you loudly affect to prefer the dowdy manner adopted by that lady in common with the most part of her countrywomen. I will, therefore, make no further mention of ladies' costume, only protesting that, in my opinion, all Frenchwomen in their degree dress to perfection, and that an ugly bonnet is no certain proof of wisdom or goodness as is generally supposed.

Turn to the houses, and compare their gay ornate appearance with the dismal monotonous streets of London. Every one has its separate character. The portal is of sculptured stone, always decent and often of beautiful design. A little bit of carved cornice, a simple moulding round the windows gives individuality and interest to the upper part without any of the astounding architectural eccentricities of Regent Street. Enter, and you will find the furniture of even the humbler occupants varied, characteristic, and pretty. Where ornament is attempted, it is well chosen and sparingly introduced. A beautiful cabinet, a few small pictures, a group or two in bronze, some exquisite china—quite a contrast to the overwhelming magnificence of English upholstery. I know, **DOWLAS**, you gave a *carte blanche* to **JOBKINS** and **SON** for your house in Mecklenburgh Square. Well, well—if the subject is a painful one we will not pursue it; though I must say that I think six copies of the peacocky young woman in fetters, called for some inscrutable reason the Greek Slave, rather too much for two drawing-rooms (couldn't you send up a pair to the best bed-room, and one to the butler's pantry?) and I may also take this opportunity of informing **JOBKINS**, **JUNIOR**, who does the "tasty" business of his firm, that merely multiplying expensive tables and chairs, and daubing everything over with gold, though it may satisfactorily swell the bill, shows a miserable want of fancy and cleverness in a decorator.

I quite admit the solidity and conscientiousness of English workmanship. We buy a frightful table in Bond Street, and, behold, it will last for ever. The drawers in **DOWLAS**'s house are as delightful to open and shut as they are horrible to look at. English boots will outlast French boots, and English gloves French gloves. Whatever may have been the case years ago, it is a great mistake to suppose that these articles are better now in Paris than in London. The great difference is shortly this—our artists are tradesmen and their tradesmen are artists. In all articles of simple usefulness we have an unquestionable superiority, but where something more than convenience or durability is required our designers seem quite helpless. A certain funeral car will occur to many as an example of this truth, and, perhaps, by malicious persons, will be taken to shew how much or how little is to be expected from Government Schools of Art.

The Tourist is aware that no one can walk about Paris without seeing abundant evidences of the coarsest moral and social feeling, and claims an infinitely higher position for his own countrymen and countrywomen in this respect. He also recollects that he has already ridiculed the dress of Frenchmen, and sees that this may be supposed inconsistent with a sweeping panegyric on French taste. But this is

* This is not intended to apply to our painters, who may well be compared with those of any country, but to the designers for manufacturers.

an exception that proves the rule. A Frenchman's *theory* of dress is wrong. He always wants to be conspicuous and picturesque. Hence, nothing is too singular and showy for him. He gets himself up, as if for the stage, with velvet and fur and heard and moustache, and exhausts the resources of his inventive mind for new and still more *piquant* combinations. When he turns his attention to the chase, the result is something worth seeing, and no mistake, as will be more plainly seen by a picture of a party of sporting gentlemen going out shooting. But these comicalities are eschewed by the genuine "swells," who adopt our sober English notions of masculine costume, and, indeed, dress exactly like Englishmen. The advice of *Polonius* to *Laertes* will literally apply to the matter at the present day:—

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy—rich, not gaudy—
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that—"

The most august confirmation has been given to this view. I state with becoming reverence and awe that his I—E M—Y, with that regard for detail which characterises his great mind, has sent a special envoy to London, and had all his liveries made in Saville Row, with which unspeakably solemn allusion I close this communication.



SPIRITED CONDUCT OF A PUBLIC COMPANY.

The Greenwich Steamboats have recently been employed in the important, but somewhat dangerous, service of destroying the various piers, at which they call for passengers. These absurd and useless structures—which are usually composed of three or four superannuated barges, loosely connected by a twopenny cord; several flights of stairs, leading up into the air and down again, on to the next pier and back again, or, indeed, anywhere but into the boats; a hut which combines the accommodation of a watch-box with the cleanliness of a pigstye, and a series of gangways which are intended to accommodate themselves to the rising and falling of the tide, but which invariably stick fast at the wrong end, and either carry the unfortunate traveller some 20 feet above the wharf, or threaten to precipitate him down a sort of *Montagne Russe* into the water;—these agglomerations of tar, dirt, touchwood, and rope-yarn, have so long encumbered and disfigured the bank of the river that the Directors of the Greenwich steamboats have come to the resolution which their boats have been carrying out.

The plan, on which the work of demolition is carried on, is as follows: The captain drives the boat stem on to the pier, without giving any order to reverse the engines, and the immediate consequence is a most satisfactory collision. It is not true, however, that the French, in despair at ever being able to effect a landing in London over these piers, have bribed the Directors to destroy these bulwarks of the river. Nor are the Directors following the example of the Scotch Baronet, who has just pulled down a pier on his estate, because the boats stopped at it on Sunday. The cases are quite different, for the Scotch piers are only private, or representative, and can be removed at pleasure, whereas the London piers have persevered in their career of uselessness for many ages, and can only be got rid of by violent measures.

PAT'S WELCOME TO THE REAPING-MACHINE.

I'm sick of the sickle, MOLLY dear, and stooping so long and so low;
And it's a little grief it gives me, to give the ould bother the go!
And when another harvest comes, by the Saints! I'd like to see
The money or anything else that 'ud make a Raping-Machine of me!

I've raped in Scotland and England, and I've raped in the Lothians
three,

And I dar' say it's twenty year since first I crossed the Irish Sea;
I've raped yer wheat, and yer barley, and oats and beans, sez Pat;
But as for Profit—it's sorrow the raping that ever I raped of that!

So, good luck to you, MISTHER MAC CORMACK, and Yer Reverence,
MISTHER BELL,

And good luck to you, MISTHER HUSSEY—I wish yer Honours well;
The shearer's footing on the fields ye've fairly cut away;
But it's not been worth the standing on, bedad, this many a day.

And now the Horse takes the raping in hand, and pulls the huge
machines—

That go elicking and snicking across the fields of wheat, oats, barley,
and beans;

Ye've got machines for sowing, and thrashing, and raping, between
and betwixt;

And, troth, it's my private opinion ye'll have a machine for eating it
next!

But we'll throw the sickle aside, MOLLY, and go and try our luck
On the banks of the far Australian strames, where the otter is billed
like a duck:

For there's mate, and drink, and clothes, MOLLY, and riches and rank
to be won,

At the Anti—what d'ye call the place, on t'other side of the sun?

And there'll be no land-agents, nor middlemen, nor Jews,
But ye'll see me stoning lumps of gould at the beggarly Kangaroos;

And there's nayther shooting of bailiffs, nor any such wicked fun,
In the land that lies beneath our feet, on t'other side of the sun.

And no more masses to pay for!—good day to ye, FATHER O' BLADD,
The last Confession from me, faiks, and the very last penny ye've had;
It's little Yer Reverence leaves behind when ye clear away our sin,
As the prophet sez, ye purge our dross, and take precious care of the tin.

Ye've a handage on yer wrist, MOLLY; that wrist with gems I'll deck,
And a string of nuggets, like millstones, I'll hang about yer neck,
And we'll live in a snug retirement where our nearest neighbour'll be
The EMPEROR OF CHINA, who will sometimes look in to tea!

Oeh! the world we're leaving, MOLLY, is a world of grief and care,
For even the pigs and potatoes are not the angels that once they were;
But the world we're going to, MOLLY, is where the giants of ould
Buried—for want of a better bank—their stocking-legs crammed with
gould!

It's a world of wonders, MOLLY, a world without a peer;
For what it has, and what it wants, we've nothing like it here:
But of all its wondrous things, it seems the strangest thing to me
That there the labouring man's the man gets first to the top o' the tree.

Sea-Side Intelligence.

A *spirituelle* young lady writes up from Ramsgate to say:—"In the morning, my dear, we have a delivery of letters by the Post. In the afternoon we have another delivery—the delivery of husbands, brothers, *cousins*, or beloved acquaintances, as the case may be, by the steam-packet. In this manner, darling, we have a *mail-delivery* twice a-day. It would ill-become me to say *which* one I like best."

NECROMANCY FOR GENTS.

TABLE-RAPPING with Genu'ne Spirits every evening at the SHADES Harmonic Free and Easy, in Scamp's Alley. A Medium in the Bar—but "goes" of whiskey, brandy, rum, or gin unlimited.

Test for Travellers.

It is complained that there are no examinations at the Inns of Court in town, whilst it is forgotten that thousands of applicants for admission are daily plucked at the hotels all over the country.

PURITANS IN REQUEST.—The metropolis would be much more pleasant if the Commissioners of Sewers had a proper number of dis-senters among them.



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Sportsman (in Standing Beans). "WHERE TO, NOW, JACK?"

Jack. "WELL! LET'S SEE! I SHOULD JUST GO UP THE BEANS AGAIN, AND ACROSS THE TOP-END, BEAT DOWN THE OTHER SIDE AND ROUND BY THE BOTTOM; WHILE YOU'RE THERE, GET OVER AND TRY OLD HAYCOCK'S STANDING OATS—HE WON'T MIND—I'LL STOP HERE AND MARK!"

PRINCE ALBERT, THE CZAR, AND THE TURK.

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, *don't* nail the poor man's ears to the pump!"

Such was the benevolent exclamation of TYGER ROCHE (an Irish fire-eater of the last century) when he beheld a certain attorney within the walls of Dublin Jail. And the prayer was sufficient; for no sooner was it uttered, than the hapless lawyer was in the clutches of invoked persecutors, and hammer and nails hotly sought for.

Our friend the *Spectator*, oddly enough, is, for once, very like TYGER ROCHE. He says—

"It is evident that a serious disturbance in Europe might be very inconvenient to the minor German Powers; and that fact has perhaps suggested the rough guess, that a Prince bound up with German interests by family relations, has used his position near the British Sovereign for the purpose of inducing England to assist in hushing up the quarrel, with scanty regard to the justice of the case; in short, that PRINCE ALBERT has induced England to abandon her pledge and her ally!"

The *Spectator* having made "the rough guess," reasons on it in his own logical way, and concludes with these convincing words—

"We do not believe that PRINCE ALBERT has so far forgotten his happy and exalted duty, of which he has shown us so just an appreciation, by officious meddling with affairs which are not his."

That the *Spectator*, the Esquimaux of the Press—for somehow he always appears to *Punch* in a suit of sealskin, with a very blue nose, prepared, if necessary, to harpoon the whale that shall supply his midnight oil—that the cold *Spectator* should suggest such a charge against PRINCE ALBERT merely to express a disbelief is, at least, a very unnecessary trouble.

"Don't nail the poor man's ears to the pump!" cries TYGER ROCHE.

"Don't believe PRINCE ALBERT an ally of NICHOLAS!" cries the *Spectator*.

A SERIOUS QUESTION TO COLONEL SIDTHORP.—Is the ghost of Pond Street, Chelsea, the ghost of Protection?

TAVERN EXPERIENCE.

I WENT to the sign of the Cat and Fiddle,
Whereat they did me grossly diddle;
I went to the Commercial Inn,
Where they well nigh stripped me to the skin;
I went to the Manchester Business House,
And equally there I found them chouse.
I went to the Coffee-House and Tavern,
Which turned out a regular robbers' cavern;
I went to the Family Hotel,
And they pillaged and plundered me there as well;
I went to the Recreative ditto,
My Stars and Garters!—wasn't I bit—oh!

All my Eye and Beate Martin.

THE humbug of the Holy Eye-water at Salette has 'been recently exposed very efficiently; but we are told the BISHOP OF GRENOBLE has adopted it, because, to use a legal expression, it "runs with the surplice." We can but express our astonishment that such eye-water should be necessary to make a Bishop ('s) see.

A Petrified Luncheon.

"MR. PUNCH,—The periodical review of the uses and abuses of English Hotels having commenced, I beg leave to state that there is a small, unpretending hostelry at Matlock Baths, where the luncheon (price 2s.) supplied is invariably made up of bits of loins of mutton, and leavings of ribs of beef, all—in honour of the locality—duly petrified. Last week I managed to chip off and swallow a bit of a joint, and I verily believe have been troubled with the stone ever since. (Price 2s.!)

"Yours, VIATOR."



A TRAP TO CATCH A MOONCALF.



THE *Times*, in a letter from Grenoble, states that the Trappists in the neighbourhood of La Salette are busy in the manufacture of a beverage which, from the writer's description, seems to be about identical with that which is produced by MESSRS. SEAGER & EVANS. We congratulate the worthy monks upon taking to honest gin-spinning, which is a much more laudable occupation than weaving toils to entangle simpletons. We should think this order must be rather numerous in the district in question, as surely all those must have been regular Trappists, who were concerned in

getting up the enormous hoax which has given it celebrity.

It seems that they have entrapped some gulls of the LUCAS tribe, who were not up to Trap: but we should have considered even that common marine fowl, the Booby, too old a bird to be capable of being caught by chaff so extremely palpable.

PEBBLES PICKED UP AT THE SEA-SHORE.

BY A SENTIMENTAL OLD YOUNG LADY.

ONE's existence down here is divided between donkey-riding and novel-reading—pretty exercises for the mind and body! It would be difficult to say which were the slowest—the donkeys or the novels. It's very strange, but how extremely rare it is you come across a donkey or a novel that's in the least moving!

Youth writes its hopes upon the sand, and Age advances, like the sea, and washes them all out.

We raffle, and raffle our best affections away, like shillings at the Library, and Man looks coldly on, and smilingly says, "Better luck, Miss, next time."

I am sure that the sand, with which Time has filled his hour-glass, must have been picked up at a watering-place, for nowhere else does the time run on so slowly, or the hours succeed one another with such provoking similarity.

It is very curious that the sea, which brings the colour back to our cheeks, generally takes it from our ribbons!

It is the same with dispositions as with bonnets; it is not every one that can stand the sea-side.

Scandal is a rank weed which is generally found in great profusion near the sea-coast.

A watering-place is a harbour of refuge, that we, poor weak vessels, after having been tossed about for nine months in the year, are obliged, during the other three, to put into for repairs.

I am frequently reminded, when I see a party about to start in a pleasure boat, of the effect of a London season. Every one is so gay and blooming, so full of health and spirits at the starting, but how pale, dejected, dragged, drenched, and fairly sickened they look, if you chance to see them returning at the end of it!

SONG OF THE TRANSPLANTED SHAMROCK.

"ONE of the Royal servants brought with him to the train a sod of shamrock which had been dug up in the grounds attached to the Viceregal Lodge. A porcelain pot received the plant, which, as it had been obtained at the special request of HER MAJESTY, is probably destined to be transplanted to some of the Royal grounds, and cultivated as a memento of a visit which will be long memorable in Ireland."—*Dublin Daily Express*.

ERIN mavourneen, torn up from thy green,
Lonely, withered, and drooped for a while,
Though planted in porcelain, and nursed by a Queen,
I was sick at the roots for my own pleasant isle;

Where the winds came so gently to kiss me and love me,
There was tenderness e'en in the breath of the north;
Where the kind clouds would fling their soft shadows above me,
When the hot sun of summer came scorchingly forth.

I pined for those tender grey eyes, whose black lashes
Veil a tear and a smile alike ready to start;
I longed for the mirth, whose unquenchable flashes
Hold a struggle with gloom in the Irishman's heart.

White hands were about me, but not my own people's,
Kind hearts, too, but not the kind hearts I had known;
The bells that I heard rang in Sassenach steeples,
And wanted the music I loved in my own.

An' I fancied they scorned me, the poor plant of Erin,
Them roses so gaudy, them thistles so tall;
An' I thought as they tossed their proud heads, it was sneerin'
At my poor lowly leaflets, wid no flower at all.

But by little and little I felt that about me
The soil gathered cheery, and kindly, and warm;
And the illigant flowers that I thought meant to flout me
When I larnt what they said, sure they meant me no harm.

The hands I thought cold I found true in their tending,
The hearts I thought hard, sure, were soft at the core;
So I opened my leaves with less fear of offending,
And the longer I knew I loved England the more.

For my Queen is a mistress that's gentle and tender,
And oft my poor leaflet her bosom adorns;
She says I've my sweetness, if roses their splendour,
An' if I've no blossoms, why, sure I've no thorns.

MOTTO FOR THE LEADER OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.—Heads I win, Tails you lose.

THE INSTITUTION OF OUR SPECTRE OF CHELSEA.

THE following "Pastoral" has been published by an obscure individual, who pretends to adopt a certain episcopal style.

To the Inhabitants of Chelsea, Brompton, Fulham, Kensington, and the Neighbourhood, Health and Good Digestion.

Respectable and Intelligent.—From the Apparition of GILES SCROOGINS of tuneful memory, to that of the Head of the Woolly Quadruped which manifested itself to WILLIAM WHITE, there was no want of spectral appearances sufficient to convince the enlightened British Public of the existence of Ghosts. Not to mention the unfortunate MISS BAILEY, who, after suspension by the cineture of her own stocking, revisited an unprincipled CAPTAIN SMITH, nor to say more than is necessary of the Ghost of Cock Lane, it may suffice to cite the instance of the Hammersmith Ghost which, as is well known, appeared to, and terrified a great many people. And now lately, in this very place, which is not far from that, there has appeared a Ghost, which has frightened multitudes; as countless thousands among you are able to testify.

But the incredulous—insensible to the force of table rappings, disbelieving the prodigies of clairvoyance, and deriding the wonderful visions of the Crystal—who, in short, ascribe all the supernatural events of the day, which are very numerous, to imagination or fraud, will doubtless, after a short time, by the lapse whereof the recollection of the fact shall have been weakened, dispute or deny the truth of the Chelsea Ghost, and attribute the authentic narrative thereof to the incredible WALKER.

Lest, therefore, the memory of this so wonderful Apparition should perish, and in order that, on the contrary, its fame may endure for ages, we have decreed to erect a Spirituous Establishment, in the immediate vicinity of the house wherein it took place, namely, in Pond Street, Chelsea, to be called and known by the name and sign of the Ghost and Goblet, which all are invited to frequent, and partake of the refreshment of spirits.

Beneath the edifice to be reared under these auspices, there will be provided a subterranean retreat, bearing the name of The Shades, in further allusion to the miracle which it is intended to commemorate.

A confraternity of the Ghost and Goblet has already been formed for the purpose of celebrating with an appropriate banquet the approaching Festival of Michaelmas. Additional Members may be enrolled at 6d. per week each.

The following indulgences are promised to those who repair to the Hostelry of the Ghost and Goblet with the usual dispositions:—

Unlimited indulgence in Roast Goose, on the aforesaid Festival of Michaelmas, which will also be the Anniversary of the Foundation,

on condition of eating with the goose an optional quantity of mashed turnip, in order to signify the demolition of that Lantern to which profane scepticism would refer supernatural appearances.

Indulgence in brandy, gin, rum, Hollands, and whiskey; in superior ale, porter, and stout; and in genuine foreign wines and liqueurs—to any extent, on condition of ringing the bell, or calling the waiter, and repeating the proper order for the liquor as often as may be requisite.

Indulgence in tea and shrimps.

Indulgence in tobacco for any term of hours; the hostelry remaining open.

Indulgence of the same duration in the amusement afforded by a good dry skittle ground.

Indulgence above stairs in the exercise of dancing; on condition of

executing the proper movements to the tune of "*Pop goes the Weasel*," or whatsoever other measure may be prescribed by popularity.

Indulgence in the delights of harmony in the Shades below: on condition of expressing a desire for refreshment.

To secure the full benefit of these Indulgences it will be only necessary, further, to pay for them; and that this may the more conveniently be done they will be supplied on the most liberal scale of charges.

In addition to the Skittle Ground, there will be provided a Bowling Green, surrounded with a Ghost's Walk, adorned with Winking Statues, Bleeding Pictures, and other objects of like nature calculated to edify the faithful in such matters. In conclusion, Respectable and Intelligent, as touching liquor, we profess ourselves ever ready to supply you

In Your Own Jugs, BRUMMAGEM BROMPTON.



Two of the most Extraordinary Occurrences of the Day—The Appearances at Salette and Chelsea.

NEUTRALITY IN PLUSH.

THE wonders of steam at Manchester and other great manufacturing towns are quite eclipsed by the triumph at which mechanical science has arrived in an obscure locality. Witness this advertisement, extracted from the *Cambridge Chronicle* of the 10th instant:

WANTED in a Clergyman's family in the country, a **FOOTMAN**, which must also have a knowledge of Gardening. For particulars address X. Y., Post Office, Caxton.

The Footman which is wanted in a Clergyman's family, is, of course, a Machine; as the neuter pronoun, by the tenet of MURRAY, held of course by every clergyman, is to be applied to animals and inanimate things; and no known animal is capable of a Footman's place. The Footman thus wanted might have been supposed to be a trivet, but for the requisition that it shall have a knowledge of gardening. This proves that it must be an Engine—and in part a Garden Engine—endowed with intellectual faculties. That it is advertised for is sufficient evidence that it exists.

Necessity is the mother of invention; and the dearth of labour, combined with the insolence, unthrift, and dishonesty of servants, has compelled some clever mechanist to devise the sort of Footman which is wanted by the clergyman; and has been long in general request.

How such a domestic could have been constructed; how it was possible to make a lackey that should not only clean boots and wait at table, but dig, and prune, and plant, and exercise intelligence, moreover, in these horticultural operations, it is difficult to conceive. Imagination staggers at the idea of a Steam Flunkey. The MR. SMEE, who resolves thought into electrical action, may suppose that galvanism might have served to vivify the apparatus, and cause the fibres of its artificial brain to quiver with those vibrations which constitute perception, memory, and understanding. But if mind consists in vibrations, the abilities of a SHAKSPERE are no great shakes; therefore we cannot accept such a theory of the constitution of the Footman which is wanted in a Clergyman's family.

The mysterious agency concerned in Table Turning, belief in which has in some minds survived its refutation by FARADAY, we should rather consider to be the animating principle of this FRANKENSTEIN'S Androides or ANDREWOIDES, artificial ANDREW or automatic JOHN THOMAS.

The female domestics in the family of the clergyman are, of course, of a nature similar to that of the manservant which is wanted there, since no housemaid or cook could stay in a house where a Footman was kept referred to by the neuter pronoun, which, and consequently where the Footman was an Inanimate Thing.

A Fable for Mr. Commissioner Murphy.

ONCE upon a time, a lot of murphies—*id est* potatoes—were put in a pot together. "Now, boys"—said one of the praties—"as we'll all be in hot water—all of a bilin'—wobble as we may, for the credit of ould Ireland—don't let us *split* on one another."

The Main Stays of Science.

THE *savans* at Hull have lately been giving some very interesting results of the trial of the strength of "stays." Surely this department should have been left to a female committee, for the true strength of "stays" can only be ascertained by experiments in very tight lacing.

A NEW TIDE OF EMIGRATION.

GOLD has been discovered in Scotland. This discovery may work perhaps a miracle. It may have the effect of sending all the Scotchmen, who for years have left their native country, "bock again."

ANOTHER "HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE."—Naming a Railway Engine "Safety."

BRITISH ENTERPRISE.



N opulent Bill-sticker has, we understand, made offers to the leader of the Chinese insurgent forces to rent of him, in the event of his being made Emperor, the renowned wall of China. The sum offered has not transpired, but it is said to be something extremely munificent. It is the bill-sticker's intention, as soon as he obtains an imperial grant, to form a company of persons who spend large sums of money every year in advertisements, and to cover the entire length of the wall with their bills and posters, a larger price being, of course, charged for those which will be posted inside than for those outside the wall, where comparatively

but few people will be able to see them. The bills will be in English, or specially translated into Chinese, at the option of the advertisers. In the event of China being thrown open to English commerce—and there is, at present, every opening of such a fact—it will be at once seen what “a desirable medium for advertisements” this national posting-station will be. So favourably is the scheme entertained by some of our leading advertisers, that already have 12,000 miles of that part of the wall, which runs through the most densely populated districts of the Empire, been bespoken at an enormous rental. The company will be announced in a few days, and it is expected that the shares will be quoted on the ‘Change at a heavy premium the very first day. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE has been heard to say, “that next to a celebrated Marquis's property, it will be the largest hoarding in the world,” and there is no doubt it will be. All our puffing tailors, pill-merchants, quack medicine-sellers, and Cambridge Sherry dealers, are actively on the look-out. PROFESSOR LIEBIG's testimonial in favour of Bitter Beer is already printed in all the Chinese dialects, only waiting to be pasted up. We shall keep our eye upon the wall.

DEAR ENTERTAINMENT FOR DEAR CREATURES.

“MY DEAR PUNCH,

“There is no doubt that the prodigious expenses of hotels are—as I overheard certain gentlemen say—in a great measure owing to us *confounded women*. We cause so many rooms to have to be kept up on our account. Why can't we—as they further asked, with a *stronger* expression—be content with a decent coffee-room, instead of requiring a separate sitting apartment? Why? I asked myself the same question, and being unable to answer it, I thought the next time I was out with Charles I would go into the coffee-room and not be *confounded*. So the other day when he took me to one of those inns which a letter I read in the *Times* calls a “Hotel of recreation,” I insisted on our dining in the public room. There were some gentlemen sitting there that we have since met in society, when they behaved in such a way that I couldn't think what they meant, until at last I found that we were looked upon as improper people because I had been seen at dinner in the coffee-room of a tavern! When I discovered this I felt *confounded* indeed. It seems that I have committed an offence against society, everybody is so cool to me, and really, if it were not for the contempt I feel for such slaves of custom and prejudice, and the support I derive from the knowledge that I have pleased my husband, and saved us both money, I should be dreadfully grieved. But his approbation, and that of my own conscience, are quite enough for me; however, as that is not quite the case, I am afraid, with all women, the consequence is that they won't brave the world, and go in the coffee-room. I must confess, *Mr. Punch*, that before we take all the credit for what is called in novels the ‘Self Sacrifice of Woman’ which is given us, we might as well immolate a little of our conventionality on the altar of domestic happiness. I am sure that JUDY is of the same mind as your equally constant admirer,

“*Belgravia*, Sept., 1853.”

“FIDES.”

Strikes to be Lauded.

WE are glad to see that the needlewomen have at last struck, and we wish another class of the overworked and underpaid would follow their example, the working clergy. Such a course would not be uncanonical. A bishop, to be sure, is required to be “no striker” nor has he occasion to be one with his thousands a year; but the case is very different with the curate who has only twenty pounds.

KING CHOLERA'S PROCESSION.

FROM Russian steppe, from Persian sand,
From pine-fringed Norway fiord,
From Elbe's and Eyder's peopled strand
I've skimmed the sea—I've swept the land—
Way for your lord!

Come deck my board—prepare my bed,
And let the trump of doom
Peal out a march, that as I tread
Above the dying and the dead
All may make room!

From far I snuff the odour sweet
That I do love the best;
And wheresoe'er I set my feet,
Courtiers and liegemen flock to greet
Their King confest.

Well have you done your loyal part,
My subjects and my slaves—
In town and country, port and mart,
All's ready—after my own heart—
All—to the graves!

What is my feast? These babes forpined;—
Men ere their prime made old;—
These sots, with strong drink bleared and blind—
These herds of unsexed woman-kind
Foul-mouthed and bold—

These bodies, stunted, shrivelled, seared
With the malaria's breath;
In fetid dens and workshops reared;
From reeking sewers, drains uncleared,
Drinking in death.

What is my court? These cellars piled
With filth of many a year—
These rooms with rotting damps defiled—
These alleys where the sun ne'er smiled,
Darkling and drear!

These streets along the river's bank,
Below the rise of tide;
These hovels, set in stifling rank,
Sapped by the earth-damps green and dank—
These cess-pools wide.

These yards, whose heaps of dust and bone
Breathe poison all around;
These styes, whose swinish tenants grown
Half human, with their masters own
A common ground.

What are my perfumes? Stink and stench
From slaughter-house and sewer;
The oozing gas from opened trench,
The effluvia of the pools that drench
Court-yards impure.

What is my music? Hard-wrung groans
From strong men stricken down;
Women's and children's feebler moans,
And the slow death-bell's muffled tones
In every town.

Who are my lieges? Those that rule
In Vestry and at Board;
The Town-hall's glib and giddy fool,
The mob's most abject slave and tool,
Though called its lord.

He who with prate of Vested Rights
Old forms of wrong defends;
Who for pound-foolishness still fights,
Wisdom, save penny-wisdom, slights;—
These are my friends.

The Industrious Cossacks.

WE don't wonder that some of our Manchester friends should be content to see the Russian forces holding the Principalities. Those who object to the idleness of a military life must naturally admire an army of occupation.



MR. 'ARRY BELVILLE, ON THE CONTINENT GENERALLY.

'Arry Belville. "YES! I LIKE IT EXTREMELY. I LIKE THE *Lazy ally* SORT OF FEELING. I LIKE SITTING AT THE DOOR OF A *Coffy* TO SMOKE MY CIGAR; AND ABOVE ALL (*enter noo*) IT'S A GREAT COMFORT TO WEAR ONE'S BEARD WITHOUT BEIN' LARFED AT!"

OPINIONS OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

"THE Steppes of Russia are long dreary tracts, extremely tedious and very difficult to get over, requiring the greatest patience so as not to lose yourself in the midst of their interminable flatness; and, on my word, the same thing may be said of the diplomatic steps of the same country."—*Aberdeen*.

"Meeting one's constituents is sometimes as disagreeable as meeting a bill; but still it must be done, for the form of the thing, if it is only to save one's political credit."—*Disraeli*.

"The fault is not so much in bribing, as in being found out."—*W. B.*

"The only balls England should fight her battles with should be balls of cotton; the only shot, shot-silks"—*Bright*.

"There are two kinds of M. P.'s; those who confine themselves to merely representing the people, and those who think it their duty also to represent their wrongs and grievances."—*Roebuck*.

"If I had my way I would very soon make the Russians leave the Danubian provinces. I should say to them very plainly, "*Sortez, Messieurs, voilà la Porte*;" and, if they didn't, I would soon make them."—*Palmerston*.

"I wouldn't dine with a Custom House officer, not even if he was to invite me, for I should be afraid he would always stop the bottle and never pass the wine."—*B. Oliveira*.

"Dentists stop vacancies in teeth by filling them up with gold, and really I know of no better plan for filling up a vacancy in Parliament."—*Coppock*.

"What's the use of my having a seat, if you will not allow me to sit down upon it?"—*Rothschild*.

"THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON distinguished himself, it is true, in taking a few capitals; but let me ask what capital can stand in the way of LOUIS NAPOLEON without his immediately taking it? Such an Emperor is worth a fortune—aye, several fortunes—to France."—*Malmesbury*.

"The fact of the House sitting till so late an hour in the morning may, perhaps, account for there being so few rising men in Parliament."—*Brotherton*.

"Peace is the only commodity that, in a commercial country like England, one can never pay too dearly for; but then you should purchase it always in the cheapest market, and sell it in the dearest. But selling it is out of the question, for it is my advice to keep the peace, and not to sell it."—*Cobden*.

SHORT AND SAPONACEOUS.



ONE of *Mr. Punch's* contemporaries have been circulating, together with other small change, an account of a plant, newly discovered in California by a Viennese. This plant, they say, "is about a foot in height, and fades away in May, revealing to the astonished botanist a ball of natural soap, contained within its stalk, and superior to the best brown Windsor." They have forgotten, however, to add some particulars, which *Mr. Punch*, in his zeal for the

public service, has taken pains to collect. He has ascertained that, out of one hundred and twenty-nine persons who have read this paragraph, thirty-two have observed, "that the properties of the plant are evidently soap-orific;" twenty-eight have opined "that, when Nature planted it in California she must have had an eye to the gold-washing;" sixty have pronounced authoritatively,

"that the discoverer of the plant ought at once to be made a Companion of the Bath;" eight have expressed their surprise "that it should have been discovered by a German, who could have had but little previous knowledge of the article which it is said to produce;" whilst the remaining person, an eminent boiler in the City, who prides himself upon his French accent, remarked that, "they might say it had been discovered by a German naturalist, but that, for his part, he should always think it had been found out by a French *savon*." *Mr. Punch* has further ascertained that, in the Californian dialect of the language of flowers, this plant signifies "I wash my hands of you!" and is employed by ladies to intimate their rejection of an unwelcome suit.

THE CHELSEA GHOST.

THE lovers of the marvellous will be sorry to hear that the Chelsea Ghost is a spirit raised by the penny-a-liners in the hope of raising their own spirits by a few extra pence during the present dull season. We felt quite sure that directly the police went in search of the apparition, it would not appear to any summons that might be served upon it; and when we were told that SERGEANT SOMEBODY had walked through the ghost, we were convinced the real fact must have been that if there was a ghost at all, the police, instead of walking through it, would have walked into it. We felt perfectly satisfied that the spectre must vanish before the inspector, and we are happy, for the sake of common sense, to find publicity given to the fact, that the Chelsea Ghost lives only in the imagination of the unhappy paragraph-mongers, who have been tempted to idealise a spirit for the purpose of realising an extra glass of grog or some "other compound."

TOAST FOR TAVERN LANDLORDS.—The Cricketer, who always runs up a score by his innings.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 5.



picturesque mounted swordsmen—the Brougham pulls up, and we alight amid the evening dress, and pass into the Salle.

The effect is bewildering, overwhelming. The theatre is open to the uttermost back wall, and, even so, barely holds the multitude of dancers. The orchestra is probably the noisiest in the world, but is nothing to the astounding din of the people. No words can describe the combination of the two. As for the spectacle, several thousand lunatics, in the violent stage, capering and gesticulating under a strong paroxysm of their malady, will present a faint picture of it. The madmen are all costumed, and resent the appearance of a black coat in their terrific orgies. Probably it reminds them of the medical gentlemen from whom they have escaped. There is a sprinkling of Greeks, knights, nobles of LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH, shepherdesses, court ladies, and so forth; but the prevalent costume of the men is the white and red of a Pierrot; of the ladies, the chemise and trowsers of a *débardeur*. It is this division that makes the most clamour and has the greatest enjoyment of the fun. Groups of the white figures with floured faces, tall hats, and streaming ribbons lol in the boxes, and hold a "chaffing" conversation with those below, which may be witty, but, at all events, is deafening. The young ladies in the embroidered shirts, satin pantaloons, and trim hats, beneath which their hair descends in long plaited tails, contribute at least their fair share to the uproar. But, besides, there are other characters not so intelligible. One grotesque shape is composed entirely of seaweed, or what looks like it; another is in rags, with carrots and turnips on his head; a third sports a chimney pot as a head dress; a fourth is surmounted by a weathercock. There is no limit to the fantastic combinations thus arrived at, which are generally more odd than pleasant; and any enterprising individual who should make his appearance in a very dirty shirt, a crowless hat, and a pair of pumps would, probably, make rather a hit than otherwise.

It must be confessed, after the first half-hour, when the eye is more accustomed to the scene, and the ear has begun to discriminate between the various noises, the refined taste of your Correspondent (used to the assemblies of MONSIEUR JULIEN) was very much outraged. The orchestra is simply infamous, nothing being audible but sounding brass and the jangling cymbal; the house is foully dirty and badly lighted. The company is shabbily dressed, and, apparently, includes many of the lowest ruffians of Paris. On the other hand, there is immense enjoyment and fun, and the dancing made even your travelling sage open the eyes of astonishment.

The police, of course, are everywhere, and at the ordinary public balls interfere to moderate the antics of the dancers. But at the masqued balls they let things take their course; and the consequence is, that each lady and gentleman, to the best of her or his ability, indulges in those variations on the quadrille which are collectively objectionable. They are, in musical phrase, perfectly *ad libitum*, and give scope for an exercise of fancy and agility, which would produce rather a sensation at ALMACKS. There was one couple, Morok the Lion Tamer in red and hessians, and a *débardeur* in yellow trowsers and a powdered peruke, who really were astounding. Morok ended by carrying off his friend on his shoulders, to the great delight of a fat Pompier, who stood by in a bright brass helmet, exactly like a small coalscuttle.

Protocol leads the way to the *foyer*, where a totally different scene presents itself. This saloon is consecrated to persons in evening dress and dominoes, no costumed characters being admitted. This

is the resort of all the "swells." Of course the blond children of Albion muster strongly, and, indeed, rather eclipse the native gentlemen with their severe hauteur and stately presence. Some of the ladies are in ball dresses, and hang on the arm of cavaliers; the majority are in that mysterious envelope which recalls AUBER's charming comic opera, and employ themselves in puzzling, or, as they say, "intriguing," whatever acquaintances they recognise. Protocol is immediately attacked by a tall black domino, whose eyes sparkle with a lustre no mask can hide. She whispers something in his ear which heightens his colour, and is gone before he can demand an explanation. Now, by the shades of RADCLIFFE and SIR WALTER, there is romance in the nineteenth century! Protocol, you must practise the guitar and learn a collection of serenades "arranged to suit a voice of moderate compass." "My dear fellow," replied the diplomatist, "I thought no one in the world knew what that lovely creature (I'm sure she's lovely) told me. Just fancy if she should turn out to be as noble and rich as she is beautiful. Hey?"

Al, Protocol, as you say, just fancy! Why, there she is again. MACHIAVEL is off in a trice and pursues the fair, who flies from him. The Contemplative One entertains himself with hearing the adventures of young TWEEDLES, who has just joined the Lancers, and is away on a fortnight's leave. The poor child was induced to present a white domino with about five pounds' worth of *sucre de pommes*, which he afterwards saw her resell to the Marchand, to his infinite disgust. "You know," complained he, "it ain't the money I care for, but it's suen a howwid baw to be an object of wicicule to a dem F'wenchwoman. They wicicule ewery one, and wespect nothing. No wonder they're always having wevolutions and upsetting weligion, and all that sort of thing. Let's make up a supper party at the *Café Anglais*. You know my cousin SWELLINGS SWELLINGS, and there's DE FAULTRE, who was in the 20th Black Guards, but resides in Pavis now—plays *écarté* vevy well—twemendous luek—always turning up the king. I hope Pwotocol will come and bring his friend."

Another look at the lunatics, who are worse than ever. Morok and the party in yellow satin trowsers excel themselves. The Cherokees shake their plumes and howl after a most horrid sort. The Pierrots redouble their "chaff," and make up in clamour what they want in wit. The Carnival is on its last legs, and does not spare them. It is still alive, and kicking. A few hours hence, and those pious persons will be repenting of their sins on cabbage and onions. Ah! as the lady with the camellias says, *Quelle belle chose que la religion!*

When Sardis revolted against CYRUS, a wise captive gave the angry monarch this advice: "Send men among them to teach them to fiddle and dance and love pleasure, and they will never more give you any trouble." I wonder if Paris would revolt now against CYRUS.

Supper at the *Maison Dorée*. A

little *consommé* with poached eggs, a *filet aux champignons*, and a salad with a bottle of Champagne. PROTOCOL'S acquaintance, it appears, was the *blanchisseuse* of the Embassy, an exceedingly respectable person of fifty. The rising diplomatist seemed rather sore on the subject of *Le Domino Noir*, which became the principal topic of conversation in consequence. Of course, the secret she told him must have been about his washing-bill.

The present opinion of the Sage is, that pleasure, and indeed things in general, are vanity. *Bals masqués* are noisy, dusty, and dull. People ought not to pay, but be paid, for going to them. Monastic institutions have charms for a well-constituted mind. Literary pursuits are laborious and not sufficiently remunerated. When Champagne is not good, it has disagreeable effects on your health the next day. Bring me some *Cognac* and *Eau de Seltz*. Oh dear, I wish I had cut the supper.



FRENCH TIES AND DYNASTIES.

THE Grand Opéra at Paris has just re-opened, after a perfect "restoration" made by order of the EMPEROR, who is more favourable to a "restoration" in affairs of the drama than in affairs of politics. The theatre has been gorgeously re-decorated and overlaid with a profusion of gold, which stands out in all the bold effrontery of gilt beneath the blaze of a thousand gaslights. Even the members of the orchestra are elaborately got up, and though not absolutely bound hand and foot at the will of the EMPEROR, they are literally taken by the throat, for they are compelled to appear in white neckcloths. Every instrumental performer must become a member of the stiff-necked fraternity if he wishes to be engaged at the Grand Opéra; and it matters little what may be his reputation, or how illustrious may be the stock to which he belongs, if he refuses to bind himself to the tie prescribed by the French Government. Such is the pliancy with which all classes now bow their necks to the ruling power, that we have not heard of one instance in which the forced application of the starched cravat has roused any artist's cholera. It is, however, feared that in a very heavy and fatiguing opera the time of some of the pieces will have to be changed, in order that the orchestra may get a few bars' rest to adjust their neck-ties, which some of the tremendous *crescendo* movements of MEYERBEER will be likely to derange. We tremble to think of the consequences of the "Blessing of the Poignards" on the cravats of the poor fiddlers.

Second Thoughts.

It was intended to inaugurate a statue of LOUIS NAPOLEON at Lille, bearing the inscription—"To the Protector of Native Sugar." It was, however, abandoned for re-consideration. It will probably be amended as follows, and the statue inaugurated on the 2nd of December—"To the Protector of Native Sugar—of lead."

A Joke that must be Felt if it can't be Seen.

WE perceive that all Military Hats are to be superseded in the British Army by a "Felt Helmet." We trust this arrangement will prevent everything but the helmet from being "felt"—on the head of the soldier.

BRITISH REASONS FOR BOULOGNE ADDRESS.

THE copy of an address of British residents at Boulogne lay for signature—as British residents were duly informed by the *Impartial*—at the library of Mrs. MONEYDUE. We have been favoured with the various reasons—and subjoin a few—the exquisite reasons that, delighting and uplifting the British brain—induced the British residents and visitors to write themselves down the very humble and much obliged servants of the EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

MR. ALDERMAN GREENFAT signed "because he likes a strong Government. He also likes success; there is no getting on in this world without it. Has always believed that the French were only to be ruled with a rod of iron, and believed that LOUIS NAPOLEON was the very man to keep that rod in pickle."

MR. SHADRACH SHEKELS, money scrivener, signed "because he would always support legitimate government. Him as was strongest was always most legitimate. As a conscientious Jew he didn't care about France, having, of course, his serious thoughts fixed on settling down in his old age in New Jerusalem. Didn't think much of LOUIS NAPOLEON when once upon a time he come into the City of London with his bills; wouldn't look at his paper at no price. But times is changed. Would do his bill now—if not at a *very long date*—not only with pleasure, but with great interest."

CAPTAIN PLANTAGENET SIMCOX (of the Stonehenge Yeomanry), signed "because he liked PLUCK. And the EMPEROR had shown himself a clever fellow. He had proved to Europe that he had head beside pluck. Without pluck, who could have a stake in any country?"

PROFESSOR WOBBLER signed "because he considered His Imperial Majesty to be one of PLUTARCH'S men. The EMPEROR had the true heroic nose. It was a vulgar error that the world was governed by heads: no; the noses carried it. Waterloo was won by a nose. The nose is the natural sceptre. The EMPEROR was born a natural."

JOHN STRAIGHT, ESQ., (retired on his property) signed because "he thought the EMPEROR so very much improved, having sown all his wild oats. Was residing at Boulogne when LOUIS NAPOLEON landed, and was bundled like a sack of sawdust into a cart and delivered at the prison. But circumstances being changed, would now with the greatest pleasure give in his adhesion to the Saviour and Protector of France!"

MRS. DEPUTY BOTOLPH would sign "because the dear EMPEROR had asked herself and JEMIMA to the ball at the Tooleries; besides, His Majesty looked such a hero upon horseback."

MISS AGNES BOCHURCH signed "with a sense of gratitude to the dear EMPRESS, who had brought in such a darling style of dressing the hair." Miss A. B. was, when in Paris, *once* taken for the EMPRESS.

THE FAT OF THE LAND AND LAMBETH.

ONE MR. RHODES, of Carlisle Street, Lambeth, is summoned before the Lambeth Street Magistrate to answer for the—what shall we call it—indiscretion (?) of boiling down putrid fat on his premises to the prejudice of the health of his neighbours, causing thereby "nausea, and even vomiting." MR. SECKER turns to the wisdom of Parliament enshrined in the Nuisance Act, but found that—

"The words relating to any dwelling-house or building being found in a filthy and unwholesome condition *applied not*, as he took it, to places where a *trade or business was carried on*, but to common lodging-houses and places of that description, and the other part of the clause *did not apply to the premises described.*"

That is, if you can make a trade of a nuisance, if you can "carry on a business" by fat-melting, the evil to the public is to be allowed because of the profit to the individual. You may turn a whole parish sick, if you can turn the penny upon their "nausea and vomiting."

EDITORIAL CANDOUR.

THE *Morning Herald* has recently made an approach to the principle of abolishing the anonymous in newspaper writing, and has made a sort of indirect disclosure of its editorship, by meeting the public half-way in authorising an impression that has long existed in the minds of the community. The *Herald* of Tuesday, the 20th of September, after saying, "we have been favoured with the following letter," prints a communication beginning "My dear Mamma." It is clear that to have made the avowal of its severally imputed editorship complete, the letter should have commenced with the words, "My dear Grandmamma."

The Russian Bear and the Turkey Cock.

WE have heard a good deal lately about the "position taken by Turkey;" and as the attitude assumed has been undoubtedly rather warlike, we may come to the conclusion that the "position taken by Turkey" is in fact standing on her drum-sticks.

ALARMING ACCIDENT.

(From our Own Four-Mil-a-Liner.)



IRACULOUS ESCAPE.—
 Another of those distressing accidents which too often lead to a melancholy catastrophe took place on Wednesday evening last. A party of four adventurous gentlemen, who had resolved on visiting the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, after a quiet dinner at

their club, proceeded to that edifice, and, under the direction of a guide, actually penetrated the labyrinths to the lowest box on the opposite side from that at which they entered. Having achieved this feat, and feasted their eyes upon the scenery thus set before them, one of them announced his intention of attempting to get out of the theatre alone. His companions sought to dissuade him from this foolhardy exploit; but, flushed, it is supposed, with an extra half-pint of St. Estephe, the traveller, a remarkably fine young man, to whom his friends were not in the least attached, departed on the perilous enterprise. He ascended eleven staircases, descended fourteen, and, having gone backwards and forwards through twenty-two of the passages which come from nowhere and lead to nothing, in this most wonderfully constructed building, he made the appalling discovery that he had lost his way.

With the true Anglo-Saxon courage, he continued to explore undauntedly, and at one period went down deep into the bowels of the earth, where, far above his head, he could distinctly hear the trampling of feet, and where, in the darkness, he stumbled upon certain whitish objects which may have been either the skeletons of other lost travellers, or else property busts and statues. At length, overcome by terror and thirst, he rushed upwards, and continued to mount until he reached the dizzy height where the air was so intensely rarified as to smell of oranges and gingerbeer, and where, he states, he could distinctly hear the voice of Mr. GUSTAVUS BROOKE recommending Miss FEATHERSTONE to go to a nunnery. His sufferings at this period were most acute, and his despairing efforts to open every door he saw were agonizing.

Retracing his steps, he explored every lonely passage, dusty avenue, and dark staircase in vain, and finally he conceived the daring resolution of setting the theatre on fire, in the hope that assistance might thus be summoned, but was prevented by the want of material. At one time he says that he heard female voices, and immediately addressed to the speaker those imploring accents to which woman never listens unmoved; but his words were flung back to him by the echoes with an injurious addition of something sounding like "Topsy, I suppose." At last, fairly overcome, he sat down upon an extremely dirty couch, and resigned himself to his fate. How many dreadful hours thus passed he knows not, but on returning to consciousness he found himself among kind faces, and being carried over to the nearest tavern he was subjected to a course of restoratives, including alcohol and nicotine, and was finally able to walk home with some straightness. It is hoped that this will be a warning, and inasmuch as proper guides can always be obtained for a shilling, there is really no excuse for running so terrible a risk as that of trying to leave the private boxes of Drury Lane without assistance.

THE POPE'S POST OBIT.

IN the *Giornale di Roma*, of the 25th ultimo, appears a document called the "Act of Beatification" of FATHER JOHN of Britto, a Jesuit, who suffered martyrdom in 1693; so that, after the lapse of 160 years, HIS HOLINESS THE POPE has "beatified" the martyred Jesuit—made FATHER JOHN happy at last. The Holy See is really as dilatory in beatifying parties, or making them happy, as the High Court of Chancery. The Church of Rome treats saints as some other churchmen treat bottles of port—laying them down to acquire the right flavour, as well as bouquet, notwithstanding that the latter ought to have been already possessed by individuals who had died in the odour of sanctity. Miracles, we believe, are necessary to canonization; no miracles, no Saintship; no niche in the calendar. Our ultramontane friends tell us that miracles, "the apparition of LA SALETTE" for instance, are rigidly investigated at Rome; but it must be difficult to sift those which occurred above 160 years ago, unless the witnesses are cross-examined by table-rapping, or some equivalent means of communicating with the defunct. However, the case of FATHER JOHN may teach those whom it may concern not to be disheartened by the delay of their beatification by the Roman Pontiffs, by showing them that though they may have had to wait more than a century and a half for their heatitude, they "may be happy yet."

A Proverb at Fault.

PROVERBIAL philosophy will occasionally fail, and we need go no further for an instance than the well known maxim as to the propriety of "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." Take six hearty coalheavers, and, putting between them a pot of porter, call upon them to take "a long pull and a strong pull, if you please; but pause before you invite them to the impracticable operation of "a pull all together."

VESTED RIGHT.

THERE'S strength in rock, to take the shock
 Of wave, with naked brows;
 There's pith in oak, to mock the stroke
 Of wind, with stubborn boughs;
 But where grew wood, and where rock stood,
 Wind blows and sea-wave ploughs.

I am not rock, I am not oak;
 My roots are short and slight;
 With foes more grave than wind or wave
 It is my lot to fight.
 'Gainst Time and Life I wage a strife—
 My name is VESTED RIGHT!

And still I stand, all through the land,
 With face for every foe;—
 The Vestry's lord—its law my word—
 I deal my "aye" and "no;"—
 On Boards of Health I glide by stealth,
 All new lights out to blow.

As Alderman whene'er I can
 The civic roast I rule;
 My fingers fold all icy-cold
 Round Charity and School;
 From off the Bench, Law's sword I wrench,
 And make the blade my tool.

From high St. Paul's my vision falls
 Upon a world of slaves;
 That foul line rounds my kingdom's bounds
 With intramural graves;
 Yon pall of smoke, that Heaven doth choke—
 'Tis my black flag that waves!

As Kings of old, when they would hold
 A Progress through the land,
 Had hunting-seat or palace meet
 Still ready at command;
 So seats are mine, where lodgings fine,
 Garnished and sweet do staid—

'Tis where doth stream the fetid steam
 From the bone-boiler's vat,
 The knacker's yard, which penned and barred,
 Sends out its odours fat;
 The slaughter-vault, whence, ne'er at fault,
 Peereth the carrion rat.

In tanneries' stink, on cesspools' brink,
 I sit and sleep and snuff;
 The fever's breath brings me no death,
 I hold such terrors stuff;
 The odours flung from Smithfield dung
 To me smell sweet enough.

I've my own graves to take the slaves
 Whom 'tis my mood to kill;
 The parish may the cost defray,
 Full pits my pockets fill.
 I've gains allowed from shell and shroud—
 Each pauper brings his bill!

When of my field an inch I yield,
 I yield it nothing loath;
 The vacant spot is straight a plot
 For Compensation's growth—
 That vigorous weed whose fruitful seed
 I sow and harvest both.

While thus I rule, the good old school
 Rebellious spirits tames;
 My sway supports in camps and courts—
 One shape of many names!
 Who dares make fight 'gainst Vested Right?
 Who dares gainsay my claims?

Solution of Haunted Houses.

A HAUNTED House is a tenement of any number of ordinary stories, to which is added an extraordinary one, in the form of a Ghost Story.

INFALLIBLE BUBBLES.

(To Mr. Punch.)

"SIR, "Although yours is not a medical journal, I am sure you will readily give insertion to a few lines, which may be rendered, by means of your enormous circulation, instrumental in the preservation of thousands of lives. Cases of recent occurrence have fearfully exemplified the fact—previously well enough established—of the dependence of Asiatic Cholera, in common with Typhus and other pestilences, on the inhalation of the gaseous products of putrefactive decomposition. These consist principally of sulphuretted hydrogen; indeed that gas is, there can be no doubt, the noxious agent. Now, Sir, I wish to direct public attention to an infallible preventive of Cholera, and every other disease of zymotic origin, which, in the form of an antidote against the gas that occasions them, is presented to us by Homœopathy. You know that the cardinal doctrine of that science is that *similia similibus curantur*; like cures like. Well, Sir; there is a gaseous compound analogous to, or like, sulphuretted hydrogen: I mean seleniuretted hydrogen, also called hydroselenic acid. The inhalation of a measure of atmospheric air, otherwise pure, containing one part in ten billions of this gas, will secure any individual whatever against both Cholera, and the whole class of affections resulting from the same cause.

"Observe, only, that in order that the remedy may be enabled to act all impediments to its operation must be carefully removed. Sulphuretted hydrogen must cease to be breathed. The drainage of the neighbourhood should be rendered efficient; all the sewers should be flushed and trapped; all the cesspools stopped; all the graveyards closed; all the knaekers' yards, bone-boilers', and catgut makers' establishments and every other description of nuisance in the neighbourhood abated.

"No other subsidiary conditions are requisite, except personal ablution, wholesome food, and abstinence from intoxicating quantities of gin, and other alcoholic fluids."

"PESTLE."

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—Woman is a beautiful flower, that can be told, in the dark even, by its (s)talk.



THE GREAT MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT—FAIR PLAY FOR THE BAKER.

A NEW DEPARTMENT OF FLUNKYISM.

ONE of our contemporaries—the *Observer*—not satisfied with registering the mere dinner-givings, *déjeuners*, migrations, and marriages of the "upper classes," has just started a new department, to which the rather alarming title of "Accidents in High Life" has been given. We are henceforth, it seems, to be treated to the details of aristocratic mishaps, and the public press is to inform us how LORD TOM NODDY tumbled into a ditch while hunting, or what slips have been made by LADY SO-AND-SO. We presume we may anticipate, under the thrilling title of "Accidents in High Life," a few such paragraphs as the following:—

"We regret to hear of a rather uncomfortable casualty having occurred to the young EARL OF SPOONBILL. His lordship, while riding in Piccadilly, had the misfortune to run over a young miscreant who was carrying a basket of oranges. The young nobleman was somewhat shaken by the concussion, which it is understood was sufficiently violent to break the legs of the unhappy wretch who was the cause of it; but, as we ran by the side of his lordship's horse, to be able to give our readers the latest particulars of his health, we did not wait to hear the fate of the degraded creature, who is, we hope, by this time expiating in a jail the offence of obstructing a thoroughfare and causing a temporary agitation to a member of a noble family. Repeated inquiries at his lordship's arca-gate have satisfied us that there is no further cause for alarm. The noble earl was attended by the family apothecary, who "exhibited" a Sedlitz powder over night, and beef tea in the morning.

Glut of Money at the Museum.

A COMPLAINT has been made against the Trustees of the British Museum, that they keep hoarded up several hundreds of duplicate coins, which might be sold or otherwise advantageously disposed of. It certainly does appear at first sight rather useless to keep several hundred pieces of money of the same sort; but perhaps the Trustees think it would not be prudent to leave themselves without one shilling or penny, as the case may be, to rub against another.

THE AGE OF COMPLIMENTS.



SEEMINGLY everybody is getting so very polite to everybody else that it is beginning to be almost impossible for two or three persons to get together without a meeting of two being got up to present the third with a testimonial. If a steam-boat goes on a rather lengthy voyage, there is sure to be a party mustered to pass flattering resolutions expressive of confidence in the captain, although the ship may have gone several hundred miles out of its way, and there may have been a variety of other disagreeable *contretemps*.

The absurdity of testimonial-giving has reached such a height that we may expect it to go still higher before it finally topples over, and we shall not be astonished to hear that two persons riding together in a Hansom cab have formed themselves into a meeting for the purpose of presenting the driver with a new lash to his whip, or some other appropriate "testimonial." When we hear of votes of thanks having been passed in favour of the commander of a steamer across the Atlantic, we feel that the difficult navigation of the Thames would warrant the presentation of a piece of plate—say a toothpick—to the captains of the *Penny Pink* or the *Halfpenny Bec*, or the two-penny *Citizen*. If steam-boat passengers are to come to complimentary votes, what reason can there be why omnibus passengers should not vote one of their body into the chair, and record a series of resolutions in honour of the driver for his able and impartial conduct on the driving seat, or the conductor for his uprightness on his foot-board?

THE STRIKE OF THE DAY.—The worst of all strikes is the strike of Irish labourers—which generally consists in beating their wives.



THE OLD 'UN AND THE YOUNG 'UN.

Old Nicholas. "NOW THEN, AUSTRIA, JUST HELP ME TO FINISH THE PORTEE."



THE ORGAN BOY'S APPEAL.

"WESTMINSTER POLICE COURT,—POLICEMAN X brought a paper of doggerl verses to the MAGISTRATE, which had been thrust into his hands, X said, by an Italian boy, who ran away immediately afterwards.

"The MAGISTRATE, after perusing the lines, looked hard at X, and said he did not think they were written by an Italian.

"X blushing, said, he thought the paper read in Court last week, and which frightened so the old gentleman to whom it was addressed, was also not of Italian origin."

O SIGNOR BRODERIP you are a wickid ole man
You wexis us little horgan boys whenever you can,
How dare you talk of Justice, and go for to seek
To pussicute us horgan boys, you senginary Beck?

Though you set in Vestminster surrounded by your crushers
Harrogint and habolsote like the Hortacrat of hail the Rushers,
Yet there is a better vurld I'd have you for to know
Likewise a place vere the henimies of horgan-boys will go.

O you wickid HEROD without any pity
London without horgan boys vood be a dismal city!
Sweet SAINT CICILY who first taught horgan-pipes to blow
Soften the heart of this Magistrat that haggerywates us so!

Good Italian gentlemen, fatherly and kind
Brings us over to London here our horgins for to grind;
Sends us out vith little vite mice and guinea pigs also
A popping of the Veasel and a Jumpin of JIM CROW.

And as us young horgan boys is grateful in our turn
We gives to these kind gentlemen hall the money we earn,
Because that they vood vop us as wery wel we know
Unless we brought our hurnings back to them as loves us so.

O MR. BRODERIP! very much I'm surprise
Ven you take your walks abroad where can be your eyes?
If a Beak had a heart then you'd compyrend
Us pore little Horgan boys was the poor man's friend.

Don't you see the shildren in the droring rooms
Clapping of their little ands when they year our toons?
On their mothers' hussums don't you see the babbies crow
And down to us dear horgan boys lots of apence throw?

Don't you see the ousemaids (pooty POLLIES and MARIES)
Ven ve bring our urdigurdis, smilin from the hairies?
Then they come out vith a slice o' cole puddn or a bit o' bacon or so
And give it us young horgan boys for lunch afore we go.

Have you ever seen the Hirish children sport
When our velcome music-box brings sunshine in the Court?
To these little paupers who can never pay
Surely all good organ boys, for God's love, will play.

Has for those proud gentlemen, like a serting B—k
(Vieh I von't be pussonal and therefore vil not speak)
That flings their parler-vinders hup ven ve begin to play
And cusses us and swears at us in such a violent way,

Instedd of their abewsing and calling hout Poleeccc
Let em send out JOHN to us vith sixpence or a shillin apiece.
Then like good young horgan hoys away from there we'll go
Blessing sweet SAINT CICILY that taught our pipes to blow.

PRISON DISCIPLINARIANS.

"Who shall decide when jailors disagree?"

Extract from the Evidence taken before the last Parliamentary Committee on the Subject of Prison Discipline.

CAPTAIN FONDLEPRIG'S Examination.

Q. 3491. *Chairman.* You have had considerable experience in the treatment of felons and other prisoners, and have made prison discipline the object of much consideration?

A. I have.

Q. 3492. Will you give the Committee your ideas of the mode in which prisoners should be treated.

A. I recommend the utmost kindness and indulgence. The criminal should excite our compassion, and we should do our utmost to alleviate his sense of the punishment which society makes it necessary to inflict. I would, on his arrival, ascertain, delicately of course, what had been his previous habits and tastes. If he could read, which I would discover by some little stratagem (such as placing a letter in his hand and asking him what he made of the address, as it puzzled me, or some other gentle device), I would cause amusing books to be placed, during

the night, in his cell, and secretly changed, so as not to put him under obligation. If he could not read, poor fellow, I, or my wife, or my daughter, should read to him whenever he chose to ring for us, and I would accord him the indulgence of a pipe, if he wished it. To civilise and lead him to the Beautiful, fresh flowers should be placed in his cell—we would, in naming it to him, call it his grot—every morning, and I would recommend the hanging his apartment with engravings from the best masters, avoiding of course any subject likely to remind him painfully of his incarceration. Music should be supplied, and I have a plan for bringing all the Italian organists where I believe most people wish they were, namely, within the walls of our gaols, to soothe the minds of our captives. The bath should be recommended to, but not forced upon him, and if he preferred a warm bath in his cell, with Eau de Cologne in the water, I should naturally order it. For his health's sake, I should advise his adhering to the regular hours of meals, but if he desired a glass of sherry and a sponge cake, or an ice and wafers, or oysters and stout, between meals, it would be inhuman to refuse it. The bill of fare should be brought to him each morning, and any reasonable suggestions he might make for its alteration he should see were attended to. If, which I do not anticipate, he should, despite this treatment, be insubordinate, I would, after long, patient, and humble entreaty had been exhausted, threaten to withhold his ice, or withdraw his flowers, or, in a very bad case, I might refuse him Eau de Cologne to his bath.

Q. 3493. If a prisoner were very rebellious, would you whip him?
[The Witness faints, and was removed.]

LIEUTENANT SKINNUM'S Examination.

Q. 3494. *Chairman.* You have had considerable experience in the treatment of felons and other prisoners, and have made prison discipline the object of much consideration?

A. I have.

Q. 3495. Will you give the Committee your ideas of the mode in which prisoners should be treated?

A. Treated! I'd treat 'em, bless 'em. Shady side of a deuced good bamboo's the place for them. Confound them! Why, if a fellow's sent to jail, stands to reason he's a scoundrel, and if he's a scoundrel treat him as such. It's an insult to an honest man to leave a rogue with a whole bone in his skin. My way's short. Thrash a rascal whenever you happen to be near him, and have a stick handy, which I take care generally to have; but a poker will do, or a crowbar, if you're in a hurry. The object of punishment is to prevent the offence being repeated, and dash my buttons but a fellow will think twice before he commits an offence that gets him under my hands a second time. Boys? Why, boys are worse than men. A man steals, perhaps, to feed his family; but what does a blessed boy steal for? To buy tarts and gin, and go to the penny theatre. I take it out of 'em, though. First I thrash 'em till there isn't a bit of their system that can be called strictly comfortable. Next, I starve 'em till they're as weak as rats. Then I give 'em work to do which they could hardly do if they were in the strongest health, and if they drop down at it I liek 'em till they get up again, and I refresh their minds with pails of cold water into the bargain. That's the right system. Ever kill them? Well, not often. Sometimes they die out of spite, for these boys are very malicious and revengeful, and will do anything to get an officer into trouble; but I find the magistrates baffle their malignity by taking no notice, and all goes on well. As for insubordination, by Jove, they don't often try it with me, but an iron collar, and a chain to hold it to the wall, a taste of the eat o' nine tails after Morning and Evening Service, a sound kick whenever a jailor happens to pass, and food placed before the rascal, but just out of his reach, for a few days, do wonders.

Q. 3496. If a prisoner were very rebellious, would you whip him?

Witness, (in a dreadful rage). Whip him, Sir! No, Sir! Whipping's too good for him, Sir! I'd—I'd—I'd—skin him alive, Sir—that's what I'd do with him, Sir.

[The witness, in his excitement, knocked over the short-hand writer with a violent back-hander, and rushed out.]

The Weapons of the Slave.

At Wilkesbane, in Pennsylvania, two slave-hunters under the Fugitive Slave Law did their best and worst to recapture a mulatto, named REX. They placed handcuffs on him; but with these very handcuffs, the man—maddened by despair—beat down and marked his hunters. There is a moral in this, if America could understand it. Well will it be if emancipation be granted before slavery, with its very chains, shall knock down and mark the national slaveholders.

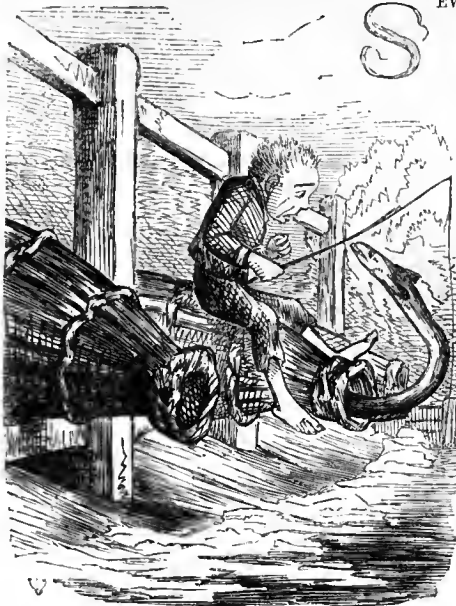
GENTLE READER!—If you have a remarkably strong constitution, you may read the following; but if not, we beg of you to pass it over:—

If a cigar makes a man ill, will a cheroot make a Man-illa?

THE CROWN OF HUNGARY.

It seems that the Royal Insignia of Hungary have lately been dug out of a hole in a very damaged condition. The Crown was cracked, and the cloak of St. STEPHEN, which, if it had been "made to measure" for the Saint himself, must have been rather the worse for wear, was so injured by damp that if St. STEPHEN'S mantle should fall on anybody else the result could only be rheumatism. The garment cannot, however, have been worth much, for if it was the cloak that Hungarian royalty used to wear, it had long ago become transparent, and might have been seen through very easily. We have not heard how the rubbish came to be discovered; but as the cloak was very seedy it may have sprung up, as anything of a seedy nature is apt to do when buried in the ground, and thus given a clue to its own discovery. Who got the Crown into the mess in which it was found is not a question very difficult of solution; but it is clear that those who imputed its abstraction to M. KOSSUTH, were as much in the dark as many of the acts and deeds of the Austrian Government. When a Crown is dragged in the dirt and degraded, the probability is, that he whom the cap fits is the one whose head it ought to rest upon.

A WORD FOR THE HOTEL-KEEPERS.



SEVERAL Correspondents of the *Times* have been writing themselves into a great rage lately, about what they are pleased to call the "Iniquity of our present Hotel system." They complain, with a warmth of expression which is really very reasonable, that go where you will throughout the kingdom, you'll not find an Inn which is not inn-convenient—to your person, certainly, if not to your purse. Everywhere, they say, you'll be charged a good price for bad accommodation: and the larger the establishment, the smaller is your chance of escaping

imposition. If you order a light dinner, you may be sure, nevertheless, you'll have to pay a heavy price for it. If wine be your beverage, you'll be charged three and sixpence for a glass and a half of Cape, served in a vinegar-cruet and called "a pint of Sherry;" or, if you drink beer, you will get a jug of what it were a bitter railleury to call bitter ale, and which, however nasty, you'll be charged a nice sum for. So that, in either case, the process of selling these liquids may be said invariably to include the purchaser. Your candles, too, they say, which figure so highly as "wax" in the bill, will prove in the candlestick to be as bad a composition as the fourpence in the pound of a fraudulent bankrupt: and whether lit or not, there's still the burning shame that you're to pay just the same for them. For "attendance," too, you are charged about as much as for a lawyer's: half-a-crown a day being no uncommon item for the luxury of sometimes looking at a waiter. And if you want a horse, you'll find there's not one in the stable but what's made a heavy charger.

Another of their complaints is, that in the fitting up of our hotels there is as much bad taste as in the wines you cannot drink there. For, while the second-class houses are barely half-furnished, those which are anomalously styled "first-rate" are as much over-done as the victims who frequent them, all the rooms being crammed to every corner with a lot of ugly furniture, for which nevertheless you've to pay pretty handsomely.

In short, the British Innkeeper, as these writers represent him, figures as a sort of human apteryx, who supports himself entirely by the length of his bill.

Now, the correctness of these charges we admit as readily as we dispute the landlords'. At the same time, we think there is an evident excuse for them; for the writers, in their vehemence, seem

entirely to have overlooked the fact, that inasmuch as every innkeeper is bound to keep open house, he is obviously obliged to take as many people in as possible.



MYSELF, AS I APPEARED ON PERUSING MY HOTEL BILL, HAVING STAYED A NIGHT IN BRIGHTON.

A LITTLE MONEY QUESTION.

"OH, DEAR PUNCH, DEAR,
"I want to ask you one little question. It is about 'defacing the coin.' I wish to ask whether my brother SEPTIMUS is liable to be taken up? The foolish boy has several waistcoats, the buttons of which are made of coins. He has one for every-day use made with fourpenny pieces. He has another, the buttons of which are made with half-sovereigns. That is for Sunday wear, whilst he has another for very grand occasions that is buttoned together with two-sovereign pieces. He is with these absurd fancies quite a 'Man made of Money,' and I know a young lady who calls him a 'walking change for a ten-pound note.' It is very conceited of him to be sure, and I am only afraid he will be taken up some day—especially if he has on at the time his great driving coat that has a long row of half-crowns running down in front, and a couple of crown-pieces over the pockets behind. Now I wish you to tell me, dear *Punch*, supposing he is taken up, can they send him to prison, and cut his hair off, and make him eat gruel for defacing the coin? I am more frightened than I can tell you about him.

"Poor fellow! It would be terrible to see two big policemen lay their large hands on him, when he was out walking with his little sister, and tear him away from my side, because he happened to be wearing his grand pink shirt, with the studs made out of the tiniest threepenny pieces. This talk about 'defacing the coin' is all rubbish, for it strikes me that if I give ten shillings for half-a-sovereign, I have a right to do what I like with it—to throw it in the fire even, if I choose; but I am fairly tired out of my life with such stuff!

"I remain, my dearest *Punch*,

"Your great friend and admirer,

"CLARA (at No. 10)."

"P.S. Supposing again I choose to wear a lucky coin round my neck that was given to me by JULIUS before he went to sea, I should like to know what they would do with me? I declare *I would die sooner* than they should take it from me!"

PUBLICANS AND PARSONS.—Cathedral Chapters are compiled from leaves taken out of Hotel-keepers' Books.

HOW TO BREATHE THE "FREE AIR" OF AUSTRIA.—Keep your mouth shut!

LE GRAND OPÉRA ENRHUMÉ.

M. HALÉVY, weary of compelling his orchestra to imitate the tinkling of Bayadères' armlets, or the solemn tramp of an army of elephants, has, in his opera of the *Nabob*, now performing at the Opéra Comique, introduced a novel musical effect, upon which *Mr. Punch*, in anticipation of its speedy transmission to England, feels bound to offer a word of comment. In the third act of the opera, the libretto of which, be it remarked, is from the pen of M. SCRIBE, a chaise, containing two of the principal characters, is upset at the door of a tobacconist's shop in Wales. Of course, the occupants of the chaise are assisted into the shop, where they sing a duet with, as the French papers say, "A funny accompaniment of coughing and sneezing." At this we are told the whole house "*éclata de rire*," and that "*les brouhahas les plus vives accueillirent ce joli morceau*." If *Mr. Punch* were not entirely free from all petty national jealousy, he might, perhaps, insinuate that M. HALÉVY has taken his idea from the brilliant sternerations which the immortal tenor GRIMALDI was wont to embroider, as the *Morning Post* would say, upon his grand scena of "*Tippetywicket*." But he contents himself with M. HALÉVY's indirect tribute of praise to that great *artiste*, and rejoices in the conviction that the *belle fioriture* of *il povero Guiseppe*, now that they have received the stamp of French approval, will come into general acceptance with us.

He expects that during the ensuing winter great pains will be taken to perforate the roofs and walls of our theatres, as managers will feel that no singer can succeed properly in an air unless she stands in a draught.

He expects also that his contemporaries will criticise the *début* of a new tenor after the following fashion:—

"SIGNOR INFREDDATURA, who made his first appearance last night in the comic opera of *Il Catarro*, has all the qualifications of a great singer; viz. a fine person, a sweet and powerful voice, expressive and appropriate action, and a *bad cold*. He took all his sternerations with the greatest ease, and in correct time, and in his grand aria of "*Ah! tu traditrice*," the audience knew not whether to admire most, the great power with which he gave the *Achew*—sustaining the '*Ah*' for some seconds, and then suddenly pouring forth the '*Chew*' to a volume of sound that DUPARZ might have envied—or the playful irony which he threw into his new and *spiritual* reading of the *treechay*. He was, however, but badly seconded by MADAME TESTACHIAA, who was so nervous as to have no control over her organ whatever, so that the two pinches of snuff which the prompter administered to her before she came on exploded at the wrong time, and thus impaired the general effect of an otherwise fine performance."

One advantage, *Mr. Punch* perceives, will certainly result from the vigorous prosecution of M. HALÉVY's idea. It is that, whereas our climate has hitherto been the bane, it will henceforth prove the antidote of foreign singers. They will flock here in crowds to perfect their education, nor will they be deterred from coming by a fear of overstocking the market, as they will always feel sure that there is plenty of rheum for them in England. And even MR. SIMS REEVES, when afflicted by the recurrence of his apparently hereditary cold, need no longer disappoint the audience by withdrawing from them altogether, but may favour them with "My lodging is on the cold ground" (a song which will naturally afford great scope for a display of the new ornaments), or with "We'll sound the gay Catarro."

OBSTRUCTING THE PAVEMENT.

A POOR applewoman is not allowed to loiter on the pavement. The lithographic artist, who draws the reddest salmon and setting suns on the flagstones, is instantly told by the policeman to "walk his chalks." The broken-down tradesman, with his white neckcloth, and black gloves with the fingers peeping out of the tips, is not allowed to lean against a door-post, and offer, in a melancholy attitude, his lucifer-matches for sale. The same rigour is exercised towards the hundred-bladed Jew boy, the barefooted girl with her bunch of violets, and the grinning Italian with his organ. Not one of them is allowed to monopolise the pavement, but is immediately commanded by the ferocious policeman to "move on." But there is a class of persons who are permitted to remain still, where a child who is crying her apples "three a penny" is not allowed even to loiter. This class of persons is not the most reputable class to come in contact with, nor the pleasantest even to look at. It is the betting class. Pass a betting-shop when you will, you are sure to find an immense crowd collected outside it.

There is no knowing what they talk about—and we have not the slightest wish to increase our knowledge—but there they will stand for hours, running in and out of the shop, in the most feverish state, exchanging memoranda in half-whispers, and dotting down incomprehensible figures in little clasp-books, which they hold up close to their breasts, for fear any one should see what they are inscribing in them. They seem dreadfully afraid lest any one should peep over their shoulders, and discover the wonderful "odds" they are pencilling down. We have no particular love or partiality for this numerous class of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. We do not like them, with their slangy stable coats, their sporting hats knowingly cocked on one side, and

their suspicious looks that seem to say of every one on whom their sharp, calculating glances fall, "Well, I wonder how green you are, and I wonder what harvest I shall get out of your greenness." We do not like this betting *genus*, with its whips and switely canes, and thick-ruled trowsers, into which a small five-barred gate seems to have been compressed, and its sensual thick-lipped mouths, that are invariably playing with a flower or a piece of straw, or caressing the end of a pencil.

Now, this class of persons blocks up our public pavements. Attempt to pass by the Haymarket, or Jermyn Street, or the purlieus of Leicester Square, about four or five o'clock, and you will find that the arteries of circulation are tied up by those thick coagulated knots of betting men. The thoroughfare is quite impassable, and you are compelled to go into the mud of the road to avoid being soiled by the refuse of the pavement. We wish the police would, until the entire system is abolished, sweep away the offensive nuisance, for we do not see why betting men should be allowed to carry on their trade on the flagstones any more than applewomen, or even your openly-professed beggar. The police might be worse engaged than in making them "move on." In this instance we would have them not pay the slightest respect to their "betters."

"THE BONES OF PAGANINI."



PARAGRAPH with the above startling heading has been going the round of the newspapers. It seems that the bones of the great violinist have been turned into bones of contention, by the priests who have refused to bury them. Several lawsuits have taken place, and there has been one appeal to the Court of Nice, which treated the matter as a Nice question. This court refused the request of PAGANINI'S executors, who were anxious to get the bones buried; but rather than submit to the decree, without making any further bones about the matter, they appealed to Genoa, which it seems is somewhat over nice, for it superseded Nice in its decision. A further appeal has, however, been made to Turin, which reversed the judgment of Genoa, and a reference

to the Holy See is now spoken of. "There the matter rests," say the papers, but where the bones will ultimately rest remains a problem.

THAT VERY SMALL (POLITICAL) PARTY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in his recent speech at Greenock, alluded to the "absence of party" as a thing scarcely to be hoped, but greatly to be desired. The word "party" is so vague in its ordinary sense, that we should be glad to know the "party" to which LORD JOHN alludes. He may either mean "that party" over the way, on the other side of the House, or that "other party," or that "Irish party," or that "troublesome little party" that is always asking inconvenient questions, or some "party" that some other "party" is always egging on to annoy the Government. The only "party" to which we are quite sure his Lordship did not refer is the "Protectionist party," for it would have been absurd to express a wish for the absence of what has already ceased to be, and it would be even worse than crushing a butterfly on a wheel, to call for the annihilation of a noentity.

Arms for Ireland.

THE QUEEN has suggested to the Irish the propriety of mending their own clothes. Hitherto, when we have sent steel to Ireland, it has been in the shape of swords and bayonets. QUEEN VICTORIA, however, a right royal housewife, presents sister HIBERNIA with a packet of needles.



TRUE FEELING.

"My dearest Brother, confide in me. You are ill?"
 "Ill, Jemima! Broken-hearted—dying!! For six months I've sought her—all my money gone in advertisements and inquiries; but she is lost to me for ever!"
 "She!"
 "Yes! The Woman who Starched that Collar!"

THE LANDLORDS' MEETING AT THE LONDON COFFEE HOUSE.

SOME of our daily contemporaries have published an advertisement, headed, "The TIMES versus ENGLISH HOTELS," and consisting of six resolutions passed at a meeting of the principal Hotel-keepers of Town and Country, held at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, on the 15th instant.

What end the public-house-keepers proposed to themselves in publishing those resolutions, it is not very easy to conceive. A mere resolution that a newspaper, in criticising hotel prices, has abused the liberty of the Press, will not persuade any reader of the paper to think so. The worst thing that has been, or could have been done to the landlords by a newspaper, was the publication of their bills: do they resolve this to be exceeding the bounds of just criticism?

Unnecessary wax-lights, at 2s. a pair; port and sherry fifty per cent. above market price; swipes calling itself ale, at 1s. per pot; these and all such items, if obviously extortionate, cannot be exhibited in any other light by the simple resolution of the extortioners, even if that be framed and glazed.

There is just one use which we may imagine these ostensible resolutions to serve. Perhaps they are put forward by way of blind to the real ones which were formed at this assembly of publicans. The following, probably, are those which the gentlemen actually concurred in:—

Resolved, unanimously—

I. That an agitation has been raised against hotel charges by the Press, which, if unchecked, will perhaps result in the reduction of them, by terrifying some of us into diminishing our prices, and necessitating the rest to follow their example.

II. That it is our interest to resist the attempt thus being made to compel us, by intimidation, to moderate our bills.

III. That such resistance can be effectually maintained only by a firm combination amongst ourselves, based upon a determination to stand by each other, in the endeavour to perpetuate those exactions which we now levy on the British Public; but that by hanging closely together, we may defy the Press, hold the public at our mercy, and safely despise and disregard popular opinion.

IV. But that, in order to preserve this happy state of independence, it is indispensably necessary to exclude most rigorously from the Hotel-keeping business the pernicious principle of competition.

V. That every effort and exertion should therefore be made to induce the Magistrates in town and country, to persevere in their existing excellent system of restricting tavern-licenses to certain parties; thereby restraining that competition which would soon oblige us to adjust our prices in conformity with the clamour of common sense.

VI. That a subscription be entered into in order to raise funds for the further propitiation of the said Magistrates in our favour, by bribing them additionally to persist in refusing licenses to any other individuals than ourselves.

SHAMEFUL INTIMIDATION OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN.

At the Westminster Police Office, in the course of an organ-grinding nuisance case, there was read, according to the reports, a threatening letter; which, as the following copy of it will show, was of a very dangerous character. It was stated to have been addressed to "an aged invalid gentleman," who, we presume, had disobliterated the writers by growling at them and sending them away:—

"SIGNOR RUSSELL.—You are one very great vicked ole man. You are one very reched miserabul man. Why, you will hart the pore borgan man that tries to get a honest living, for you have plenty yourself money? Why you stop the poor borgan man to get a little money? You are a very ole feeble man, and cannot life much longer. When you die where will your gutty sole go to? You have no charity for the poor borgan man; what charity will God have for you in the next world? What mercy will he have for you? He will be as hard to you in the next world as you are to the poor man in this. You will go to purgatory and stop for ever and ever, if you do not repent of your vickidny, you brown breeched, blue coated, brite button ole scarecrow; now, in conclusion, three or four of us true sons of Italy have sworn by the HOLY VIRGIN to make of you rite over upon the top of your own door-steps one fritefulest tomatyrt.

"Sned, "ANTONIO G.
 "GUILIO R.
 "JUAN B."

The report further states that opposite the names were three daggers; but from the theological views apparent on the face of the document, we imagine that the daggers were merely the sort of index which his Eminence CARDINAL WISEMAN is in the habit of prefixing to his signature.

MR. BRODERIP, we are told, read this letter, "which created much laughter." Of that convulsive affection, however, happily nobody died; so that the communication was simply dangerous—not actually fatal to the hearers. To the original recipient, however, it seems to have been productive of consequences seriously alarming, as it "had put him into such a state of bodily fear that he was nearly dead."

We have read of people who saw their own ghosts; which rather frightened them. SIGNOR RUSSELL, perhaps, was in some degree terrified by his own phantom, raised by the Italian organ-grinders—the apparition of himself in brown breeches, blue coat, and brass buttons. However, besides being thus exhibited as an "old scarecrow" to his own eyes, he had cause for apprehension in one of the mysterious menaces addressed to him. The threat of perpetual Purgatory, a Protestant old gentleman might despise; but that of martyrdom by being made the frightfullest tomatyrt upon the top of his own door steps, is a substantial horror. It is suggestive of an idea dreadful enough to make him tremble over his bit of fish, and shudder in the enjoyment of his mutton-chop—the idea of being pounded and crushed into a pulp, and ground by Popish organ-grinders to the consistence of tomatyrt sauce.

THEOCRACY OF RUSSIA.

THE Russians have been hitherto supposed to belong to the Greek Church; but there now appears to be some doubt of this. It was lately stated, in the foreign correspondence of some of our contemporaries, that after a recent review of his troops by PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, the General issued an order of the day, in which he told the army of occupation that they were called upon to annihilate Paganism, concluding his address with "Long live the CZAR! Long live the God of the RUSSIANS!" If PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF is to be taken as a correct exponent of Muscovite divinity, the religion of the Russians must be identical with that of the YEZIDI, inasmuch as the latter, also, are worshippers of the old gentleman denominated NICHOLAS.

"Fast" Literature.

A SPORTING "gent," who has courageously entered the "lists" at several betting-houses, has lately purchased an elaborate work on "Ethnology," in consequence of his having heard that it will give him much information on the subject of "races."

A NEW MOTTO FOR RUSSIA.—Bear and Overbear.

OUR BEAUTIFUL FASHIONS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Our beautiful fashions go on improving! Like Buckingham Palace, they are constantly being altered, and never altered for the better. What the human *façade* will be ultimately, there's no knowing. Everything has been tried in the shape of flowers, feathers, ornaments on the top, and, in some instances, paint, that could possibly disfigure it. Let these disfigurements only continue, and they may have the effect of converting the human head into a kind of MEDUSA'S, that will turn into stone all who look at it. One of the latest absurdities is the way in which ladies wear their bonnets—if it can be called wearing at all, when it is falling, like a Capuehin's hood, right down their backs. It thus forms a capital receptacle for collecting any refuse or rubbish that may be dropt, or thrown, into it. We know one lady who found her bonnet, when she got home, perfectly filled with dust. It was quite a dust-bin in a small way—and the luncheon, which was on the table at the time, had to be sent away, as everything was spoilt by the dusty shower that the lady had unconsciously shaken down upon it.

There was another lady—whose husband is not so rich as he should be, and who grumbles fearfully, poor fellow, at every new bonnet he has to pay for—who discovered her *chapeau* to be as full as it could hold of orange-peel. Some malicious little boys must have amused themselves in walking behind her and pitching into it every piece of orange-peel they found lying about. It was an amusing game of pitch-in-the-hole to them. The consequence has been that the lady, who is extremely particular, especially when she takes a new fancy like a new bonnet into her head, has been compelled to throw away her old bonnet, and to have a new one. The poor husband, who is really to be pitied (husbands generally are), has been obliged, in order to pay for the additional expense, to walk instead of riding, to give up smoking, and to cut off his luncheons—all of which expenses came out of his own pocket and not out of the housekeeping. The last time he was seen he was so thin that it was almost a microscopical effort to see him. But this absurd fashion, coupled with the other absurdity of long dresses, has the one good effect in keeping our streets clean, for the low bonnets carry off all the superfluous dust, and the long dresses carry away all the superfluous mud.

It would be difficult to say which fashion, in point of cleanliness, ranks the lowest. A classical friend of ours humorously declares that he thinks the bonnets will soon be the lower of the two, and that the ladies, for convenience' sake, will shortly be wearing them, tied on to the end of their dresses. It will be relieving them, he funnily says, of a great *draw-back*, and will have the further advantage of keeping their dear heads cool. This classical friend also says that the ladies, as viewed at present with their bonnets hanging behind them,



look like female anthropophagi, or "monsters whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." However, we have only one hope that the fashion, which seems to be dropping lower and lower every day, will gradually drop off altogether, and then the marital cry will be "*Il n'y a plus de Bonnets!*" and Cranbourne Street will be ruined. But after

all, the eccentricities in the way of dress do not lie exclusively on the side of the ladies.

We must not throw every absurdity on their backs. The gentlemen come in, also, for a large share of the ridiculous. Look at an elegant young gent of the present day! His hat you must confess is faultless. It combines every quality within its lovely chimney-pot form. It has not only beauty of shape, but utility of purpose. The brim is admirable. A lady-bird can about settle on it, and that is all. There is just sufficient width to enable you to lift the hat with, and what more do you want? As for keeping the sun off, it is not needed for that purpose, for when is the sun ever seen in England? and as for keeping the rain off, as it is a well-known fact that no Englishman ever ventures out of doors without his umbrella, it cannot be needed for that purpose any more than for the sun. Then look at the shirt-collar! It is a high linen wall, behind which the face is securely protected from the sharp, cutting winds that are continually flying about our climate, like so many aerial guillotines. One's head would infallibly be chopped off, cleaner than any head of asparagus, if it were not for some such protection; and besides, we should not find fault with our young men if they do try to hide as much as they can of their beautiful features. You may be sure they only do it out of charity to the ladies! The small ribbon that fences in this high wall of collar is, likewise, most beautiful. It is almost an invisible fence that is planted evidently more for ornament than use. The wall would look cold and naked—a kind of workhouse wall—without it. We may say that every part of the dress bespeaks a degree of taste that would win the admiration even of a savage. In fact, get a savage—a greater savage, if you can, than one who beats his wife; then select a Young Lady and a Young Gent in the present year's costumes; let the former be as fashionable as you like—let the latter be as green as you can find him: then put them before your savage—turn them gently round for five minutes, and then ask him his candid opinion. We will wager our next week's receipts—no small wager, by the way—that he will be puzzled to say—



WHICH LOOKS THE MOST RIDICULOUS?

"ENOUGH'S AS GOOD AS A FEAST."

At the *déjeuner* given the other day to Mr. G. V. BROOKE, it was stated by the manager of Drury Lane that after the morning performance, which took place last week, the public-houses in the neighbourhood of the theatre were crowded with people, who, after seeing *Othello*, were refreshing themselves for the purpose of seeing *The Stranger* in the evening. We admit that two tragedies in one day must be rather warm work for the audience, as well as for the actors, and we do not wonder at "refreshment" being found necessary to enable the public to go through with the day's labours. Some plays are drier than others, and it would be a curious fact to ascertain how much more washing down *The Stranger* would require than *Othello*. If we were to attempt a calculation, we should say, that if SHAKESPEARE took a bottle of sparkling Moselle, nothing short of a hog'shead of heavy would be needed to make KOTZBUE go down at all glibly.

Another Ghost!

Of course we continue to receive reports of the appearance of other ghosts. In the playhouse world, last week, it was reported that the night watchman on duty at the Princess's was startled by the ghost of *Macbeth*. Now, as the theatre does not open until the 10th the news must be premature.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.



UNDER the rules issued by the Treasury Commissioners with respect to the appointment of Custom House officials, it is declared that persons nominated to be searchers must be fully acquainted with vulgar fractions. There is no objection to this kind of vulgarity as one of their qualifications, but we hope no necessity exists that they should be guilty of any other, and continue to be rude and insolent. Another rule provides that no person will be admitted to the service who shall have committed an offence against the revenue laws. What then has become of the maxim "Set a thief to catch a thief?"

"THE PLAGUE WITHIN OUR GATES."

"THE Plague is at our doors!" the watchers cried amain :—
At the shrill call England raised up her head ;
"Arm ! arm against the Plague !" the watchers cried again :
England turned round upon her lazy bed,
Folding her arms in dreamy drowsiness—
"Arm ! arm !" the watchers cried—the watchers cried in vain !

England not stirring slept ; or if perchance one stirred,
'Twas but to vent a muttered curse on those
Whose warning trumpet-call through folds of slumber heard,
Broke in upon the pleasure of repose,
With ugly thoughts of death and dying throes—
So Echo's voice gave back the watchers' idle word.

As when a leaguering host, under the shroud of night,
Hath sapped a city's wall, and creeping in,
Flashes with sword and fire upon the sleepers' sight,
Who springing, drunk with fear and dazed with din,
Out of their beds, to grope for arms begin—
Arms that should long ere then have been girt on for fight—

So suddenly the Plague hath crept within our gate ;
With even such wild yell and hideous noise
Of fear, we start from sleep, to find the choking weight
Of those blue, bony fingers on the throat ;—
To meet those stony eyes that glare and gloat
On victims who, fore-armed, had struggled with their fate.

We run this way and that ; we cling to all that come
With nostrum or defence ; and as we fall
We curse the watchers too, and ask, "Why were ye dumb ?
Why waked ye not the sleepers with your call ?
Why urged ye not the warriors to the wall ?"
Meanwhile to the Plague's breath lives helplessly succumb.

And while he stalks abroad, on his triumphant way,
We fetter his allies ; his arms we hide :
Allies—that till he came had unmolested sway
To make within our walls these breaches wide,
Through which our grim and ghastly Foe did stride ;
Arms—that for his right hand we have furnished many a day.

And now with bended knees, and heads bowed to the ground,
In sudden piety high Heaven we sue
To stay the Plague that still his mightiest strength has found
In what we have done ill or failed to do—
Whose weapons we keep ever sharp and new—
Some of whose champions bold we as our chiefs have crowned.

A Noted Impostor.

The Russian note is not to be judged of so much by its contents, as by its envelope—not so much by what it says, as by what it attempts to cover. If the note should prove a failure, the CZAR will have reason to regret that he did not show his usual address on the occasion.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 6.

No Englishman can visit the Picture Galleries at the Louvre without thinking of a building in London devoted to the same purpose, which is neither very beautiful nor very convenient ; and it is rather tempting to enlarge on the despicable show the Trafalgar Square collection makes beside the principal Continental ones. The equitable temper, however, of your Correspondent leads him to suggest some reflections which will mitigate that censure. The National Gallery was not built by the luxurious sovereign of an impoverished people, or it might have been larger and more splendid. No curse cleaves to its stones. The pictures are not the fruit of rapine and confiscation, or the collection might have been more extensive and valuable. As it is, it contains less rubbish and more priceless gems than any gallery of its size in the world ; and no pillaged aristocracy, no humbled province, claims a canvas there. Such considerations consoled him as he paced up the gilded saloon of APOLLO to the square chamber which holds the masterpieces of the collection. RAPHAEL, PAUL VERONESE, LEONARDO, and TITIAN appear in all their glory ; but the star of the room and cynosure of neighbouring eyes, is MADAME SOULT'S MURILLO—the *Assumption of Mary*. A crowd of devout admirers cluster always round this great work and the artist who is employed in copying it. It has the effect of a tender strain from one of MOZART'S masses, sweet and sensuous, yet not low. Ladies cannot but be charmed to see that a saint can be so pretty, and turn with a shudder from dirty anachorites and unshaven martyrs to gaze again and again at those lovely eyes and silky hair, and those elegant hands crossed so gracefully on her bosom.

Certainly nothing can be more delightful than to sit on the central ottoman (which by the way is a great deal more comfortable than those backless rout seats that we wot of), and, shifting one's position from time to time, study the various marvels of art that clothe the walls of this saloon. Your Correspondent, like every English gentleman, knows (or wishes to be thought to know) something about pictures, but he is not minded to gratify you with the slang that is usually thought necessary for the proper treatment of this subject. Wherefore he will make no allusions to breadth, or chiaro-scuro, or texture, or bits of colour. PAUL VERONESE'S *Marriage at Cana* is before him, fresh and varied as a bouquet of flowers, and he wishes to enjoy it as he would digest his dinner, without giving technical reasons for the process. He turns to a group of RAPHAEL'S (I beg pardon, RAFAELLE'S), and would not for the world spoil the pleasure they give him by speculating on the Roman School and the artist's three manners, and the influence of PIETRO PERUGINO or MICHAEL ANGELO on his style, and so forth. These fine art critics are a cold-blooded set of fellows, and look at a picture as an attorney does at a lease, to see if they cannot pick a hole in it.

All this time the eyes of the enthusiast have been wandering to a corner of the chamber where an artist is copying a small *Rembrandt*. It is not the *Rembrandt* he is regarding, but the artist. How excessively nice ! The most charming young lady perched on a pair of steps, like a dear little bird in a tree. She bends over her work and draws her head back, and seems the effect on one side and the other with, really, the most irritating picturesqueness. She wears a blue robe just the colour of her eyes, with a little ermine tippet, and when an ancient dragon, who is reading a novel at the foot of the steps, in a cloak and ugly bonnet, speaks to her, she laughs and shakes her blond *chevelure*, and is so delightful altogether, that it is quite impossible to attend to the pictures. Let us go into the long gallery where the students are not so fascinating. Dirty, long-haired, and bearded men in blouses, and females in seedy crumpled black, look up as we pass by from their easels.

An English family runs past with the blue catalogues in their hands. A precious bore the whole affair is to them. They must be quick, there is no time to lose. "What a lot of pictures ! Isn't that a funny man with a beard ? How slippery the floor is ! RUBENS, ah, really. Come, girls, we must get back to MEWREISE'S to lunch. There's the Bosc Arts, and the Museum of Artillery, and the Bois de Bullon"—"You should say Bulloigne, Pa"—"to be done before dinner."

A long vista of pictures ordered, as all galleries should be, chronologically. As you enter, mystical compositions, or rather apparitions of draped angels and saints gaze at you with sleepy eyes from firmaments of gold. Their limbs are long and gaunt ; their looks grimly devout, and their heads are set awry on their shoulders. Is it credible that there should be educated men in the present day who yearn after these barbarisms, and have no sympathy with the struggles made by subsequent artists to get free from their influence ? And that clergymen should put up copies of the same in our churches, and almost anathematise as heathens those who prefer better drawing ? This period is the very winter of art, and the next is the spring, all life and freshness and beauty. We cannot but here remember the young painters in England who have borrowed a name, if not a principle, from the times before RAPHAEL. Already their works have become the great point of attraction in the Royal Academy ; already they have reaped the

success of enthusiastic praise, and the still rarer and more precious success of rancorous abuse. What does our friend ORTOLAN say on this subject?

ORTOLAN has a lively sense of every sort of pleasure. He orders a dinner better than another man, and enjoys it more; he is a good sportsman, and well known as a first-rate wicket-keeper at LORD'S. But only his intimate friends are aware how he appreciates literature and art, and how solid his acquirements are in both. He is now quietly analysing the method employed by TITIAN in painting flesh when he is accosted by your Correspondent. "What do I think of Pre-Raphaelitism? I don't know what it means. Where are you to find out? There was a pamphlet certainly with that title which strongly recommended painting from Nature, but there is nothing very new in that. All artists paint from Nature, and very sick it makes one of the wonderful wigs, and satin, and armour, and plate-glass and china, and fruit and flowers, and shiny dogs and deer. I don't speak of landscape painters, because the writer of that pamphlet has already proved that the moderns in this line are very superior, because better imitators than the old. One notion of his may perhaps pretend to novelty, that a painter should 'select nothing and reject nothing' in Nature. But I don't understand what he means by this. How can you avoid selecting and rejecting? I suppose some things are prettier than others, just as some women are prettier than others. He can hardly want a man to shut his eyes to what gives him pleasure. If he does he is wrong, and must know that he's wrong. If not, he must mean that when you are set down to paint the subject you have selected, you ought to paint it as it is. If that is all his discovery, what is the use of making such a fuss about it? Of course you ought, and so every industrious student does, to the best of his ability. But you must distinguish between studies and pictures. The first are merely exercises: the second are, or should be, poems. No one was more aware of this than the landscape painter whom he worships so devoutly, and who is generally thought to have pushed poetical treatment of landscapes to an extreme.

"But, perhaps, this writer does not tell us what we want to know, and we must look for Pre-Raphaelitism in the pictures themselves. Most of them are clever, and some of them show the very highest ability; but this, of course, is not the Pre-Raphaelite part of the work, and must be put out of sight. No new principle can produce genius, though genius may find out the new principles. What then remains? Is there a quaintness of form and manner which reminds one of the early Italian painters? I think there was a good deal, and still is some, but they happily seem to be working themselves free from a peculiarity which, to my mind, is neither more nor less than affectation. Is it an extraordinary fancy for ugly people that seems occasionally to possess them like an evil spirit? If this is the new principle, the sooner it is put down the better. There are quite enough frights in the world without stereotyping them for the delectation of all time. Or is it a toilsome elaboration of detail, which not one man out of a thousand could ever see without a glass? I confess, that even where the minute objects themselves form the subject of the picture, this painful execution is quite oppressive to me. I seem to be looking through an inverted telescope, which gives everything a hard outline that I never see in Nature myself, and never want to see; and further, while there is an atmosphere, I don't believe anybody else can see. But where this minute detail is merely accessory to the subject of the picture, there I hold the system to be wrong and false in the strongest sense. It is, of course, very catching to talk about imitating Nature exactly, but one simple test will show that for dramatic or poetical subjects it won't do. Dress up two models as carefully as you like, put them into appropriate attitudes, take a calotype of the group, copy it exactly on the canvas, call it *Hamlet and the Ghost*, and then ask yourself what notion it gives you of SHAKSPEARE. Imitation of Nature is only an expedient. The end of Art is to please."

THE CROWN OF ST. STEPHEN.

THE new-found crown of Hungary has been brought in great state to Vienna, and with like state returned again to Hungary. The reason for this (we impart the news to the reader as private and confidential) was—BARON LIONEL ROTHSCHILD, having examined the diadem, refused to lend a single penny upon it. The real, original stones have been taken out, but we understand the POPE has, in the handsomest manner, proposed to supply other gems of far surpassing value—namely, no other than half-a-dozen of the pebbles that stoned ST. STEPHEN himself.

The Supporters of Austria.

THE arms of Austria are the eagle; the double-headed eagle. When, however, we think of the paper currency of the house of Hapsburgh—currency issued only to be dishonoured—the supporters of Austria are surely not eagles, but—as NOKES, the wag upon 'Change, says—*kites*.

HOW TO PAY YOUR TAXES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"DIRECT Taxation may be compensated for by cheapness; but it is very painful. When we are compelled to pay a lot of money at once, we feel a pang which the disbursement of twice as much distributed over a longer period, in small additions to our expenditure, does not occasion. The latter case resembles the gradual extraction of a single hair: the former is equivalent to having a whole handful torn right out. You know that you may lose a quantity of blood by frequent leeching, which, if abstracted at once from your system, would make you faint. I am still suffering from the recent payment of my assessed taxes; and shall not lose the horrible sensation for a week. As to the Income-Tax—it has the effect of a fine: a regular punishment. Couldn't these dreadful penalties be paid by instalments? I declare I am almost determined the next time I am forced to undergo one of them, to have myself put under the influence of chloroform. I have sometimes thought of brandy instead; but I have a generous weakness, which spirituous liquors are apt to stimulate, and I am afraid that if I were to pay my Income-Tax in the state I allude to, I should fling down a few guineas over the amount as a voluntary contribution, overcome with enthusiastic devotion to my QUEEN and Country.

"Yours, a severely plucked

"September 29, 1853."

"MICHAELMAS GOOSE."

"P. S. If we have war, these taxes will become quite intolerable; and chloroform will be absolutely necessary."

OUR SHABBY CONTEMPORARIES.



"We have a bone to pick with our contemporaries. In reporting the speech of LORD PALMERSTON, at Perth, they recorded a passage in which the noble Lord suggested that those who saw and heard things that were going wrong, should communicate them to the public officer whose duty it is to put them right, which would be conferring a great favour on the man in office, as well as doing a benefit of magnitude to the country at large. They represent his Lordship as saying, in continuation:—

"There may be a great deal of chaff in that which is received—but if in a bushel of chaff he shall find a pint of good corn, that bushel of chaff would be worth winnowing, and he can turn that pint of corn to good purposes."

But why has that been omitted which followed of course, and by the omission of which the above extract is made to conclude with abruptness—to read, as it were, broken off, stumpy? What motive, but a mean one, was there for suppressing what LORD PALMERSTON must have gone on to say?—namely, that in communicating to Government information respecting things that go wrong, mixed up with chaff, the most essential services had been rendered to an applauding nation by a popular periodical—which modestly prevents *Punch* from more distinctly alluding to.

CIVIC SIMPLICITY.

THE next Lord Mayor's Day is, we are told, to be celebrated with touching simplicity. Gilt gingerbread has had its day; and Bartholomew Fair being abolished, the Lord Mayor's coach will follow the gilt chanticleers-in-trowsers and other gorgeous gingerbread. MR. ALDERMAN WIRE's liveries are very simple, but very significant. Being a lawyer, he has put characteristic facings on his profession, clothing his coachman and footmen in suits of parchment with shoulder-knots of red tape. The effect is very handsome. The worthy Sheriff's motto, *Vincit qui patitur*, is very happy, and is beautifully engrossed upon the cuffs and collars. *Vincit qui patitur*. He conquers who suffers! How often is it illustrated in law. He who wins, *pays*!

SCOTCH INFLECTIONS.—"Winter"—say the papers—"has already set in with severity in Scotland." What is worse; LORD ABERDEEN has, months since, set in with severity in England.



OUR FRIEND, 'ARRY BELVILLE, IS SO KNOCKED ALL OF A HEAP BY THE BEAUTY OF THE FOREIGN FISH GIRLS, THAT HE OFFERS HIS 'AND AND 'ART TO THE LOVELY PAULINE.

MILITARY REWARDS IN CHINA.

THE Chinese heroes who are now cutting off each other's tails and mutilating each other's limbs, appear to realise a far larger quantity of kicks than halfpence by their warlike achievements. Even a successful general seems to make but a sorry business of it, for the renowned HIANG-YUNG, after taking a bridge and a few other important positions, was rewarded for his heroic exploits by "permission to wear a yellow riding jacket." The poor fellow seems to have been regularly jockeyed by his Imperial master. Military rewards are evidently cheap in China, for "peacock's-feathers," "strike-lights," and "pen-knives," are enumerated as the articles of which the EMPEROR is most lavish to his successful soldiers.

We wonder what our WELLINGTON would have said to a bunch of cock's tails after Torres Vedras, by way of having so many feathers in his cap; or a box of lucifers as a light recognition of his services at Waterloo. There must be a true relish for military glory among the Chinese generals, if they are sufficiently "pleased by a feather" to risk their lives in the hope of obtaining a bit of a peacock's tail on which to plume themselves, and are prepared to carry on "war to the knife" with a pen-knife in prospect by way of acknowledgment. If a more civilised commander were, after a brilliant achievement, to be offered a pen-knife, he would probably use it to "cut his stick," and leave the service for ever.

"Another and Another still Succeeds."

BYRON has informed us that "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains," but how are we to describe ALBERT SMITH, who seems determined to make himself the "Monarch of Mont Blanc?" It is true that he could scarcely fix upon a higher point for the summit of his ambition. If he has chosen that particular walk in life, though it is laborious and slippery, we see no reason why he should not repeat his "terrific ascent" as often as he feels disposed. If he should continue to go "up, up, up" for another year, we shall begin to look upon the ascent of Mont Blanc as ALBERT "SMITH's work in general."

SIGNS MADE SYMBOLS.



REFORM of the extortionate system of British Hotels might be commenced with an alteration of their nomenclature, consisting in a judicious allotment of nicknames. The good old English signs of the Dragon, the Lion, Red or Black, and such like, should be taken as examples of the principle on which all those places of plunder should be designated. Those time-honoured appellations are recommended not only by their antiquity but by their candour, and we would have every extravagant Inn, that is, almost every Inn in the kingdom, that does not rejoice in one of them, denoted and commonly called and known by a similar kind of title; as, The Crocodile, The Boa Constrictor, The Hyena, The Condor, The Wolf, The Ogre, in order to signify that it is the den of a ravenous monster that subsists by devouring travellers.

Credit at a Discount.

THERE was great consternation at the West End on the announcement being made that the rate of discount had been raised in the Back parlour—of SHADRACK AND CO.—from fifty-five to sixty per cent. Even this amount of interest was insufficient to ensure the discount of some very good paper—for though the paper itself was certainly very good, it was spoiled by some very bad names on the back of it. §



WHAT EVERYBODY THINKS.

Young Palmerston, }
 a sharp clever boy. }

"OH, CRIKEY! WHAT A SCOTCH MULL OF A PRIME MINISTER!"

[THAT MAY BE, BUT IT IS NOT PRETTY TO SAY SO.—Punch.]





ECONOMY.

Mamma. "My dear child! What are you doing with my best Velvet Dress?"

Child. "I am only cutting and contriving a Frock for my Doll!"

THE EMPEROR AT BOULOGNE.

(By our own Eye-Witness.)

BOULOGNE has for some weeks presented the miserable aspect of a sort of daylight Vauxhall, or the "behind the scenes" portion of a theatre at rehearsal time. The "EMPEROR" having been expected nearly a month ago, the "authorities" who had made him captive in 1840 determined to captivate him in 1853 by turning the town into a series of "bowers of bliss" by the aid of at least 1000 scaffolding poles and some millions of yards of evergreens. The "authorities," having formed themselves into a sort of committee of stage management, proceeded to get up the scenery and properties a month ago; and during that month, the equinoctial gales have been shifting the scenery and distributing the properties in a most vague and impartial manner. Several "triumphal arches" have been for the last three weeks staggering in a sort of drunken state in the middle of the principal thoroughfares. The festoons of "evergreens" have been helplessly hanging about in a condition which shows that the immortality of their greenness is a mere myth, for we never saw a collection of used-up tea-leaves looking so thoroughly "done brown" as these long lines of deceased box, dangling about in the blustering breath of BOREAS. The rain, as if mistaking them for real "tea-leaves," and hoping to get still some good out of them, has kept them in almost a perpetual soak, and the pavements have been strewn with dying or dead asparagus in that feathery state it assumes when the asparagus has all gone, and the plants have taken it into their heads to put forth a rather graceful but unprofitable luxuriance of green-stuff.

We must give every credit to the "getting up" of the "EMPEROR's" reception, for we certainly never saw so many "set scenes" employed in a single act, and when we remember that the act was a mere farce, the expense incurred seems still more remarkable.

The "properties" were also on the most elaborate scale, and the pasteboard eagles were equal to any owl we ever saw in the palmiest days of *Der Freischütz*. Immense "troops of auxiliaries" and "supernumeraries" in military uniforms were engaged expressly for the occasion, and as these had to be billeted on the inhabitants, there were instances of a quiet English family or two having to entertain a dragoon, while in one case the choice between a colonel, or two lieutenants, or four privates was offered to a quaker, who was residing at Boulogne for retirement.

There could be no objection to any amount of obsequiousness in which the Boulonnais themselves might indulge, but surely a "loyal address" from the English to any sovereign but their own was some-

what superfluous. Nevertheless such a document was got up and was actually signed by DOCTOR SOMEBODY, MRS. SOMEBODY, MISS SOMEBODY, MISS ANNA MARIA SOMEBODY, MASTER J. SOMEBODY, and a lot of little SOMEBODIES or NOBODIES, who we suppose had a family meeting with Papa or Mamma in the chair, to appoint a deputation to "go up" with the piece of flatteringly to the "EMPEROR." We can excuse the address of the *matelottes*, presented by a very venerable *matelotte*, who read to the sham NAPOLEON the very same address that she had read to the real NAPOLEON "forty years ago, in the maturity of her beauty" (what a beauty she must be in 1853 if she was full blown in 1804); but we cannot understand what pretext there could be for a few English old women and children expressing their "loyalty" to the present "EMPEROR."

Their "Majesties" entered the lower town, having been "washed, just washed in a shower," which came on as they approached the Sous-Prefecture, and a vast crowd of umbrellas was all that could be seen by the assembled multitude. There was all the usual humbug of receiving the keys, which are never used, and would of course refuse to fit the lock, which in its turn would inevitably decline to act, and the Imperial couple were then dragged about in the rain, under the drippings from the festoons and through the theatrical arches, one of which was designed after the *Arc d'étoile*, being itself in reality an *arc de toile*—or arch of canvas. No sooner had their "Majesties" left the town than our old friend BOREAS began to puff and blow through all the streets, which he very rapidly cleared of all their "thousand additional lights," sending the paper lanterns through the air on all sides, and whisking away the evergreen festoons, which were instantly turned into skipping ropes by the delighted *gamins*. Thus, like everything else, the whole affair of the "EMPEROR's" visit to Boulogne was speedily blown over.

THE FREEBOOTER OF THE CASTLE.

An Outlaw bold, I quarter hold in a goodly castle free,
Which I wot the Lord, of his own accord, would scarce allow to me,
And I scorn to sleep in the donjon keep; but the room of state is mine,
And I work the beef of the fat old thief, and I tope the old rogue's wine.

For, sooth to say, upon his prey, I banquet as I will,
And hereby ye know that my Lord also doth plunder, fleece, and pill,
He spoils and takes, yet no law breaks, the statute keeps within,
As a man may do the traveller who doth shear to the very skin.

The lion's feed, through his own greed, the little jackal supplies,
So I make my boot of another's fruit, and feast on another's prize.
My eyes flash out, and for joy I shout, the wayfarer to view,
He is game, I ween, that mine Host so keen and his serfs for me pursue.

In glee I skip as I think they'll strip him of all that his poke can hold,
As they hack with a will and a brandished bill and hew out the victim's gold,
And screw and wring with a long long string, to squeeze out more and more;

It pleases me so that I laugh Ho ho! and hurl out a demon's roar;

For I know to-night that luckless wight will at my mercy lie;
I shall get the good of his sumptuous food and his red port wine so high.

On him I'll creep in slumber deep when he is bound for me!
Do ye know me now? Do I need avow that I am the TAVERN FLEA?

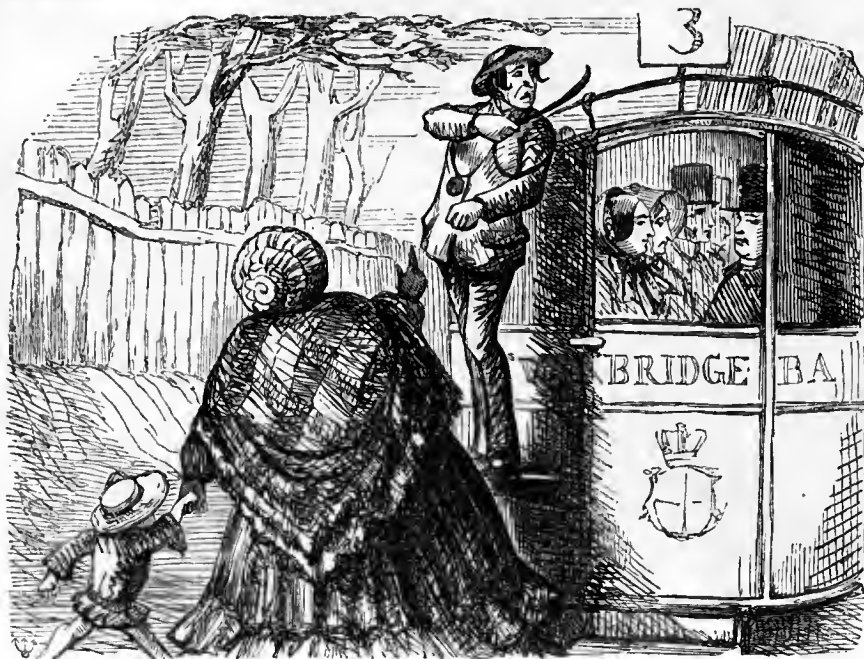
A CASE OF CLEAN HANDS.

"WOULD you like to wash your hands, Sir?" "We would." "This way, if you please, Sir." We follow, and are shown into a closet, and allowed to introduce ourselves to soap, water, and towel. We are about to depart for our dinner—for we are at the *Sun and Staylace* at Richmond, or at the *Crozier* at Greenwich—when we find, mounting guard at the closet-door (with all the calm determination of a sentinel) the chambermaid. She is upon duty there, for—at least—sixpence for water, soap, and towel. For, at least, sixpence; and you can see by the calm energy of the woman's countenance that she has resolved to have that tester, or like a true and acknowledged heroine of the domestic drama, to perish in the attempt. But she has never yet been known to perish, for she has always achieved her little sixpence!

Ha'porths of Philosophy.

THE only legitimate strike is the strike of the iron when it is hot.
A coward is generally a bully, for he who is chicken-hearted may naturally be fowl-mouthed.

THE MOUSTACHE!—Working-men are about to adopt the moustache. Consequently, all idlers—in self-defence—must shave.



WEIGHT AND MEASURE.

"Quite full, Marm. Might have sponged the Child in, but you're about a hounce and a 'arf too large."

ANOTHER INSULT TO IRELAND!

(From the Nation.)

"It is reported that the ever glorious JOHN MITCHELL has escaped from the blood-red hands of the sanguinary Saxon. And what has been the reward offered for his apprehension? Why '£2 or such lesser sum as may be determined upon by the convicting magistrate!' Forty shillings for that heroic martyr! Oh, my countrymen, does not the brutal *Times*, every day of its atrocious existence, offer more for a strayed cur—a wandering puppy-dog? And forty shillings (or less) for the hope of Erin!"

It would seem that the Colonial Government has orders to treat Irish patriots as at rural fairs and merry-makings the master of ceremonies treats pigs; namely—to grease well their tails, that they may the more easily slip out of hand.

Theatrical Act of Grace.

OUR theatrical readers will rejoice to know that MR. CHARLES KEAN will re-open the Princess's with an act of clemency. The playing-world lamented to learn that MR. KEAN—in pursuance of a high, unflinching principle—had erased the QUEEN'S name from the List, for having incautiously laughed at Free MR. BRAID'S imitation of MR. KEAN. We are happy to learn, however, that HER MAJESTY'S name has been restored, intelligence to that effect having, last week, been sent from the Box-office to Balmoral.

MAHOGANY POSSESSED.

THERE is something in Table-moving—and we imagined that FARADAY had discovered what that was. At least we thought that if he had not, the Dence was in it; and we were right—but right in the alternative. The phenomenon, according to the demonstration of two Anglican divines, is produced by "Satanic Agency." The old broker of souls is the man in possession of mahogany. The REV. N. S. GODFREY, Incumbent of Wortley, Leeds, and the REV. E. GILLSON, Curate of Lyncombe and Widcombe, Bath, have respectively printed and published evidence of this fact. They have witnessed the change of mahogany into Satan-wood. They have seen the tables talk with their legs by knocking on the floor, and they give us dialogues which they have held, personally, with these articles of furniture; questions put and genuine answers returned, with the stamp—without which none are genuine. From these answers they conclude that the leg of the table is connected with a cloven foot.

The tables, indeed, candidly confessed to both of these clergymen that they were actuated by evil spirits, one of which described itself as a lost soul, by the name of ALFRED BROWN, but appeared, by the testimony of another, to have an *alias*. This rogue of a spirit asserted that he could move the table without the hands of the experimenters; which, when tested, however, he could not do; and it certainly seems that table-moving cannot be accomplished unless somebody else, besides the devil, has a hand in it.

That personage is familiarly denominated the Old Gentleman. His table talk justifies his title to that appellation, by showing that he is in his dotage. The demons that possess the tables contradict themselves on cross-examination in a way unparalleled by the stupidest liar that ever stood in a witness box. The Baronet whose case broke down the other day was a very adept in fiction, compared to the Father of it—speaking by tables. Besides it is very silly of him—not the Baronet but the other—to disclose himself at all. If his great object is to get people to come to him, he could do nothing more likely to defeat it than to go to them, and thus convince the British Public of his existence. "The Devil is an Ass" is now something more than the title of a comedy.

The tables refused to move when the Bible was placed upon them—though one did lift its leg by trying very hard, "slowly and heavily," under the burden of a New Testament. But another was equally restive beneath a slip of paper whereon was written the name of "SATAN." So it was under other names, not to be repeated here. Now, all this is grossly inconsistent on the part of one who has always been considered the very Prince of Plausibility.

However, both of the reverend gentlemen denounce all doubt touching the correctness of their reference of these things to diabolical

agency, as profane scepticism; and under these circumstances we have besought the advice of our venerated Rector, the REV. DR. DRYPORT; who told us that he believed in no supernatural events whatever, the acknowledgment of which was not required by the Thirty-Nine Articles. He added that if he saw a table, moving without physical agency, stopped, independently of simple weight, by the superposition of a Bible, he should be disposed to let the volume remain where it was, and apply himself to the study of its contents. If he had reason to suppose that the devil was in the table, he should let him alone, and have nothing to say to him unless he were sure he had the power to east him out of it.

We asked the Reverend Doctor what he thought of the following extract from the pamphlet of MR. GILLSON.

"I then asked, 'Where are SATAN'S head-quarters? Are they in England?' There was a slight movement. 'Are they in France?' A violent movement. 'Are they in Spain?' Similar agitation. 'Are they at Rome?' The table literally seemed frantic . . . 'Do you know the Pope?' The table was violently agitated."

DR. DRYPORT answered that he supposed the table must have been one that had been used at Exeter Hall, and probably acted under influence from that quarter—of a mechanical nature. He should think that one of the parties touching the table was a very zealous Protestant.

We inquired if there would be any harm in our trying if tables would move by the imposition of our hands? He replied that there could be no doubt that they were moved by an imposition practised by hand, but if we had any, there was no objection to our making the experiment. We, therefore, chose twelve honest men, constituting, in fact, a British jury, and got them to lay their hands on a substantial dinner-table, which presently began to move. The following dialogue ensued:

"Where are the head-quarters of despotism? Are they in England?" There was no movement. "Are they in France?" A violent movement. "Are they in Austria?" A tremendous movement. "Are they in Russia?" The table jumped and bounced, and tumbled from side to side in such a manner that one might have imagined that a quantity of brandy and water had been spilt upon it and made it furiously drunk.

"Do you know OLD NICHOLAS?" The table capsized, went right over; completely upset.

After that, what question can there be about the "agency" concerned in Table-moving? DR. DRYPORT, however, will have it that MR. GODFREY and MR. GILLSON have not been having communication with evil spirits, and that whatever those gentlemen may say for themselves, they are no conjurers.

"MANCHESTER is the portico of the great Temple of Peace."—*Cobden*.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.



LAST night an alarming riot took place in Printing-house Square. About five hundred hotel-keepers — represented by their signs — attacked the *Times*' office.

The RED BULL swore "he'd toss the whole bilin of 'em for a pint. He ought to know something of rump-steaks; and 5s. a head warn't too much for 'em."

The ANGEL wondered that any gentlemen who was a gent could object to wax-candles to go to bed with. The ANGEL abominated compo; hoping she knew what real light was.

The GOAT-IN-BOOTS said kids,

other ways children, over nine, ought to be charged for as full-growld. Some little gals was women at eight.

The COCK-AND-BOTTLE was above trumpeting anything. But how could any gent expect a pint of port under three-and-six?

At least a dozen BEARS—growling their loudest—said, seeing the expense at which they sat, swore they couldn't afford a sandwich under a shilling.

The ADAM-AND-EVE never heard of such a thing as "a dressing-room." Wondered what next?

At this time the increased crowd of RED LIONS, WHITE BULLS, BLACK HORSES, began to roar and bellow, and snort and neigh and kick in the most appalling style. The hubbub becoming unendurable, the Editor—after due warning given by the publisher—threw up the window in the face of the mob, and fired a leading article over their heads. Upon this, the crowd quietly separated.

ANOTHER MONEY QUESTION.

"DEAREST PUNCH,

"I DON'T feel quite safe—as I have a large money-bag, full of 'lucky pieces,' every one of which is more or less disfigured, or defaced. Some are bent, some are chipped or cut, some have holes bored through them to enable any one to wear them round his neck, and every one has something the matter with it. Now I have been all my life collecting these lucky coins—and I am sure there must be five or six pounds' worth of them altogether—at all events a great deal more than I should like to have taken from me. Besides they all represent a 'charm' against fits, against the small-pox, or some calamity or other; and it would be very hard if my 'lucky pieces,' instead of bringing me good-luck, were the cause of my lasting sorrow and ruin. Do you think they could carry me to the Tower for having them in my possession, or would they send me to New South Wales? My aunt tells me they are of no kind of value; but that I will never believe, for what was once a shilling must be always a shilling, though I should not like to be dragged off to the Police-office in the event of my buying a paper of pins in order to test its value."

"Yours, FANNY."

Worthy Attention.

"DEAR PUNCH,—As there is a great deal doing at present in the way of Removal of Nuisances, would it not be well to draw the attention of the parties entrusted with this duty to all inquiries into 'the authorship of JUNIUS,' than which a greater nuisance does not exist.

"TODDLES."

Echo Right at Last.

In a recent edict the Chinese Emperor asks indignantly, "Where is the LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WAN-TING?" For the reply we beg to refer his Imperial Majesty to our old friend Echo, who to the question, "Where is WAN-TING?" will truly reply "Wanting."

THE PAROCHIAL MUDDLARK.

A CHAUNT FOR CHURCHWARDENS AND OVERSEERS.

SET my arm-chair to the table; hand a light and bring a tumbler, O be joyful while you're able; silence each unthankful grumbler. Parisif Clerk and Undertaker is my calling and vocation; Let no peace-and-quiet-breaker throw me into consternation.

What's to be will surely happen, by no pains or care prevented; All in vain is sewers trapping; we had better be contented. Wherefore vex your souls, your spirits why should you, my friends, disquiet?

He that fidgets, frets, and worrits, gets no satisfaction by it.

Since we all are born to trouble, plagues, of course, must be expected, Being only grass and stubble, what of cleanliness neglected? Live and let live, that's my motto; catgut-makers are our neighbours; Knackers we no right have got to stop from following their labours.

From the premises of JONES the nose of SMITH if somewhat reaches, Caused by boiling flesh or bones, or greaves to feed the canine species, SMITH should, like a Christian, wink; put up with such a little trifle: Hold his nostrils, if he think it needful the perfume to stifle.

Churchyards also, that employ afford so many people unto, Why not let us still enjoy, thus doing as you would be done to? Hundreds prosper and grow wealthy with 'em underneath their noses, Living hearty, fat, and healthy, nearly to the age of MOSES.

Things of that sort to the senses now and then will grow unpleasant, Whensoever that commences, take and do like me at present, Smoke a pipe, whereby you'll smother all the nuisance and objection; Better that than any other measure to prevent infection.

Don't go poking, don't go raking, into what I need not utter, All the means from parties taking out of which their bread they butter, Best to leave alone stagnation; stir it, and we know the sequel, That of all this agitation will the strongest posy equal.

'Tis presumption to depend on such precautions and defences; Who can calculate their end on any further than expenses? From the lot that Man awaits we none of us can lift the curtain; And an increase of the rates is all we can consider certain.

Water will be rather queer sometimes; the pump a churchyard handy: Well, but then there's little fear, suppose you mingle it with brandy. So, here's the present state of things—and let us have no revolutions—Upsetting Emperors, Queens, and Kings; and our Parochial Institutions.

TREMENDOUS EFFECTS OF A KISS.

NICHOLAS and FRANCIS JOSEPH have met at Olmütz; met and affectionately fraternised. For we are told that "loud applause followed from the spectators as the Emperors publicly kissed each other: and then the Court dinner followed, the two Emperors spending the evening together in undisturbed privacy." But this scene (see last week's *Punch*) our artist has already immortalised; he having sketched the Imperial couple—even as in an old play—"from behind the arras." The royal salute has been embalmed in the lines of the Austrian Poet LAUREAT, DOCTOR VON WATTZ:—

"Snakes in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a pretty sight,
When Emperors of the like kid-ney,
Do kiss left cheek and right."

But other, and deeper effects resulted from that Imperial smack! And such a smack! As though a red-hot poker should have kissed a barrel of gunpowder. For as cheeks were kissed—

Poland writhed and groaned afresh!—
Hungary clenched her red right hand, and renewed her silent vow!—
Turkey, with a flourish of the sabre, set her teeth, and cried "Allah! Bismallah!"

Naples—through KING BOMBA—cried "Ancora; kiss again!"
And ABERDEEN, folding pacific hands, declared, "it was a sweet sight—uncó sweet—to see sick mighty Potentates in sick *unmeetly*."

Punch—meeting his friend BARON SHEKELS at the COUNTESS OF POLKHERLEGGSOFF—asked the philanthropic Hebrew his private opinion of that salute. The Baron pathetically observed "it was a sight worth a Jew's eye." And so it was; even if the Jew had been JUDAS.

A JOG FOR BIRMINGHAM GAOL.

A CONVICT, perhaps, deserves to have his head shaved; but it does not follow that his treatment should be altogether barbarous.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Whipper. "WELL, I WEAR MINE BECAUSE IT SAVES TROUBLE, AND IS SO VERY 'EALTHY."

Snapper. "HAH, WELL THERE AINT NO 'UMBUG ABOUT ME; I WEAR MINE BECAUSE THEY LOOKS 'ANSON, AND GOES DOWN WITH THE GALS."

AN AFFAIR WITH THE (KNIGHTSBRIDGE) CAFFRES.

WE thought we had heard enough of the rows with the Caffres at the Cape; but there have lately been some Caffres cutting the oddest capers at Hyde Park Corner. It seems that a noble Caffre chieftain has entered into an agreement for himself and a few of his tribe to howl, leap, brandish tomahawks, and indulge in other outlandish freaks, coming under the head of "native customs," for a year and a half, during which period the howlings, tomahawkings, &c., are to be the exclusive property of an individual who has speculated on the appetite of the British public for yells and wild antics. Things were going on pretty comfortably, with the exception of an occasional "outbreak"—which means the breaking-in by a Caffre of some other Caffre's, or somebody else's head—when the chief was seized with a generous desire to make a gratuitous exhibition of himself, and accordingly NKULOOCOLO—as the chief calls himself—took a turn in the Park on Thursday last with four of his fellow countrymen.

The proprietor of the yells and native dances, fearful that the gilt would be taken off the gingerbread complexions of the Caffres if their faces were made familiar to the public in Hyde Park, sent a policeman to take the "chief" into custody. NKULOOCOLO, however, who seems to take the thing coolly as well as cavalierly—or Caffrely—refused to walk in, but stood outside the door, rendering it hopeless that anybody would pay half-a-crown to "walk up," when the chief was to be seen "alive, alive" for nothing at the threshold. The proprietor endeavoured to push the chief inside, but the chief gave a counter-push, and there seemed a probability of a war-whoop being got up at the expense rather than for the benefit of the enterprising individual who had engaged the whoopers. Upon this the chief was taken into custody and charged with an assault, and with having desired the proprietor (in Caffre) to "look out"—an expression which, though not very alarming in English, seems to have had in Caffre a very frightful effect on the mind of the hearer. Perhaps, being familiar with the club exercise of

GRAND SCENA FROM OBERON.

Enter from a Hotel, SIR HUON, without his Coat.

RECITATIVE.

YES, even clothes the pay must yield,
No carpet bag have I;
The Paper be my battle field—
I'm fleeced! my battle cry.

AIR.

O, 'tis a monstrous sight to see
The charge of the British Hostelry,
Its plunderings over aghast we go,
With glances adding each long, long row!

One's shocked as one glances; we shiver all,
Though we shiver quite in vain—
They have raised such a total, we, rampant, call
On the Landlord to explain.

Charge ten shillings for breakfast and bed!
Dinner reckoned at eight per head!
Are things raised again, though Protection's no more?
For your hills are as of yore!
I say, I'm done! Tea, two for one?
Your crumpets startle my father's son!
And my senses are whirled to the winds afar,
By your wax-lights, Attendance, *Et Cætera!*
Mourr, ye Knaves in the Public line,
Your swindles lie stark in the broad sunshine,
The guests whom you sheared ere you let them go
Have made all the world your extortion know!
Joy to the moderate hosts of France!
Custom waits upon wise finance;
Joy to your honest Yankee men!
Their guests are all travelling back again.
There they go—the shaved ones sec,
Who are grumbling at British Roguery.

Take the bill—the items par,
Fill with cheap wine the bottle fair,
Strike off half—'t will still be high—
When we've won the victory!

THE HORSE-MARINES.—The poor horses that draw the Bathing Machines.

the Caffres, he might have reason to fear that their "native customs" would make them rather awkward customers.

The complainant was, however, most properly told by the Magistrate that the Caffres cannot, by law, be restrained from going wherever they please, though they may have agreed to whoop and yell, but their whooping and yelling can only be enforced by civil process. If a Caffre chooses to take a walk in the Park, or anywhere else, he has a perfect right to do so, if he does not break the law by tomahawking the public, or any other "native" eccentricity. The "proprietor" seemed to feel himself rather aggrieved that he could not dispose of the Caffres in any way he pleased, but it would be rather too absurd, that the principle of slavery and absolute control over the person of a human being should be recognised for the benefit of an individual who has speculated in the attraction of savage yells and barbarian antics.

THE PARSON'S PARLIAMENT.

EVERY now and then we read in the papers an account of the Convocation of Prelates and Clergy, at which, by general consent, nothing seems to be done, and nobody appears to be present. If this assembly, which never assembles, and a body, which nobody troubles himself to form, is supposed to represent the Church, we must admit that the representation is—as far as sinecurism is concerned—a very faithful one. The proceedings at the last meeting consisted of a rather dull duett, between the Archbishop's commissioner and his Grace's registrar. The latter in a lengthened solo gave the whole writ of prorogation at full length, and the former chimed in at the conclusion with an announcement that the business of the day was ended. The scene of this melancholy farce is always the Jerusalem Chambers. It would perhaps give life to the scene if Mr. COOK would lend from ASTLEY'S a Jerusalem pony or two by way of affording a little fit companionship to the commissioner and registrar, who must be rather sick of each other, and might be glad to welcome a little congenial society. The addition we have suggested might be sanctioned, under the plea that the Vicar of Bray would then have a representative.

OUR CITY ARTICLE.



HE present financial crisis appears to demand from *Mr. Punch* one of those Money Articles with which he has stepped forward in other times of difficulty, and which have instantly restored stability and confidence. Regardless, therefore, of his own personal comfort, he attended the Stock Market one day during the past week.

Mr. Punch was struck by the exceeding helplessness of the gentlemen in whose hands is the political thermometer, better known as the Funds. They displayed an avidity in grasping at the slightest hint, which was only equalled by the hurry with which they sprang away to do something, before they comprehended the real bearing of the information. Indeed, if these gentlemen of the Stock Exchange waited until they understood the actual tendency of the events upon which they deal, some of them might wait long enough.

Mr. Punch casually remarked to a friend that "ABERDEEN was out this morning," and there was a rush of fifty men eager to buy on account of the good news. Had they paused to hear *Mr. Punch* add, "walking in Kensington Gardens," they might have spared their trouble. Subsequently, the same gentleman was heard to say, "Not so tight as it was." Away hurried the correspondents of the papers, and told everybody that the tightness of the market was disappearing. *Mr. Punch* merely alluded to his hat, which had been a little uncomfortable until he had his hair cut. "Will open flatly," an observation *Mr. Punch* simply applied to the Princess's Theatre, was construed into a prophecy of the state of the Market next day, and business was done accordingly. But the greatest coup, and one for which *Mr. Gladstone* owes *Mr. Punch* a good turn, was the latter gentleman's saying, as he left the Exchange, "Those new Stocks are the best, because they always keep up so well." The new creations, for whose non-popularity the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been much twitted by financiers who do not know discount from premium, immediately sprang into activity, and yet *Mr. Punch's* remark was simply *apropos* of his friend's wearing a rather seedy tie round his neck. He hopes that EXCHEQUER BILL, as the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM is rather irreverently called in the City, will remember this good service next time *Mr. Punch* hints that it is time the duty should come off paper.

While the news was favourable to Russia, the Bears were very elate, but as soon as it was known that *Punch* had declared against ABERDEEN and for an English policy, the Bulls exulted. SHAKSPERE was quoted at random, but usually wrongly. The jobbers were scarce, owing to the Irish Brigade being out of the country. There was a rumour that a large operator had come, but it turned out to be only a fat surgical practitioner who had mistaken his way, and was, of course, exposed to the graceful jocularities of the House. A Bank Director came on and made some practical jokes, from which it was surmised that the Bank reserve was very small. Prices jumped about on every side, and so did little boys, whom the beadle chased, declaring he would have them there at no price. Some of the speculators appeared very uneasy, especially those who had a good way to go home, and thought it was going to rain. Finally, *Mr. Punch* was informed that things closed with much firmness at four, but he believes this must apply to the gates.

Under all circumstances, *Mr. Punch* strongly advises holders to be neither rash nor fearful, while sellers should abstain alike from temerity and timidity. All parties had better be guided by circumstances, and not attempt to lay down Medo-Persian rules for themselves. Let Prudence be their beacon, and Wisdom their chart. They will do well to watch the course of events, but not to surmise that they understand them, while at the same time taking care not to shut their eyes to contingencies. A thing may happen, or it may not, but the wise man will discern the signs of the times. By following this advice, which *Mr. Punch* has carefully framed upon the model of what is given by all the recognised financial authorities, he has no doubt that through the shoals of the present crisis the Bark of Public Confidence may be steered into the haven of prosperity.

THE IMPERTINENCE OF SCIENCE.

SOMEBODY has invented an instrument which he calls a Lunarium, and which is calculated to look so very closely into the Moon's face, that the Moon's age—exact to a quarter of an hour—may be discovered. Really this seems hardly fair towards the Moon, for it ought to be remembered that

"Luna, Luna, Luna's a lady"

and no lady—at least none of our acquaintance—could stand against the force of an instrument so powerful as to detect every furrow, wrinkle, or even crease in her countenance. It is all very well for the sons of science to be continually staring Luna in the face, through the medium of powerful telescopes; but having satisfied themselves of the "Moon's Age," they might surely be satisfied without continually publishing the fact for the gratification of an impertinent curiosity.

MODERN MYTHOLOGY.

ONE of our serious contemporaries, in recording a fashionable marriage, describes the bride as "led to the hymenæal altar." The nuptial rites were celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square; and we are further informed that the REV. BERRY M. HUNTINGDON officiated. We do not know that the priests of HYMEN were styled Reverend, nor were we aware that the divinity in question had any altar in St. George's church.



WHAT THE "BRITISH GRENADIER" IS INEVITABLY COMING TO.

SOME talk of ALEXANDER, and some of PERICLES, Of HECTOR and LYSANDER, and such old Guys as these; But of all the horrid objects, the "wust" I do declare, Is the Prusso-Russo-Belgo-Gallo-British Grenadier.

Integrity of Foreign Powers.

THE preservation of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is no doubt a very important object; but a matter of no less consequence is the restoration of the integrity of the Kingdom of Spain, which it has lost in cheating its creditors.

PATRIOTISM OF THE FIRST WATER.

MR. FRANCIS MAGUIRE talks of "patriots of the purest water." Pity is it that such water so seldom comes out of the Lifley.



Butcher Boy (who has had a liberal education). "PUR—PURVY—OR TO HER MADGISTY. OH! THEN THAT'S A STATTY-ETTE OF THE QUEEN, THAT'S WOT THAT IS."

Companion. "LAW!"

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 7.

It would be a mistake for a person of taste to leave Paris without dining at PHILIPPE's, the great artist, who dwells in the Rue Montorgueil. There is the very highest authority (an Ex-Cancellor, a Bishop or two, and my friend JOLLYBOY) for stating that this house is by far the best in the city; and so, Sir, having the interests of your paper and my country in view, I accepted the invitation of HARRY ORTOLAN, himself no bad judge, to meet a small party there. There were old MARTINGALE and SHEFFIELD HIGSON, and DE COURCY of the Embassy, a young Frenchman named MONSIEUR FRÉDÉRIC HULOT, PROTOCOL, DE FAULTER, and your Correspondent.

HULOT (a great ass) who dresses à l'Anglais in a pantalon à la gentlemens-ridères, and rides a grey mare with very long legs in the Champs Elysées, fastened on to MARTINGALE, and gabbled away about the Liverpool Stipple Chase and MONSIEUR MASON, wanting to know how much an English horse, pure blood, would cost. He was to be showy and very quiet. MARTINGALE rather bluntly told him, he had better learn to ride, before he thought of buying a horse. DE FAULTER invited your Correspondent to come and play *écarté* at the Cercle some evening. A very friendly nice fellow. He was in some cavalry regiment, but sold out. I forget why he left the Rag. Perhaps it was too noisy a club for him. SHEFFIELD HIGSON was holding forth, to the great disgust of DE COURCY, about the English constitution, maintaining the universal corruption of the Church and aristocracy, and looking forward to the time when MR. COBDEN should be at the head of Foreign Affairs, and MR. BRIGHT at the War Office; the revenues of the Church of England being divided *pro rata* among the schools of various denominations. To confess the truth, HIGSON spoils the effect of his excellent political principles by the grossest toad-eating. He never can speak without mentioning some lord as his intimate friend. DE COURCY listened to his speculations in horror, and was quite unable to profess his own simple faith—that the House of Peers and the country gentlemen had an exclusive right to the government, and that the devil was the first Whig. He could only turn away, and mutter something about "an infernal snob." PROTOCOL was boring our host with his views on the Zollverein. Altogether we were uncomfortable together, and were all delighted when dinner was announced.

The *huîtres de Marenne*, those genuine treasures of the deep, had disappeared when ORTOLAN, filling a glass of old Grave, said, "Do you

know I hate a fellow who says he doesn't like a good dinner. It's generally humbug, and when it isn't that, it's something worse. It shows a want of humanity: he might just as well not like virtue, or be indifferent about cleanliness. A good dinner is better than a bad dinner, exactly as a good man is better than a bad man; and to be without a taste, is as much a defect as to be without a heart. An ancient philosopher" (ORTOLAN is literary, and has read ATHENEUS) "has defined man as a cooking animal, with great justice. Advance in cookery accompanies advance in civilisation, and they doubtless will both reach perfection at the same time. The culinary art has a direct effect in refining mankind; in the beautiful words of the *Latin Grammar*, it is emollient to the manners; nor does it allow them to be rough." (HIGSON, who has no Latin, here sneered visibly.) "After this *potage bisque aux écrivains*, we feel our hearts expand in universal philanthropy. Who would grovel amid lower dirt when he can nourish his essence with stuff so ambrosial?"

"Well, for my part," said honest MARTINGALE, "I don't care about your French flummery—it's all to hide the taste of the meat. Give me a steak of good English beef, you know what you're eating then. Who knows what this patty has inside it?" "You old heathen," exclaimed the epicure with pity, "eat therefore without inquiry; you should never work your intellect at the same time with your digestion, or you will spoil the operation of both. Eat in silence, for it is good, and thank the happy age and country which puts such delicate things before its sons."

MARTINGALE grumbled about fellows worshipping a certain portion of their physical constitution, but devoted himself nevertheless to the suspicious *pâté* with great success. The enthusiasm of the less prejudiced part of the guests, amongst whom it, of course to be reckoned your open-minded Correspondent, was quickened by some *foie gras*, and rose to the highest pitch over a *salmi* of woodcocks, which even MARTINGALE admitted to be no end of good, although the best woodcocks in the world were to be shot on the governor's manors in Lincolnshire. PROTOCOL here drank the health of the *chef* in a glass of CLUQUOR's champagne amid general applause.

Your Correspondent is aware of the painful effect that would be produced on your readers, condemned to drag on a miserable existence on the indigestible products of an English kitchen, if he were to enumerate and describe the dishes that completed the repast—all light, savoury, succulent, and nourishing. But why, he begs to ask, is it, that with confessedly inferior materials a French artist can make up a dinner, and a good one, where an Anglo Saxon cook only furnishes instruments of stomachic torture? The fact is certain and the answer plain. A Frenchman considers his occupation as an art and throws his soul into it. Success is his ambition and, when achieved, his pride, and he pleases himself when he pleases you. Compare his enlightened enthusiasm with the view MARIAR or SOOSAN takes of her *métier*. Think of the impenetrable stupidity, the indolent unscientificness, the complacent conceit, and the obstinacy which hardens the hearts towards us of that matron and that maid, and by their hands infuses death into the pot. O MARIAR! O SOOSAN! be wise in time, learn your business, and be not slothful therein; listen to a voice of warning from a foreign strand, lest the day arrive when Missus is compelled to descend into the kitchen as Missuses used to do in times gone by, and your empire over your employers be broken up once and for ever.

The generous produce of a Burgundian autumn flamed in our glasses, loosening the tongue and not blunting the wit. The effect was varied and delightful. Old MARTINGALE, who had been very hard on the Lancers of the Guard, admitted that in a campaign the French cavalry might be awkward customers. DE FAULTER ceased his ausi-o-s to the card-playing at the Cercle, and his *coups* at NORRIS's. ORTOLAN showed that he could talk on other subjects than gastronomy, and DE COURCY was civil to SHEFFIELD HIGSON, who, on the other hand, abstained from enumerating his acquaintances among that aristocracy with whose utter worthlessness and degradation he was so much impressed. Your Correspondent, who is always pleasant and equable, was, if possible, more so than usual, and in the intervals of his brilliant sallies, added by acute observation to those stores of limpid wisdom, whence he periodically dispenses to your readers.

Something in a Name after all.

WE see by the French papers, that an umbrella called *The Mushroom* has been lately patented in Paris. We are not aware what new peculiarity of construction its inventor has discovered, but we think the name he has selected is a highly appropriate one, and might with exceeding fitness be applied, not to his alone, but to umbrellas generally. For as mushrooms naturally belong to that class of things which are "here to-day and gone to-morrow," we think their name may very properly be used to designate so fugitive a possession as an umbrella.

CRANKS AND CROTCHETS.—The introduction of crank labour into gaols has tended to corroborate the opinion, which is widely prevalent, that prison disciplinarians are apt to be what is vulgarly called "cranky."

GRAND DRAMATIC APRÈS DÉJEÛNER.



INCE the practice of giving entertainments to those who entertain the public has been adopted by those who got up the recent *déjeûner* to MR. G. V. BROOKE, it was determined by the friends of MR. STENTOR—the great interpreter of FITZBALL—to invite that gentleman to a grand Spanish onion feast, which came off at the Cinder Cellars and Dust-hole of harmony, near the New Cut, Lambeth.

The room was hung with some of the best specimens from the theatrical gallery of MARKS, and a magnificent portrait of HICKS, as *Leantoe*, picked out with tinfoil, and filled in with real red satin, occupied the centre of the wall over the seat of the Chairman. This masterly work of art was appropriately supported on its right by the well-known engraving of MR. G. ALMAE, as the *Knight of the Cross*; and on its left by the highly finished etching of MR. CROWTHER, as the *Friend of the Sepulchre*. A group of Pantomime characters faced the door;

and an equestrian piece representing "Miss WOODFORD in her favourite act of *The Reaper*," formed a pendant over the chimney-piece.

The supper was of the choicest kind, and embraced all the delicacies of the season that could be procured at the figure per head, which was fixed at the moderate tariff of ninepence, in order to embrace as many lovers of art—and onions—as possible. The *pièce de résistance* was a bit of the roast beef of old England, to which Ireland contributed her national potato, while Scotland sent her broth, and Wales was represented by a magnificent Welch rabbit. Nor was the Continent behind-hand in doing honour to the feast, for in peaceful proximity to the onion of Spain, stood the roll of France, the sausage of Germany, a flask of Lucca's luscious oil, and a few of the world-renowned sprouts of Brussels. After the cloth—and the crumbs—had been removed, the Chairman proposed the health of MR. STENTOR, who had made the voice of the drama heard in the midst of the hoots of a threepenny gallery, and who had fought more combats, assisted more defenceless females, unmasked more villains, and danced more hornpipes than any man in Europe.

When the applause had subsided, MR. STENTOR rose and modestly alluded to his own proud position. He expressed the highest reverence for his art, and declared that he felt almost awe-stricken when he trod the same boards that had been indented by the honoured heels of HICKS, and looked upon the same sky-borders that had been shaken by the screams of CARLITCH. He, MR. STENTOR, had had the honour of acting in the same company with those great men, and he must say that he felt his bosom swell when he remembered that the great CROWTHER had hung upon it when, as the tortured *Khan*, he lamented his "lost child;" and when he, MR. STENTOR, remembered that that "child" was no other than the illustrious HICKS, he, MR. STENTOR, felt that he had indeed, in the words of the immortal AMHERST (J. H.), been "in goodly company." He, MR. STENTOR, would not hope to equal these great men, nor would he ask that the mantle of any of them should fall upon him; but if either of them should have an old coat to spare, he did humbly ask that he might be allowed to aspire to wear it.

MR. STENTOR'S speech was received with the most enthusiastic clatter of pint pots, which lasted for several minutes.

The Chairman then pronounced a most impressive eulogium on WIDDICOMB, which was received in solemn silence.

This was responded to by a SHAKSPEARIAN jester and clown to the ring, the friend and adviser of WIDDICOMB, who, among other advice, advised him to sit still and say nothing.

The Chairman, in the course of the evening, observed that "the drama could never be in a decline while it had the support of such lungs as those of his friend STENTOR."

After the health of MR. BIDDLES, of the Bower Saloon, who acknowledged the compliment with a neat nod, the party broke up at a late hour.

Further Particulars.

"A MEDICAL Breakfast has come to be almost a part of the regular proceedings of the British Association—and the last meeting at Hull offered no exception."—*Athenæum*.

We understand that the bill of fare included Senna Tea, Cream of Tartar, Sugar of Lead, Butter of Antimony, Saffron Cake, Rhubarb Tart, and Antimony Wine. Spatulae were laid for forty.—*Punch*.

PROSPECTS OF A HAPPY PAIR OF EMPERORS.

A Duet.

NICHOLAS—FRANCIS.

- Both.* { EUROPE'S little Farm we'll keep,
And our little girls and boys,
Like little pigs or sheep,
Serve, dare they make a noise!
- Nich.* The trials I'll conduct;
Fran. The gaols I'll construct.
- Nich.* { In curbing hard and sage
My lash will prove efficient;
Fran. { My halter, I'll engage,
Will quell the ill-conditioned.
- Nich.* Now, slave, for back the knot!
Fran. Now, dog, the rope for neck;
- Both.* { And that's the way, no doubt,
To keep mankind in check.
- Nich.* K with an N, N with an O, O with a U, U with a T;
Fran. And a R and an O and a P and an E;
- Nich.* K. N. O. U. T.;
Fran. R. O. P. and E.;
- Both.* { When we've trampled down the Free,
Oh what jolly, glorious fun 't will be!

[*Da Capo ad lib.*]

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW FOR 1853!



E perfectly agree with MR. ALDERMAN SIDNEY—the Lord Mayor elect—that the great civic show of the Ninth of November is a vital element in our social and commercial life. WHITTINGTON'S cat still purrs encouragingly down generations. WALWORTH'S dagger is a bright and keen reality; and not the air-drawn blade that the utility-mongers would make of it. The influence of the Lord Mayor's Show is no doubt felt in the remotest parts of this

island. The rumbling of the wheels of the state coach is heard in the dreams of youthful sleepers a-bed, it may be, in garrets at the Land's End. ALDERMAN SIDNEY feels all the poetry of this; therefore the City of London is safe in his enthusiastic keeping.

But MR. ALDERMAN SIDNEY—if we may believe a very general report—proposes to endow the Show with a purpose of instruction. He will inform outward bravery with an inward teaching. Thus, as a prosperous tea-merchant, the new Lord Mayor will have a new state coach built and ornamented as a magnificent tea-chest upon wheels; and will further have his coachman and footmen dressed after the approved fashion of TIEN-TE, in remote but no less sincere compliment to Young China, *vice* Old China chipped, cracked, and falling to pieces.

Who is the Miscreant that sent us the following?

As we know that the Russians require oleaginous food, is it not possible that, after devouring Turkey, the Czar may take a fancy to "Greece?" Should he do so, is it not probable that "GENUINE RUSSIAN BEAR'S GREECE" will no longer be a fiction?

RUSSIA IN LONDON.

It is said that the agitation for the constitution of a Greek empire is the politic work of Russia. That if others supply the eloquence, the Greek fire of talk—it is Russia that stands the shot.



THE HORRORS OF WAR.

First Newmarket Boy. "AWFUL WORK THIS, BILL. WE'RE A GOIN' TO WAR WITH ROOSIA!"

Second Ditto. "WELL, WOT ODDS?"

First Ditto. "WOT ODDS? WHY, THERE WON'T BE NO HEMPEROR'S CUP NEXT YEAR, THAT'S ALL!"

THE TRUMPET OF BATTLE.

WHEN the trumpet's call to arms shall in Turkey's quarrel sound,
On the field of Europe's war shall JOHN BULL be backward found?
No, by GEORGE! to the fray like a war-steed let him bound,
Prepared to fall or conquer, with expensive laurels crowned.

Our heroes like water their blood abroad shall pour;
Our money shall also be scattered as of yore:
We have done it oftentimes, and we'll do it yet once more,
Even though we get worse off than we ever got before.

Should the nations draw the sword, it will be a grand affair,
With "Now or Never Liberty!" for a cry to rend the air:
Sore loss, whichever way it goes, ourselves will have to bear,
But that we've made our minds up to, and therefore need not care.

'Tis hard in others' quarrels to be forced to interpose,
But point me out the craven base that hesitation shows,
And I'll punch his wretched head and wring his despicable nose,
Forward! no matter how we swell the debt the nation owes.

Let the sword leap from the scabbard while the frantic bugles bray,
Draw, England, draw the purse as well that must be flung away,
Charge! and in charging never think how much you'll have to pay;
To the Brave there will be time to talk of that another day!

The Dream of a Bagpipe.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, at the late Privy Council, looked very much pressed and flattened. It is said that, for some weeks past, the noble Earl has suffered a nightly dream, in which he believes himself turned to a bagpipe, with the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, horned and tailed, playing upon him.

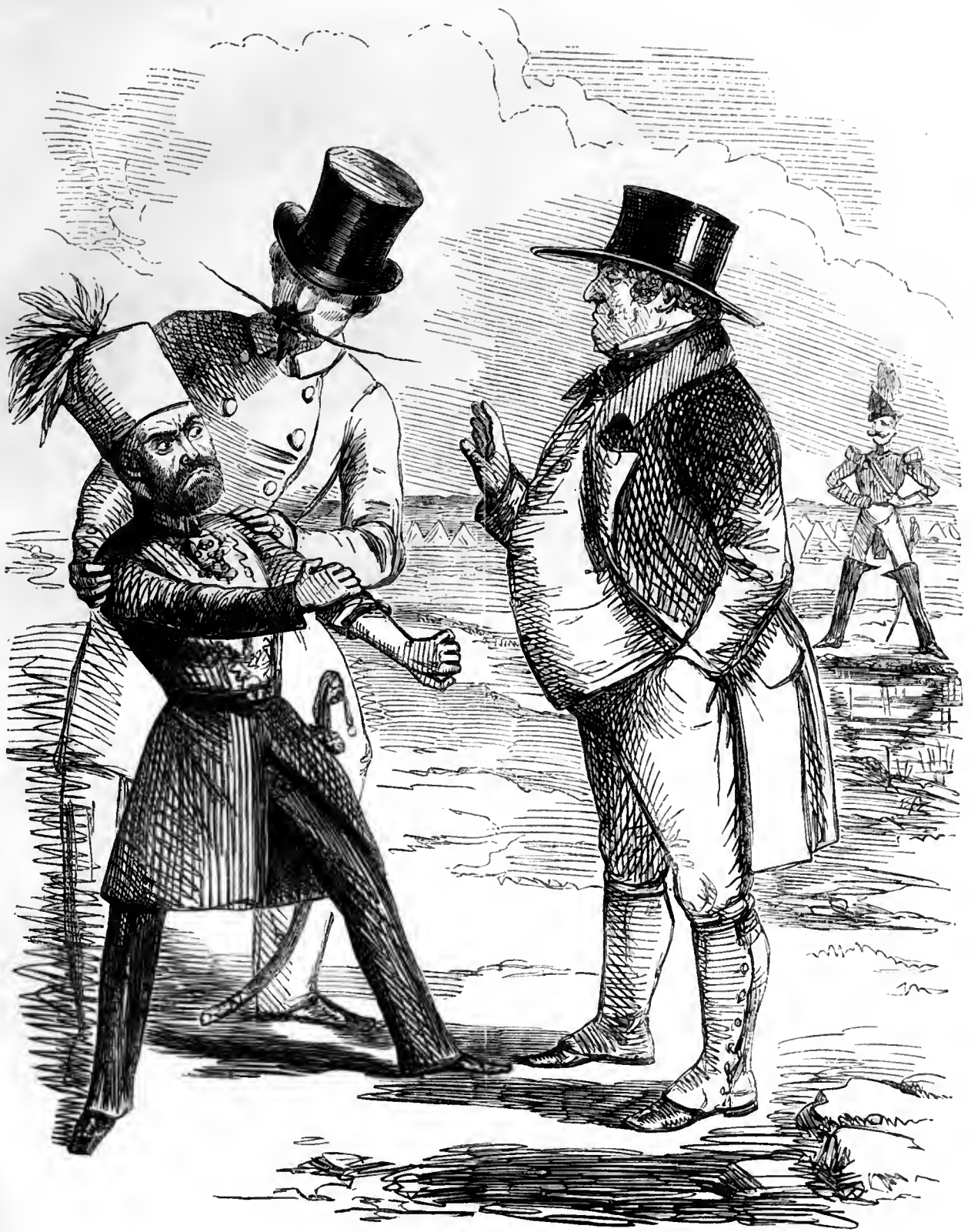
QUESTIONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE present mode of advertising seems to be by asking a question and, from the general use of the process, we presume that the questioning is found to answer. Somebody asks us every day, "Who would be without a dressing case?" and another attempts to tickle our vanity by addressing to us the inquiry, "Do you keep livery servants?" and suggesting to us the *éclat* of an imaginary retinue. Another wants to know, "Why pay more than sixteen shillings for your trowsers?"—a question we hardly like to dwell upon, for it presents to our mind the still more interesting question, "Why pay anything at all, and why not victimise your tailor?"

Talking of advertisements reminds us of one which daily offers to dye our hair, including the whole head for a crown, and our whiskers for "a shilling upwards." It would be important to know how far "upwards" we could have our whiskers dyed for that moderate sum, as it would be awkward to have them a rich Prussian blue about the jaw, a piebald in the middle, and a good old natural grey on the check-bone. The same accommodating person, who promises to dye us permanently for five shillings, offers, if we don't like the look of ourselves when we've been regularly done, to give us our money back again. This would be but a sorry compensation for one who had exchanged the simplicity of nature for the variegated hues of art, and who, in the hope of becoming once more the youthful beau, had qualified himself for the part of the rain-bow. Before, standing the "hazard of the dye," we, like RICHARD THE THIRD, had rather see "HASTINGS'S head," or anybody else's head, a month after the operation.

Present to Mr. Gladstone.

A FEW days ago MR. GLADSTONE received, carefully packed in an oaken box, and nicely enveloped in many folds of tissue paper, a massive handsome silver poker. It bore on the squared end this inscription:—"Presented to stir the Minister to stir himself to enable the country to stir a cheaper coal."



A TERRIBLE TURK.

"I will Fight! He Hit me First!"



THE INN-FLUENZA.



WE have had our attention called to a complaint which, it seems, has long been prevalent throughout the kingdom, although but little notice hitherto has been taken of it. It threatens now, however, to become as prolific a source of correspondence as the Cholera; and scarcely a *Times* passes, without at least a column of "Constant Readers" on the subject.

We are not aware if a specific name has as yet been found for it; but we think it may be best described, perhaps, as a sort of Inn-fluenza, although it certainly in some degree resembles also a remittent fever, seeing that the sufferers cannot generally make progress without a remittance. And it partakes still further of a febrile character, since it usually is attended with irritation in the patient.

Of the symptoms which lead to it, perhaps the most painful is a species of ophthalmia, which commonly afflicts the patient with the most distressing ocular delusions. He has been even known, under its influence, to declare that he can see only a pint of wine in a decanter, which his attendants have assured him contains a bottle; and candles, which he similarly has been told are wax, he has frequently been found unable to distinguish from composite. The sense of taste, too, it seems, is similarly affected. When offered pale ale, the patient not unfrequently will pronounce it to be swipes; and in some cases he has actually mistaken that for Cape, which is warranted, and even charged for, as Madeira.

We trust that the urgency of this complaint being now admitted, efficient means will be at once devised to stop it. There is little doubt, we think, that the sufferers hitherto have been bled too freely, and another course of treatment should be certainly adopted. We do not generally advocate the use of the knife, but in this complaint decidedly, wherever any person is attacked by the symptoms which may lead to it, we do not know if we can well prescribe a surer remedy than cutting.

RANDOM RECORDS OF A RUN THROUGH CERTAIN CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES.

(By the Author of "All the Great Metropolises.")

[We rather think the following letter has reached us by mistake, and must have been intended for one of our morning contemporaries. However, we print it.—Ed.]

LETTER XLIII.

WHILE I am on the Continent I feel quite different to what I do when I am on an island. The sensation that if you leave one country you can immediately go into another, without the intervention of what LORD BYRON has so beautifully called the Blue Ocean, (although the ocean or sea is not always blue, but often green) between the two neighbourhoods, produces a curious effect upon my idiosyncrasy. At the same time I must confess that this metaphysical feeling does not apply to Paris, because that city is in the centre of a large country, and if I wished to leave it (which at present I do not), I should have to traverse a considerable extent of territory.

Yesterday I visited the Madelaine, which is a church, and stands near the Boulevards, and the front looks towards the Place de la Concorde, a locality which has also had various other names, which, if I knew them, as I am "free to confess" (as they say in a certain place which I have already immortalised) I do not, would naturally suggest to the mind a long train of instructive historical thoughts, although as the Madelaine, if GALIGNANI'S *Guide* may be trusted, was not built until after the principal events connected with the Place de la Concorde had occurred, to remember them here would be a case of *post hoc et prompter hoc* (I translate for the benefit of the fair sex—"because you

are here you are prompted to think of that there,") and as I am travelling to instruct myself and my readers, I wish to avoid *persiflage*. The Madelaine is a building which has cost considerable sums of money, and it is a remarkable coincidence that it is Greek in style though intended for Roman Catholic worship, but such are the anomalies and anachronisms which strike the intelligent traveller. The *façade*, or altar-piece, is painted in very bright colours, with mythological allusions to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, and other well-known individuals. The effect of the exterior is something like that of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum at Woking Buzzard, but I think in many respects inferior to that worthy and laudable institution, of which an Englishman (I do not particularly refer to a talented, gifted, and irascible correspondent) is so justly proud. I only staid five minutes; service was not being performed, and there was no person in the church but myself, but this was enough to inspire me with the utmost contempt for the mummeries of the Roman Catholic creed, and with pity for the blinded and unenlightened individuals who indulge therein.

The day being fine, or as they say in France, *ce est une beau journal*, I lounged along the Boulevards, and remarked that human nature was the same in every climate. I then went down the Rue de la Paix—you will observe that I am now quite familiar with the old parts of the City of Paris—and after some turnings came to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which is certainly fine, although devoted to a false religion, which, however, does not alter the architecture, and I hope I am too candid not to draw the distinction between the external and the internal aspects of an edifice. To adopt a metaphor, the sign of a tavern may be well painted, although the beer sold within may not be good; but in saying this, I wish to be understood to speak generally, and not with reference to any particular establishment, far less to swell that illiberal cry against hotel-keepers (many of whom are most worthy and honourable men) which my antagonist—whom it is my mission to crush—in Printing House Square continually raises.

But, *revenons a nous moutons*, ("to return to business") I was greatly pleased, or shall I say amused, with a highly dramatic scene which occurred in the course of my walk. I shall never forget it, and it may take its place "in this distracted orb" (SHAKSPEARE'S *Hamlet*) beside that other joke, which, as I have already told my readers, will throw me into paradoxes of laughter at any hour or time. Wake me and tell me the house is on fire, assure me there is an earthquake, let me hear that a printer's unpardonable carelessness has made a newspaper under my charge say a reverend clergyman reached before PRINCE ALBERT instead of preached before H. R. H., and that the Court refuses to receive my published apology; still, if you tell me the joke in question, I shall laugh. But I think the following dialogue is as rich as the other, *Arcades ambo*, (the fair sex must excuse me if I do not translate this). I saw a respectable gentleman's handkerchief protruding from his coat pocket, and knowing the disagreeableness of finding that humble but useful article missing, especially in the influenza period, I thought I would waive ceremony, and though unintroducted, suggest to him the advisability of a precautionary measure. So, touching my hat with some playfulness, I said, "*Monsieur, vous voulez perdre votre parapluie.*" (I must not translate this, or the joke will be lost.)

"Ah!" he replied, adding, after a pause, "Bah!"

But as he did not replace his handkerchief, I, who am not easily daunted, returned to the attack.

"*Mais, Monsieur, vous n'attendez pas a moi.*" (Sir, you do not attend to me.)

"*Diable!*" he exclaimed, impatiently. As I never permit any of our own correspondents to use this word, I shall not break my own laws by rendering it into the vernacular.

A compatriot of my own here came up, and with the sportiveness allowable to intimacy, said,

"What's the row?"

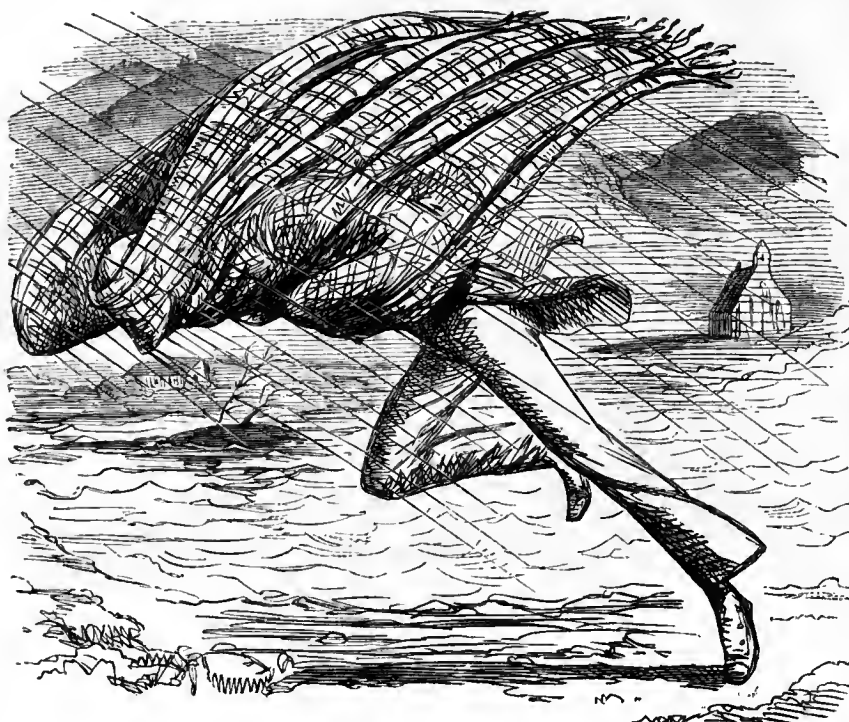
I explained that I had given the French gentleman a caution as to his *parapluie*, to which I pointed as sticking out of his pocket.

"That's his *mouchoir*," said my friend, laughing heartily, as did the gentleman when the mistake was explained to him, and we all took off our hats to one another. These little amenities cost nothing, but yet may be bright oases on the ordinary stream of the battle of life.

I must reserve until to-morrow my narrative of the taking of the Bastille, which naturally occurred to me as I gazed upon the column in the Place Vendôme, and I shall probably offer some instructive observations upon the literature and religion of the country in which I now find myself. But I can truly say, "England" (which includes Scotland, and also poor Ireland) "with all thy faults, my heart still turns to thee," a thought which must comfort those countries during my temporary absence.

The Steam Annihilator.

It is said that "Steam annihilates both Time and Space." It is a thousand pities, for our comfort in railway travelling, that its annihilating powers will sometimes extend, also, to—human beings.



THIS IS THE PROTECTION A PLAID AFFORDS TO THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW THE WAY TO CARRY IT.

FESTIVITIES IN SOUTHWARK.

A SPLENDID banquet was yesterday given by MESSRS. PUE and PHITT to their friends and connexions, to commemorate what may be termed the coming of age of their establishment; the extensive bone-boiling and horse-slaughtering concern, and catgut manufactory, situated in a densely populated part of the above district: which, having now arrived at the standing of 30 years, is exempt from the operation of the Nuisances Removal Act.

Dinner was served in a large shed on the premises, fitted up for the occasion, having been decorated with much attention to taste, and plentifully sprinkled with chloride of lime in equally judicious regard to smell.

The usual loyal toasts having been dispensed with, and "Our Noble Selves" substituted in their place, the senior partner proposed the toast of the evening. He said he was glad, in times like the present, when alarmists were making such efforts to lead people by the nose in a crusade against everybody who gave the slightest inconvenience to that organ, to see himself, and his friend at the other extremity of the table, surrounded by so numerous and respectable an assembly of well-wishers. He was proud of the support of the strong minds that despised a squeamish agitation, and of the strong stomachs—the two always went together—that asserted themselves in meeting to afford that support in that place. The interest that he and his partner had the honour of representing might be called one of the Institutions of Southwark; and they prided themselves upon the fact that their premises were, as a wag had observed, among the peculiar fetors of the locality. The odour of profit was pleasant, in the opinion of a wise man, no matter what the profit was made out of, and the surrounding district was rich in effluvia, and he hoped no dainty legislation would ever impoverish it. Bones were not boiled—dogsmeat was not made—catgut was not manufactured—with lavender-water. But what was called a perfume was often more unhealthy than the reverse. Flowers, for instance, were considered by the faculty bad for a sick room; and on the other hand, what could be more wholesome than physic, and what more nasty? The salubrity of the atmosphere they were then inhaling, was proved by the fact that himself and his family had been breathing it for the last thirty years; and that led him to the toast he was about to propose. The establishment which they were met to celebrate the prosperity of, had now completed the thirtieth year of its existence. It had, in fact, attained its majority, and was now no longer under that control that an infant business of the same nature is subject to. The monster nuisance, as it had been invidiously called, was no longer amenable to the Nuisances Removal Act. The young

Giant was out of his nonage; and those who wished to grapple with him must do it in the Court of Quarter Sessions—where he defied them. He would now then give them the young Giant's good health; they would drink, if they pleased, Perpetuity to the Premises, and Success to Sulphuretted Hydrogen and Ammonia.

The toast was drunk with all the odours.

The other member of the firm briefly expressed his thanks for the kind and enthusiastic manner in which the company had responded to his worthy partner; which, he declared, quite delighted his old bones.

After a series of other anti-sanitary toasts and sentiments, the company separated at a late hour in an excited state, having, as a facetious gentleman remarked with a strong emphasis on the first syllable of the epithet, partaken of an entertainment that was truly *sump-tuous*.

THE ETRUSCAN PATTERN.

WE are informed that a communication of an interesting nature has been made to the Tuscan Government in reference to the imprisonment of MISS CUNNINGHAME for giving away a Bible and a *Pilgrim's Progress*. Through the HON. MR. SCARLETT, acting as Chargé d'Affaires in the temporary absence of SIR HENRY BULWER, LORD ABERDEEN is said to have requested the opinion of the GRAND DUKE LEOPOLD and his Cabinet respecting a measure of great importance in regard to the principle of toleration, contemplated very seriously by HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. The projected enactment which has thus been submitted to the consideration of the Tuscan Sovereign and his advisers is based on the principle whereon is also founded the article in their penal code under which MISS CUNNINGHAME has been incarcerated. It treats the attempt to convert any person from the State religion as a crime against the State, and inflicts imprisonment with hard labour for that offence. Under its operation any Roman Catholic, convicted of making a present to a member of the Established Church of a "*Garden of the Soul*," or a crucifix, will be tried for sedition and CARDINAL WISEMAN will inevitably be sent to the treadmill.

A LEGAL QUERY FOR THE NEXT EXAMINATION.

WHAT is better than a right of way through the Park?
A right of curds and whey at the Lodge gate.

THE BRITISH STENTOR.—The most powerful voice in the country is that of the man who can utter most money.

TO THE NOBLE AIRL

AT THE HEAD OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

(From a countryman of his.)

HEY, ABERDEEN, are ye wakin' yet,
And are our drums a beatin' yet,
The journals lee,
Or fra' all we see,
The Russians are not retreatin' yet?

HEY, ABERDEEN, are ye writin' yet,
In hollow phrases delightin' yet,
While on Danube's banks
Thae hostile ranks
Are makin' ready for fightin' yet?

HEY, ABERDEEN, are ye prosin' yet,
On your council sofas a dozin' yet,
To the old world's sneers,
And the new world's jeers,
Your country's honour exposin' yet?

HEY, ABERDEEN, are ye twaddlin' yet,
And over yer red tape dawdlin' yet
About NICK's good faith,
And his power, and baith,
To your weary colleagues a maudlin' yet?

HEY, ABERDEEN, are ye Premier yet,
We must have some cleverer schemer yet,
Or the Russian cat
Whom ye love to pat,
Will be over to lick up her cream here yet.

"THE true art of dining consists in dining at your country's expense."—*Young Stafford*.

THE PEACE SPECTACLE IN SCOTLAND.



LIVES are to be grown in Edinburgh. We rejoice to hear the news. The Scotch have always been distinguished for meekness and (after breakfast) even mealy-monthedness. They have, nevertheless, been shamefully libelled by history. The national spirit has been designated the *perfervidum genium Scotorum!* No such thing. CALEDONIA was ever mild as milk: in the time even of AGRICOLA, it was well known that butter would not melt in her mouth. This meek, pacific quality of Scotland has been wickedly disguised and libelled,

but COBDEN and BRIGHT have resolved to vindicate the truth. Eagles never did breed in Scotland—they were only doves, sucking-doves, of a larger size. And as for the thistle, with that hostile, spiteful, unbrotherly motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*,—Scotland shall henceforth assume as her floral type the simple “gowan fine.”

We are happy to learn that the peace festival will be celebrated with appropriate beauty of imagery and plenteousness of fare. We have gathered a few of the particulars; and although we do not vouch for the fullness of the description—for the time will yet admit of many improvements—nevertheless the subjoined will be found a very fair sketch of the approaching ceremony.

At day-break, Mons Meg will be fired; being loaded with a cotton-ball, brought from Manchester by one of her Members, JOHN BRIGHT. A procession—forming at Holyrood House—will proceed (weather permitting) to the summit of Arthur’s Seat. We give a few of the more important characters in the pageant.

MR. COBDEN (crowned with corn) will lead a Bear in a string of daisies; the Bear “crumpled” a little about the ears, and muzzled with the finest bit of cotton twist.

MR. BRIGHT will lead a Turkey in chains of pork sausages!



A Banner (with a walnut-tree worked in worsted) borne by MR. GEORGE WILSON; with the appropriate peaceful motto:

The oak gives place to the walnut-tree,
For more 'tis beat, the better it be!

At the public meeting, the LORD PROVOST will—on the part of the City of Edinburgh—decorate certain members of the Congress with medals, bearing the effigies of a Goose—a Calf—a Bee. *Anser, Vitulus, Apis regunt mundum*: the Goose, the Calf, the Bee do (should) rule the world—Goose-pen, Calf-parcament, Bees’-wax.

At the banquet geese and sweetbreads and wax-candles will, in a savoury and brilliant manner, further illustrate the uses and beauties of ANSER, VITULUS, APIS.

For ourselves, we say, long flourish the olive-tree! But is now the precise season to plant it in the soil of Scotland?

Courteous invitations have been sent to the EMPERORS OF RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA, to be present either in their Imperial persons or by ambassador. However, up to the time of our going to press, no answer had been received; and we thought it, perhaps, useless to wait for it.

“Woodman! Spare that Joke.”

A NEW Work has been recently published under the quaint title of “The Book of the Axe.” We do not know whether it is an illustrated volume, but the “Book of the Axe” would seem to have missed its aim, unless the “cuts on wood” are numerous.

A TRANSPORTED AUDIENCE.

TRANSPORTATION, as a penalty for crime, has been abolished by law; but transportation, by way of amusement, is still carried on, and MR. HENRY RUSSELL—familiarily known as the original “maniac,” he having obtained an injunction against a second-hand “maniac” who had infringed a copyright by seeing them “dancing, dancing, dancing, in the hall”—has been causing some of his audience to be literally transported with delight by presenting them with free passages to America. This is all very well, and very liberal, no doubt, but a passage to America may sometimes prove more free than welcome.

We recollect a recent instance of a quiet old gentleman from the country having strolled into a theatre, where he found a “popular vocalist” pumping away at the “*Skip-on Fire*” with all his lungs, and the old gentleman was about to quit the theatre at the end of the performance when he was suddenly seized, dragged on to the stage, exhibited to public view, and loudly cheered as the happy winner of “a free passage to America.” To appear ungrateful for a boon which seemed to be thought so enviable was impossible, and the poor old gentleman was obliged to give his name and address on the spot, to enter into arrangements for meeting the ship at Liverpool, and pledge himself to an emigration which would separate him from a capital business, a devoted wife, and an affectionate family. The feelings of that wife and family may be conceived when they found by the next day’s paper—received by the early morning mail two hundred miles from London—that the husband and father had so far forgotten the ties of home and kindred as to have become the subject of “a free passage to America.” It is true that, after a frightful nightmare, in which he heard a wild chorus of “Cheer, boys, cheer,” interrupted by moans of “Ha! ’tis the night watch!” with occasional shrieks of “I am not mad! I am not mad!” he rose with a determination to relinquish his precious prize, and resigned to some more appreciating hands his “free passage to America.”

VERY GOOD OF THE POPE.

THE POPE, according to his frequent custom, has recently caused prayers to be offered in all Continental Catholic churches, for the conversion of England. This is very good of him, though it may be very unnecessary. The POPE declares—sorrowingly—that this England, “once the island of the blessed,” has been “for a long while past caught in the errors of heresy”—“has fallen from the true belief,”—and is oppressed by “dark, false teaching, which keeps it from the knowledge of the truth.” All of which evils His Holiness prays may be put away from us, that we may all see the true light, which is the POPE’S eye—all salute the true faith, which is the POPE’S toe. We repeat, however, that we object not to the prayers of the POPE’S Church; but we do most vehemently object to the bolts and bars with which such supplications are wont to be associated. For instance, we have no objection that the DUKE OF TUSCANY should pray for the conversion of Miss CUNNINGHAME, but we do object—and might feel disposed to urge such objection from an iron mouth—that the GRAND DUKE should turn the lady from her free home to an Italian dungeon. Let the DUKE pray as much as he will; but only pray—not pray.

RUSSIAN “MOUCHES” IN EDINBURGH.

THE daily papers tell us that—

“The clouds of small black flies which were observed in many places of the island about a fortnight or three weeks ago, again presented themselves on Wednesday morning in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.”

These black flies have—we understand upon good authority—preceded MR. ELIHU BURRITT from Russia; and are, indeed, only another evidence of the magical influence of the harmonious black-smith. These black flies were—only two months ago—wasps, Russian wasps, encountered by ELIHU in the environs of St. Petersburg. He was on horseback, when his horse’s foot sinking into a wasp’s nest, brought a cloud of the destructive insects about the head of the traveller. Every wasp had his sting out when—MR. BURRITT delivered himself of one of those marvellous orations which it had been his mission to deliver to the CZAR’S bondmen. In twenty minutes, the eloquent peace-maker had talked every armed wasp into a harmless small black fly. Thus, can there be any doubt that the peace orators of the North will, in like manner, talk the Russian army out of its bayonets?

Ready Wit.

THE *Morning Herald* says of MR. GLADSTONE’S Inverness speeches, “The nail-blue-cholera-collapsed condition of his speech!”
Is not this ready wit? Wit at the fingers’ ends?



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Augustus. "ARE YOU FOND OF MOUSTARCHERS, EMILY?"

Emily. YES! "I THINK THEY LOOK VERY WELL UPON SOME PEOPLE."

Augustus. "AH! THEN THAT SETTLES THE POINT. I SHALL LET MINE GROW!"

MEETING OF THE RABBITS.

LAST week was held a meeting of certain rabbits in a box in the Zoological Gardens. The meeting, it must be confessed, was not very numerous, but extremely respectable.

MR. DOUBLESMT took the chair, and briefly opened the proceedings. He said that they would improve the happy accident of their meeting into an enduring advantage. He thought that the time had arrived for the whole nation of rabbits to raise themselves in the scale of creation; by cultivating a deeper trust and wider confidence with the animal world about them. He must lament, while he confessed, that he had been brought up in the fear and horror of foxes, weasels, stoats, polecats, sparrow-hawks, and so forth. But, for his part, he believed that the time was come when the whole rabbit people might live in love and amity and perfect trust with all around them. It was mean; it was a moral cowardice to distrust either fox or weasel: they, poor things! like illiterate rabbits, had been the victims of ignorance and prejudice; but in these days, everybody might embrace everybody. Yes, he felt his heart expand towards all created things, and—

—And the rest of the speech was cut short; for the boa-constrictor—in whose house the rabbits had met, and over whose coils they had hopped and run—the boa, in the twinkling of an eye, had MR. DOUBLESMT in his jaws; and in two minutes deposited body and bones in his throat.

A LUNDY FOOT LINGUIST.

THE promotion of talent is always gratifying, even when that talent is employed on the side of opponents. MR. LUCAS deserves a reward, which we should like to see him get, for having lately distinguished himself. Among the Hibernian intelligence, the other day, it was reported that, at a tenant-right meeting, a DR. M'KNIGHT having accused him of an act of treachery to the cause, the honourable gentleman declared the doctor's statement to be an "unmitigated lie." MR. LUCAS has often distinguished himself by the use of similar expressions; and what is remarkable, he has not distinguished himself by anything else, except by a veneration of the POPE and a hatred of his Protestant fellow subjects—if his hatred for

Protestantism stops there. But it is precisely the limited nature of the ability which he has displayed which entitles him to preferment: and we are sure we speak the sentiments of all moderate politicians when we say that DR. NEWMAN'S "Catholic" University cannot do less than appoint the Hon. Member Professor of the Vulgar Tongue.

We would also commend MR. LUCAS'S merits to the attention of HER MAJESTY'S advisers. We might as well have diplomatic relations with Rome, as with any other of the absurd and semi-barbarous Governments to which we send an envoy. Let those relations, then be established, and our vituperative ex-friend despatched as ambassador to the POPE. The only fear is that the salary which, of course, would be attached to the appointment would stop his mouth, or, at least, deprive his eloquence of that only quality which renders it remarkable—that peculiar strength of language without which it would be wholly unadorned. That this would not much signify one way or the other is not quite true. It is of some consequence to the community at large to be presented, from time to time, with an example of the effects of popish bigotry on the human feelings and intellect, as afforded by the unrestrained rhetoric of MR. LUCAS.

THE OLD FLAG.

ONE voice from sea to sea,
One thought from shore to shore,—
"Peace if without disgrace still peace may be,
War, if we must have war!"
Curs'd be the hand that draweth brand,
While swords with honour can be spared:
May the hand rot, which draweth not,
When honour bids the sword be bared.

Peace now for thirty years
With Plenty, hand in hand,
One olive-crowned, one crowned with harvest ears,
Have sat within our land,
Twin-sisters dear! To keep them here,
What price would England grudge to pay?
One price alone! Were Honour gone,
How long would Peace and Plenty stay?

Bring out Old England's flag,
Storm-rent from Waterloo!
Fling forth to the four winds the glorious rag,
And bear it England through.
Through vale, o'er hill, by forge and mill,
Past upland village, coastward town,
Up Scottish strath, o'er Irish rath,
Across Welsh hill and English down.

Salute it, young and old,
With God-speed on its way!
As it ne'er wavered but o'er the free and bold
Pray Heaven it never may.
Still let its course to Fraud and Force
Strike terror from the air;
Still let its sight to down-trod right
Bring hope upon despair.

HOW WE ARE OFF FOR SOAP!

If any one asks us how we are off for soap it is pleasant to be able to answer the question in the most satisfactory manner. We happen to be extremely well off for soap, in consequence of the kindness of some eccentric individuals who are always sending us by post certain penn'orths of specimens of saponaceous matter, with which they invite us to shave ourselves. We have lately received in a letter a bit of something which we are told will cover our face with "a lather like thick white paint, over which the razor will glide;" but as we don't want a razor to glide over our beard, we hesitate to try the experiment. The gratuitous soap is accompanied by the prospectus of a perfume, which "never becomes faint," and a preparation for the hair, which makes it "soft and glossy for ever." We are quite sure that the individual who sent the announcement to us can have no notion of the disorderly haycock which does duty on the top of our poll for a head of hair, or he would never undertake to render it "permanently," or even for one moment "soft and glossy."



THE TWO DROMIOS.

BULLY BOTTOM.

BULLY *Bottom* is, in truth, "translated" by MR. PHELPS. Translated from matter-of-fact into poetic humour—translated from the commonplace tradition of the playhouse to a thing subtly grotesque—rarely, and heroically whimsical. A bully *Bottom* of the old, allowed sort, makes up his face—even as the rustic wag of a horse-collar—to goggle and grin; and is as like to the sweet bully of PHELPS—bears the same relation in art to the *Bottom* of Sadler's Wells—as the sign-post portrait on the village green to a head, vital by a few marvellous dots, and touches of RICHARD DOYLE. In these days we know of no such translation! Translate a starveling Welsh curate into a Bishop of London, and PHELPS's translation of *Bottom* the weaver shall still remain a work of finer art, and—certainly to all humanising intents of man-solacing humour—of far richer value. We have had, plentiful as French eggs, translations of facile, delicate French, into clumsy, hobbling British; and now, as some amends, we have *Bottom* translated by PHELPS from dull tradition into purest, airiest SHAKSPERE. MR. PHELPS has not painted, dabbed, we should say, the sweet bully with the old player's old hare's-foot; but has taken the finest pencil, and, with a clean, sharp, fantastic touch, has rendered *Bottom* a living weaver—a weaver whose brain is marvellously woven, knitted up, with self-opinion.

Now this, we take to be the true, breathing notion of SHAKSPERE, and this notion has entered the belief of the actor, and become a living thing. *Bottom* is of conceit all-compact. Conceit flows in his veins—is ever swelling, more or less, in his heart; covers him from scalp to toes, like his skin. And it is this beautiful, this most profitable quality—this human coin, self-opinion, which, however cracked, and thin, and base, may be put off as the real thing by the unfeeling heroism of the utterer—it is this conceit that saves *Bottom* from a world of wonderment when he finds himself the leman dear, elipp'd by the Queen of Faery. *Bottom* takes the love—the doting of *Titania*—as he would take the commanded honey-bag of the red-lipped humble-bee—as something sweet and pleasant, but nought to rave about. He is fortified by his conceit against any surprise of the most bountiful fortune: self-opinion turns fairy treasures into rightful wages. And are there not such *Bottoms*—not writ upon the paper Athens of the poet; not swaggering in a wood watered of ink-drops—but such sweet bullies in brick and mortar London—*Bottoms* of Fortune, that for sport's sake plays *Puck*? The ingenuous *Bottom* of the play has this distinction from the *Bottoms* of the real, human world—he, for the time, wears his ass's head with a difference; that is, he shows the honest length of his ears, and does not, and cannot abate the show of a single hair. His head is outwardly all ass: there is with him no reservation soever.

MR. PHELPS has the fullest and the deepest sense of the assine qualities of *Bottom* from the beginning. For *Bottom* wants not the ass's head to mark him ass: the ass is in *Bottom's* blood and brain; *Puck* merely fixes the outward, vulgar type significant of the inward creature. When *Bottom* in the first scene desires to be *Wall*, and *Moonshine*, and *Lion*, his conceit brays aloud, but brays with undeveloped ears. But herein is the genius of our actor. The traditional bully *Bottom* is a dull, stupid, mouthing ass, with no force save in his

dullness. *Bottom*, as played by MR. PHELPS, is an ass with a vehemence, a will, a vigour in his conceit, but still an ass. An ass that fantastically kicks his heels to the right and left, but still ass. An ass that has the most prolonged variations of his utterance—nevertheless, it is braying, and nothing better. And there is great variety in braying. We never heard two asses bray alike. Listen—it may be the season of blossoming hawthorns—and asses salute asses. In very different tones, with very different cadence, will every ass make known the yearning, the aspiration that is within him. We speak not frivolously, ignorantly, on this theme; for in our time we have heard very many asses. And so return we to the *Bottom* of merry Islington—to the Golden Ass of Sadler's Wells.

That ass has opened the playhouse season of 1853-4 very musically—would we could think hopefully, and with prophetic promise. At present, however, *Bottom* is the master-spirit: and, in these days of dramatic *pardonnez-mois*, it is a little comforting—not that we are given to the sanguine mood in things theatrical—to know that folks are found ready to make joend pilgrimage to Sadler's Wells, where a man with a real vital love for his art has now for many seasons made his theatre a school; and more, has never wanted attentive, reverent, grateful scholars. In this, MR. PHELPS has been a national school-master; and—far away from the sustaining, fructifying beams of the Court—for hitherto our ELIZABETH has not visited our BURRIDGE—has popularly taught the lessons left to England by SHAKSPERE—legacies everlasting as her cliffs.

As yet, HER MAJESTY has not journeyed to the Wells. But who knows, how soon that "great fairy" may travel thither, to do grace to bully *Bottom*? If so, let MR. PHELPS—if he can—still heighten his manner on his awakening from that dream. Let him—if he can—more subtly mingle wonderment with struggling reason, reason wrestling with wonder to get the better of the mystery!

"I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it truly was!—Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what! Methought I was, and methought I had.—The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was."

We do not think it in the wit or power of MR. PHELPS—under any newer inspiration, to give a deeper, finer meaning to this than he has done. But, if HER MAJESTY command the play, as a loyal subject, he will doubtless make the essay. In these words, *Bottom*—as rendered by the actor—is taken away from the ludicrous; he is elevated by the mystery that possesses him, and he affects our more serious sympathies, whilst he forbids our laughter. One of the very, very few precious things of the stage—of this starved time—is an Ass's head, as worn by the manager of merrie Islington.

We hope, at least, the QUEEN will command that head to be brought—with due solemnity—to Windsor Castle. Let *Bottom* be made to roar again before HER MAJESTY, the PRINCE, the heir-apparent, and all the smaller childhood royalties. Let *Bottom* be confronted with the pickled of the Cabinet—the cleft of Privy Counsellors. And—as we have Orders of Eagles and Elephants, why not the ingenuous out-speaking significance, the Order of the Ass? As a timid beginning, we have the Thistle—wherefore not the Ass himself?

In which case, the Order established, the *Bottom* of Sadler's Wells ought rightfully to be the Chancellor thereof.

SOMETHING IN A SIGN.

ROMEO would never have asked "What's in a name?" if he had but lived to take a tour in England, and become acquainted with the nomenclature of some of our imms. To us there is hardly a sign in the kingdom which is not thoroughly sign-ificant; and any traveller, we should think, who has his mental eyes about him, may see at a glance outside the way in which he will be taken in. Who, for instance, would expect to enter the jaws, or doors, of a *Lion* without being bitten, or to get away from an *Eagle* without considerable bleeding? A little matured, the *Lamb* becomes decidedly indicative of fleecing; while every *Bear*, we know, is naturally prone to squeeze as many as he can lay his paws on. Roguery in the *Fox* is what everybody looks for, and plucking and roasting are, of course, inseparable from a *Goose* and *Gridiron*. Nor is the *Blue Bear* an exception to the rule, for it most aptly symbolises your complexion when you leave it: and no one, we should think, would enter a *Green Man*, when reminded on the threshold of his verdaney in doing so.

Of all our signs, however, perhaps there is none more suggestive than the *Maggie and Stump*, which any one may see is merely a contraction for the far more significant *Maggie and Stump Up*.

The Hatchet.

"SHALL we never bury the hatchet?" asks MR. CORDEN. And *Punch* asks, "How can the hatchet be buried, when the peacemakers themselves so often throw it?"

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON VERSUS THE IMPROVEMENTS OF PARIS.



OME attention having been lately called to the increasing magnificence of Paris, it is due to the national taste of this country to point out the improvements that have been lately effected and are now in progress in the British Metropolis.

To begin with Buckingham Palace; and indeed we may well say to "begin" with it, for we can scarcely hope to see it finished. Standing in front of the Palace, we look upon the enclosure of the Park, and we feel a national pride in stating that there has been an extensive addition to the valuable collection of aquatic

birds which absorb so much of the attention—and the bread-crumbs—of the bystanders. Every one is familiar with the fountain opposite the Palace, and the familiarity of the public had been accompanied by a contempt which was perfectly natural. This fountain, formerly consisting of a stone ginger-beer bottle, standing in a round pie dish, has been removed, the operation having served the double purpose of improving a work of Art, and giving employment to one plumber, a bricklayer, and a bricklayer's labourer for nearly a fortnight. This stroke of policy combined the advancement of national taste with a propitiation of the working-class, or, at least, of those members of it—three in all—who were engaged in the transmogrification of the ginger-beer bottle in a pie dish complete to the present substitute, which, though highly effective, is exceedingly simple, and is, in fact, nothing but a plug-hole.

Turning our back upon this subterranean squirt, which we are happy to do, we walk up to the gates of the Palace, where taste and industry are at work in the form of a stone-mason, who is occupied in chipping the resemblance of a bunch of PRINCE OF WALES'S feathers on the stone-work which the gates are appended. When this magnificent idea is realised on all the gate-posts, the spectator, looking from the north, will have no less than six feathers in his eye—a result that might be looked for in vain in any other capital of Europe. Turning our gaze upwards to the Palace, we are struck by the dazzling effect of several thousand pails of whitewash which have been lavished on the front of the royal residence, while, for the sake of contrast, the sides and back of the building have been left in all their pristine dirtiness.

We will now proceed to the City, by Pall Mall; and, on our way, we will stop at the Ordnance Office where, as it is a public building, we will see what public taste and public money have effected. The architect has, with a boldness amounting to audacity, piled an extra attic on to each of the two wings, thus producing a wondrous novelty of effect by making the sides of the building considerably higher than the centre. Criticism might, perhaps, complain of a rather too free use of the cowl—and, indeed, of a rather startling variety of cowls—in the treatment of the chimney-pots. Passing eastwards, and shutting our eyes—for obvious reasons—as we traverse Trafalgar Square, we turn round when we reach the Strand, and catch a glimpse of the pigtail of GEORGE THE THIRD forming a sort of parallax to the Electric Clock, which is the star of the neighbourhood. The first remarkable work of Art that greets us on our way is the wooden figure of a Mandarin, which nods to us from the window of a tea-dealer's; and this curious specimen of sculpture in wood is faced by a remarkable piece of carving in the form of a joint of cold meat in the cook's shop opposite. Finding ourselves eventually in the City, we pass the end of Farringdon Street, pausing for a moment at the Wraithman Monument, and thinking that the artist who gave his head to this block ought to have his head given to another.

But we now approach the more ambitious improvements that have been effected in the City at an enormous cost, and we are struck with astonishment at the bold effort that has been made by the architect of the Manchester Warehouse on the right to destroy the effect of St. Paul's, by raising up an ordinary brick structure to a considerable height above the roof of the Cathedral, and thus suggesting the recollection of the frog and the ox in the fable. The architect of the Manchester Warehouse, who is some unknown "bird," has endeavoured to swell himself out to the dimensions of a WREX, and the result is, that though he may have damaged the effect of St. Paul's, he has made his own paltry pile ridiculous by its juxtaposition to the great metropolitan monument.

From the sketch we have given it will be seen that we cannot be charged with doing nothing in the way of alteration to the Metropolis, but, on the contrary, we are doing much that will give a lesson to Art by teaching what to avoid, or, at all events, what would be better avoided.

HOW EPHRAIM SMUG SPOKE AGAINST POLICE AT THE VESTRY, AND DIDN'T PERSUADE PEOPLE.

EPHRAIM SMUG was a trader smug,
A Quaker in faith and feeling,
Little given to heed distinctions of creed
In matters of worldly dealing,
And as sharp a blade in driving a trade
As lives between Bow and Ealing.

He'd a horror of war, but he'd sell the Czar
Steel or powder for Turk or Tartar;
The slave trade did hate, but would send a freight
Of handcuffs for African barter;
And though pious himself, would have furnished for pelf
The faggots to roast a martyr.

His stock in hand to suit each land,
Was various in assortment;
In gains and grace he throve apace,
Till quite dignified grew his department;
And he kept a strong box, with three patent locks,
And he knew what "taking it short" meant.

Till there came bad times, and long columns of crimes
Filled the files of the morning papers,
How eribs had been cracked, and tills ransacked,
And all sorts of burglarious capers,
Set forth without stint by all arts of print
To attract the *gobemouches* and gapers.

But SMUG only jeered, as these stories appeared,
At the nervousness of each neighbour;
Said it would be absurd, were cost incurred
In blunderbuss, pistol, and sabre;
And when the Police 'twas resolved to increase,
He declaimed about waste of labour.

But the Vestry still, to guard shop and till,
Voted rates, spite of all objectors;
Laid in bars and bolts, and revolvers from COLT'S,
And a pack of canine protectors;
While EPHRAIM SMUG called their fears humbug,
And snubbed the Police Inspectors!

He railed at the cost; counted up what was lost
In alarm, and dog, and detective;
At the Vestry he got excessively hot,
And descended to invective,—
Calling stories of plunder, mere editor's thunder
To make newspaper sales more active.

Quoth he: "Why spend our gains, in spring shutters
and chains,
Instead of in lawful traffic?"
Then of danger to peace, from dogs and police,
He gave a picture graphic;
And on brotherly trust came out with a "bust"
Of eloquence quite seraphic.

"And after all's done, has anything gone?"
(Thus ran his peroration),
"Where's the highwayman grabbed, or the burglar nabbed,
For all your big police-station?
Show a dog if you can that has pinned his man!
I pause—for a demonstration."

Some this eloquence scorned, and wouldn't be warned—
But some began to change feature;—
"The Policeman we pay three shillings a day,
And a dog is a hungry creature."—
When thus began a plain-spoken man—
Not the least of a popular preacher:

"Now, it seems to my mind—though no doubt I'm blind
Not to follow friend EPHRAIM'S reason—
That we've not thrown away our policeman's pay,
If our pillows we take our ease on,
Without any dread of a chap 'neath the bed,
With a knife to slit one's weason.

"If our bars and our bolts, and revolvers from COLT'S,
Have been wasted because not wanted,
Had we been without guard—neither bolted nor barred—
Though we'd spent less (for that is granted),
Shouldn't we have looked glum if a burglar had come,
And with our goods levanted?"

"I appeal to the room, why mayn't we assume
That the very precautions we've taken
Against EPHRAIM'S advice, may have been the price
At which we have saved our bacon?"
"Hear, hear!" cried the crowd. Police were allowed;
And the faith in EPHRAIM was shaken.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 8.

FRENCHMEN are accustomed to boast, and with reason, that Paris is the best stranger's city in the world. If you were dropped from the skies into the Place de la Bourse with nothing, as people say, but what you stand upright in, in five minutes you might have the advantages of a complete establishment. Under that archway you find a Brougham, which is at your service for two francs an hour, and a trifle to the man. The turn-out is not of course dazzling, and the coachman drives with a rein in each hand and his whip over his shoulder; but equipages in general are not very stylish here, and the whole thing is decent, clean, and comfortable. Your Tourist would not undervalue the London Hansom; it is an incomparable carriage of its kind, and has become a necessity for young men of fashion like himself. Bowling down Piccadilly to St. James's Street at fifteen miles an hour under the whip of one of the tremendously swell cabmen who ply in those parts, is a perfectly unique pleasure. But you can't take your wife or your sister with you in such a rampant vehicle; and if you have no carriage of your own, you will feel the advantage of having a decent *coupé* within call at cab fare.

Then, without the trouble of carrying a wonderful lamp about with you—which would be excessively inconvenient, not to say ungentleman-like, to our notions—you can instantaneously command the services of a slave at the moderate price of a franc per errand. In London, unless a man has an establishment of servants, or is staying at an hotel, he must go his errands himself, or trust the questionable fidelity of a crossing sweeper.

Having hired your carriage and servants, you can at once find a lodging of any degree of pretension (ornamented with five-and-forty clocks, if you like, and as many looking glasses), where you take up your abode without being bored for references. Here you can live as in chambers in the Temple, only very much more comfortably, with domestics always at hand yet never intruding, and free from that intolerable surveillance that a London lodging-house keeper thinks it her duty to keep on her patrons. As long as you pay your rent you may keep your own hours and select your own company. (MRS. P—KK—XS I fear never reads your paper, Sir, or she could not fail to be of a sweeter temper than she is; but, on the chance of her seeing this number, allow me to tell her that she is like a toad, both ugly and also venomous, likewise a dragon, and in other respects objectionable, while the curtains of her first-floor are a standing miracle, containing as they do, in successive strata, vermin that flourished in the beginning of the present century. Moreover, I did not purchase that case of curious old Champagne brandy with any view to encourage her in intemperance, which is disgusting in all, and especially in females.)

As you walk in the streets far from home you can satisfy any want, however minute or unexpected, down to having your clothes brushed, your boots cleaned (by the way, Parisian boot-cleaning is an utter and total failure), or even having your nails cut. This last does not strike an Englishman as much of a luxury; but we must remember that here a paternal government has, in its tender care for home cutlery, decreed that no Frenchman shall be able to purchase a decent knife, razor, or pair of scissors, under about twice its value.

Your Correspondent, whose meditative mind leads him to trace causes in their effects, attributes to this policy the length of beard and finger-nails which distinguishes, if it does not adorn, all ranks here (he flatters himself that the connexion between cutlery and cleanliness has not been remarked upon before). You can also have your corns chopped about, if you have any fancy for permanent lameness, at a very moderate figure. In short, every operation of the toilet may be gone through by means of a short series of visits without opening your dressing-case.

You have the gayest promenades in the world, and if it rains, abundance of cover with rather more opportunity of amusing yourself than there is in the Burlington Arcade, for there is always a bustle, and everything you see is pretty, except the women. A few sous for a cup of coffee or a glass of liqueur entitle you to spend your whole afternoon in a *café*, ventilated and lighted to perfection, where you may read all the journals, and amuse your leisure with the manly game of dominoes. Compare this with the dingy, dirty, beer and tobacco-scented coffee-rooms of London, where they think you a "sweep" (that is the expression I believe) if you don't make yourself nearly drunk on their poisonous fluids, and where the inside sheet of the *Times* is always "in hand." It is a constant wonder to me what unfortunate foreigners do to fill up their afternoons in our smoky Babylon.

You dine as you like, economically or splendidly, without the terrors of indigestion before you; and after a cup of coffee (almost an un-

attainable luxury in London), you have your choice of Grand or Comie Opera, Classical Drama, or Vaudeville, the only objection to which is, that after once seeing careful and refined acting, you will rather lose your taste for the "genuine effects" of the British stage, and may possibly, on your return home, set down the favourite performers as awkward sticks or impudent buffoons. As you go to bed, without the fever that arises from a heavy dinner with beer, Port, and Sherry, you may reflect that you have not been bored for a single instant of the day, and contrast with your own ease the unutterable misery of the stranger without friends or a club, who is condemned to pass his time in London.

CHARLES MARTINGALE, Esq., having read the above, says it's all humbug. He lodges in Piccadilly (very cheap, only £120 a year, including a servant's room,) goes to the Rag for breakfast, where he meets his friends; reads the *Morning Post*, has a game at Pyramid pool, some Sherry and Seltzer water, and goes back to dress for the Park, where he sees his friends again. Then there is sure to be a dinner party, and a ball or two afterwards, which he tops off with Vauxhall, and perhaps a look-in at the Haymarket as he goes home. Or else he does the domestic, and takes a friend in a Brougham to Richmond or Greenwich for dinner. What more can a fellow want to amuse himself? Let him go to Races, or the Horticultural, or the Opera, or the Play, if he likes; and one thing he wants to say is, that he thinks CURLEWIG no end of fun in a farce; and, as to buffoonery, fellows may just as easily do that on paper.

MARTINGALE, what do you mean, Sir? Well, it's very unfair to run down native talent. And—one other thing—he'd a doosid deal sooner have a tankard of club beer than the miserable thin stuff they call Claret here. So he wishes this put in, though he doesn't know about literature and all that, just to show the public that it's not everybody that is so easily taken in by foreigners as a fellow he won't mention.

LARVÆ OF THE CITY OF LONDON.



T the City Court of Sewers — according to the *Times* — certain gentlemen carrying on a nasty business in St. Mary Axe,

"Were summoned upon the certificate of the Medical Officer of Health, stating that there is upon these premises a large store of hides and horns of cattle in an offensive state, and the same is likely to be prejudicial to the health of persons whose habitations are in the neighbourhood of the same."

The cattle were dead—but the hides and horns were alive. We shall be excused further details. But

"One of the defendants said, he had been on the spot many years in constant attendance on the business, and he had not, during the whole period, a moment's illness. He believed that, so far from being prejudicial, the ammonia, which had been represented as so offensive, had operated as a preventive of the cholera in the vicinity of the place in which the hides were deposited."

According to this gentleman, if putrefaction generates the bane, it also develops the antidote; but, unfortunately, when both are taken together it usually happens that the former is a great deal too strong for the latter. We must notice one more exquisite morsel of physiology.

"A Commissioner said, he really believed that it was the wish of some people to make a private parlour of the City of London. (*Laughter and cries of 'Oh!'*) He had lived many years, and his father before him, in the midst of the matters complained of, and a healthier family never existed than that which they had successively brought up in the City. He wished that the gentlemen who were so nice were obliged to go without meat for 12 months."

The family to which this individual belongs must be a curious one. A naturalist would like to see it. What class of creatures can it be that lives and thrives "in the midst of the matters complained of?" Have they got any legs?—if so, how many, or is the structure of their bodies annular? Do they change into anything, lie torpid, and then change again into something else, with wings? In that case do they fly away, and where do they go to? In any case, where do they expect to go to?

EXCESSIVE EXTRAVAGANCE.—The ladies' bonnets are all "running to waist."



A CAPITAL IDEA FOR THE "EUGENIES."

Frederick. "GOOD GRACIOUS, ANGELICA, YOU DON'T MEAN TO GO OUT WITH YOUR HAIR IN THAT STYLE?"

Angelica. "INDEED, SIR, I DO. IT'S EXTREMELY CLASSICAL, AND TAKEN FROM THE 'IONIC.'"

A LITERARY MILLIONAIRE.

NOBODY expects to hear of a Literary Millionaire in England, unless it be the author of a Million of Facts, or a Million Nuts to Crack for Christmas. In France, however, authors are more fortunate, for SCRIBE, the celebrated dramatist, has just purchased an estate, for which he has given upwards of ten thousand pounds sterling. Fancy an English dramatist purchasing, or even succeeding to any estate whatever, except, perhaps, man's estate, though even this he scarcely ever seems to reach, for he seldom appears to arrive at years of discretion.

We wonder that poor SCRIBE can feel secure in the enjoyment of his purchase, without being under the apprehension that some English translator or adapter will attempt to translate the property and adapt it to his own use in some way or other. The French author has been accustomed to have all his plots mercilessly seized, and why should not his ground plots be subjected to the same piratical process? SCRIBE is the author of his own fortune, and we shall not be astonished to find some of our British dramatists—from mere habit—attempting to appropriate the proceeds of his authorship, by claiming a portion of the fortune he has realised. If some of our playwrights should ever purchase estates, we may be sure they would be "copy"-hold, inasmuch as nothing, original—not even an original lease—could be expected at their hands.

A HOWL FROM THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

AIR—"I'm a Broken-hearted Gardener."

I'm a hippish Hippopotamus, and don't know what to do,
For the public is inconstant and a fickle one too;
It smiled once upon me, and now I'm quite forgot,
Neglected in my bath, and left to go to pot.

And it's oh! oh! out of joint is my nose,
It's a nasty Ant-eater to whom every one goes.

He is my abhorrence, I think him quite a hum,
He's worse than that Marine Vi-va-ri-um;
He beats the Knowsley bestases of the Derby dilly,
And makes the baby Elephant look small and silly.

And it's oh! oh! pity my woes!
The American Ant-eater has put out my nose.

I stood against the novelties—I didn't care at all
When the Frenchmen my existence were unable to recall;
I knew it was all jealousy, and I, too great a fact,
To be rendered a nonentity by any Mossco's act.
But it's oh! oh! the English me depose,
And with the Great Ant-eater have put out my nose.

He is but an Edentate, while I'm a Pachyderm;
He has got a shaggy hide, while mine is smooth and firm;
He can't tell how to walk, and he don't know how to swim,
And yet, the public overboard have thrown me for him.
And it's oh! oh! to think that my foes
Should get a Great Ant-eater to put out my nose.

He has scarcely got a mouth, and no teeth, but in their stead
A yard or two of tongue in his elongated head;
And why the fickle public should delight in such a beast,
Is a mystery that I cannot understand the least.
And it's oh! oh! would any one suppose,
An Ant-eater could ever out of joint put my nose?

I was growing up in Hippohood, the visitors to please,
And cutting my incisors, and increasing by degrees;
And my milk-and-carrot diet I was quickly throwing by—
And now they have compelled me to eat humble pie.
And it's oh! oh! what a thing I disclose!
The American Ant-eater out of joint's put my nose.

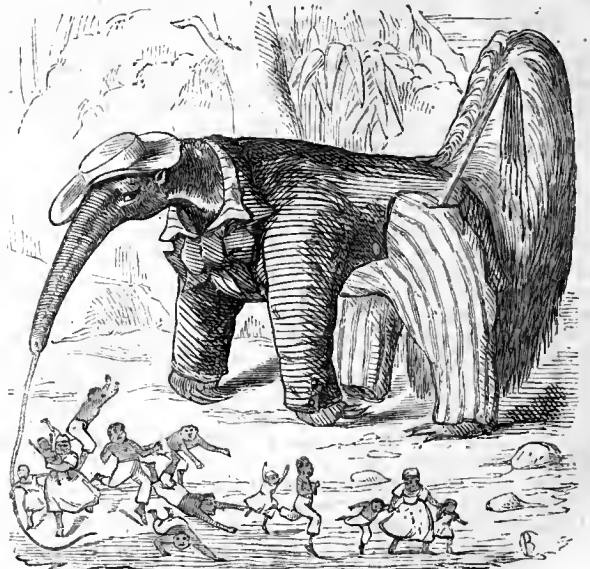
I'd like my sharpest grinders in that Ant-eater to stick,
And leave his bushy tail for the dicky birds to pick;
I'd just like to shew him that I've got teeth to use,
That can crunch him into nothing whenever I *chevs*.
And it's oh! oh! that I could come to blows
With this beast that's so completely out of joint put my nose!

Or I wish that I could make myself a Fellow, d'ye see,
Of this Zoological So-ci-e-ty:
For then I'd send this Ant-eater back to his Ants,
Or to my French rival at the Jardin des Plantes.
But it's oh! no go: there's no end to my woes;
The American Ant-eater out of joint's put my nose!

Signed, HIPPO ✠ his mark.
Countersigned, SADI.

Knight of the Bath and Groom of the Chambers.

Given at my House in the Zoological Gardens,
this 15th day of October, 1853.



Words of Peace.

"THAT miserable miscreant!"
These were the dulcet breathings of the "oaten stop" of the Member for Edinburgh at the Peace gathering. "That miserable miscreant," said pacific MR. COWAN, "the DUKE OF TUSCANY." Well, we thought Peace proffered olives; but here are offerings very like bad eggs.



WHY COATS ARE DEAR.



TO FIGHT OR NOT TO FIGHT? THAT IS THE QUESTION.



UR curiosity has been not merely on tip-toe, but positively upon stilts for some months past, watching the no result of the hostile correspondence between the Great Bear and the little Turkey-cock. The whole affair has been almost as absurd as an "affair of honour;" and if the parties concerned had been individuals instead of nations, the business would have long ago been brought to a conclusion, by being overwhelmed with a storm of ridicule. If any other notes than diplomatic notes had passed on this occasion, there would have been no end to the quizzing that the proceeding would have elicited. If Russia had been BROWN and Turkey had been JONES, if France had been SMITH and England had been ROBINSON, if Austria had been SNOOKS and Prussia had been TOMKINS, how ludicrous would have been the "note" as drawn up by SNOOKS, with the concurrence of SMITH and ROBINSON, but

amended by JONES, and dissented from by BROWN, on a point of personal dignity! If ROBINSON and SMITH were required to give their good offices, by deciding whether the note should be read in a Brownian or in a Jonesian sense, and if SNOOKS were suspected of secretly siding with BROWN, while TOMKINS was supposed to be shuffling out of an alliance with SMITH and ROBINSON from a secret fear of JONES, the whole world would go off, *avec explosion*, into a fit of merriment at the trumpety pretensions of the parties involved, and the utter insignificance of their quarrel.

Such, however, is the true complexion to which the thing must come, if divested of the exaggerated dimensions which are given to it by the interests that are unfortunately jeopardised. The quarrel would be but a very common-place quarrel, after all, if it were not for the unfortunate fact that JOHN BULL'S nose has somehow or other got poked into the affair, and that he will probably have to pay through the nose for the awkward position he occupies.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a strike which did not hit the workman harder than the master?

Did you ever know a hotel-keeper, whose "wax" lights would bear the test of a tallow-chandler?

Did you ever know a Continental tourist who, if he unfortunately happened to speak English, didn't everywhere discover he was charged at least double for it?

Did you ever find a "professional" win a game of billiards of you without assigning your defeat entirely to his "flukes"?

Did you ever know a cockney take to boating without dressing himself up à la T. P. COOKE?

Did you ever meet a dinner-out of sufficient strength of mind to ask for "cabbage"?

Did you ever hear a loo-player confess to having won more than "just a shilling or two"?

Did you ever know a pie-nie go off without the awful apparition of a "wops"?

Did you ever know a penny-a-liner who, in speaking of a fire, could abstain from calling it "the devouring element"?

Did you ever find a Continental shopkeeper whose "prix fixe" might not be proved a *locus-a-nonentity*?

Did you ever start upon a railway journey without hearing the immortal observation "Now we're off"?

Did you ever know an "alarming sacrifice," which in practice did not prove to be completely one of principle?

Did you ever in your life hail a City-bound omnibus that wasn't going "a'most directly" back to Bayswater?

And as a final clincher—Did you ever know a cabman who, since the new Act came in force, could by any eloquence be induced to give you change for a shilling?

Getting into their Good Books.

MR. G. V. BROOKE has advertised his intention to establish, out of the profits of his acting, a "Free Library for the People." We hope that the nation, in accepting the "tragedian's" books, will not pledge itself to adopt all his "readings."

HOTEL AND TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

"MR. PUNCH.—We have seen by the *Times* how extortionate hotel-keepers can be occasionally. In order to add my testimony in the matter, and with a view to assist in finding a remedy, I have been looking over a file of accounts which, from time to time, I have paid for my son. The following document speaks for itself; it is a relic of a tour made by my son to the Highlands of Scotland. The following seems to have been incurred between 6 P. M. and 8 A. M. next day —

	s.	d.
Dinner (Kailbrose and haggia)	1	6
" Ale	2	0
" Whiskey (4 Mutehkins)	3	0
Supper (Finnan Haddies)	0	3
" Toddy	14	0
" Cigars	3	0
Mornin's	2	6
	£1 6 3	

"I am, Mr. Punch, yours, &c.,
"JOHN TOMKINS."

"MR. PUNCH.—As there is some stir just now about the price of victuals and conveyance, I hope you will say a word for us. I don't eat no turtle, nor hares, nor grouse, nor partridges, nor pheasants, nor pigeon pies, nor venison, nor prawns, nor grilled turkey, nor apricot tarts, nor anything of that sort, which it quite makes one's mouth water to read of in the *Times*—nor I don't drink no foreign wines, though I once tasted some which was pretty much like ink and water. No, Sir, I likes my good old English beef, or bread and cheese, and my pot of beer along with it, and I think they taste the sweeter when they are not 'leavened with a sense of injustice,' as the late SIR ROBERT used to say. But, to come to the point. I work hard all the week—'from morn to noon, from noon to jerry eve,' as they say at the Institution; so me and my old woman and kids like a little turn round on Sunday. Well, Sir, last Sunday was a week I went from my place in Shoreditch to London Bridge, and then on by the penny steamer to Chelsea, and it cost no ends of money. Before starting on the boat I met BILL SMITH, and the following was the little bill we run up:—

Chelsea, Sept. 1853.

	s.	d.
2 Pots Ale	1	4
½ Pint Gin	1	0
10 Pickwicks	0	10
9 Bottles of Pop for Kids	0	9
Biscuits for ditto	0	3
	4 2	

"I had nearly forgotten to mention that one Sunday afternoon I paid 6d. for a 'bus to Regent's Park Zoological, and 6d. to come back again without having seen anything. PROFESSOR JELLY, of the Institution, says the Vivarium is very interesting; but I find that it is only the aristocracy who are admitted on Sunday, the working-classes it seems would do an injury to their soles by looking at the fish on that day. BILL SMITH says he thinks if he might go to the Crystal Palace, British Museum, &c., on the only day he can go, he shouldn't care how much extortion was practised at the public-houses, for he wouldn't use them.

"I am, Mr. Punch, yours, &c.,
"PAPER-CAR."

A Music-Seller's Opinion of France.

"I CAN generally tell, Sir, the state of public opinion by the songs I sell. In 1830 I sold thousands of *Parisennes*, I don't sell one now; and I don't think we've been asked for a single *Marseillaise* for these last three years. It is the same with *Mourir pour la Patrie*—no one cares for that now; and as for *Vive Henri Quatre*, not one copy has left my shop, I should say, since the day when the DUCHESS DE BERRI was caught in a cupboard. The only song that is asked for at present is *Partant pour la Syrie*, and we don't sell many of those. Ah! Sir, it is a bad sign when the people don't sing! Many a revolution in France has been caused by a song, and more than one throne has been upset from the want of one!"

Table Moving Extraordinary.

WE learn from a gentleman who is in the habit of moving in the highest circles, that the Table Movement party has lately derived great encouragement from the fact that the Table Rock has been moved down the Niagara falls.

THE PAPAL CUE.

THE POPE has been ordered to play billiards for his health. Judging from the specimens he has hitherto manufactured, we doubt whether his Holiness will ever make a good canon.



THE MODERN LANGUAGES TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON!

German Professor (on "la Perche") to Italian ditto below. "BE STEADIER, BILL, WILL YER, OR I'M BLOWED IF I DON'T COME DOWN!"

LARES AND PENATES FOR THE POTHOUSE.

High Art in British Sculpture is out of the question—except as, in the case of the DUKE OF YORK'S image and that of NELSON, when the figure is placed on the top of a tall column. This is in most instances by far the best place for it; the generality of our statues being objects of such a nature as to render it advisable that their view should borrow the very largest amount of enchantment that can be lent thereto by distance.

The Sublime in plastic Art is hopelessly unattainable by JOHN BULL: he has never yet been able to manage to pass the boundary which separates it from the Ridiculous. We had better stick to the latter, wherein we excel. To be sure, it may be doubted whether any production of the native chisel, meant for fun, could be more funny than the forms of pigtail, of wig, of military uniform and official costume, which that instrument is seriously employed to dignify. But why continue to adorn our churches and public buildings with monuments of gallant officers accoutred for parade, of bishops in confirmation costume, and of half-nude unshapely statesmen with cropped whiskers, in the dishabille of a loose sheet, apparently draped, in an uncomfortable manner, to undergo the operation of shaving? These things do not excite the feelings which they are meant to address—some of them, on the contrary, instead of warming the imagination, suggest a very unpleasant idea of catching cold.

But then, when British Sculpture attempts a tobaccoist's Highlander, or a Gog or Magog, it succeeds admirably, and there is a special direction in which it once promised to do wonders; that of bass-relief on the exterior of brown jugs. Here was native talent forming a channel for itself, in which perhaps it had better run freely, exercising originality, than labour with imitative and simious toil at the manufacture of ideal Art-Alepot.

On Art-Alepot, however, of a humorous and comical design, and kindred subjects, the British sculptor might work with immense success. We have abandoned the Greek and Roman mythology (modern as well as ancient) for the most part, but we have still a sort of Temple of BACCHUS; the Gin Shops and the Public-houses. To the decoration of these the British sculptor could direct his abilities right profitably.

At a recent meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates—according to the *Times*—the chairman of the Bench, MR. POWNALL, delivered an oration

to the applicants for publicans' licenses for music and dancing—Wherein—

"After expressing his own desire, and that of his colleagues, to do all in their power to promote a national taste for music by granting music licenses, he cautioned such applicants as should be fortunate enough to obtain them, not to attempt to open penny or twopenny concert rooms, lest by so doing they should attract the customers of, and injure the draught of liquor in the neighbouring public-houses. He warned them that if they were so ill-advised as to build and fit up spacious and well-ventilated music saloons for the accommodation of the public, and to repay themselves by taking money at the doors, instead of by an increased sale of beer and gin, and so 'create a monopoly in their own favour,' they must recollect that they did so 'entirely at their own risk,' that is, at the risk of having their concert rooms closed by the licensing Magistrates on the next licensing day."

Now, in the Middlesex Magistrates, as represented by MR. POWNALL, and not in them only, but in the whole unpaid Bench, might the British sculptor find models for household gods to embellish pot-houses withal. Their worshipful forms might be carved to stand as chimney ornaments, or to stride in the character of the jolly divinity upon barrels over tap-room doors. The "fair round belly with good capon lined," of the worthy justice would exceedingly well become that situation; for the national organ of music which the magistracy wish to cultivate appears to be a barrel-organ. No stout, no song; no beer, no ballad; no porter, no piano; no heavy, no harp; no fiddle, no fiddle; are the maxims which regulate their philharmonic ordinances. No gin, no glee, is their decree; no go, and no chorus. Therefore the mantelpiece of every Jerry-shop ought to be embellished with their statuettes, and so ought that of every big brewer and gin-spinner, their private connexions, consulting whose vested interests under the pretence of a regard to public duty, they violate the very essential principle of Free Trade, in order to prevent the competitors of their friends from "creating a monopoly in their own favour."

LIBEL ON THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SUNDAY paper, which affects to consider itself the organ of the Court, has fallen into a libel through its excessive propensity to flunkeyism. The following is the libellous paragraph:—



"THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SHOPMAN.—During one of the late Royal visits to the Dublin Exhibition the Royal children wandered about in the toy section of the building, while the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT were in other departments. The PRINCE OF WALES showed a precocious tact in striking a bargain. He asked the price of an elaborate specimen of carving in bog-oak. The shopman in attendance, quite overwhelmed with the unexpected honour, answered distractedly, "a shilling"—the true price being about fifteen shillings. The Prince, with a promptitude worthy the future ruler of a great commercial nation, closed with the bargain at once, laid down his shilling, and walked off with his prize. This little incident will probably make the fortune of the exhibitor, who is constantly surrounded by groups of the curious, and preserves the shilling under a glass

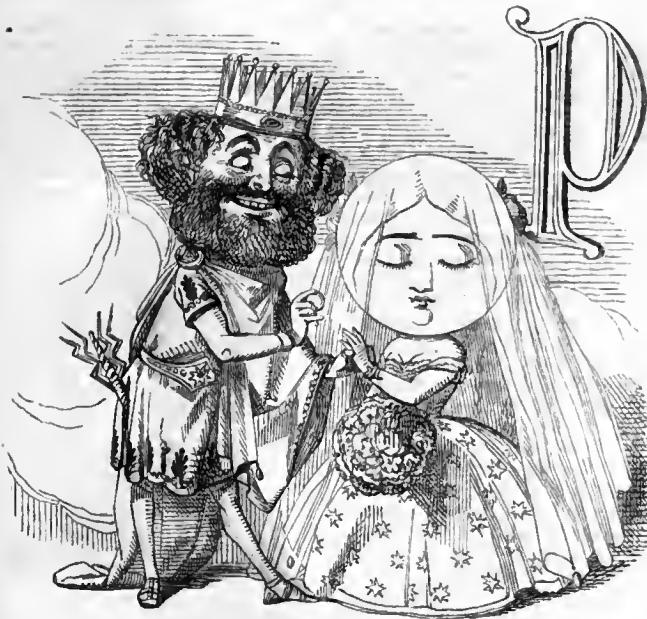
vase, only to be shown to the most favoured of the customers."

While transferring the above paragraph to our columns, we beg to protest against its truth, and to express our contempt for the awkward flunkeyism which endeavours to compliment the heir to the throne by imputing to him an act of what an American would call "smartness," and an Englishman would designate dishonesty. The imputation thrown upon the little PRINCE is that he took advantage of a shopman's mistake to obtain for a shilling what was worth fifteen, and this is clumsily described as a feat "worthy the future ruler of a great commercial nation." What great commercial principle is comprised in the act which has thus falsely, as we believe, been attributed to the PRINCE we are at a loss to perceive; but, if our contemporary carries on its commercial concerns in the spirit it seems so much to admire, we should decline having any dealings with it "in any shape or way" whatever.

We should like to know what the proprietors of the paper would say if a "smart" news-boy were to enter the office, asking the price of a quire of the journal, and on being told sixpence by mistake, he were to throw down that sum, and seizing up some ten shillings-worth of property, were to hurry away with it. Such an "incident" would more probably become the subject of a police charge than of a puffing paragraph.

AN IMPOSING SIGHT.—The sight of your Bill—at nine-tenths at least of our "first-rate" Hotels.

PHOTOGRAPHIC "GLIMPSES OF THE MOON."



less he intends, with a liberality that does him honour, to make his fellow men partners of his good fortune, and has therefore entrusted her relative, and namesake, the late eminent printseller of Threadneedle Street, with the preparation of engravings from the aforesaid photographs. *Punch* is happy to present the world with a prospectus of these engravings, which are three in number. The first depicts her as she appeared on her "conjunction with JUPITER." She is attired in her bridal dress, a robe of white aëroplane, spangled with stars; JUPITER is just stepping forward to "endow her with his ring;" and CHARLES'S WAIN waits in the background to convey the happy couple to their destination. The second picture is evidently meant to be a companion to the first, for in it she is represented on the *wane*, whilst the celestial BOOTES, who has been holding the horses' heads, is once more putting the ribbons into the hand of CHARLES.

In the last plate of the series, the "expression of her features," (as was said of the young lady who wore a wreath of roses) is "more thoughtful than before," and we scarcely need to be told by the accompanying letterpress, that she has just been reading in the afternoon's *Sun* an account of the difficulties by which her beloved brother, the Emperor of China, is surrounded.

Great hopes were at first entertained that she would allow a fourth plate to be executed, displaying her as she appeared when "the cow jumped over the moon;" but she steadfastly refuses her assent to this proposition, alleging, with much reason, that, whilst only the learned few could trace in the legend of this saltatory performance an allusion to the mystical fellowship of the Egyptian ARIS with ISIS, the lunar deity, the many would treat it as irreverently as did the little dog, who is said to have "laughed at such sport;" and that, although the dish may on that occasion have run away with the spoon, the plate thus executed would find no spoon-spooney enough to clope with it.

PARSONS AND DOCTORS.

MANY surgeons, doubtless, remarked an absurd letter from a clergyman which appeared the other day in the *Times*, recommending charcoal—in combination with brandy and opium—as a cure for cholera. One of them, dating his letter from Bloomsbury Square, has fortunately written an answer to that communication, pointing out that the quantity of the last-named drug prescribed by the parson would amount to 10 or 12 grains every half-hour; and of course destroy the patient. This clergyman, no doubt, is a well-meaning person, but he should confine himself to pointing the way to Heaven, recollecting that the opposite place is paved with good intentions. Possibly he overstated the quantity of opium, by what may be called a clerical error; a proper dose of it is well known to be beneficial in the complaint in question: brandy is also found useful; and to these two ingredients of the mixture we should be disposed to ascribe any favourable result of its administration. The third is probably inert; otherwise it would be a convenient medicine, as anybody, in case of need, might munch cinders.

Clergymen, in their anxiety to do good, are too often accustomed to add the treatment of bodies to the cure of souls. In order to minister to patients as well as penitents, they ought to possess the gift of healing, and that having ceased to be supernaturally imparted, they had better acquire it in the ordinary manner, by attending the hospitals. Some add homœopathy to what the rubric prescribes in the Visitation of the Sick, and by so doing do the least harm that it is possible to do by empiricism; as the swallowers of their globules at least die of their diseases; but we would advise even the homœopathic divines to stick to theological mysticism, and not deal in "riddles" which will generally be "affairs of death."

POETRY FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

To preach a bully peace
Would I don a suit of drab,
With a white cravat and a broad-brimmed hat,
And rely on simple gab?
Oh no! my friends, not I;
I'd buckle sword on thigh;
And also a pair of pistols wear,
And keep my powder dry.

Of small avail are words
Alone, with headstrong foes;
But they go for much when they are such
As can be maintained by blows.
So, if policeman meet
With brawlers in the street,
At the word to be gone they won't move on,
Till he his truncheon shows.

With despots if we plead
By diplomatic notes,
Best speeds our pen when we show most men
In blue and scarlet coats.
Most regiments of the brave,
Most fleets upon the wave;
Let the style be bland, but strong the hand
That begs them to behave.

To charm vindictive rage
In warlike rival's breast,
It is well to preach in the softest speech
If at peace we wish to rest.
But arm meanwhile!—enlist!
Draw gauntlet upon wrist;
And in friendly grasp he soon may clasp,
And shake your doubled fist.

A RAILWAY DOG.

THE papers contained the other day an account of an eccentric dog, who, it seems, is in the habit of frequenting the railways, and travelling about the country from station to station in company with different engine-drivers. Surely this must be a very unhappy dog, who is afflicted with a suicidal turn, and whose instinct directs him to the railways as the surest mode of terminating his existence.

We should like some philosopher to take the matter in hand, and ascertain whether the dog is a sad dog, a reckless dog, or a mad dog, that is thus risking the shortening of his dog-days by pursuing such a line of life, or rather such a line of death, as a line of railway.

Eagles at a Discount.

FRANCE has lately superseded the jolly old Gallie Coek, and mounted the Eagle on the dung-hill of national vanity. Eagles have, however, fallen terribly low in France, and they are being publicly exhibited in every variety of form and substance, from the Spread Eagle cut in paper, at three sous, to the Eagle ready to seize on its prey, carved in gilt wood, at one or two Napoleons. It is quite true that the French have found their master not at all earlier than they wanted him; and we can't help recognising the wisdom of substituting the Eagle for the *Egalité* humbug that was, for a time, permitted to predominate.

The Tune Changed.

FOR the first day RICHARD COBDEN was supreme at the Peace Congress: the bagpipers played nothing but *Oh Richard, oh now Roi!* On the second day, however, after old ADMIRAL NAPIER had fired off his speech, nothing was heard but—*Charlie is my Darling.*

"THE COMING STRUGGLE."



We would advise him, however, not to carry the experiment too far, or he will invest in paper and print all that he has made: and he has already shown symptoms of a tendency to over-do the thing by bringing out a "*Supplement to the Coming Struggle*," price also 6d. Sequels are never successful, and having finished off the world comfortably in his first book, we think him injudicious to try the experiment of another. Poor MURPHY made a hit with one "*Weather Almanack*," and, if he had left the thing alone, he might have preserved his reputation as a prophet, but when, unfortunately, he risked another shot and predicted a "coldest day," on which the thermometer was at 60 in the shade, there was an end to his "*Weather Almanack*" as a source of income. We advise the "*Coming Struggle*" gentleman to be warned in time and not to speculate in "supplements," or "sequels," but to go altogether on a new tack if he wishes to "put money in his purse," which is probably the chief aim of his "philosophy."

A ROYAL "LUNCH" PREVENTED.

It must be a relief, indeed, to HER MAJESTY to get away to Scotland, where in the retirement of Balmoral she is at least free from the importunities of that sort of loyalty which deprives her of the common comforts of a private individual. Provincial Mayors are perhaps the greatest pests that Royalty has to encounter; and the Preston Corporation seems to have made itself a fearful bore on the return of the QUEEN from Scotland. No sooner was it understood that HER MAJESTY would stop at Preston fifteen minutes to take luncheon, than the Town Clerk issued a circular to all the members of the Corporation, calling on them to meet for the purpose of deciding how the fifteen minutes HER MAJESTY had allowed herself for refreshment could be consumed by some municipal twaddle, of which Royalty was to be made the recipient. Instead of the QUEEN being suffered to take her hurried basin of moek-turtle at the station, she was to be bothered with calf's head, in the shape of the Mayor, and a dish of hash was to be set before her in the form of an adulatory address from the authorities.

It is indeed hard that Royalty cannot get a quarter of an hour free for luncheon on a long journey, but is compelled to give up every minute of spare time to the swallowing of a quantity of unwholesome stuff in the way of flattery from the authorities. We admire a loyal address when circumstances render it appropriate and convenient; but to intercept HER MAJESTY at every resting point on her way, and subject her to the fatigue of listening to and answering a mass of commonplace rubbish from the mouth of a Mayor, is no less impertinent on the part of the authorities, than it must be annoying to the Sovereign. We are quite sure that the QUEEN would prefer a sandwich to a puff, and a glass of sherry to all the milk-and-water in the world—notwithstanding all the sugar that the authorities might put into it.

HOW BRITANNIA SALUTES HER BABIES!

BRITANNIA—like a most careful mother—expends a world of powder on her babies. A week ago she flourished the powder-puff regardless of expense; and regardless of noise. Her three youngest royal babies—the PRINCESS LOUISA, aged five years; the PRINCE ARTHUR, aged three; and the dear little poppet PRINCE LEOPOLD, aged not one—were all of them brought down from the nursery at Osborne, and—with their nurses—embarked on board the *Fairy* to cross to Portsmouth, on their way to Windsor Castle, to be smothered with kisses by one of the best of mammas, and one of the tenderest of fathers.

Well, the precious babies passing through Spithead "were saluted by the *Blenheim*, by the garrison, and by the *Victory*, flag-ship;" and this was ordered by GRANNAM BRITANNIA, who, we think, by such smoke and pother rather exposes her dotage than shows her affection. Why should the "adamantine lips" of sixty-eight pounders salute those little babies? LOUISA, being five years old, may be a little seasoned to the custom; and ARTHUR—as 'godson to the DUKE—may have a

preocious taste for gunpowder; but consider the tender months of baby LEOPOLD! A suckling, and saluted with a smack of thunder.

Poor little heart! No doubt GRANNY BRITANNIA means the noise as an evidence of her love; but, we needs must think it a proof of her foolishness. Dear little rose-buds! Why not go to be kissed at Windsor in all their innocent freshness? Why should they be forwarded to their parents, new too from Scotland, smelling of gunpowder in which is so much brimstone?



OUR TRAVELLING CONTRIBUTOR,
AFTER A SEVERE ATTACK OF
INN-FLUENZA.

Retaliation.

PHOTOGRAPHY, it was erroneously stated, had enabled forgers to commit frauds upon the Bank of England. Had it been true, the retribution would have been just. The Bank issues light sovereigns—why not repay it with Light five-pound notes?

HOW TO MULL PORTE.—Ask LORD ABERDEEN.

EXIT G. V. BROOKE.—ENTER TOM BARRY.



HAT MR. BROOKE—according to the information benignantly supplied to a benighted public by his manager—has restored Drury Lane to its former grandeur as a Temple of the Drama, is a grand fact. Having restored the Temple, and made his exit — *en route* for California—enter **TOM BARRY** “the Deathless Clown.”

MR. E. T. SMITH—like a modest flower—unconscious of his own merits, has culled in “a wise discretion, the result of a deliberative council” in science.” And the wisdom of his discretion shows itself in astounding results. For instance, he has the youthful **HERNANDEZ**, who is, in himself, “the very constellation in the hippodramatic hemisphere.” Next, he has **EARON STONE**; and he “confronts in a marvellous manner, the wild horse of the prairies”—that animal being at the present hour rampant and loose under Drury Lane stage. Next, there is **ARTHUR BARNES**, “the champion of

all the world” who throws “ninety-one summersaults in succession;” a living anatomical illustration of the truth that one good turn deserves another. **TOM BARRY**, “the deathless Clown—his name and fame are enough.” The Undying One! Immortal **WILLIAM** over the portico, and the Deathless **BARRY** in the sawdust!

It is expected that the Deathless **BARRY** will, ere his engagement concludes, be regaled with a complimentary supper of several yards of property sausages. Among other expected toasts, is “The Memory of **JOSEPH GRIMALDI**,” which, it is believed, will be responded to by his late dresser, a veteran of the good old school. On this festive occasion, the horses of the company—deathless Barbs!—will have an extra feed of beans.

THE GOD OF THE RUSSIANS.

God of the Russians!—who is he?
A great—and bulky—deity:
He stands some six feet two, or three.

He is proportionally stout;
The lofty form is well filled out
Of the Controller of the Knout.

He ranks among the *Di Majores*,
And in despotic power he glories;
He once was worshipped by the Tories.

He banquets on celestial fare,
His Nectar’s *Clicquot*, potion rare!
And his Ambrosia’s *caviare*.

As to the Russian God’s costume,
It is a cocked hat and a plume,
If so to speak we may presume:

Likewise, a military stock;
Belt, sword, and coat—a tail or frock:
He stands in jack-boots like a rock.

Yet any thinker might suppose
He’d wear a different sort of clothes,
More ancient—classical—than those.

For this same God of Russia seeks
To be the God, too, of the Greeks.
Then why does he sport coat and breeks?

Old **NICHOLAS** should wear the loose
Robe that once clad the form of **ZEUS**;
That is the garment for the **DEUCE**.

Britannia’s Safety Belt.

CONSIDERING how much England is indebted for its safety to the magic belt of water that runs round it, every Englishman, when speaking of St. George’s Channel, ought, in true nautical fervour, to ejaculate: “Bless its old Chors!”

THE “VOW OF POVERTY.”

SOME Benedictine monks, with a strange mixture of the secular and the spiritual in their affections, presented themselves a few days ago as claimants to vote for Members of Parliament. Though they profess to entirely de-vote themselves to the Church, they do not wish to be de-voted or deprived of votes for the county of Northumberland. But the best of the joke—rather a solemn piece of mockery, by the bye—was the fact of their appearing in the character of persons having taken “a vow of poverty,” to claim their right to certain property, in respect or which they contended that they ought to have the electoral franchise. The contradictory and anomalous position in which they stood led to a cross-examination of the claimants, in the course of which some peculiar views as to the effect of a “vow of poverty” were elicited. The result seems to be, that a Benedictine monk may be a man of property, though he has taken a vow of poverty, and that, in the words of one of the professional men engaged on the occasion, “so far as respects property the law of poverty has no effect whatever.”

The Benedictine monk was a good deal pressed, and in spite of the ingenuity appropriate to his “order” he was driven into a corner, from which he could not escape except upon the prong of a fork which the professional gentleman kept continually presented to the Benedictine monk, for the latter to fall upon. When told that, “in making the vow of poverty, he says he has no property whatever,” the “monk” could only reply “We must have property or we could not exist;” so that we are justified in asking what is the meaning of a vow of poverty, if it can be taken by a man of property who, on the strength of that property, lays claim to a vote for the county? The witness when pressed admitted, “We all have property”—all *we* who have made a vow of poverty, or an abnegation of property—but the way we manage it is this: “We have what is called a ‘peculium,’ which is a separate thing from the vow of poverty.” It is convenient, certainly, to be able to be poor and rich at the same time, and to combine all the temporal advantages of property with the spiritual advantages of poverty. The “peculium” is, of course, elastic, and there is no particular place for drawing the line in the banker’s book. A vow of poverty which admits of a “peculium” in the shape of a private fortune is like a vow of tea-totalism, which allows of a “peculium” in the form of a private gin-bottle.

INFECTION GLEBE.

EVERYBODY knows that an intramural churchyard has a tendency to enlarge itself—not in area, but in perpendicularity. It is in every sense a rising concern, and it swells like an investment at compound interest. The attraction of mortality increases in a ratio multiplying with the increase of the mass—and what is there to prevent so deadly a nuisance from being immediately abolished? Hear the **BISHOP OF LONDON** in his evidence given before the Lords’ Committee on the Great Extramural Cemetery Bill—opposed by the **LOLD BISHOP**—

“I wish, in a very few words, to explain that, when the bill was first printed, the clergy were much alarmed. They saw that it would interfere with the establishment of parochial burial grounds, and they objected more particularly to the small amount of compensation fees which the company intended to pay, viz., 1s. 8d. for the open ground, and 2s. 6d. for the brick graves and vaults.”

In the country it is a common thing to see sheep grazing in churchyards, but in London, by the account of the Bishop, the same pastures afford food to the shepherds. To the eye of chemists—who are ghost-seers—for ghost and gas “are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations”—what a picture is presented by a metropolitan incumbent praying at his reading desk against pestilence with the cause of it steaming up all around him in the shape of sulphuretted hydrogen, for the generation of which he is principally responsible! By all means give the intramural clergy compensation for the loss they may sustain by extramural cemeteries, though the poor innkeepers did not get any when their businesses were destroyed by the railroads. Let them be compensated even at the Bishop’s estimate, which he says he “prevailed upon **MR. CORFIELD**” to adopt, viz., 2s. 6d. for the open ground and 6s. 6d. for the brick graves. Canterbury Registrars and fat pluralists will cut up one of these days sufficiently well to supply the needful: in the mean time let the *convives* of the earthworm feed without the walls.

THE BRIDLE ROADS.

WE see a book advertised under the title of “The Bridle Roads of Spain.” We know very little about Spain, but can inform our fair readers (we mean the ladies) that the Great Bridal Roads of England are:—St. George’s, Hanover Square, and Gretna Green.



Cobden. "WHO HAS THE DONKEY'S EARS, NOW?"

[Mr. Punch answers the question.]

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 9.

My dear fellow-countrymen who throng the theatres, the *cafés*, and the promenades of this gay city, may form very different opinions of its inhabitants and institutions; but on one point, I believe, they are all agreed; that, in common with the rest of the Continent, it is over-ridden with bureaux and bureaucracy. Every third man is an *employé*, a soldier, or a policeman. You cannot have a warm bath, without taking a ticket from a lady at a desk, nor indulge in a mild polka, without being watched by a man in a cocked hat. If you change your hotel, instant information must be sent to the Préfecture; if you want to send a telegraphic message to England, it must first receive the sanction of the Minister of Police; if you enter Paris from a country walk, with a great-coat on your arm, you will be pounced upon and searched at the Barrière. All this is disgusting to honest JOHN BULL, and he curses it with great force of language. "Thank goodness!" says he, "at all events, we are free from this miserable drilling, and marching, and boarding-school discipline." In England we certainly are.

Occasionally the London newspapers take the opportunity of an "illustrious foreigner's" visit, to contrast our liberty and their thralldom. The leading journal will point out with its usual epigrammatic terseness, varied illustration, good sense and eloquence, the advantage of letting people alone, and the extent to which our Government does let us alone. "His Highness, or Majesty, as the case may be, will ride for hours in our Metropolis without seeing a soldier or (especially if there's a row) a policeman." Blessed independence! but the contrast is much more striking, because more disagreeable to a wretched Englishman, born to freedom, who finds himself in a mess on the Continent—a contingency which happens to one out of every dozen tourists. Those confounded passports form the monster grievance. Accordingly from July to November, not a week passes but some victim writes to complain that he is in confinement at Marseilles or Como, or somewhere or another, because his passport is lost or not *en règle*. Old JOLLYBOY, I recollect, wrote a tremendous letter to the *Times* containing a column and a half of his adventures. It ought to have produced a reconsideration of the whole passport system, but it didn't. Those foreign governments are so dense!

And now little BOMBAZINE (who is "reading for the bar," like every young fellow about town that is not in the army) comes to your Correspondent, and complains of a grievance which throws all the foreign misdemeanours into the shade. He went to the English Embassy to get his passport signed, and *the man there could not speak English!* Now, by JOVE, HARRY is right, and it is too bad! Here are we every day ridiculing or cursing the villanous antiquated machinery of passports. We all know, and are never tired of repeating, that it works for the persecution of helpless timid travellers and the protection of brazen and ingenious criminals. (JOSEPH MAZZINI entered Italy a few months ago in the petticoats and "front" of an old woman, the policemen taking off their hats and paying compliments, while a poor English coasumptive parson in search of health was marched off between two chasseurs as if he had been a pickpocket.) We complain reasonably enough that we travel everywhere scattering our livres sterling, making the fortunes of innkeepers, creating watering places, supporting entire branches of commerce, fostering capital cities, everywhere cheated, pitied, and laughed at, and yet foreign governments have not the sense to encourage such lucrative and harmless visitors, but do everything they can to prohibit our free locomotion. They are great asses, are they not? Call them all the names you like, and now believe, if you can, that an English establishment abroad is worse than them all. Our ambassador, as I understand from a diplomatic friend, receives a very tolerable income from his country by way of wages and compensation for exile, and yet cannot afford to keep a man in his office capable of communicating with the multitude of Britons who do not speak French.

We recollect a certain circular issued from the foreign office at Washington, which invited the United States' consuls and ambassadors to employ native Americans and none others in their offices. And quite right. It is bad enough to have to deal with foreigners about our passports where it is absolutely necessary, but when we go to our own Embassy we hope to meet with, if not the *personnel* at least the language and plain good sense of the Anglo-Saxon. We might expect to meet also there a disposition to smooth instead of aggravating the nuisances of the passport system, and, behold, we find an official with all the French bureaucratic humbug, and without a knowledge of our tongue. How such a monstrous absurdity could have arisen passes one's understanding. Good heavens! why every hotel, every *café*, every shop, nay every superior police office, contains one or more persons who speak English, and the English Embassy is the only establishment without one. Why don't some of those young swells come down from their room and do the passport business? Do they think it "low?" But hear HENRY BOMBAZINE.

"You know MRS. TODDLEHAM, my Aunt, is given to reading the papers in connexion with the prophecies, and has just got hold of a very entertaining book on those subjects called 'The Battle of Armageddon,' which has determined her to come to England at once with me. It's by one of those immensely knowing parties, you see, who tell you about the end of the world, give 'tips' in fact 'on future events,' like the Derby prophets in *Bell's Life*. Well, he says, that Russia is going to invade Jerusalem, and the English fleet is to sail into the Dead Sea—no—the United States' fleet is to sail into the Caspian—no—hang it! I never can recollect the names of places—at all events, there's to be an awful shindy somewhere, and England is the only safe place to go to. So I went to the Embassy to get the old lady's name put on my passport, and, as I said, the fellow couldn't speak a word of English. I tried him with French" (you *should* hear dear HENRY's French), "and could hardly make him understand then. He wanted first to see her passport, but, bless you, she hasn't got any. I don't suppose she ever had one, and at all events, if she had, must have lost it years ago. You know she came over to see LOUIS PHILIPPE crowned, and liked the place so much she has stayed ever since. And when I told him that, and offered references to bankers, and so forth—mind you, he's not over civil in his manner, I suppose because he can't make anything by the job—he opened his eyes till the eyebrows went right away into the hair of his head, and flatly refused. '*Savvy vous, Mossoo,*' said he, '*savvy vous que c'est une affaire très serioose. Une affaire serioose*'—those were his very words. What do you think of that, because a poor old woman wants to get back to her native country out of the way of the battle of Armageddon? By JOVE, I know what I'll do. I'll write to the *Times*."

No, no, HARRY my boy, we'll do better for you than that. I'll send your history to *Mr. Punch*. He is great and good, my friend, and will see you righted if anybody can.

Agricultural Improvements.

THE old proverb informs us, that "a reformed rake makes the best husband;" but, according to MECHI, it is "your reformed plough that makes the best husbandman."

THE OATMEAL PHILOSOPHY.—"There is a *mean* in all things."

DRAT THE EASTERN QUESTION!

To my Son Punch.



G HERE NOW, *Punch!*
 Drat this nasty stupid good-for-nothing Eastern Question. I am sick and sorry of hearing it talked of, din, din, din, bother, bother, bother, every day, and all day long. Drat the Russians and Turks both, one's barbarians and the other's savages. I wouldn't give a fig for either of 'em; the Russians are just as bad as the Turks, and the Turks every bit

as bad as the Russians, there isn't a pin to choose between 'em, six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. The Turks commit double and treble bigamy, and the Russians drink train oil; the Russians are beaten with the knout, and the Turks with the bastinado, and deserve to be, both alike. Oh, I know all about it, although I am only an old woman! and what's the whole to-do about but a parcel of nonsense, ambassadors niggling with their diplomatic notes, and quibbling backwards and forwards because an i wasn't dotted on one side and a t crossed on the other. Hity tity! I've no patience with 'em. Of course, if our bonnden duty is to interfere, we must; but it's a great plague, and sickness in the land, and raining cats and dogs, and bread up and meat up, and how much higher they'll go goodness knows, but it will be beyond everything if there should be a war. Drat it! we can't help pestilence and famine, but it's our own doings if we add war. Not that I'm for Mr. COBDEN and your 'No Soldiers' people that want to do away with the army and navy, and leave their sisters and mothers to invasion. Drat them, too—I despise such dirty drabs. But I do think it's such annoyance to be drawn in and forced to fight when you've no heart in the quarrel. What a pity it is we can't leave 'em alone and let 'em fight it out. Neither of 'em is our fellow Christians, Turks being Mahometans, and Russians Greek, which is as bad as Latin; and what I should like would be to see them left to themselves and eat each other up, like the Irish cats—poor things! Drat the ultimatums, drat the Phosphorus—which is always causing a combustion—drat the Dardanelles which I am sure they must be some forward husseys—drat the whole business, it's altogether a bad job from beginning to end, if there is to be any end, which if the scrimmage goes on I'm afraid will be the end of everything. Drat it all I say! I wish I had a good large broom, and power to sweep both your SULTAN and your EMPEROR, and all their forces into the Red Sea, or Black Sea, or any sea deep enough to drown 'em out of the way, interfering, by their nasty trumpery tiffs and tantrums, with progress and civilisation, and arts and sciences, and the Crystal Palace at Syd-nham, and the comfort and happiness of everybody, to say nothing of a poor old lady like me.

"The Common, October, 1853."

*"Your affectionate,
 "MOTHER GOOSE."*

Great Theatrical Strike.

It is reported that MR. CHARLES KEAN the actor has struck for an advance of salary from MR. CHARLES KEAN the manager. MR. CHARLES KEAN refuses to advance another shilling to MR. CHARLES KEAN, actor, desiring him to act his worst. It is believed that the actor has taken the manager at his word. We deplore all strikes; especially one like the above, in which the public are the greater sufferers. When bad's the best, what must the worst be?

THE FASHIONABLE STRIKE AMONGST THE LOWEST CLASSES.

A BRUTE of a Husband is one who fancies, when he marries, that he is at perfect liberty to treat his wife as if she were no better than a street-door, on which there was nailed the polite request: "Please to Ring and Knock."

Beware the Bear.—Let ABD-UL-MEDJID and NICHOLAS make it up, if possible—but not embrace. The SULTAN must not trust himself to the hug.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH INNKEEPER.

AIR—Sufficiently Obvious.

I'LL sing you a new song on a theme much stirred of late,
 Of a fine old English Innkeeper, grown rather out of date,
 Who keeps up his establishment in almost princely state,
 And don't forget to charge you there at quite a princely rate,
 Like a fine old English Innkeeper, one of the olden time.

His house, you're told, is fitted up "regardless of expense,"
 Although one half is obsolete, and t'other make-pretence;
 Exploded old four-posters, built in GEORGE THE SECOND's reign,
 Mock plate to serve mock-turtle in, sham ice-pails for champagne:
 At this fine old English Innkeeper's, one of the olden time.

The swipes he draws is sour enough to turn a navy pal,
 Tho' by a bitter railery he calls it bitter ale;
 And tho' perhaps you don't see half a waiter all the day,
 For "attendance" quite as much as for a lawyer's you must pay
 To this fine old English Innkeeper, one of the olden time.

Then if to wine your tastes incline some home-made Cape you'll get,
 Served up in a decanter like a vinegar-cruet,
 As a "bottle of Madeira" this will in the bill be set,
 And however nasty it may be a nice sum you're in debt
 To the fine old English Innkeeper, one of the olden time.

And if your wife be with you, you must have a private room,
 And use a pair of "wax-lights" (with a muttony perfume),
 For which you'll pay a crown a day, and 'tis a burning shame
 That whether they be lit or not they're charged for just the same
 By this rare old English Innkeeper, one of the olden time.

But soon these fine old Innkeepers will find their race is run,
 For men are up and doing, and no longer will be done:
 And shortly we may hope to see a really good hotel,
 Where we may be admitted, and not taken in as well,
 As we were by our old Innkeeper, one of the fleeing time.

THE STARVED-OUT COMMISSION OF SEWERS.

EVERYBODY is attacking the unfortunate Commissioners of Sewers, who are said to be standing still with their hands in their pockets, and who reply that they are obliged to stand still because they have nothing in their pockets but their hands. It is true their hands seem to get very deeply into the public pocket occasionally, but however large the sum that may be extracted, the cry of the Commissioners is "We have no funds." If a neighbourhood, thirsty for a good, wholesome fall of water, applies to the Commissioners, their answer is "We can't stand a drain." Their song is always to one tune, and that is the tune of "I've no Money."

*"I've no money! so you see
 Nothing can be done by me;
 I own it to my sorrow;
 But if I were rich, you'd see
 Wonders would be done by me;
 So call again to-morrow."*

The fact is that the Commissioners of Sewers have such grand ideas that execution is impossible. The imagination of the Commissioners riots in such a sea of sullage, that nothing short of an arched avalanche of refuse water presents itself to the minds of the functionaries who will not stoop to anything short of an aqueduct, and consequently have souls above the making of a common useful drain. Everything must be on such a scale of grandeur, that unless London can be altogether excavated a few serviceable pipes cannot be laid down. We are quite willing to admit the difficulties of the position of the Commissioners with all the sewage of London on their hands, and some people feel naturally tempted to throw mud upon those who are in a degree responsible for getting rid of it. The Chairman, however, seems to take the affair with a sort of philosophic good nature, as if he felt himself somewhat in the position of a glass bottle or a plaster bust perched on an eminence for everybody to take a shy at him.

Art in the City.

WHY not—if Temple Bar must be removed—why not to mark and preserve the sacred boundary of the City, bring bodily Gog and Magog from Guildhall to either side of Fleet Street? They would only make two ugly statues the more: and in so large and such a city, what are two?

A HINT FOR THE CONSUMERS OF COAL.—The most cheerful kind of fuel:—Keeping up a constant fire—of jokes.



MIGHT IS RIGHT.

Van Driver. "I DON'T KNOW NOTHUN ABOUT NO RIGHT SIDES, NOR WRONG SIDES. YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY, IF YER DON'T WANT TO BE MADE A WAFER OF!"

[Where are the Police?]

THE FALLACY OF EXTERNALS.

In the *Times'* report of the final meeting of the Peace Conference at Edinburgh, it is remarked that

"Messrs. COBDEN and BRIGHT were the great lions of the evening."

Apparently it is probable that they were; although some may consider them to have been figuring as lambs rather than lions: but then the lamb is not the only creature typical of passive endurance. Appearances, however, are not realities, and the reporter, in inferring the animal from the integument, made a mistake which has occurred before. MR. BRIGHT and MR. COBDEN were going about in lions' skins; but, as those who had just heard them might have perceived, they were, not exactly lions.

THE CRY OF THE BRITISH HUSBAND.—"Do you bruise your wife yet?"

THE ARMS OF ENGLAND, AS IMPROVED BY THE [PEACE SOCIETY.

Of the poor old British Lion
The sentence has gone forth,
Since BRIGHT has lifted up his heels
Against him in the North.

Then let him veil the tufted tail
He once so proudly bore,
When coarsely vain of might and mane,
He guarded England's shore.

Be the soldier brute in council mute,
Nor more sound war's alarms;
Let him yield his place to a milder race
In Britain's coat of arms.
For the lion is a dangerous beast,
And so 's the unicorn;
The one has teeth and talons,
And the other hoofs and horn.

So in a crack from Britain's back
Let's tear the coat she has on,
And in its place our 'scutcheon grace
With Peace's proper blazon:
Gules we'll eschew—that bloody hue!—
With drab the field arrange;
But *or* and *argent* we'll retain,
As sovreigns and small change.

Nor lion for supporter,
Nor unicorn shall stand,
But a spaniel *mendiant*, and a hare
Funkant, on either hand;
In the *first* and *fourth*, where erst were
charged

Lions *passant guardant* thrice,
There three hares *boltant* to the world,
Shall Britain's symbol be.

In the *second*, that was *or*
In *double tressure counterflowered*—
Where *gules*, in times gone by,
The Scotch lion *rampant* towered—
In honour of great COWAN,
And his Embro' fellows true,
In a tressure of Scotch thistles,
An ass *prançant* you shall view.

In the *third*, that once showed *azure*,
The harp of Ireland, or—
Since we'll not stand such vanities
As music any more,
We mean to blazon, *argent*,
A ledger, *proper*, blank—
As typical of squared accounts,
And a balance at the bank.

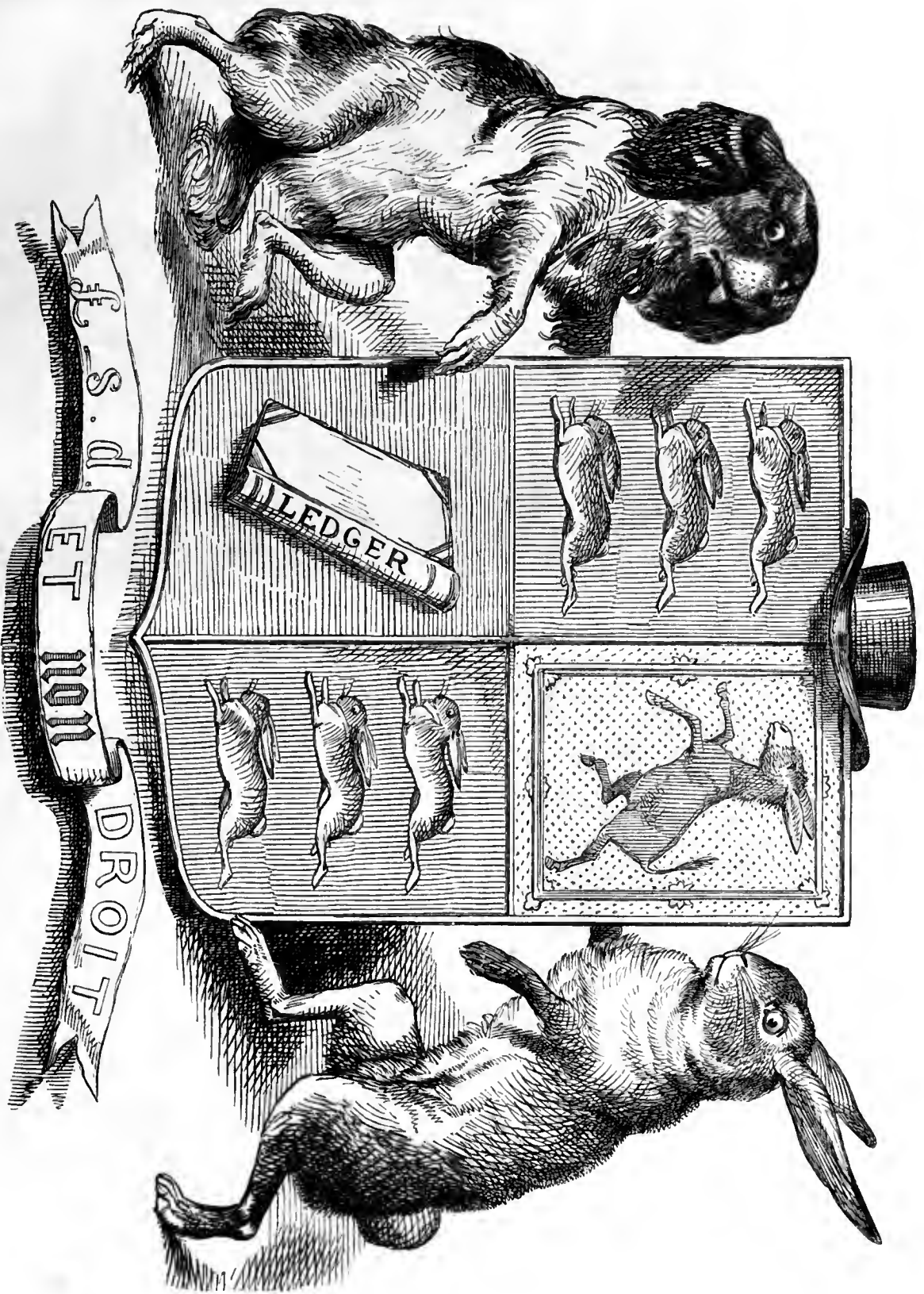
"*Dieu et mon Droit*," we will withdraw,
The phrase is simple gammon;—
For "*Dieu*" read £ s. d.,—since who
Should be our God but MAMMON?
And as for *Droit*, you know 'tis Might
Not Right that wins the game—
So "£ s. d. et Non Droit" shall be
The motto we'll proclaim!

The Sarcophagus of Art.

It is said that LORD ONSLOW has revoked the bequest that he had made of his collection of pictures by the Old Masters to the National Gallery. His reason for taking this step, we understand, is, that the report of the Select Committee on that Institution has convinced him that he had better bequeath his pictures, together with his body, to the earth, to be buried at once.

POLITICAL TABLE TURNING.

TABLE Turning, as practised by political parties, consists in turning statistical tables to account.



THE ROYAL ARMS AS IMPROVED BY THE PEACE SOCIETY.

"I WISH THE BRITISH LION WERE DEAD OURLIGHT!"—John Bright at Edinburgh.



MARRIAGE IN "MEDIocre" LIFE.



ONE of our fashionable contemporaries, of which there are now three (including the *Morning Advertiser*, which "goes in" upon the aristocratic dodge), contained the other day the account of a marriage of a Reverend Baronet with a young lady, whose name is not given, but who is said to be "related to the EARL OF ROSSE." This scientific nobleman may have numerous distant relations, who, on the strength of his title and his telescope, would like to be looked upon as near relations, and therefore the bride may or may not be a very close connection of the Earl. At all events, the persons inserting the advertisement in the fashionable paper, do not seem to have felt themselves justified in heading the paragraph with the usual words, "Marriage in High Life." It was most probably a sort of middle-class matrimonial connection; though in these days it is hard to say where high life ends and mediocrity begins. The couple seem to have been "carriage people," at all events; for as the vehicle—probably a "neat fly" with post horses—approached the bridge, the assembled multitude raised such "vociferations," says the penny-a-liner, "as to make the welkin ring." We should like to see the bell attached to the Welkin, and the Welkin itself in which the phenomenon of "ringing" was produced by the shouts of the multitude.

On reaching the village the vehicle "proceeded through a triumphal arch, ornamented with a lamp." We beg leave to say that we have the honour of passing under a triumphal arch—that which bears the Wellington Statue—twice a day, and we do so without any feeling of undue vanity, notwithstanding the fact that it is also "ornamented with a lamp,"—and indeed with two—for there is one on each side of it. The penny-a-liner adds that "on reaching their residence the bride and bridegroom briefly, but feelingly, returned thanks to the inhabitants." What a pity that we have not had a full report of the speeches. Where was

GURNEY, the short-hand writer; where was SHERER, and what had become of MORTON?

The next time that a marriage in "mediocre" life is celebrated we trust that a staff of stenographers will be in attendance to take down the "speeches" of the bride and bridegroom, as they pass from the neat fly, gig, or clarence to the inn or hotel they may have chosen for their melilunar abode.

THE TIGHT BLOCKADE.

If that old Bear in Boots, the CZAR,
Will drag old England into war,
Our fleet shall sail to Turkey's aid,
And we'll try the operation of a tight blockade.

We'll close each port along the shore
Of this confounded Bear—and Bore—
And if we can't his realm invade,
We'll shut up all his harbours with a tight blockade.

His hides and tallow we'll confine
With sundry vessels of the line;
In corn, too, we shall stop his trade:
'T will be under the restriction of a tight blockade.

For all his troops, for all his hordes,
For all their lances and their swords,
To change his tune he may be made,
By a steady perseverance in a tight blockade.

If out of that he tried to dash—
And oh that he may be so rash!—
We'd pound him into marmalade.
What a happy termination of the tight blockade!

No matter if old NICK we drub,
Though we debar ourselves of grub,
Which might to Britain be conveyed,
But that Russian corn will lie beneath a tight blockade.

Each blow we deal at him will fall
Upon ourselves, both great and small;
But Honour's call must be obeyed,
And alas! it only can be by a tight blockade.

Would we could with the demon close;
Like DUNSTAN, seize him by the nose;
Old NICHOLAS would soon be laid,
And there wouldn't be occasion for the tight blockade.

A SPORTING REGIMENT.

SOME Yeomanry heroes, whose head-quarters are at the "Spotted Cow," in York, have been called together by a circular, of which the following is a copy, to have a day's hunting, on Monday the 31st.

"Spotted Cow Inn, Walmgate Bar, York, 18th October, 1853.

"SIR,—Through the kindness of our Captain (LORD VISCOUNT DOWSE), a day's hunt, or coursing, at Sessay (to the members of his Troop only), is given, which is proposed to take place on Monday, the last day of this month. It is also proposed to have a little drill—each should attend with his sword and belt. Be so kind as say if you can procure a dog. An early answer is earnestly requested. Further particulars will be gladly given, on application to me, or CORP. SMITH.

"I am, Sir, yours, truly,
"GEO. SMITH."

It is desirable, we admit, that the yeomanry should be indulged in a day's hunting, which may practise them in the art of pursuing an enemy, who in war-time would be fair game. We are somewhat puzzled by the proposition to mix up "a little drill" with the day's sporting, unless the "dogs of war" are to hunt in couples—two abreast. We fear there will be some difficulty in blending the huntsman and the warrior; nor can we comprehend the idea of a sporting military gent running after a fox with "his sword and belt," "taking close order" at the heels of Reynard, or practising the goose-step by way of "a little drill" previous to the starting of the game. The passage in the circular which asks every trooper to "be so kind as to say" if he "can procure a dog," is suggestive of an awful assemblage of mongrels, and destructive to all our ideas of "sport."

We can fancy the canine Babel that would be the consequence if the brutes should happen to "give tongue." If everybody is "so kind as to procure a dog," there would inevitably be a regiment of dogs as well as a regiment of soldiers; there can be no objection to a vast assemblage of dogs at any given point for a given period, but when the dogs have had their day, we would ask in a spirit of much misgiving, what is to become of these dogs when the drill is at an end? We can only say that we should be sorry to eat a sausage within five miles of the place where that troop had been assembled, until at least a month after they should be disbanded, and their dogs should have disappeared.

PIUS PINGUIS.

THAT the POPE should have been ordered to play billiards to counteract obesity, is a circumstance suggestive of certain natural remarks. A person who fasts as often as the Roman Pontiff must fast, and yet gets fat, is a wonder; and perhaps the plumpness of PIUS, attained principally on red herrings, will be cited one of these days as a miraculous circumstance. FALSTAFF lost his voice "by hollering and singing of anthems;" but in the meanwhile he gained flesh, as his Holiness appears to have also done in a similar course of exercise. Many prelates are oily enough; but the unctuous of the present Bishop of Rome is peculiar. The Pontifical chair has often been said to be filled, but now it is full, and no mistake. Perfidy, the Papists say, never approached the see of PETER; however that may be, it certainly will be difficult to circumvent its existing occupant, as his bulk will baffle any attempt to get round him. Many of the Holy Father's predecessors have been deep, but he is broad also.

We should have preferred rackets to billiards as a cure for the Papal corpulence, if we thought the POPE could stand the rackets, as he will have to do, whether he can or not, as soon as the state of Europe obliges LOUIS NAPOLEON to withdraw the French troops from Rome; and that will prove the most effectual proceeding for the reduction of his greatness.

News for the Peace Congress.

THE Submarine and European Telegraph pulsates with these glad tidings:—

"Six new steam-vessels, after the model of the *Napoleon*, are on the stocks, and will be launched about the end of 1854."

Our own correspondent informs us that two of these vessels—in gratitude to the peace-makers—will be called *The Bright* and *The Cobden*.

JESUIT'S BARK.—This Bark is a small, black, pirate-looking craft, that has fastened itself on, by some hook or other, to PETER's Boat.



SPURIOUS IMITATION.

UNMITIGATED EFFRONTERY OF MESSRS. BROWN AND SMITH.

ASTONISHING AND GENEROUS EXERTION BY CATHEDRAL CLERGYMEN.

THE newspapers are continually making remarks of a painful nature on the conduct of Deans and Chapters. It is pleasing to encounter an opportunity of commenting in a more affectionate spirit on the behaviour of one of those reverend fraternities. That pleasure is afforded us by the *Morning Post*—wherein, under the heading of "Divine Service for the Militia," we read that

"The necessity of providing some means by which the Militia, in a body, could attend Divine Service on Sunday, and the difficulty of this being secured by the ordinary church accommodation available in Exeter, induced, we understand, the Lord Lieutenant of the county to make an application last week to the Cathedral authorities, suggesting that an extra service on Sunday in that spacious building would meet the wishes of his lordship."

Now, when we consider the average scale on which Deans and Chapters are remunerated in relation to their average services, and when, our reflections guided by the Rule of Three, we inquire how much, at that rate, an extra service of such a description is worth, we find the sum considerable. A prebend's sermon is perhaps, as to its abstract merit, inestimable: a pearl beyond any price; but even its actual cost may be computed at a high figure. Such a discourse, gratuitously addressed to a regiment of soldiers, may be regarded as a donation to them of something handsome per head.

To ask a Cathedral establishment, then, for an extra service, is asking it for not a little: to perform such a service is to do a munificent action. Therefore it is highly gratifying to peruse the statement following:—

"Notwithstanding, however, the difficulties which intervened, we believe it was the earnest desire of the authorities at the Cathedral to meet as far as possible the urgency of the case, a desire which was manifested by the promptitude with which they acted on the suggestions made by the Lord Lieutenant. An extra service was fixed, exclusively for the Militia, at half-past eight on Sunday morning, when the whole body of officers and men assembled within the sacred building, the choir being densely filled from the organ screen to the altar rails, and such as could not obtain admission being within hearing in the side aisles. Prayers were read by the REVEREND CHANCELLOR HARRINGTON, who also preached an impressive and appropriate sermon."

Besides, it is announced that on Sunday next, and for the two Sundays following, indeed until the Militia are dismissed, the same service will be performed at the same hour. It should be added, that the only Canons in residence were the REV. CHANCELLOR HARRINGTON and the VEN. ARCHDEACON MOORE STEVENS, and that the Chancellor being also Chaplain to the troops, "had, in addition to his duties at the Cathedral, to provide extra services for both barracks." The reverend gentleman who has been performing so many extra services,

might almost be supposed to be called Canon of Exeter by a mistake in pronunciation; his proper title being Canon of Extra. At all events he ought not to be styled a Canon in Ordinary, for he is an Extraordinary Canon; and in making this observation, if anybody thinks that we intend a mere play upon words, he is mistaken; for what we chiefly wish is to call attention to a fact. That a prebend should occasionally preach and read prayers of a Sunday a few more times than he is obliged to do, may hereafter come to be regarded as not so very extraordinary a sacrifice of that *otium* which is enjoyed *cum dignitate* by the dignified Clergy. The circumstance, at least, will perhaps not be thought so extraordinary as to constitute a special case for penny-lining.

NASAL INTELLIGENCE.

ONE of "our own Correspondents," speaking of the EMPEROR's late reception at Lille, remarks, as it appears to us, a rather curious phenomenon. "At about nine o'clock," he says,

"The EMPEROR and EMPRESS drove to the theatre, where there was a most loyal reception; and, but that the wet clothea and the soaking umbrellas gave out the odours peculiar to wet coats, the scene would have been splendid."

How the odours of wet clothes could possibly have prevented the splendour of the scene, we confess we are rather at a loss to imagine. For ourselves, we certainly should as soon dream of hearing a sight as of smelling one. That there exists a certain connection between the visual and olfactory organs we don't pretend to dispute. In the absence of profounder proof we do remember an "eye-snuff" which they who were up to it of course took nasally. At the same time we cannot well see how the sense of seeing can be interfered with by the nose, unless indeed it be a preternaturally long one.

A CHAUNT FOR THE CHOUSED.

DINE? who'd dine
At eight shillings a head, or even nine,
With the heaviest price for the lightest wine?
Ah! that house I know too well,
'Tis your "first-class" Hotel:
Sad "Tales of my Landlord" there they tell.
Far better for me
To order tea,
And go dinnerless at that hostelry.

Sleep? who'd sleep
Where a standing army their quarters keep,
And in countless legions upon you creep?
Ah! whose form is that I see,—
A flea! Sirs, a flea!
He cometh to sup off me.
Far better, say I,
On the sofa to lie;
I prefer his room to his company.



Stay? who'd stay
To be bitten and fleeced in this wholesale way,
And live at the rate of a fortune a day?
Ah! who'll expose their crimes?
The *Times*, Sirs, the *Times*,
The waiter his fee declines;
Tell the landlord from me
Him further I'll see,
Ere again I'll be fleeced at his hostelry.

HE CAME—SMILED—AND SAID NOTHING!—Such is *Mr. Punch's* short-haud report of the interview granted by the EARL OF CLAREN-DON to the Finchbury deputation on the Eastern question.

JAMES'S POWDER, AND HIS SQUIB.



OME of the Virginian slaveholders, true to the kind of logic which one expects from LEGREES, have made five attempts to burn down the house of the English consul, MR. G. P. R. JAMES, as a reply to some objections urged by that gentleman to negro slavery. It appears that years ago, before MR. JAMES attained that world-wide celebrity which has irrevocably placed him at the summit of English literature (we are sure he will be the last person to contradict us), he concocted a "squib" against the slave-owning system. The missile flew so silently and harmlessly through English air that nobody seems to have listened to it, but the case appears to have alighted on American ground, and to have been treasured up by the fortunate finder as evidence against the pyrotechnician

and historiographer. MR. JAMES receives his appointment and goes to Virginia, the squib is produced, and excites the fierce rage of the man-stealers, who, as has been said, make five attempts to burn down the great novelist's house. Whether, being as cowardly as Mrs. Stowe has taught us to regard them, the conspirators made their efforts in the night, and being scared by the noise made by the distinguished author in snuffing his candle, the eliek being mistaken for the cocking of a rifle, or whether, in the frantic tipsiness which, the authoress of *Uncle Tom* tells us, accompanies their social orgies, they endeavoured to set fire to a stone wall, or to the *Life and Times of Louis XIV.*, or any other impracticable mass, we are not informed—perhaps cowardice and clumsiness were united, as in every other effort in defence of slavery. Anyhow, MR. JAMES's property had, at the last advice, escaped the vengeance of those who, brutalised by slave-owning, can hardly think much of arson. Meantime, we have been anxious to see this celebrated squib, and having applied in vain to MR. JAMES's London publishers, we have been compelled to send over to America for it. The document arrived by the United States' Mail steamship Washington, which reached Cowes on Friday night, bringing mails to the StH, and it was instantly forwarded to us by a special train on the South Western line. We hasten to give it.

THE SLAVE-OWNERS.

Epigram by G. P. R. JAMES, Historiographer to the Queen, author of "Darnley," "De l'Orme," "The Gipsy," "The Life and Times of Louis the Fourteenth," "Tales of the Passions," &c. &c.

Surely these men must have very black hearts
To treat the poor blacks in this way;
Rather than suffer such terrible smarts,
I wonder they don't run away. G. P. R. J.

Plato, Gog, and Magog.

MR. JONES told the Liverymen the other day, that if PLATO were to revisit the earth to project a new Republic, he would take the theory of the Corporation of the City of London as his model. Perhaps so. He would have seen that the theory in question leads to a practical harmony exhibited in an affection of united minds, amounting to the very love of the turtle.

PECCADILLOS OF BEAKS.

THE unpaid magistracy, so called, have been accused of licensing public-houses on an arbitrary principle, but it is tolerably certain that they do not grant any preference without a sufficient consideration. Unpaid, perhaps these gentlemen ought not to be denominated; for everybody knows that they pay themselves by the job.

NOT A DOUBT OF IT.—Of all the "tricks upon travellers" which are practised at our Hotels, by all accounts decidedly the most deceitful are the Bottle-tricks.

YACHT SIGNALS.

MR. PUNCH has merely to acknowledge a very useful little book, prettily bound, with the Union Jack (white margin) on its cover, and entitled "*Supplementary Code of Yacht Signals.*" It is not of much use to him in Fleet Street, but he intends to keep it until the yachting season begins again, when he will astonish Cowes, Ryde, and "the Island" generally, with the proficiency he displays in nautical, as in all other exercises. That the Yacht Club may appreciate the value of the book, *Mr. Punch* subjoins a page taken at random. Loungers on shore little know what is meant by the innocent-looking flags which are perpetually being run up from the *Salmagundi*, the *Olla Podrida*, the *Amontadillo*, and the other pretty vessels about which they talk so learnedly. Perhaps this extract may enlighten them:—

Subject.	Number to be Shewn.	Message.
GIRL.	1827.	This, with Mrs. ST. BAOWN (black eyes) has £15,000. I'd make sail if I were you, old fellow.
—	1828.	(Same, with addition). Quick, for ALGERNON JONES is making enormous play, and telling awful falsehoods about his Irish estates.
JEW.	1473.	Tha, has come down. Is at the Pler Hotel. See him, and do the best you can. I must have £300 in time for Doncaster.
—	1474.	(Same, with addition). No pictures, mind, but a little bad wine don't matter, as I've some country bora coming to stay with me.
WIDOW.	1163.	The, won't do. FITZCLUMDER knew her in Devonshire—estate incumbered, and a Chancery suit.
BORE.	1928.	FRANK BLOKE is a dreadful. Send out word to him that his governor wants him on shore, and we'll go on to Cowes.
ICE.	1623.	We're out of. Rough will do, if you can't get Wenham.
WIFE.	1525.	Your, has got some clue to the Tuesday business. I am inventing all sorts of things for you, but you had better come off, and bring her a dog, or a bracelet, or something. I think VANE has sold you.
—	1625.	My. Is in such a bad temper. Send off some French novels.
PUNCH.	1999.	New number not come, the girls are wild, and we shall have a mutiny. Pray see about it, and telegraph to town if necessary.
NIECE.	2318.	The parson's, is first-rate. So pretty. I have proposed, and she has taken till tiffin-time to consider.
—	2349.	(Same, with addition). Has been asking your Aunt about me, and has given me a flower.
—	2350.	(Same, with addition). Fly, old fellow, and find out for me what, in the language of flowers, is meant by double heart's ease.
—	2351.	(Same, with addition). All up. Your Aunt let out about FANNY MONTGOMERY, and that's what double heart's ease meant. Order supper. I shan't stay on board.
SCRIBBED.	3284.	Was I, last night? Signal if I did anything very absurd. WALTER bets that I offered the bishop a cigar.
CHURCH.	3381.	We are all coming to, in the morning, including CATHERINE. <i>Verbum sap.</i> No more signals to-night.

SHE WILL BE A MARTYR.

A LETTER from France says that MISS CUNNINGHAME on receiving the order for her release from prison, positively refused to go, until she was literally turned out. The invitations of the officials to her to "come out of that," were altogether idle; and indeed it is quite evident that the lady felt how completely her pretensions to martyrdom had been cut short by her premature release. MISS CUNNINGHAME in fact proved herself a perfect "Buffalo gal" in her indisposition to "come out," until a due amount of solicitation had been addressed to her.

For our own parts, had we been the British officials employed to negotiate for her release, and she had shown a stubborn disposition to cling to her prison bars, we should have allowed her to remain, and ride as rusty as the bars themselves. We never could see what right she had to scatter Italian BUNYANS all over the boot of Italy, and put her own foot in it. We admit the severity of the punishment and the propriety of getting her out of her prison, though as a general rule it must be laid down, that those who enter a foreign country for the purpose of disturbing its harmony, must expect now and then to have to take a few bars rest.

A Nautical Queen.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has become decidedly nautical. In honour of her own birth-day she has ordered three screw frigates to be built in Spanish dockyards; regretting that the screws must be constructed abroad. Surely this is unnecessary; remembering the effect of Spanish bonds, Spain has been especially eminent for her enormous screw-power.

MARRIAGES AS WRITTEN IN THE POLICE COURT.

CONSIDERING the way in which your brute of a husband is in the habit of treating his wife, it would be as well, for the classicalities of low life, to alter the name of HVMEX into FLORA (*Floor-her*).



A WAKE IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

J'moimer Ann. "HAS THEE FOWGHTEN, BILL?"

Bill. "NOOAH!"

J'moimer Ann. "THEN GET THEE FOWGHTEN, AND COOM WUM. DADDY GOT HIS'N DONE BY POWER O'CLOCK!"

SINGING-BOYS MINUS SEVENPENCE AT ST. PAUL'S.

PARSON Rook! Why Rook? What has Parson to do with Rook? a child might ask, puzzled by that nursery collocation of bird and clerical gentleman. Both black? Then why not Chimney Sweep Rook?—Undertaker Rook? The explanation is too superficial to satisfy even the infant mind.

Now, when we consider that the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's have, as we are credibly informed, stopped the sevenpence a week—the penny a day—heretofore from time immemorial allowed the little chorister children for pocket-money, we are induced to pursue some interesting inquiries:—

Who took away the poor boys' stipends? Who has taken their lollipops out of their mouths? Who robbed them of their penny tarts? Who keeps cathedral stalls and ruins apple-stalls?—may be enumerated as some of those questions which we are disposed to propound.

But we also revert to the child's interrogation—why Parson Rook?—and we find we can answer it in a highly satisfactory manner.

Be it premised, that the reason assigned for this mulet of the acolytes is that by the proceeds thereof the washing of their surplices may be paid for. They are to wear fine linen, but not to fare sumptuously every day: that mode of life is reserved for the portivinous appropriators of their cake money. Vainly has the tax been taken off soap, seeing that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are so ill off for it. But the article is an important one to elose shavers. Therefore the choristers are docked of their allowance, and the loud-voiced anthem will blend with the secular strain, "*I've no Money.*"

We now come to inquire what has happened to render the ecclesiastical corporation of St. Paul's unable any longer to stand soap. What has necessitated the demand for the sevenpences of the children to defray their surplice-washing?—whereof the ordinary cost would be fourpence by the tariff of our laundress.

This has happened: the relinquishment, on the part of that reverend society, of the twopences formerly taken at the doors of their church;

RURAL SELF-DENIAL CLUBS.

THE laudable custom adopted by agricultural societies of rewarding labourers for living and rearing families upon ten shillings a week, might be carried further out. Mutual improvement associations should be established among the rustics, for the purpose of cultivating abstinence by means of emulation. Country gentlemen would formerly encourage eating-matches among the peasantry: the reverse of this gross practice should be adopted now; and clodhopper should be pitted against clodhopper to do the greatest amount of work on the smallest quantity of bread and water in a given time. The clowns should also be stimulated to compete on holidays, particularly at those of Christmas, when the weather especially affords the requisite conditions, by trying which can continue longest sitting in the cold without any fire, and which can dispense to the greatest extent with clothes and bedding. By these wholesome exercises they will be trained to contentment with the very smallest possible participation in the fruits of that earth which they cultivate, so as to leave the larger share to the gentry who subsist by their industry, to be expended in all manner of comfort, pleasure, splendour, and magnificence. Thus, as happiness is attainable in either of two ways—one consisting in the satisfaction, the other in the conquest of our desires—they would make themselves happy by the former method, and their labourers by the latter.

WINCHESTER SOUP.

PANTROFHEON!—What does SOYER mean by that?
All-Nourisher—the Guide to Getting Fat—
But in that Book of Cookery, I'll be bound,
There's one receipt, at least, that won't be found—
Debtor's *Consommé*:—Take a bit of beef,
Or mutton to make rations for a thief.
Then boil, remove the liquor from the pot,
Neat, pure, and simple—serve it cold or hot.
On such good fare doth Winchester regale,
The debtor rotting in her model jail.

THE HUNGARIAN DIET.

HUNGER, they say, is the best sauce; and this may account perhaps for the reason why hungry people are generally so impertinent.

which having been extorted from them by popular indignation, they now, we suppose, indemnify themselves by a sevenpenny confiscation, at the expense of the little vocalists.

And thus we arrive at a perception of the connection between Parson and Rook; for these men are Parsons: and we discover that they possess an anatomical organ in common with that bird, and with other birds that consume the fruits of the earth: The existence of that organ is revealed by its symptoms of suffering. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, in withdrawing the sevenpences, show that the loss of the twopences STICKS IN THEIR GIZZARDS.

The Pope's Game.

ENGLAND little suspected the game that the POPE has been playing. It turns out to be billiards.

His Holiness no doubt has his eye given him by one of the astutest Members of the College of Cardinals.

His aim, no doubt, is the old traditional one—to put the globe into his pocket.

Good Old English Pastime.

THE Elizabethan age delighted in bear-baiting; and it seems not improbable that the reign of VICTORIA will witness a similar amusement. A formidable Russian bear has broken loose in the Danubian Principalities, and a large number of British bulldogs have been already collected to worry him, unless he speedily retreats into his den.

A MISTAKEN MEASURE.

A STRIKE is generally supposed to be another name for a Bushel. It is, however, a Sack, which certain workmen are so infatuated as to give themselves.



ALL IS VANITY.

Frederick. "THERE, NOW, HOW VERY PROVOKING! I'VE LEFT THE PRAYER-BOOKS AT HOME!"

Maria. "WELL, DEAR, NEVER MIND; BUT DO TELL ME, IS MY BONNET STRAIGHT?"

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL TO PALE ALE.

FAREWELL, my bright, my brisk, my Pale,
I cannot say, my Sweet,
For thou art Bitter, oh, my Ale!
With Hops—I trust—replete.

Henceforth thou art estranged from me;
And dost thou ask me why?
Thou wilt not suit my low degree,
Since thou hast got so high.

It was not wise to raise thee so,
'Tis what thou wilt not bear:
Better, hadst thou been brought more low,
And made "not Pale but Fair."

Go, travel o'er the Ocean brine,
To grace some Nabob's cup;
Thy figure will not do for mine,
So I must give thee up.

With chamomile the goblet fill,
The cold infusion pour,
I'll quaff the dose, the draught I'll swill,
And sigh for thee no more!

LITERATURE AT LOW WATER MARK.

A Book with the odd title of "*A History of the Fountains of Europe*" has recently appeared. The subject cannot possibly be a dry one, but (without wishing to throw cold water on the author) we are bound to say that we have no particular thirst for the knowledge he undertakes to impart. We fear that amid the Fountains of Europe our own Metropolitan fountains must cut as sorry a figure in history as they do in Trafalgar Square. We feel some curiosity to know what an author can possibly say about the Charing Cross fountain, and whether he is satisfied with merely a glance at it—which is the case with every one who sees it—or whether he traces its biography from the cistern to the slop-basin, the cradle to the grave. The historian of the Fountains of Europe prefaces his work with an essay on raising the water, but we are inclined to think he would have a far more numerous body of readers if he could offer a few hints on the possibility of raising the wind.

SHAVING BY MACHINERY.

We have tried every kind of shave at every variety of price, from the shilling operation of the West End to that most frightful of tortures, "an easy shave for a halfpenny," in the New Cut, Lambeth. We have been shaved by a drunkard, under whose "effacing fingers" we have felt our beard bristling up with fear, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and we have been shaved by an aged individual with the palsy, who has made sudden darts at us with the razor, and ultimately triumphed over the difficulties that stared him in the face—that is to say, in our own face—with a "bloodless victory." We have been shaved by a woman in Scotland; by an apprentice in Shoreditch; by a sailor on board ship in a storm; by ourselves in the dark; by a schoolfellow, for fun; and by young beginners, for practice. In fact, we have shown a sort of reckless audacity in getting rid of our beard, that would have justified our enemies in saying that we have evinced a wondrous amount of bold-faced effrontery. But, notwithstanding all these perils which flesh is heir to, in having the hair removed from the flesh, we should be afraid to patronise, or give our countenance to, a certain new invention which is described in the following newspaper paragraph:—

"SHAVING BY MACHINERY.—Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON, of North Shields, Joiner, has invented a shaving machine. This machine is of singular construction, and contains every qualification necessary for the process. In appearance it is not unlike an old-fashioned arm-chair. But the most unique feature in the whole affair is the arrangement of the razor blades, which are fixed longitudinally on cylinders, from three to six inches in length, four on each cylinder, at an angle of 60 degrees, with fine camel-hair brushes between; for you are lathered and shaved at one and the same time, the lather being slipped from the interior of the cylinders, which are hollow. The machine is put in motion by the weight of the patient, the seat gradually giving way beneath, and sinking with him until he reaches the ground, when the operation is completed. The seat, rising immediately it is released from his weight, is ready to commence again without any preparation. A musical-box, of Mr. JOHNSON'S construction, and capable of performing a great variety of airs, is appended to the machine, and can be attached or detached according to the pleasure of the person undergoing the operation, so that you may be shaved to any tune you please! Experiments (says the *Gateshead Observer*) have been tried and found satisfactory.—*Durham Advertiser*."

We must confess, that, however ingenious this machine may be, we should feel very much in the same situation as the gentleman who was deposited in the barrel of spikes before we took our seat amidst the cylinders, with our face among a lot of razors, "four on each cylinder." As the cylinders are "fixed," there can be no allowance for an extra amount of cheek, an exuberance of lip, or protuberance of nose; but when the "patient"—as he is very properly called—is once in for the operation, he must take his chance as to the relative position of his features and the fixed razors, nor must he think of being "niece to a shaving." When the "patient" takes his seat off goes the machine, set in motion by his weight, and stoppage seems to be out of the question until "he reaches the ground, when the operation is completed." No wonder that the patient should sink under an operation of such very alarming gravity, by the law of which he comes to the floor with a degree of force commensurate to the weight of his own body. The seat, having released itself from its burden by shooting the "patient" on to the floor, is ready for another victim.

We should hardly like to be operated upon by a single razor with our chair trembling beneath us; but to find ourselves amidst a "forest of blades"—four on each cylinder—with our seat giving way under us, would be a position so frightful that it is one we hardly venture to contemplate.

A shabby attempt appears to have been made to gloss over the more alarming features of this infernal shaving machine, or guillotine, by setting it to music. We hope the airs played by the box spoken of are appropriate; and we should suggest the March in *Blue Beard* as peculiarly fitted to a machine reminding one of beards and blood, of soap and scimitars.

Not Cheap, but Extremely Nasty.

CONSIDERING the tremendous sums we pay every year for drainage of the metropolis, we must say that it is a luxury for the enjoyment of which we have, in every sense, but smelling most especially, to pay largely through the nose.

MEMORIAL TO BELLOT.



ONE noble heart the more bath Ocean stilled,
A heart that throbb'd with brave humanity
And generous fortitude, which nothing chilled
But the grim water of the frozen sea:
Down to the deep, in doing well, went he.

No son of England—yet shall that be said,
Such kindred with the Hero as we claim?—
For we all mourn a Brother in the Dead,
Although from France he drew his birth and name;
Honour to France, increased by BELLOT's fame.

Shall that fame have no other monument
Than pile of topling ice-crags for a tomb,
A frostwork chantry, where, through eleft and rent,
The north wind sighs his dirge, and sunless gloom
The Northern Lights are cressets to illumine?

He died for England—so did one who might
Like him have perished, yet not so have died;
And when his spirit wakened into light,
NELSON, perhaps, was first that welcome cried,
Remembering what like fate his youth defied.

But had the floe engulfed that fearless boy
Chasing the sea-bear on its faithless track;
Our more than HECTOR—for he saved our Troy—
It then had been our heavy doom to lack:
And Valour, unrenowned, had gone to wrack.

Not so with him in glorious fight who fell,
For fellow-man, with elemental foes.
They for their native land who die, die well;
But better yet, more notably than those,
Died he who sank amid the Arctic snows.

His country was his kind—in noblest strife,
Whose victors only suffer—did he fall;
Thus did this gallant Tar lay down his life:
Rest his brave soul with such good sailors all,
Beneath the Flag of their HIGH ADMIRAL!

The Way of Temperance.

"EDUCATION" (says the *Times*) "is the half-way house to Temperance." But, judging from the ignorant way in which many of our rabid advocates of Teetotalism act and talk, we should say it was a house that very few of them ever stopped at.

CENTRALIZATION.—The Commissioners of Sewers are decidedly in favour of this plan, for their drains are so admirably managed that every man's nose, merely by passing one, is immediately made the (s)centre of it.

THE CLAIMS OF SCOTLAND.

To HER MAJESTY GRACIOUS MAJESTY VICTORIA, *by descent frae the STUARTS, o' North Britain, England and Ireland, QUEEN, Defender of the Presbyterian Faith, &c.*

The Humble Petition o' the Undersigned, Inhabitants o' the Principal Part o' HER MAJESTY'S Dominions ca'd Scotland

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That your Petitioners, leal subjects o' YOUR MAJESTY, are muckle and sairly fasth and vexed wi' unco' grievances, o' whilk the maist considerable an' intolerable is the degradation, an' dislocation, an' deposition o' the Scottish Lion.

That forbye the wrang, an' seath, an' indignity done to the Scottish Lion, an' the ither indignities, an' scaiths, an' wrangs, whilk YOUR MAJESTY'S Petitioners hae set forth, an' enumerated, an' recited to YOUR MAJESTY'S Ministers, there are a when mair whilk they wad, wi' a' humility, skirl-intill YOUR MAJESTY'S lug.

That, *imprimis*, an' in the first place, the mither tongue o' Great Britain, YOUR MAJESTY'S mither tongue, is erroneously, an' mistakenly, an' vernacularly, an' vulgarly misca'd the QUEEN'S English; whereas the English tongue is just a brogue, an' a corruption, an' a *patois*, an' a dialect o' the Scotch. And, as YOUR MAJESTY kens, the hail biggin o' YOUR MAJESTY'S language was the wark o' LINDLEY MURRAY, o' wham the varra name, ilka gowk can tell, belongs to Scotland.

Your Petitioners, therefore, beseech YOUR MAJESTY that the language o' Scotland, an' the provinces thereuntill united under the sceptre o' YOUR MAJESTY, whilk has heretofore been, as aforesaid, misca'd YOUR MAJESTY'S English, may henceforth be rightly, an' truly, an' correckly denominate the QUEEN'S Scotch. An' furthermair, that YOUR MAJESTY will be graciously pleased to direct that the orthography an' etymology o' a' Britain be just adapted, an' accommodated, an' reconciled to Scottish institutions an' laws o' grammar; whilk *dunna convene* wi' thae o' England, let alone just Suintax an' Prosody.

YOUR MAJESTY'S Petitioners do also pray that YOUR MAJESTY GRACIOUS MAJESTY will be graciously pleased to command, an' decree, an' ordain that the term Anglo-Saxon rae shall nae langer be applied to the population o' these Islands, mair especially not to emigrants from Great Britain to ither kintras, the maist o' wham are Scotch, that gang awa' and dinna come bock again. And that YOUR MAJESTY will, by virtue o' your Royal prerogative, settle and determine that the tribe an' rae, until the noo entitled Anglo-Saxon, shall from this time forth be specified an' distinguished by the title o' Scotto-Saxon instead.

Likewise your Petitioners do entreat YOUR MAJESTY that the communications o' YOUR MAJESTY'S douce and honest liege subjects shall nae mair be denoted by the appellation o' Plain English, but shall, wi' fit an' due regard to justice an' propriety o' diction, be designated as Braid Scotch.

Your Petitioners lastly humbly request YOUR MAJESTY that, gin YOUR MAJESTY shall be myndit to hae a decimal coinage, ye wad be sae gude as to order an' provide that there shall be ane braw bright glitterin bit chinkie amang the coppers to be ca'd a bawbee.

And your Petitioners as in duty bound will ever bray, &c.

THE GOOSE CLUBS.

OUR eyes are again edified by the announcement so familiar to us at this season—"A GOOSE CLUB HELD HERE." We really should like to have a set of the rules of one or more of these Clubs, for we are puzzled to think what amount of goosedom can be a qualification for membership. Surely the Peace Society people must be honorary members for life of every Goose-Club in the kingdom, if merit has its reward, and admittance to a Goose-Club is to be obtained by personal goosishness, or a corresponding amount of quackery. We have heard that the manager of a certain highly patronised theatre has consulted his solicitor upon the advertisement of a Goose-Club near Oxford Street, with the view of ascertaining whether the word goose is meant to apply to himself in a libellous manner. The legal sage not being prepared, the Goose question is in abeyance.

REVIEWING.

THE review of a young girl's life is frequently like any other review—a quantity of smoke, and noise, with here and there a red coat seen through it.

BAD NEWS FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.

ALTHOUGH we have lost the Hero of a Hundred Fights we are promised a Sovereign of a thousand *mils*.

A PAPER WAR.—Some monarchs fight for gold; but the CZAR and the SULTAN are at war about notes.

LETTERS FROM THE BOSPHORUS.

MR. WILLIAM TAYLOR, of Her Majesty's Bomb, the Thunder, to MRS. WILLIAM TAYLOR of Wapping Walk.



great beard out, and he sez, sez he 'Sally may lick 'em.' Vell, in coorse you'll think he got mast-edded for his himperence, but no, he warn't, for our captin were perwented by resins of state, like the tiger has couldn't get his por thro the bars of his cage to curry the monkey's hide; so the captin honely looked sivvill and sez, quite cheerful like, 'Lick 'em Sally' wich was taint a mouse with tellin the Turk to lick 'em hisself. An then wun can't be hangry with the poor hignorant fellers as noso no better than to call their hone hemperor a Paddyshaw, when he haint a Hrishman, nor his name haint SHAW. And their primeer, who is wun WRETCHED PASHUR, they calls a Grand-Wheezzy, and all their chief hossifiers they calls Agurs; so you see they've grate rume for himprovement in the names they gives peepul. Howsumever their hall werry hot for fitin just now, and goes about braggin they has brave has ROOSTUM, who was a grate cock of the walk in these parts formerly. Their reglar barny they calls Nishan, wich I spose is the short for hammunishan, as I hear their werry strong in the hartillery line. But they puts most faith in a lot of hold women called High Ma'ams, which is their parsons, and a parcel of yung fellers called Softers, wich ansers to hour Hoxford coves, and hever so many of these High Ma'ams and Softers air goin to jine the army, and fite for their profit, as they sez, from wich I conclude they gets good pay. And if they honely harf as plucky as our Chaplin, they may purtect the Golden Horne, as they calls this place, werry well. But has for us, our fear is that if they thrashes the Rooshans, the Rooshans wont come here, an then *see* shant get no fitin. Howsumdever we kepes up our spirits, and opes for the best, so no more at present from your luvin husband,

"B. TAYLOR."

FORTUNE-TELLERS FOR NATIONS.

WHAT the *Edinburgh Review*—in a highly superior article on "Church Parties"—calls the "Prophetic Press," is now in a state of violent eruption. The volcano in labour, however, brings forth only the bottle of smoke. You can hardly take up your morning paper without being invited, in the advertising columns, by some half-dozen several expositors, to take so many new walks into futnry. The Overthrow of the Papaey, the Destruction of the Ottoman Empire, the Battle of Armageddon, the Millennium, demand your attention together with the last novel, and SOYER'S Pantropheon, and the Propriety of Legalising Marriage with a Wife's Sister. It is a remarkable circumstance that the gentlemen who announce these awful things, so calculated to wean the soul from all earthly sollicitudes, do not omit to adix prices to their productions. Like common Gipsies, these reverend Romany require their hands to be crossed with silver. This shows that whilst they direct the attention of others to future certainties, they give no small share of their own to the main chance. On that account we hesitate to compare them to MOTHER SHIPTON, who was an old woman, or to NIXON, who was an idiot. Otherwise we should regard them as common asses, pretending to rank with the ass of BALAAM.

French, Italian, German, without a Master, are studies not very generally successful; and the language of prophecy must be rather more difficult, independently of proper direction. Those who are inclined to entertain the idea that MR. STIGGINS and MR. CHADBAND are illuminated expositors of DANIEL and the Apocalypse had better pay a visit to MR. WYLD'S Great Globe, to acquire, if possible, some enlargement of the views of the world and the destinies of the human race. The patrons of the "Prophetic Press" will find it best to await that explanation of prophecy which is afforded by its fulfilment; but they will have to wait a long time for any such thing in reference to the commentaries of CHADBAND and STIGGINS.

To infer the future from the past, however, is to prophesy with some security. At all crises of the world's history have CHADBANDS and STIGGINS applied their prophetic wisdom to the question of the day. At all those times they have made money—and mistakes. On all similar occasions in future will they, in precisely the same manner, succeed, and—fail.

DOLOURS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST.

YE citizens of London, who some filial pity feel
For all her noble monuments, give ear to our appeal:
Leave meaner things, the strife of kings, of SULTAN and of
CZAR,

And think of perils nearer home—the fate of Temple Bar.

Mad lev'lers shake their axes o'er our venerable gate—
The City's porch; where monarchs proud are told that they
must wait:

To make more space for dingy dray, for omnibus and car,
The revolutionary cry is "Down with Temple Bar!"

Utilitarians, stern and cold, who argue, like the goose,
That ev'ry thing is useless which is not of any use,
Bethink you what our plight will be in times of civil jar:—
Where shall we stick our rebels' heads if we've no Temple
Bar?

And if our relics, one by one, are thus to disappear,
What shall we have but narrow lanes to tempt a visit here?
How blank and pale will be their cheek, when pilgrims from
afar.

Shall pace Fleet Street, with pious feet, and see no Temple
Bar!

The doom of Smithfield market's sealed;—gone is its ancient
fair;

And soon the pomp of LORD MAYOR'S show may vanish into
air:

Blackfriar's Bridge, pure Puddle Dock, the Monument,
and, ah!

Ev'n GOG and MAGOG are not safe—then save poor Temple
Bar.

A PEACEFUL SOLICITOR.

A GUILDFORD and guileless solicitor "and a Member of the Peace Society," denounces all war as un-Christian. War at *no* price! He says, the soldier disobeys the law of Christianity by killing a man. How about the attorney? Does he obey the Christian law by helping to loek a man up? As Christians, should we not be of charity and forgiveness all compact? Does the solicitor make out his bill of costs according to the behest of the Prince of Peace? Would our solicitor act in a cause of action for unprovoked and brutal assault? Hardly, if he denounces "the soldier's bloody calling" on every occasion. What is war but an action?—NICHOLAS *v.* ABDUL-MENJID. The Cossack attacks the Turk, and the Turk, whipping out his scimitar, shaves off the Cossack's head. What is this but an action—the Cossack, for the first assault, paying righteous costs?

Now, if the enemy were to march to Guildford, would "A Solicitor and a Member of the Peace Society" open his door to the intruders, saying—"Enter ye, who are heavy laden with ball-cartridge?"

Does our Solicitor give advice gratis against going to law; even as benevolent doctors give advice against disease?

Music, Malt, and Hops.

MESSRS. BASS AND Co., the tectotallers will be glad to hear, have published a circular in the name of the Burton Pale Ale Brewers, announcing the intention of raising the price of their beer by 6s. per cask. This concert among the Brewers, with a Bass for leader, exhibits some novelties in harmony. The Bass rises instead of descending in the scale of price, and by thus increasing in height, will, strange to say, reach up to Double Bass. One more step will raise it to Treble Bass; but that will be a contradiction in terms, and absolutely ridiculous.

A SOPORIFIC.—Why is the practice of praising children like oppim?—Because it's Laudanum.



THE BEARD AND MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Guard. "Now, MA'AM, IS THIS YOUR LUGGAGE?"

Old Lady (who concludes she is attacked by Brigands). "OH YES! GENTLEMEN, IT'S MINE. TAKE IT—TAKE ALL I HAVE; BUT SPARE, OH SPARE OUR LIVES!!"

DR. CANTWELL'S INCOME-TAX MADE EASY.

DR. CANTWELL—by appointment of the POPE, LORD BISHOP OF MEATH—has written a letter to MR. POLLARD URQUHART, M.P., to inquire how far he, the said DR. CANTWELL, is liable to the Income-Tax, inasmuch as he appears to be prohibited, by the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act, from returning himself under Schedule D as the recipient of any income by the title of BISHOP OF MEATH. MR. URQUHART, who seems to be the MAWORM to the CANTWELL, answers, that he is rejoiced at any incident that has tended to make more manifest the absurdity of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act; but that he is "unable to propound any solution of the difficulty, and, indeed, thinks it would require a very wise man to do so." In that opinion he may be correct; nevertheless the problem is very obviously soluble to *Punch*.

All that DR. CANTWELL—who declares himself "unwilling even to appear to resist any law, however unjust and oppressive"—all that titular BISHOP CANTWELL has to do—is simply to return himself as being in the receipt of an income in this country derived from an office which he holds under a foreign power. What may be the denomination of that office he need not state, unless he would wish to contribute to HER MAJESTY'S Exchequer the fine of a hundred pounds, in addition to the lesser penalty of sevenpence in the pound.

It is not everybody that *Punch* would take the trouble of teaching how to place himself under Schedule D; but really DR. CANTWELL appears so very anxious to pay his Income-Tax conscientiously, that *Mr. Punch* cannot deny himself the pleasure of assisting the right reverend gentleman in the discharge of that agreeable duty.

Synonymous Slang.

THE opinions of a certain eminent member of the Peace Society respecting the British Lion are calculated to render the phrase "Honour Bright," equivalent in popular estimation to "Hookey Walker."

THE DYE OF GUILT.

THE Kentucky Legislature have resolved—

"That the keeper of the Penitentiary shall procure a suitable chymical dye, such as will stain the skin perfectly black, so that it cannot be removed, until time shall wear it away, and Nature furnish a new cuticle or surface."

When the dye is obtained, the nose of each male convict is to be painted thoroughly black; the paint to be renewed until about to be restored to the world, when the convict shall be restored to society with a clean nose. We hardly perceive the moral and social use of this nose-dyeing; it may also be difficult to obtain the dye of sufficient blackness. In which case *Punch* advises Kentucky to apply to Mrs. STOWE for the use of her ink-bottle: for that lady has dyed not only the noses, but the whole faces of the LEGREES with such well-merited blackness, that Nature must find them not only new skins, but new hearts, ere they can show even tolerably white again.

AN ARMY OF RESERVE.

THE foreign correspondent of the *Times* announces that the Porte has issued an address, "calling on those troops whose courage may fail them to avow the fact without hesitation, so that they may be employed at a distance from the scene of combat." For our own parts, having more of the civil than the military in our composition, we should expect the invitation to be rather generally responded to, as the scenery of a combat is of that kind with reference to which "distance lends enchantment to the view." If the majority of the troops of the Porte should make a "candid avowal" of their desire to remain at a respectful distance from the scene of action, the whole affair might become "void for remoteness"—as the lawyers expressively have it.

AN ARCH IMPOSTOR.—Temple Bar.



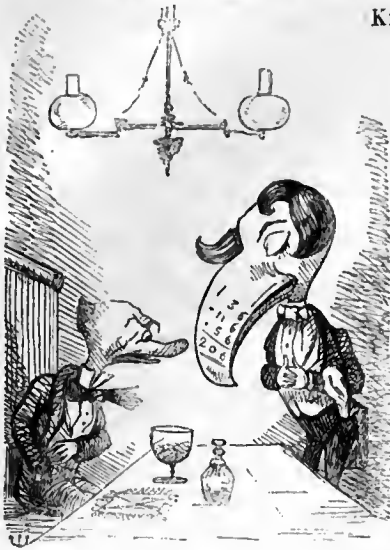
A CAUTION TO IMPERIAL BIRDS OF PREY.

Mr. Bull (to his French Friend). "THERE, I DON'T THINK HE'LL WORRY THE TURKEYS ANY MORE."



THE PRIDE OF ENGLAND.

(A slight liberty taken with the "Bride of Abydos.")



Know ye the Inn where the laurel and myrtle Well emblem the green who are done 'neath its sign?

Where they serve you on plate which is mock as their turtle, Now fleecing the tourist, now maddening the Times?

Know ye the shams of that ill-managed house, Where the host ever bows, and the bills ever choose; Where the "wax-lights" that don't half illumine your room

Give a muttonish rather than waxy perfume; Where, although you don't see half a waiter all day,

For "attendance" as much as a lawyer's you pay,

And find even then there's an extra for "Boots;" Nor the porters in asking for liquids are mutes; Where your "bottle of Sherry" (Cape, under disguise,) Scarce equals the vinegar-eruet in size, And analysisation completely defies; Where the sofas are soft as yourself if you dine At eight shillings a head—perchance even nine, With the heaviest price for the lightest of wine?— 'Tis the English Hotel: and 'tis twenty to one That, where'er you may enter it, brown you'll be done. For more than e'en *Punch* in a volume could tell, Are the shams they serve there, and the victims they sell.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 10.

If there is a point upon which an Englishman can dwell with pride, it is the high character of the English press. He will never be more impressed with this than when he turns over the French journals and examines the matter of which they are made up. A little foreign politics, Paris scandal, theatrical criticism, and a chapter of a vile novel. Fancy taking up the *Times* and finding, instead of three solid leading articles, a portion of *Jack Sheppard*, or *The Mysteries of the Court of St. James's*, the debates cut down to an analysis, and no home or foreign correspondence! The change would hardly be made agreeable to him by the fact that the milk-and-water or poisonous contributions that did appear were guaranteed by the name of the author of each, and that its only polemics were waged by some individual SMITH, *eo nomine*, against some individual BROWN of another paper. Yet this precaution against libel is recommended by a public person (I was nearly saying a statesman), who is "by way of being" a patriot, but wants to have a monopoly of influence and vituperation in his own hands. However, it is happily not of the least consequence what that disinterested politician wants, for he certainly will not get it, as we cannot afford to part with our Fourth Estate just yet, and suspect the motives of any one who advises us to do so.

The Tourist makes these reflections with a little bitterness as he sits in a *café* waiting for breakfast. A beautiful lady, with a ravishing little cap on the back of her head, is sitting at the receipt of custom. Two or three smart waiters with long clean aprons are bustling about in attendance on an elderly benevolent looking gentleman, with an impediment in his French, who has ultimately succeeded in ordering a *chop de mutton* and *une bottel de Stout de Dublin*, solacing himself meanwhile with *Gabignani's Messenger*. Through a door is seen another saloon, where bearded men are drinking *eau sucré* and *liqueurs*.

The sage waiting for his chocolate turns again to the journals, and gratifies himself by picking out the places where THÉOPHILE or ALPHONSE or EUGÈNE pitches into the English. What a useful thing it is to see ourselves as others see us! We find out so much that we were ignorant of. Your Tourist candidly confesses that he had no notion of the wickedness and absurdity of his countrymen, or even of their manners and customs, or the very localities of the country, until he read them, detailed, in the pleasing pages of French feuilletonists.

Until he read M. MÉRY's English sketches, he was ignorant, and he boldly affirms that many others are ignorant too, of such common facts as that English gentlemen hire post-captains in the Royal Navy to sail their yachts; that Greenwich hospital is a retreat for old soldiers; and that the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON, when COLONEL WELLESLEY, was Governor-General of India. He has selected one *feuilleton*, entitled "SIR JOHN BULL à Paris," for its masterly exposure of British foibles. It will be sent to you, translated by his little brother at Dr. SWISSAM'S, Turnhambrown, who has made great progress in French, and is sure to do it justice. Dr. S. says the boy's English is remarkably pure and idiomatic. The author is the well-known HIPPOLYTE CANARD, whose *bon mots* are so successful, and who wrote the noble apology for the massacres of February, which gave such unbrage to the present despicable Government.

"I walk myself on the Boulevard. All the world regards me in smiling. And for what? It is true that I have the insular air, at one time respectable and ferocious. I carry the long *redingote*, the scarlet waistcoat, the pantaloon of nankeen, and the umbrella, peculiar to the sons of Albion. JOHN, my jockey, follows me clad in the traditional costume which recalls the courses of Derby and Newmarket. With one hand he holds 'the Times,' this journal so powerful with which the 'gentlemen's' voyage everywhere. With the other he retains my *boutedog*, charming little beast, who testifies a lively desire to eat the calves of the passengers. By what it seems, he recognises his hereditary enemies.

"A sun of spring gilds with his young rays the boughs of the noble trees that like a scarf of green velvet border this so delicious promenade. These good Parisians, veritable children of light and heat, sit at tables outside the *Coffee of Paris* and the *Coffee of the Cardinal*, and, refreshed by floods of sugar-and-water, play the national game of dominoes. Cigars, fabricated of a tobacco denied to our sterile soil, regale the nostrils with their astonishing perfume. Young and beautiful ladies, dressed with an extreme elegance, attract upon themselves admiring regards. Crowds of nurses lead children with heads of angel, and hear all in blushing the compliments of soldiers in a red pantaloon. In effect there is not but the braves who merit the belles.

"All respire gaiety, and however I feel my heart moved by a profound sadness. Rhum and gin drunk at long draughts in the English manner fail of their effect and inspire me with but a lugubrious gaiety. I am exiled from all I love. I remember my youth spent among the solitary thickets of Brompton and of Bethnal, and the savage mountains of Middlesex. I miss the sport, the box, the chase with guns, the combats of dogs and cocks. I long for my native land, its porter-beer, its rosbif, its eternal mists, and its polismens. I have gained the spleen.

"Fatal and mysterious malady, which on the banks of the Thames produces effects so desolating! It is to thee that we owe those numerous suicides of which the frightful details encumber our journals, a veritable black page in the history of England. I hear on all sides a confused mixture of strange voices, and the bizarre accents of the French tongue. It is an affair of Babel. I am struck with a vertigo.

"When JULES DE PRÉMARAY, writer of the first force, visited Albion, he was oppressed by a similar melancholy. He sighed for something of French, a word even. Suddenly an ass began to bray, '*A la bonne heure*,' exclaimed he with joy, '*en voilà un qui parle Français*.' He knew his brother and was glad. It is not long before I receive an equal consolation.

"I meet LORD JONES, who comes from selling Miladi according to the usage a little severe of the English *noblesse*, and has the air of being pleased to find himself again a boy. With him is his son SIR JONES, simple baronet, who has completed his studies at the ancient college of Cambridge. I know them amidst the crowd by their stiffness, their whiskers, their enormous white cravats, their hats with narrow borders, reposed on the backs of their heads. It must be confessed our compatriots have not the elegant *tourneur* and mien full of distinction carried by the grand nation.

"As I make my compliments to Milord, a movement of the crowd denotes something of interest. We advance, followed always by the faithful JOHN. I see a sight which recalls the innocent games of my country. Two cocks combatted with indomitable fury. Their eyes sparkled like ardent coals. They leaped by force of wings and tore themselves with beak and claw. It was a spectacle to make fear, a strife to death! At length one fell. The other, victor but bleeding, mounted on the corpse and chanted his hymn of triumph. My eyes wet themselves with tears.

"'Wagram, Marengo, Austerlitz,' said, with *brusquerie*, a soldier who observed my emotion.

"'Waterloo,' I proudly answered.

"'BLUCHER, SIR LOWE,' rejoined he, with dignity.

"'I bite my lips.'

Adieu, thou dreary Piles!

EVERY one admits that Westminster Bridge is tumbling to pieces, and yet, strange to say, the evil report of the structure is scarcely to be credited, for there is the weakest possible foundation to go upon.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS—MEN'S NOSES.

THE female members, advocating Women's Rights in New York, have had a terrific engagement with LLOYD GARRISON and others on the subject of Christianity. Peace, love, and humility dissolved "in a grand row." The ladies could not convince LLOYD GARRISON; and so one of their male champions pulled his nose! This is truly the *argumentum ad hominem*. A man's skull may be so dense that not even female arguments piercingly delivered may penetrate to his brain; but if arguments be too subtle, there is still the convincing thumb and finger. Missing a man's conviction, the next noblest appeal to his reason is, unquestionably, to pull his nose! We hear that a pair of silver gauntlets have been presented by the Christian ladies to their champion who pulled the nose of the stout GARRISON. Indeed, he pulled it so vigorously, it was at first thought he had quite carried it.

BURGLARY AND BRONCHITIS PREVENTED.



ACCORDING to the ingenious Mr. JEFFREYS, nobody should be without a respirator in his hand to clap on his own mouth by way of extinguisher to an incipient cough, or to pop on any unfortunate child who exhibits a tendency to choke. The respirator seems to be of two kinds; the one simply oral, which is calculated to check equally the wheeze of asthma or the whistle of age, and the other, ori-nasal, adapted to nose and mouth, so as to make it impossible either to sneeze or to snore.

According to the assertion of the inventor the Respirator is, in fact, a warm climate for five and sixpence; a portable Madeira that may be always put to the mouth like an inexhaustible bottle, at the mere price of the wine. Many gentlemen and ladies seem to have been starting for warmer latitudes—one individual seems to have been on the top of the bus bonnd, *via* Paddington, for Barbadoes, when, somebody having recommended him a Respirator, he descended from the knife-board of a City Atlas, rushed into a shop, where he laid out a few shillings, and became the fortunate possessor of a warm climate, to be put on or taken off *ad libitum*.

But perhaps the most valuable feature of the Respirator has been hitherto overlooked, for it is as a defence against Burglary rather than Bronchitis, that it will obtain the highest renown. Let any family go to bed wearing Respirators, and we defy the boldest burglar to

execute his purpose if the family should be disturbed. JACK SHEPPARD himself, or any other romantic ruffian, would start back with terror at the aspect of a household armed all in Respirators, and presenting such a picture as one of our artists has supplied. Or suppose the midnight marauder to have made his way into the bed-room of a pair of parents lying with an infant between them, the entire domestic trio



wearing the frightful appendage invented by Mr. JEFFREYS, we are convinced that the panic-stricken miscreant would shrink out of the "Chamber of Horrors," and proceed to give himself up to justice at the nearest Police Station. We are convinced that a Respirator would be as effectual in frightening away burglars as a blunderbuss, or, rather, as an air-gun, to which, from its effect on the breathing, the instrument may be aptly compared.

THE FAST MEN OF EDINBURGH.

LORD PALMERSTON—through his secretary—has administered a very wholesome rebuke to certain of the Presbytery of Edinburgh yearning, hungering for a fast, to stay the scourge of the Cholera. His Lordship suggests instead of fasting, washing. Eat your daily bread, says his Lordship, only take plenty of soap with it. Attend to your own dinner-table, as usual, only see that those places—

"Which are inhabited by the poorest classes, and which, from the nature of things, must most need purification and improvement, may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of a united but inactive nation. When man has done his utmost for his own safety, then is the time to invoke the blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions."

Surely, this is very true. Prayers, however, earnest, will not sweeten a common sewer. Folks who fast for a long day will hardly do as much to remove the causes of Cholera, as even folks with brooms. An empty belly is scarcely so efficacious for the removal of disease as a clean Wynd. Whitewashed walls are surely quite as good, if not better, than lank jaws, pale with mortification. All Edinburgh wants a sweet clean shirt next a clean skin—not a shirt of penitential bristles, clothing (with hairy piety) a dirty hide. First do your best—says PALMERSTON—and then ask a blessing on it. For the days of miracles are over. The deadly reek of sewers is not to be turned into airs from Heaven, though the most pious MALACHI MALAGROWTHER shall, for a long day and night, go without his porridge for it!

When you have worked, then it is good to ask a blessing on the labour. But hands first—and then knees.

A Lost Letter.

An advertisement has appeared in the *Times*, headed "Wanted, Left off Clothing!" and directing the possessors of such articles to apply to "MR. AKED." Looking to the character of the want expressed, one would imagine that by some typographical error the initial letter of the gentleman's name had been omitted.

AN UNERRING BILLIARD PLAYER.

How can the POPE get anybody to play billiards with him, unless he gets a Protestant, or a heathen? Who else would expect to have any chance with Infallibility?

Rather too Nice.

A STRICT business man of our acquaintance is so extremely particular in all his transactions, that since the new Act came in force, he never has been known to pay a compliment, without insisting upon taking a stamped receipt.

THE GOD HYMEN TO THE DEMI-GOD PUNCH.

"Saffron Hill, Olympus. Prid. Id. Oct.



ELL BELOVED, joyful am I to see you Britons—*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*, as a friend near me says—returning or relapsing into Paganism. So my altar, 'the altar of HYMEN,' is at last erected in your places of worship, is it? I had doubted whether the news could be true; but I now read the statement so repeatedly in the *Morning Herald*, who asserts herself to be the only exponent of religion (and Irish grammar), that I doubt no longer. The 'Hymeneal ceremony' is constantly performed by your priests—so I read. OLYMPUS rejoices—we all rejoice. My father, APOLLO, has composed a capital song in honour of your conversion; and my respected mother, URANIA, is making

a new star, which will be hung out in a few nights in commemoration of the same. But, Well-beloved, there is a good saying by PERIANDER of Corinth, '*Prius intellige, et deinde ad opus accede.*' The 'Hymeneal Ceremonies' ought to be performed accurately and properly, if at all, or JUNO (between ourselves, a stuck-up party) will show little favour to the nuptials. Instruct your priests and officials, Well-beloved, and let us gods shortly read in the *Morning Herald*, that you are not content with foolishly applying Pagan phrases to Christian facts, but that you are consistent. Something like the following, eh?

"S. dicit,
"Yours very faithfully, HYMEN."

MARRIAGE RITES IN HIGH LIFE.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

THE long talked of espousals of LORD JULIUS FITZMARLINGSPIKE and the lovely and accomplished ROSA AUGUSTA, youngest daughter of his Grace the DUKE of BOPPS, have at length come off. Some delay was occasioned by the gentlemen of the long robe, but the *Sponsalia* having been finally perused and settled by the eminent barrister CHRYSTOSTOM SILVERTONGUE, Q. C., were engrossed on the *Legitima Tabella*, and were sealed on WODEN's day last. LORD JULIUS took the opportunity of presenting his betrothed with a splendid *Annulus Pronubus* of diamonds alternating with emeralds, expressly manufactured by the talented jewellers, RUNT and HOSKELL. There was a difficulty in fixing the marriage day, there being so many unlucky days, and *Atri*, in this month's calendar, and *Sabii* and the *Parentalia* festivals approaching. But yesterday having been selected, the lovely bride was dressed in a long white robe bordered with purple fringe, or embroidered ribbons (we could hardly say which), bound with a girdle of wool, and tied, of course, with the time-honoured *Nodus Herculeus*. Her face was covered with a flame-coloured veil, denoting modesty, and her beautiful hair having been divided into six locks with the point of a spear (kindly lent from the New Zealand Museum), was crowned with flowers supplied from a well-known *bouquetière* in Covent Garden. Her shoes were of the same colour as her veil. The auspices had been duly consulted, and a very fine hog having been sacrificed to JUNO (the animal was supplied from the long-established styes of MESSRS. CHITTERLINGS AND Co.), the omens from its inside were pronounced very favourable. We must not omit to record a *bon mot* of the bride, which shows that she possesses all the wit for which her *spirituel* family has been so long celebrated. On the question at the espousals being put to her, "*An spondes?*" she instantly replied, with an arch smile, "*Spondeo, sed nomen meum non est ANNE.*" The marriage ceremony was performed at the house of the DUKE of BOPPS, but in the evening the bride was conducted to her husband's *domus*. Three boys, whose parents were alive, attended her, two holding her by the arms, and one flourishing a link, which we regret was made the subject of ribald remark by the other boys in the street. The maid-servants followed with distaff, spindle, and wool, and a boy from the Lowther Arcade bore the playthings—the *crepundia*—for the family with which it is to be hoped ROSA will be blessed. The boys let off more than usually good *sales et convicia*, which is accounted

for by Mr. Punch having kindly undertaken to supply the jokes for the day. On arriving in Park Lane, the house of LORD FITZMARLINGSPIKE was found tastefully adorned with leaves and flowers, and the rooms with tapestry. ROSA, being asked by LORD JULIUS who she was, replied, in a firm voice, "*Ubi tu CAIUS, ibi ego CALA,*" and immediately bound the door-posts with woollen fillets, supplied by MADAME CRINOLINE, of Bond Street. She was lifted over the threshold, touched fire and water—a wax incifer and some *Eau de Cologne* doing the symbolic duty—the nuptial song, written by M. CATNACH, and composed by M. COSTA, was sung; LORD JULIUS scattered nuts (best Barcelona, from SHADRACK's) among the boys; and then several matrons, who had been married but once (the HON. MRS. JONES, the HON. MRS. BROWN, and the HON. MRS. ROBINSON), singing all the way, conducted the happy bride to the nuptial bower, which was erected in the hall, and covered with flowers. Young women sang outside the house until midnight, when they were ordered off by the Police. The second entertainment, the *Nepolia*, will be given this day. We should add that the ceremony was impressively performed by the HON. and REV. PONTIFEX MAXIMUS, assisted by the HARUSPEX BOBBUS MONTGOMERIENSIS.

PLAYHOUSE PEGS.



THE *Morning Post*, by a Correspondent, begs to call the earnest attention of an emotional public to the use and abuse of a wooden peg at the Princess's Theatre, "for the accommodation of a lady's bonnet." That bonnets are the source of a multitude of evils is a truth that every married man will not, for a moment, hesitate to avouch; however HENRY or AUGUSTUS—not yet married—may hypocritically venture to dispute. Now a bonnet at the Princess's Theatre—according to the *Post* correspondent—carries with it a peculiar worth: namely, price

sixpence. On the 25th instant at half-past 9, the dress-circle of the Princess's "less than half-full," a lady was required to give up her bonnet. Well and good. That bonnet was hung upon a peg. As bonnets are now worn, a bonnet, for that matter, might be hung upon nothing. When the bonnet was reclaimed, the complaining gentleman proffered *4d.*, which was "indignantly rejected. Nothing less than sixpence could be taken;" which being given, the gentleman remarks commercially "that *6d.* per evening is too heavy a rate to exact for the use of a peg."

By no means. At least, not at the Princess's Theatre: there, the whole management is a management of pegs. What is poor BYRON made of, but a peg—a mere peg—whereon to hang the fine clothes of a *Sardanapalus*? Plays, as mere plays, are not to be thought of; but pegs—pegs that will hold any number of fine suits, any weight of canvas. In fact, the peg is the play.

To return to the bonnet peg, it may be advisable for good housewives—visiting the Princess's—to follow the advice of Miss MARTINEAU to travellers. She says: Fail not to take a few gimblets; they serve on board ship admirably for pegs. Perhaps the manager of the Princess's will make it known in future bills whether ladies with bonnets visiting his theatre may be permitted to bring their own gimblets.

A Devouring Flame.

THREE removes, it is said, are as bad as a fire; but a fire is not so bad as an extravagant woman, by many removes. The one simply burns you out of house, but the other, if she is your wife, burns you out of both house and home; and then again, you may put out the former, but, as long as you have a place to live in, you have no chance of putting out the latter.

AWFUL CALAMITY IN BASS'S BREWERY.

LAST week ten thousand barrels of ale—(just advanced 6s. per barrel)—in Bass's brewery were turned sour by the thunder of—the *Times*.

SCANDAL-MONGERS should take timely warning from the Chinese Rebellion, before the same law is enforced in England as in China; the summary punishment being instantly inflicted on every person who is convicted of being a *tale-bearer*.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY (for Bankrupts and Insolvents).—Paying twenty shillings in the Pound.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Official (waking Old Gent from a sweet sleep). "TICKETS, PLEASE!"

EVERY CONVICT HIS OWN CHESTERFIELD.

MR. JOHN MITCHEL—by the astute and graceful manner with which he resigned his "comparative liberty," revoking his "parole of honour"—displayed a politeness that would have charmed LORD CHESTERFIELD, and a casuistry that would have ravished IGNATIUS LOYOLA. Determined upon escaping from bondage—for which we say the smallest blame to him—he nevertheless resolved to escape like a gentleman. He would resign his "comparative liberty" gracefully, as a bride resigns her hand—he would revoke his parole smilingly, as a high-bred card-player would revoke at whist. He enters the police-office—walks into the magistrate's room—gives him a bit of paper. "What's this?" asks the magistrate. "That's to signify," says JOHN MITCHEL, "that you may chain me—lock me up." "May I, indeed!" cried the magistrate. "You may," answers the magnanimous patriot; who, disdaining to take the least advantage, bolts from the court, jumps on a horse ready saddled for the work, and gallops his hardest.

We have heard of splitting a hair; but never before was word of man—parole of honour—broken with such nicety. The flaw is so delicate, it is hard to say where it begins or ends. In future, perhaps, when an Irish convict gentleman waits upon an Australian magistrate, to surrender, on paper, his "comparative liberty," the magistrate, before perusing the document, will take the precaution of shutting the office-door.

The Milky Way in Lancashire.

MANY of the farmers about Preston are giving their cows apples, in consequence of that fruit being more plentiful, and so much cheaper, than potatoes. We wonder whether this difference of diet produces any difference in the milking; and whether a cow, so fed, instead of yielding so many pints of milk, gives now so many bottles of cider; or whether it was a combination of both—a sort of milk-cider? In the cause of temperance, we pause for a reply.

CALEDONIAN FIDDLE-DE-DEE.—The irritation of the Scotch agitators may be only skin-deep, but the disorder nevertheless may prove contagious.

PAYING CULPRITS THROUGH THE NOSE.



See that old Kentucky is going ahead in the practice of humanity towards an unfortunate and degraded class of beings. Witness the *New York Journal of Commerce*, which contains the subjoined paragraph:—

"MARKING CONVICTS.—A resolution has been introduced into the Kentucky Legislature, which provides that the keeper of the Penitentiary shall procure a suitable chymical dye, such as shall stain the cuticle or outer surface of the skin perfectly black, so that it cannot be washed off, or in any way removed until time shall wear it away, and Nature furnish a new cuticle or surface; and that with this dye he shall have the nose of each male convict painted thoroughly black, and renew the application as often as it may be necessary to keep it so until within one month of the expiration of his sentence, when it shall be discontinued for the purpose of permitting

Nature to restore the feature to its original hue preparatory to the second advent of its owner into the world."

It has long been the reproach of America that she has one law for the blacks, and another for the whites. This is in one sense the ease in Kentucky; but there the advantage is on the side of the blacks. It is quite obvious that the project for staining the noses of malefactors black would not be feasible in the case of negroes; at least, in that case, it would be a scheme analogous to that of gilding refined gold, if

not of painting the lily. That equal justice might lay hold of the nigger's nose, it would be necessary to resort to a converse expedient, and colour the African proboscis white. But for this purpose nothing could be used but a mere pigment; for Chemistry does not supply any substance which would have the effect of bleaching, even temporarily, the blackamoor's skin. If that science could afford such a cosmetic, it would emancipate several millions of persons in America, who are deprived of their liberty and their rights as men for no other crime than their complexion, but who might obtain their freedom as easily as insolvent debtors if they could only manage to procure some sort of wash by which they might be whitewashed.

A THEATRICAL TITLES' BILL WANTED.

We have had an Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill to prevent things from being called by any but their right names; and we are now about to suggest the passing of a Theatrical Titles' Bill, with the view of putting a stop to an assumption of certain high-sounding styles and dignities in the dramatic world, which are becoming offensive to the common sense of our countrymen. "His Eminence," as applied to CARDINAL WISEMAN, may be ridiculous enough, but it is even still more absurd, when usurped as it is, by a number of so-called "eminent" tragedians. There is scarcely a theatrical hole or corner in London that does not advertise its possession of the services of some "eminent" individual, whose "mummers" are quite as objectionable as those complained of in the Popish priesthood. We suspect, however, that some of the objectionable titles are conferred on the parties without their own consent; and we feel convinced that our honest friend, MR. JOHN COOPER—the comic representative of *Henry the Eighth*, and the original *Bumps in Turning the Tables*—can never have given his adhesion to the bigotry and superstition of Exeter Hall, whose concert conductors have advertised him as the "eminent tragedian."

Hunting Fixtures.

BARON ROTHSCHILD'S Hounds will meet on the Banks of the Danube.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE POOR AND LOWLY.



ALTHOUGH we are aware that the contemplated evil will be perpetrated too late for the interference of *Punch*: nevertheless, for the sake of future coachmen and footmen of future Lord Mayors, we must indignantly protest against the cruelty exercised by LORD MAYOR SIDNEY on his hapless vassals! Will it be believed that— with the City corporation in *articulo mortis*—the Lord Mayor's coachman and footmen are for the first time to be "in rich Genoa velvet!" The colour a beautiful gunpowder green, "with a scarlet bordering of the same material!" There are

moreover to be hundreds of yards of "massive gold lace," the pattern continuous sprigs of the tea-plant! "Gorgeous aiguillettes of unusual length" (according to the ears of the corporation) "terminating with rich bullion balls;" an improvement that might have been reserved for any future Lord Pawnbroker. "In addition to the rich bullion wings on the shoulders"—the left arm will bear the family crest. Only think of JEAMES with wings! How beautifully does the notion illustrate MILTON!—

"So dear to Heav'n is humble May'rality,
That when a SIDNEY's found sincerely so
A thousand liveried angels laquey him!"

Besides the wings, the gorgeous creatures will carry SIDNEY's arms and crest, "a porcupine with six millions!" The porcupine has quills of real gold—no other quills being used in the SIDNEY ledger. In addition to this, the hats of coachmen and footmen will be constructed in the form of magnificent tea pots; made of solid silver, thickly gilt.

All this is very splendid; but what is to become of the poor men, their year of glory out? Two of the footmen—after only trying on their wings—gave signs of incipient insanity; declaring they "felt themselves all over cherubims and no mistake." If, in November, 1854, three of these winged flunkies be found perfectly sane, LORD SIDNEY may be thankful. In the meanwhile, can he ever pass Bedlam, without a tender feeling for the future destiny of his footmen and coachman?

Certain civic enthusiasts glorify LORD SIDNEY for the grandeur that seems to be intended as a fine defiance—like a gilt lion of the Corporation Commission. The cause for which SIDNEY bleeds in his tailor's bill is, no doubt, a cause very dear to aldermen and councilmen; and it is expected that, emulating his Lordship, they will on the present ninth—as it may be the *last* show—die gloriously; dying like dolphins in surpassing colours.

Meanwhile, we trust that a watchful eye will be kept upon the angelic footmen and archangelic coachman. What have they done, poor fellows!

NOBLE CONDUCT OF MESSRS. COBDEN AND BRIGHT.

HAVING recently had a slight corvine plucking with MR. COBDEN and MR. BRIGHT, *Mr. Punch* has the more pleasure in bearing testimony to their noble conduct in reference to the strike disturbances at Wigan.

As soon as MR. COBDEN was informed of these painful outbreaks, he laid aside a pamphlet which he is writing, to prove that Russia never went to war with anybody, and he hurried off to MR. BRIGHT. He found the latter busily arranging the library which has recently been presented to him for his anti-Corn Law exertions; and that gentleman, hastily dashing down a fine copy of "*Boxiana*," which he was reading with great zest, got into his friend's carriage.

"I think," said MR. COBDEN, with one of his frank smiles, "that we, who have shown that everything can be arranged by diplomacy, have assailed everybody for not settling differences by arbitration, and have so often vaunted the superiority of the cultivated town operative over the agricultural dolt, would hardly like to be accused of allowing thousands of our own disciples to rise in riot close to our own doors, without interfering and arguing with them."

"By Jove!—I mean verily," said MR. BRIGHT, nearly smashing the carriage window in his energy, "I should like any dastard to say that I sneaked out of such an affray."

The missionaries of peace and political economy went pleasantly on, reached Wigan, had the military sent away, and convoked the populace. MR. COBDEN then explained to the rioters that a question of wages was not to be settled by violence, and invited them to a peaceful discussion; and MR. BRIGHT, in the kindest

manner, offered to fight anybody who was irrational. Their appeals were successful, and after three hours of peaceful talk, MESSRS. C. & B. went off to the employers with proposals, enforcing them by sound argument. They were accepted, and the whole population have returned to work.

Mr. Punch has not often the happiness of agreeing with the *Morning Herald*, but is bound to express his gratitude to that journal for having called his attention to the above noble and courageous conduct of MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT, who have now shown that they are not mere empty theorists and platform spouters, but honest, consistent friends of peace.

HANOVER IN BRONZE.

THE House of Hanover does not shine very much in bronze. All our statues of the departed greatness of that House are marvellously little. The best point of GEORGE THE THIRD is his pigtail; whilst his son, GEORGE THE FOURTH, looks and sits his steed in Trafalgar Square like an over-fed ostler above his business. The DUKE OF YORK—a monument at which every insolvent touches his hat in sympathetic reverence—is, however, to come down. This we learn to be decided upon in the very highest quarters—a truth whispered at the fireplaces of the Clubs. PRINCE ALBERT is to have a statue in Hyde Park: and the men who propose the monument (not that they can want bronze) are to have placed at their disposal, as old metal, the whole of the York Pillar and Royal effigies. Thus the DUKE OF YORK will duly go to the melting-pot, the only manner in which there is any chance of his liquidating the debts he has left behind him.



Presentation of a New Breast-Pin on the 5th of November.

ABERDEEN VERSUS PALMERSTON.

IT is the fashion at all the Clubs to allude to LORD ABERDEEN always as "the injudicious Bottle-holder of the Port."

BITTER FOR BURTON.—For raising the price of Bitter Ale, the Brewers thereof allege, as one reason, the dearness of *Hops*. What has *that* to do with it?



MRS. BUNDLE GOES TO SEE THE GREAT AMERICAN ANT-EATER.

Mrs. B. (loquitor). "WELL! IF I'D HA' KNOWN I SHOULD HA' GOT SCROGGED INTO A SANDWICH IN THIS WAY, I'D HAVE SEEN THE HANT-HEATER AT 'ANOVER FUST!"

[And Mrs. BUNDLE can't get a sight of the novelty after all.]

SPORTING AT WINDSOR.

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, and the KING OF THE BELOIANS went out shooting yesterday, attended [at a respectful distance] by COLONEL FLINT."—*Court Circular.*

King. To continue, *mon cher*, our talk of yesterday. Why not let Russia have Moldavia and—

Prince. Mark! [*Fires, and pheasant falls.*]

King. And Wallachia? You will perceive that Austria, who by the way, has been shamefully libelled by your press; you will perceive, ALBERT, that—

Prince. Mark again! [*Both fire, and both miss.*]

King. Austria requires peace. In fact, the interests of humanity demand peace. France wants peace, Belgium wants peace, Saxe-Coburg wants peace; and Saxe-Gotha wants peace!

Prince. How wild the dogs are this morning! To be sure, Saxe-Gotha.

King. And England—for I am more than half an Englishman, my dear ALBERT—England wants peace. Think of your debt. Eight hundred millions! A sum enough to strike the house of ROTHSCHILD flat into gold-leaf. Eight hundred millions, *mon cher*, and Europe in a blaze. How do you know your eight hundred wouldn't be doubled?

Prince. Twice eight's sixteen.

King. Exactly. I saw a passage in the papers about some wild Indians who fire golden balls. Why, doesn't England always fire golden balls? Load with lead and iron; and don't taxes turn 'em gold?

Prince. ABERDEEN the respectable says the same.

King. ABERDEEN's a great statesman. That is, he's great in his respectability. And the English—I know the noble islanders—the English are so devoted to a respectable Minister, that they'd rather be half-ruined by respectability, than saved and served by anything that's brilliant. They fear brilliancy, as it is said JAMES THE FIRST winced at a drawn sword.

Prince. To be sure, PALMERSTON—

King. A firebrand, *mon cher*: but now excellently disposed of. However, for the peace of Europe—

Prince. Mark! [*Fires; bird falls.*]

King (to dogs). Down charge! But for the peace of Europe PAM is capitally placed. It is all right to have a firebrand in the Home Office, so long as you keep a Wet Blanket in the first place of the Treasury.

Prince. Peace is certainly to be desired. You have not seen my picture—an allegory of Peace?

King. I have. — showed it me yesterday. My dear ALBERT, do let me have a copy—nay two copies, by your own hand; one for Austria, one for Russia; they will be delighted. Such "material

guarantees" for the peace of Europe; and peace at any price will be cheaper than ever.

Prince. ABERDEEN deploras war. He said at the Council on Tuesday, when MOLESWORTH talked about national honour, and shedding blood, and all that—he said: It is better to have your nose pulled, than your nose cut off. Now England has certainly had its nose pulled—

King. But has not lost an inch of it. The nose is quite as good as ever, and then—

Prince. Down, Pompey! How wild the dogs are!

King. And then, with war, what throne is safe? Hungary—Italy—Rome—Naples—

Prince. The dogs are very wild!

King. And as I've said, *mon cher*, Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha. Therefore, why not let Russia keep the Provinces, and—

Prince. Here come BRABANT and FLANDERS.

King. Mark! [*His Majesty fires; bird falls. The DUKE OF BRABANT and COUNT OF FLANDERS join.*]

The above is faithfully translated from the German, a language in which the distinguished sportsmen always shoot. COLONEL FLINT does not know a word of German.

IN EAST AND NORTH.

Two sisters stand by Stamboul's sunny waters,

Two sisters sit where Arctic ice-winds rave—

Hands clasped, the first watch a fleet's crew at quarters;

Hands clasped, the second weep beside a grave.

The same two sisters;—long upon each other,

Stern have they frowned across their Channel sea:

But now all rivalries and hates they smother,

And sit thus, hand in hand laid lovingly.

Why, sisters, rest ye thus at peace together,

Your ancient feuds and factions all laid by?—

Why smile you in that purple Asian weather?

Why weep you 'neath that leaden Polar sky?

"Two causes, stranger, hold us thus united—

Both fit to make true friends of noble foes:

In the bright East we stand to see wrong righted,

In the black North, a hero's eyes we close.

"Those battle flags that side by side are swelling

Speak of brute force defied, of law maintained,

Those funeral flags that side by side are trailing,

Speak both of loss endured and triumph gained.

"Yon banded fleet to all the nations teaches

He that doth wrong his wrong shall sore abye;

The icy monument of BELLOT preaches

How nobly love can live, how grandly faith can die.

"Are not these lessons worthy of the giving?

To give them is't not well we use our might?

Then leave us to our gladness and our grieving,

Under the Eastern sun, beneath the Polar night."

CHINESE HUMANITY.

THE Chinese Imperial general offered to his soldiers two dollars a head—the head duly cut off—of the enemy. Well, the enemy not forthcoming, the gallant soldiers took off the heads of their friends. The heads becoming cumbrous from their number, the general declared that he would be sufficiently satisfied with the instalment of cars. Whereupon the gallant Chinese accosted the villagers, men and women, in Shaksperian utterance—"Lend us your cars," and they granted the loan as security for their head.

Epitaph on a Plucked Man.

His Pluckings sore long time he bore,

But PALEY was in vain;

At length, disgusted, he took and "cussed" it,

And didn't try again.

A CLOSE CONTRIVANCE AT WINCHESTER!



LD Winchester — as most people know, and the rest may have heard — has a noble Cathedral. But what is the noblest Cathedral in the possession of an ignoble clergy? A temple inhabited by owls and bats — infested with rats and mice; stupid, crawling, disagreeable and voracious creatures.

Winchester Cathedral, however, rejoices under the guardianship of a body of divines of whom it may fearlessly be asserted that they neither hoot nor squeak, nor fly on any wings but those of devotion, nor offend the external senses, nor nibble to any extent that is uncapital.

Some Chapters—the excellent DEAN OF WINCHESTER is stricken in years, and for the present management of the affairs of the cathedral, altogether to his subordinates—some lazy indifferent Chapters, content themselves with keeping the glorious buildings bequeathed to them by the great churchmen of the Middle Ages in simple repair. This may, indeed, include ornamental restorations. But here they stop. Averse to progress, these prebendal sloths do nothing whatever to improve their cathedrals, by alterations and embellishments in accordance with the feelings and wants of the age.

Sluggish indifference like this is not to be cast in the teeth of those high-minded and liberal clergymen, the Chapter of Winchester. We are informed that they have lately enriched the interior of that majestic edifice with additional features, which, whilst subservient to utility, have, at the same time, the high æsthetical merit of embodying, or symbolising the canonical spirit of the nineteenth century.

Double rows of iron hurdles, surmounted by *chevaux-de-frise*, have been placed by these magnanimous dignitaries across the aisles of the Cathedral.

We are sorry to say that a correspondent, writing from Winchester, is so disrespectful as to suggest a motive for the erection of these barriers of a nature unclerical, if not unworthy. He supposes that the reverend gentry of the Close have taken to sporting, and as neither custom, nor the agriculturists to whom the meadows belong, would allow them to ride steeplechases in the valley of the Itchen, they have set up "bullfinchers" within their own bounds, in order to prosecute the chase of the steeple within the church.

PUNCH THE ONLY RECOGNISED PROMOTER OF LITERATURE.

A WHOLESOME caution has just been administered to self-styled Literary Institutions, which claim exemption from Poor Rate by the assumption of a title which they do not carry out. At the Bath Quarter Sessions a set of persons calling themselves the Bath Literary and Scientific Institution, had the effrontery to make a claim to freedom from taxation; and on the question being put to one of the witnesses—"Is *Punch* taken in at the Institution?" the reply was in the negative. This of course settled the point as to the Society being one for the advancement of literature; and the Sessions instantly decided against the claim.

We hope Literary Societies in general will take a note of this important decision, which lays it down, on legal authority, that the taking in of *Punch* is satisfactory evidence of an intention to promote literature. The Bath chaps who sought exemption on insufficient grounds, have received a lesson which we trust will not be lost on those who fail to "mind their *Punch*," and who fancy themselves promoters of literature without qualifying themselves by that test which is now recognised by a legal tribunal as decisive, and will, we hope, find its way into "the Books" as soon as possible.

The City Coaxing the Crown.

THOSE renowned gourmands, the Corporation of the City of London, have got up a new dish, in the hope that it may prove a "pretty dish to set before the QUEEN," adulation dished up as a sort of curry or attempt at currying of favour with an illustrious Prince. By their proposal to erect a statue to PRINCE ALBERT during his lifetime, they will not, however, succeed in the scheme of cajoling the Crown to interfere between their corruptions and reform; and the meal they propose for the acceptance of His Royal Highness will prove a mess. They had better relinquish their endeavours to add lustre to the reputation of the Prince, and transfer their attention to his boots.

A LETTER AND AN ANSWER.

The PRESBYTERS to PALMERSTON.

THE Plague has come among us,
Miserable sinners!
Fear and remorse have stung us,
Miserable sinners!
We ask the State to fix a day,
Whereon all men may fast and pray,
That Heaven will please to turn away
The Plague that works us sore dismay.
Miserable sinners!

PALMERSTON to the PRESBYTERS.

THE Plague that comes among you,
Miserable sinners!
To effort hath it strung you?
Miserable sinners!
You ask that all should fast and pray;
Better all wake and work, I say;
Sloth and supineness put away,
That so the Plague may cease to slay;
Miserable sinners!

For Plagues like other evils,
Miserable sinners!
Are God's and not the Devil's,
Miserable sinners!
Scourges they are, but in a hand
Which love and pity do command;
And when the heaviest stripes do fall,
'Tis where they're wanted most of all,
Miserable sinners!

Look round about your city,
Miserable sinners!
Arouse to shame and pity,
Miserable sinners!
Pray: but use brush and linewash pail;
Fast: but feed those for want who fail;
Bow down, gude town, to ask for grace,
But bow with cleaner hands and face,
Miserable sinners!

All Time God's Law hath spoken,
Miserable sinners!
That Law may not be broken,
Miserable sinners!
But he that breaks it must endure
The penalty which works the cure.
To us, for God's great laws transgressed,
Is doomsman Pestilence addressed,
Miserable sinners!

We cannot juggle Heaven,
Miserable sinners!
With one day out of seven,
Miserable sinners!
Shall any force of fasts atone
For years of duty left undone?
How expiate with prayer or psalm,
Deaf ear, blind eye, and folded palm?
Miserable sinners!

Let us be up and stirring,
Miserable sinners!
'Mongst ignorant and erring,
Miserable sinners!
Sloth and self-seeking from us cast,
Believing this the fittest fast,
For of all prayers prayed 'neath the sun
There is no prayer like work well done,
Miserable sinners!

Golden Bullets.

LAST week news arrived from Santa Fé of a tribe of warlike Indians, who use "Golden Bullets." Since then MR. WYLD—of the Great Globe—has been daily beset by gentlemen from the M'nories and Hound-ditch, for maps of the exact locality. COLONEL ISRAEL is at this moment raising a company of the Jewish persuasion, to be called the Rag Fair Rangers.



INGENIOUS PROTECTION AGAINST MIDGES—A VALUABLE HINT TO SKETCHERS FROM NATURE.

A REGULAR NUISANCE.

MR. PUNCH has long ago been appointed, by and under his own act, Inspector-General of Nuisances, and he may certainly take credit for the removal of a great many nuisances long before the legislature gave its attention to the subject.

Mr. Punch has lately been engaged in the inspection of the great City of London Corporation Nuisance, and refers to the annexed report for the result of his observations :

REPORT.

My attention was first drawn to the Corporation Nuisance by the very bad odour surrounding the locality, and by a very general rumour that an offensive body, in a most alarming state of corruption, was lying within the precincts of the City of London.

I accordingly proceeded to visit the spot, where a lamentable scene presented itself. I found some four-and-twenty individuals huddled, or, rather, closeted together, in one room, surrounded by a quantity of refuse vegetable and animal matter (apparently composed of pine-apple and venison), the effluvia from which was of the most deleterious character. On examining further, I found a large quantity of thick fluid, in the midst of which were several portions of a glutinous green turtley material, and over the surface a sort of coating had formed, which might almost be cut with a knife—so thick was the matter that had settled on the top of the stagnant liquid. This deleterious wash had been placed in vessels resembling soup-tureens, and was no doubt intended for removal, a great deal of it having been already got rid of by the persons assembled in the room, who appear, however,

to have been unable to proceed further with their disgusting operation. I found them in a state of considerable exhaustion among the refuse stuff, and there can be no doubt that the condition in which they are living is highly injurious to the health—moral as well as physical—and likely to exercise a most contaminating influence on the surrounding atmosphere.

In pursuance of this report Mr. Punch feels it his duty to order the removal of the nuisance within a reasonable time, for the parties have been so frequently warned that there is little hope they will of themselves proceed to abate the evils that have so long been matter of public notoriety. Mr. Punch intends proceeding to inspect other departments of the great City of London Corporation Nuisance, and to persevere until a clean bill of health can be presented.

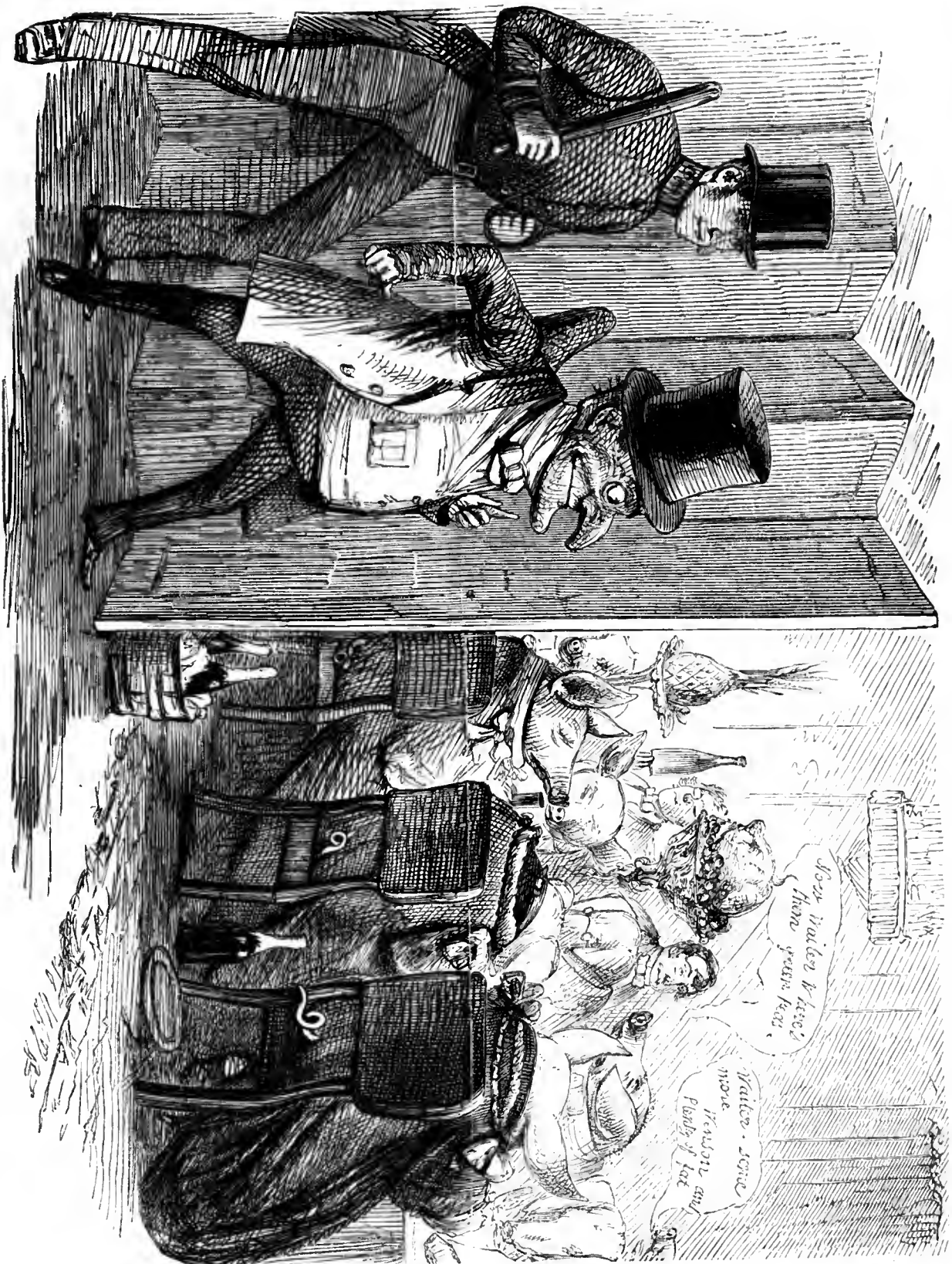
ARISTOCRACY AND ITS ANTIPODES.

If the Legislative Council of New South Wales are enabled to effect their proposal for the creation of an hereditary Peerage in that colony, it will be necessary to assign armorial bearings to the new noblemen. This will be no very difficult matter; respect being had to the origin of the chief families that will be comprised in that aristocracy. For example, here is the blazon of a coat that might be borne by the name of SIKES, elevated to the Dukedom of Norfolk Island.

Gules, on a cross *ermine*, between four handcuffs, *or*, a jemy of the field. Crest, out of a window shutter *vert* a hand, *sable*, grasping a centre-bit *proper*.

The above coat will readily be seen to indicate that the founder of the bearer's family had been transported for burglary accompanied by violence. The latter feature of his achievements is denoted by the sanguinary colour of the field, and of the implement depicted on the centre of the scutcheon. By the number of the handcuffs are signified two convictions. The cross alludes to crossing the herring-pond, and the ermine indicates the judicial sentence by which the voyage was prescribed. The crest speaks for itself; the use of the term *sable* is an allowable liberty, as being necessary to represent the probable state of the member to which it is applied, considered in relation to soap and water. The family motto might be, *Mortuus vivo*, which would be a neat paraphrase of "Death Recorded."

The horse, the sheep, the pig, and other cattle—for stealing which the forefathers of the ennobled parties were relegated—would furnish abundance of animal forms for the purposes of heraldic symbolism. To these might be added the magpie, the stoat, the weasel, and other creatures that are the emblems of theft and larceny. Though, for the matter of that, the more ancient devices of eagles, dragons, griffins, lions, and the like beasts and birds of prey, would do quite sufficiently well to glorify exploits of plunder and rapine; nor could any motto for the member of a Botany Bay nobility be more suitable than some of the very professions of ancestral principle, which are the glory of certain high pedigrees among ourselves. "Thou shalt want ere I want," for instance, would precisely suit the descendant of a footpad. A convict who had become a prosperous gentleman, after having completed his sentence of transportation for seven years, could not have left a happier legend to his posterity, than "I hide my time." Moreover, when it is considered that the foundation of not a few among our own great houses was either fraud or force, it cannot be asserted that a Peerage of New South Wales would not rest to a considerable extent on a like basis with the British nobility. So that, when you come to think it, there may not be so very much difference, after all, between those who came in with the Conqueror, and those who went out in the convict ship.



A NUISANCE IN THE CITY THAT MUST BE GOT RID OF.

The Inspector of Nuisances, "HAILLO! HERE'S A VERY BAD CASE—A ROOM FULL OF PIGS I DECLARE, AND AN IMMENSE QUANTITY OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE MATTER!"



THE SHERIFFS' DINNERS AT NEWGATE.



THE Sessions of the Central Criminal Court have lost much of their attraction—especially to a hungry Old Bail-y Bar, some of whom are dreadfully open-mouthed—by the cutting down of the dinners usually given by the Sheriffs. It seems that the learned Judges have not as yet had any dinner at all in the City, but have been obliged to be satisfied with a rather substantial “lunch,” by way of substitute. The two Sheriffs have been at loggerheads, and one of them—MR. WALLIS—has provided a meal to which he has invited only the Aldermen on the rota instead of the whole body; upon which SHERIFF WIRE fearing lest his brother Aldermen should starve, has started an opposition table. In the mean time the Judges have been making a meagre lunch with one Sheriff and dining with neither. There being, however, two lunches a day, and two opposition dinners, we should

be glad to know how the worthy Chaplain of Newgate performs his elaborate duty of partaking of every meal, which he must necessarily do, in order to avoid giving offence to either of the opposition Sheriffs. The reverend ordinary will have the extraordinary task of disposing of two lunches and two dinners in four-and-twenty hours—an accomplishment that calls to mind the old familiar feat of the leg of mutton and trimmings.

The name of “ordinary” is most appropriately given to the worthy Chaplain, who by virtue of his office is present at the ordinary at one, the other ordinary at five, and again at the two extra-ordinaries occasioned by the division between the two Sheriffs. It appears that in the midst of all this superabundance the learned Judges, “huffed” at having received their invitations from one Sheriff instead of two, have preferred going dinnerless; wisely, however, hesitating to abandon themselves to hopeless hunger, they have made a compromise with their dignity by condescending to “lunch” at the table of SHERIFF WALLIS.

We confess we should be glad to see the practice of Old Bailey dinners getting abandoned altogether, so that the old sarcasm as to “wretches hanging that Judges may dine,” may for ever lose its traditional point, as it has long ago lost its practical application. There is something unpleasantly anomalous in the substitution of the table-napkin for the ermine before quitting the Court, and it is not a pleasant reflection, that the prisoners having been awarded their deserts, the Judges will, under the same roof, proceed to take their dinners.

THE JUDGES' CHAMBERS.

Oh such a row, such a rumpus and a bobbery,
 Everything and every one quite in the dark;
 No one knows the order of the Summonses,
 Fixed to be heard by MR. BARON PARKE:
 Tearing, swearing,
 For dignity not caring,
 Common lawyers, clerks of all sorts, down to office drudge.
 Never was a rougher set of noisy individuals,
 Hanging round the chamber doors to go before the Judge.

A French Feast of the Poets.

BERANGER the poet is, we are told by the paragraph-mongers, continually receiving presents of jam from his enthusiastic countrymen. We regret to say that our own poets meet with no such sweets, and frequently pass a life of unmitigated bitters. Instead of presents of jam (now let the reader prepare to be knocked down by a fearful blow to his common sense)—we repeat—instead of presents of jam our poets too often meet with a gelid indifference—*jam and gelid*: does the reader see what we are aiming at?

A FAIRY WISH.

OH, that the million million million billions of seeds of corn rotting on the Danube were “corned” into gunpowder, and swallowed by NICHOLAS. Having no bowels, how could it hurt him?

PLATO'S REPUBLIC PERFECT.

THE City's the Model Republic of PLATO,
 As like as potato can be to potato,
 Save in one point alone; and it would be a pity
 If that difference did not distinguish the City.

In PLATO'S Republic, all good things combining,
 That serve to the great ends of drinking and dining,
 No Poet was suffered his metres to mingle
 With the clatter of plates, and the wine glasses' jingle.

But London's good City a poet possesses
 Who sings its high deeds and its glory expresses,
 And graces its banquets, his brows bound with myrtle,
 Sucking up inspiration together with turtle.

That Poet—whose aim is existence to sweeten—
 Next day sings the praises of what he has eaten,
 Which by wholesale are bought by the rich Corporation
 As the fairest account of the jollification.

At eighty-five, Fleet Street, this son of APOLLO
 Indites, each November, the Song of the Swallow;
 His muse every bookseller's counter encumbers,
 But his friends in the City buy up all his numbers.

HOW EUROPE MAY BE SAVED!

A RECIPE, from a Neapolitan pen, authorized by KING BOMBA, of Naples!

“Take the English people, strip 'em, rob 'em, kick 'em out of England, making of 'em—even as the Hebrews—dealers in hare-skins and old clothes! When this is done, take London, and turn it topsyturvy, ruinous like Jerusalem! Let the English House of Commons sit by the waters of the Danube and weep; and let English Bishops sell macaroni, and English merchants vend water-melons to the *Lazzaroni* of Naples! Then Europe will be safe. When the House of Hanover is placed upon a einder-heap of Mount Vesuvius, then may Europe, in the depths of her tranquility, sweetly rejoice!”

And the KING OF NAPLES read the foregoing, and said “Let it be forthwith printed, and let BRITANNIA forthwith prepare herself to become a Jewess.” Only to think—the British Lion a Lion of Judah! The White Horse of Hanover, a Jerusalem Pony!

New Comic Song to be Sung at the Cave of Harmony.

(Respectfully dedicated to the author of “The Newcomes.”)

MR. PUNCH sings.

OUR future Premier, laughing free, I've got my eye upon,
 I think you'll all agree with me—his name is P-L-M-R-STON.
 And by his side sits sleepily a lord in Scotland bred;
 I think you'll all agree with me—that he were best in bed.

Chorus by the Nation.

O yes, we all agree with you that he were best in bed.

Some Lights that want Snuffing Out.

A NEW religious book is now being advertised under the illuminating title of “The Lamp and the Lantern, a Light for the Tent and the Traveller.” If our Exeter Hall friends are in want of quaint titles, we beg leave to suggest “The Bull's Eye and the Dip,” or “The PRICE and the P-L-M-R,” or “The Long Four and the Short Six,” or “The Kitchen and the Composite.”

What is Man?

THE *Quarterly* makes answer,
 “Chemically speaking, a man is 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through 5½ pailfuls of water.”

This must be wrong. If no hemp, how do you get your Russian? If no wood, how do you get your Austrian? If no red-tape, how does Downing Street get her Englishmen?

A CON FROM THE SHAKSPEARIAN CLOWN.

Q. WHEN *Othello* killed *Desdemona*, was he thinking of his Wife?
 A. No—his (s)Mother.

THE GREAT EASTERN QUESTION (at all political dinners). “Is there any Turkey left?”

CRUEL KING COAL.



CRUEL KING COAL over London town
Evermore year by year doth reign;
He is dight in a rich and goodly gown,
And he sporteth a monstrous golden chain.

CRUEL KING COAL doth his greatness air
In a flaming coach of state reclined;
And before him the Mace and Sword they bear,
And the little boys run and shout behind.

How did it happen to this KING COAL
That he came to be called by the name of Cruel?
'Twas because the old tyrant cribbed and stole,
By his cunning contrivance, poor men's fuel.

Cruel KING COAL and his merry men,
Twenty and five fat rogues were they,
Cabbaged fourpence a chaldron first, then ten,
And a penny to boot made poor folks pay.

Measuring that which they never mete,
Making good losses themselves should stand,
And rebuilding here and there a street,
Were the pretexts alleged by the worthy band.

Even the load that a donkey draws,
These fellows do tax, and tithe, and toll,
Twenty miles around London Town; by laws
Through Parliament slipped by sly KING COAL.

Picking and fileing, this cruel King
First on all coals that were sea-borne preyed;
Next upon such as canal did bring,
Then on those by QUEEN'S highway and rail conveyed.

Twenty fair miles as the road did wind,
He levied the tax in time gone by;
But the Commons his art contrived to blind,
And the distance is now as crow doth fly.

Drawback His Majesty granteth not
Twenty good tons on a weight below;
And the boiling of every humble pot
The old fellow doth render the dearer so.

Cruel KING COAL doth feed and stuff,
Revel and riot in each man's scuttle;
Eat and drink when he's more than full enough,
Cram, guzzle, and gorge, and swill, and guttle.

Cruel KING COAL shall we suffer more
To blow himself out by extortion dire?
Shall we let him continue to starve the poor
By the tax that he takes from their bit of fire?

MRS. JANE GIMLET TO MRS. JUDITH PUNCH.

"Teast Lain, Grinnidge, seckund November, hatingstfethre.

"MEDDAM,

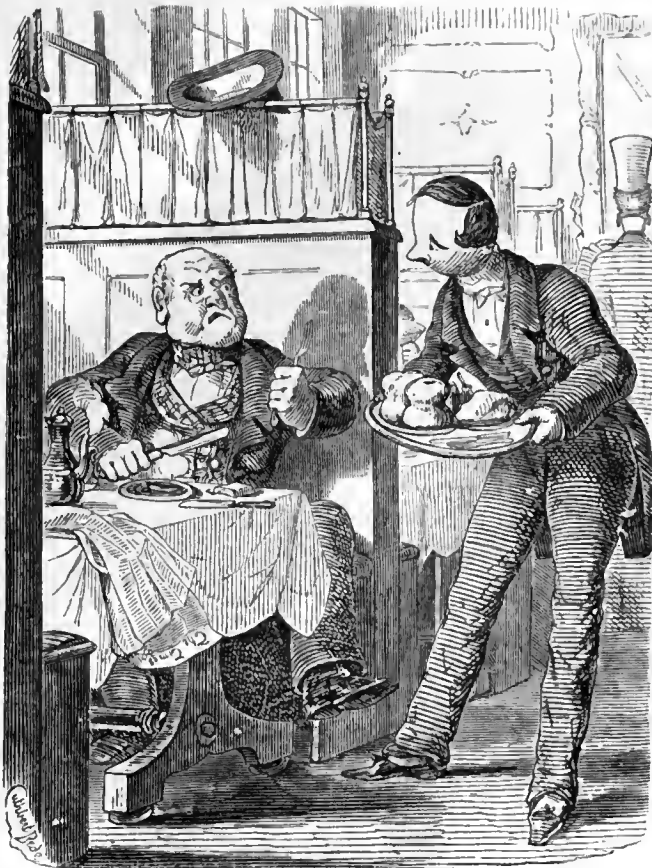
"HASKIN parding for the libbaty hime takin, I opes u will use yer influenzer with yer husband, wich its wot hevery lorful marred oman ort to ave tho they do say he use u shameful in publick, but ave no dout he gets his clippins at ome, and get him to print my letter wich I here some vartuous pussons wants us to ave a day of fastin an hewmilliashun, as a purventive to the colleher, tho my husban hoo is a plane man, in respek of hein a carpiugter by trade, but can rede an rite, did see in the papers that the workin classes ort to ave a plane and modderit dyeit in these times. Now Meddam I ham a porc oman, with siks children an a husban not over strong on account of workin twelve hours a day on wun mele, an himc sure hever sins I leff REVEREND SLOCUM SMITH's were I lived coke at fifteen pund a yere, but shewgar fund an all parkistes, ceptiu follerhers alloud, I ave never none wot it is to be without a happctite, wich if hany one thinks it a blessin, Ide giv em mine hany day and thankful too, for a lofe of bred. Likeways would JON. Likeways would our siks children, wich I ave ad twelve, but siks on em dide, as the doctor sed of my asthma, tho I carnt see ow that cood a been, as I never was asmatic, but think their deths was caused by the bad hare in our place, and the smells, an hein nussed so low, an put to slepe on Daffy for twelve hours wen I wos out a charin at hateen pence a day an my kepe wich if u ever wants any charin done, I can ave the best of karacters. An its hall werry well for them as as their cup of tee an their butturd tostes bifor their hup in the mornin, an their cold shiken an briled bones at breakfast, and a bit o cake an a glass o jellee atween breakfast an a lunch, an a lunch of ot mete and pertaties, wich it is called the children's dinner, but the parents jines in it, an a snack o suffin between lunch an dinner, just to kepe hoff the sinkin from their pore weke stommicks, an a dinner of thre courses an a dissurt, an toste an muffins at tee, an maybe a little kneegus or sperrits at bed time to kepe it hall down, and then a crust o bred in their bed rooms lest they shood feel faint in the nite—hits werry well for them to fast, if they likes it, for they've plenty of food to fall bak on, and wood honely go to their wittles fresher nex day, like sum I wuns lived with bnt wonte name, as made hup in Heester for wot they didnt hete in Lent. But if we wos to fast, hose lives is litle better than a perpetiual fast, I donte think the hempty stummicks of our pore littel babes would ever cum to again. An has for hewmilliashun, if MISSUS REVEREND SLOCUM SMITH coold honely go hout a charin for a month, and be put upon by servants, (as I wos wuns the hequal hof,) an be smubbed by Missusses, an sumtimes ave her litel earnins stood hover from Saturday nite till Monday mornin, or longer wich it haint oncommon, an not a bit of bred in the house, nor nothin to spout, she wooldnt want no more humilliashun. An has for fastin bein a Christian hact, I no as JON an me an our siks children, have been a fastin hever so long an donte feel no better Christens for that, but quite the contrary wich hany one as will try it long will find the same. So I do ope Meddam, that ure husban will tell them as wants to fast an thinks they'll be the better for it to give their soup or fluties (wotever they be) to hus as donte want to fast no more, and would be more in charity with hour speshus, if we wosn't halways so huncommon hungry. I ham with 'umbel dooty to ure husband, wich he looked as brisk as lever wen I see im last,

"Your hobedt. charc'oman,
"JANE GIMLET."

The Bottle.

"I CAN assure you," says A. softly and persuasively, "there is not an entire headache in the whole bottle." "Not an entire headache perhaps," answers B, knowingly, "for all the headaches in it may be splitting ones."

A MORAL PHENOMENON.—A Barrister returning his Fee.



TOO FASTIDIOUS.

SCENE.—A Tavern.

Waiter. "AM, SIR? YESSIR? DON'T TAKE ANYTHING WITH YOUR AM, DO YOU, SIR?"

Gentleman. "YES, I DO; I TAKE THE LETTER H!" [Waiter faints.]

PALMERSTON'S NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SINCE LORD PALMERSTON said, in his speech at Perth, that he was always happy to receive suggestions, and to read the correspondence that individuals might favour him with, he has been overwhelmed with letters upon all imaginable and unimaginable subjects. The consequence is he has been obliged to employ three additional secretaries, who are engaged night and day answering the stupid questions that are put to him. The following may be relied upon as a fair sample of the nonsensical inquiries he is favoured with:—

LATAKIA.—You are right. There is no doubt that there is a little settlement to be found in all Ports—but this does not apply to the Sublime Porte; for in spite of all the shaking and stirring it has lately received, I cannot see the smallest hope of a settlement.

ROSA MATILDA.—You ask me, my young lady, what is the best ink for writing love-letters with? I am sorry I cannot inform you, as it is now many years ago, in consequence of the graver cares of office, since I have abandoned the foolish practice.

THESEIA.—It is more than I can tell you what kind of Brookes has caused Drury Lane to averflow every night. I have not been to the theatre this season, and so I cannot inform you whether the BROOKS in question was deep, or merely a shallow BROOKE, or a roaring BROOKE, or in fact what particular kind of BROOKE it was; but from all the reports I have heard, some of which have been very loud, I should hardly say it was "the murmuring BROOKE."

DEBRET.—I cannot tell you Lord BROTHAM's habitual residence; but, looking at his trousers, I should say it was generally on the other side of the Tweed.

ONE WHO IS FOND OF DIGGING FOR ROOTS.—I should say, from your foolish question, that the place where you dig most must be a garden full of simples. How can I say whether "toggery" is derived from the Latin word *toga*? Or whether CLYTEMNESTRA, when she was on the point of stabbing her son, exclaimed "Au R st-?" Or whether a cross-examination is so called, because it generally has the effect of making a person "cross"? I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself putting such insipid questions to one of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers.

A PUBLIC JOURNALIST.—LORD PALMERSTON is extremely sorry he cannot give the name of the "Old Woman who lived in a shoe," and he doubts very strongly in his own mind if any old woman ever chose such a curious locality for a habitation. Perhaps—and this is merely thrown out as a conjecture—it may refer to Mrs GAMP, of the *Morning Herald*, and who lives in Shoe Lane; but then the song should run, "There was an old woman, who lived in shoe Lane," and unfortunately it doesn't.

HORTICULTURIST.—The apple of discord was doubtlessly, my dear, a crab-apple; but it is beyond me to say whether VENUS, in accepting it, was a naughty-cultivist; but I can only say, from my own experience, that it is not the first time by many that Paris has been the cause of throwing the apple of discord—witness the Spanish Marriage.

ET TU QUOQUE.—It would ill become me, in my position, to offer any opinion upon the conduct of a fellow-colleague, so you must excuse me if I decline answering your inquiry whether LORD ABERDEEN is not "the injudicious bottle-holder of the Porte." I should be sorry to accept a compliment at the expense of a man whom I so highly—but never mind the rest.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.—I will write to LORD WESTMORELAND at the earliest opportunity to inquire whether he is composing variations on the tune of "*Pop Goes the Weasel*," but I doubt it extremely. Your other question of whether a man who gives his mind to a violin can be a clever ambassador, I decline answering.

THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.—You ask me—why I don't know—the reason why "tin" should be the vulgar synonym for money. It defies my powers of divination to tell you, unless it originated from the fact of the purses which are thrown away upon the stage, and which generally contain from ten thousand ducats to a hundred thousand pounds, being always filled with pieces of tin. Hence probably the synonym.

ONE WHO DABBLES IN INK.—I do not mind telling you in confidence that LORD BROTHAM is not the Editor of the *Family Herald*.

A VICTIM TO THE EAST WIND.—The best plan, my dear young lady, for keeping the chaps off your lips is to wear a respirator.

THE HIGH-METTLED RAZOR.

AIR.—"See the course through'd with gazers, the sports are begun."—C. DIBDIN.

SINCE of course we want razors when manhood's begun,
Lest profusion of beard should our faces o'erturn,
A thousand strange methods are found every year,
And MECHT and RODGERS assail our young ear.
When we next, like a vain bean, direct that our crest,
Silver-mounted, should be on the handle impressed,
Scarcely scraping a hair in our downy estate,
The High-Mettled Razor first ranks among plate.

The next ten years turn out, and we need not now blush,
To be caught when we're soaping our beard with a brush;
For we have one at length, and we need not say nay,
Should any one ask if we shave every day.
While alike born for scrapes in our life's daily course,
Always sure to come through with a cut, if not worse;
When we're barely shaved down just to what Fashion saith,
The High-Mettled Razor now bores us to death.

Grown rusty, used up, and turned dull as a spud,
Notched, blunted, and, always when used, drawing blood;
While, knowing his past deeds, his misdeeds we trace,
Tell, "this notch cut my finger, and this cut my face;"
And what dangers we've run, we could quickly count o'er,
As we wasted our time, and our temper, and gore;
When the shaving doth gall, and the steel our chins goad,
The High-Mettled Razor's put out of the road.

At length they've improved it, before 'tis too late,
And MECHT and RODGERS must bend to their fate,
And barbers will soon have to work the tread-mill,
If their razors are brought to a daily stand still.
For now, with its works nearly hid from our view,
In the very same chair in which we must sit too,
While a music-box plays like a musical elf,
The High-Mettled Razor doth *shave us itself!*

WHYS FOR THE WISE.

Why cannot a "Constant Reader" write a letter to a newspaper without an allusion to its "widely circulated columns?"

Why can a young gentleman never take to yachting without strengthening his language with "fo'k'sle" expletives?

Why at a dinner party is it never thought permissible to call for cabbage except by its genteel synonym of "greens?"

Why does a cabman consider he degrades himself by acting civilly?

Why in a lodging-house can you never get your shaving-water without ringing twice for it?

Why do people with the smallest rooms invariably give the largest parties?

Why cannot musical critics speak of a voice without puzzling everybody by calling it an "organ?"

Why do fashionable people consider they lose *caste* by writing legibly?

Why cannot a husband get home late from a dinner-party without assuring his wife he was "the first to leave?"

And why cannot a wife inflict a "charring-day" upon her husband without the additional torture of a cold leg of mutton?

GREAT THEATRICAL STRIKE.—A Combat of Six at the Victoria.



LORD SID-NEE'S SHOW.

The Ardent Lover, CHING-BANG-BUNG, at present residing among the island Barbarians, writes to the Star of his Brain, LOLLUM SQUINNY, daughter of HANGO JOWDOB, wealthy merchant of Tseen-ki, with a wart on his nose.

"MOONLIGHT ON THE WATERS OF MY SOUL,

"Adoring your silver slipper with its buckle of emeralds, profoundly respecting the gilded toad which lies before your cerulean door in the light of a scraper, nay, venerating the marble slab that forms the threshold of the house where lives the angelic daughter of HANGO JOWDOB with the wart on his nose, I send you this illuminated rescript. Honour it.

"Yesterday, O LOLLUM, was a festival among these barbarians, and the Chief Magistrate of their chief city went in procession to swear oaths, and to bid other judges to devour sea-tortoises with him. A scribe named *Punch*, and altogether the wisest and comeliest man I have ever seen (excepting HANGO JOWDOB, with the wart on his nose, who will probably read this) gave me a seat in his mansion, which overlooketh the highway. By CON-FU-ZEE, O LOLLUM, but these barbarians have something in them, after all. Their Chief Magistrate is a vendor of teas, and the array was got up to remind the spectators of the Flowery Land whence cometh the fragrant leaf; in short, it was a gorgeous advertisement of his profession.

"Wisely taking example from the wisest nation of earth, they have sought to liken their procession unto what they deem to be Chinese. Poor savages, they make sad blunders; but our religion teaches us to be charitable, and to pity rather than ridicule the benighted heathens, who have not a pagoda in their land, save a miserable one in some gardens they call Q. Yesterday they exhibited strange mockeries of our Chinese forms; but still the good will was there, and we will not mock them in return, but try to teach them better.

"There were shields with faces, as of moons and devils, and dragon-banners, with bells, and other imitations of us; but the artistic design and the classical execution were wanting, my LOLLUM. The Chief

Magistrate himself rode in a carriage formed like a gigantic tea-pot; and before and behind him came standards, on which were emblazoned the prices of his goods. Two huge idols, worshipped by the Fathers of the City, with costly orgies, were borne along, with Chinese adornments; and numerous other devices reminded me of the land where dwelleth the lovely daughter of HANGO JOWDOB with the wart on his nose.

"They are all traders, these barbarians, and one of the ancestors of this Magistrate, whose name is SID-NEE, was a great layer of bricks, as I gather, for he is often spoken of, by public-house orators, as 'SID-NEE on the Scaffold.'

"LOLLUM of my Soul! Light breaking in at the Chink of my Heart! Violet of my Nostrils! Pickled Duck of my Affections! Water-lily floating on the waves of my Life! Whitest Egg in the Nest of my Brain! I worship your image, and I kiss the rice-paper which enfolds the eyelash you gave me at parting. When shall your eyes sparkle into mine, and set all the fireworks of my soul fizzing, and banging, and sparking? Eleven millions of highly polished compliments to the respectable HANGO JOWDOB with the wart on his nose.

"Signed in England, the day after the Feast of the LORD SID-NEE, Mare of London.

"CHING-BANG-BUNG."

DIRECTIONS FOR SHAVING THE LADIES.—Use plenty of soft soap—use it unsparingly to their faces—and it's wonderful how clean you'll shave them.—*A Linendraper's Assistant from Howellanjames.*

MISTAKEN BENEVOLENCE.—Throwing Early Purl to Swine.

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY BURNS.

(Communicated by the Edinburgh Society for Promoting Civilization in England.)

O MICKLE yenks the keekle doup,
 An' a' ussicker girns the graih,
 For wae and wae! the crowdies loop
 O'er jouk an' hallan, braw an' baith.
 Where ance the coggie hirpled fair,
 And blithesome poortith toomed the loof,
 There's nae a burnie giglet rare
 But blaws in ilka jinking coof.

The routhie bield that gars the gear
 Is ganc where glint the pawky cca,
 And aye the stound is birkin lear
 Where scunnered yowies wheeped yestreen.
 The creeshie rax wi' skelpin' kaes
 Nae mair the howdie bucker whangs,
 Nor weanies in their wee bit claes
 Glour light as lammies wi' their sangs.

Yet leeze me on my bonnic byke!
 My drappie aiblins blinks the noo,
 An' lcesome luve has lapt the dyke
 Forgatherin' just a wee bit fou.
 And SCOTIA! while thy rantin' lunt
 Is mirk and moop with gowans fine,
 I'll stowlins pit my unco brunt,
 An' cleek my duds for add lang sync.

PAYING SHOT BEFORE BATTLE.

THE *New Prussian Gazette* of Berlin says:—

"Several Turkish and Wallachian merchants have arrived here to pay their debts. This case several times occurred during the wars of Turkey with a European power. Turks have come and paid their debts at the risk of their lives in crossing through the enemy's camp."

When this paragraph was read upon 'Change, a melancholy, wan-looking man said with a sigh, "I don't wish any harm to Her Catholic Majesty's Ministers; but I do wish that, if only to relieve us of our bonds, certain Spaniards would, just for the occasion, become Mahometans." Certainly NARVAEZ in a fcz would create a sensation in the City.



Policeman. "NOW, MUM! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Injured Female. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER—I WANT TO GIVE MY WRETCH OF A 'USBAND IN CHARGE. HE'S ALWAYS A KNOCKING OF ME DOWN AND A STAMPIN' ON ME!"

THE KING OF THE CITY.

SOME new lights have been thrown on the position of the LORD MAYOR by the evidence given before the Corporation Commission which is now sitting. The LORD MAYOR seems to be a mixture of degradation and dignity—a species of civic Centaur—a kind of neither one thing nor the other, or rather a sort of both—a combination of the flunky and the potentate, which it would be difficult to analyse. At the Mansion House dinner he is a Monarch, but at the Coronation banquet he is a Butler, in virtue of which menial occupation he takes a golden tankard home to clean, and then claiming it as a perquisite, he never brings it back again. Why the LORD MAYOR should appropriate a bit of the plate because he is acting as Butler, is as much a mystery to us, as it would be if the man we paid to wait when we give a dinner-party were to walk off with our best piece of plate—our sugar-tongs, which are real, all the rest being electro—under the paltry subterfuge of its being a "perquisite." We can only say that if the LORD MAYOR were to be stopped on his way from the Coronation banquet with the golden tankard in his pocket or under his arm, it would require nothing short of the production of the original charter, to satisfy the police that he had lawful possession of the property.

It appears also that the LORD MAYOR is a Privy Councillor, but is so completely cut in that capacity that he is never summoned to attend, and the probability is, that if his Lordship were to present himself for admission he would have the door shut in his face by the "proper officers." It is, however, inconvenient that those dignities should nominally attach to an individual who is not permitted to use them, and we can only compliment those who have held the office of LORD MAYOR on their good sense in not bringing on an unseemly altercation with the royal porters and door-keepers, by attempting to "get in" when a Privy Council is sitting. There is no doubt that if "his Lordship" were to force a passage up into the Council Chamber, and attempt to take his seat at the Board, there would be a general cry of "turn him out" from the Cabinet Members. The absurdity of the situation is so apparent, and the incongruity of the LORD MAYOR at

the Privy Council is so striking, that nobody can doubt the propriety of abolishing a nominal position, which only subjects its holder to ridicule.

The only real power that is still exercised by the LORD MAYOR is the right of shutting up Temple Bar when the Sovereign is expected; but since the side bar has been rented by a loyal hair-dresser, who would assuredly let the monarch through his shop—if any serious obstacle were to be offered by the civic authorities—it is high time that even this dim branch of the civic prerogative were lopped off by the axe of Improvement, that judicious woodsman, who spares nothing superfluous.

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."

THE French, in a great victory over the Arabs, "have captured 4,000 sheep." What will they do with these 4,000 prisoners of war? Will they drive them to market, and sell them for what they will fetch, or will they turn them into *gigots* and *cotelettes*? Will they preserve their fleeces as trophies, and hang them up in the Invalides? What will they do with the tallow? Will they melt it into candles, and send them as altar-offerings to the POPE to solicit his blessing on their Algerian campaigns? These questions are difficult to answer, and in the meantime the poor sheep, recollecting the deeds of BUGEAUD and PELISSIER, must tremble in their skins every time they see the steel of the Frenchmen. For ourselves, we believe the lives of the 4,000 sheep will be spared by the French, out of their noble anxiety to prove to Europe that warfare can be carried on in Algeria without butchery.

Mute Eloquence.

SOMEBODY has brought out a collection of the "*Songs of Scotland without Words*." In order to render the thing completely agreeable, we would propose that the songs without words should be set to bagpipes without sound, and sung by performers without voices.

THE DEMON OF THE CUPBOARD.



WITHIN the last few months mysterious noises have been repeatedly heard in the cupboards of HER MAJESTY'S subjects throughout the kingdom. These have been, in most instances, at first supposed to be occasioned by mice and rats, as they consisted in scrapings, scratchings, and knockings, such as are made by those animals. But in many cases wherein the noises were the most violent, cheese contained in the cupboard was found untouched; so that it was necessary to seek some other explanation of the acoustic phenomena.

The circumstances of table rapping obviously suggested that the sounds were caused by spirits; and several powerful mediums were consulted, independently, with respect to this point. The answers to all inquiries obtained through these channels agreed in the fact that the cupboards were haunted; and also coincided in the further information that the name of their obstreperous inhabitant was NICHOLAS.

This startling declaration apparently rendered the character of the author of the disturbances no longer doubtful, and was considered by serious clergymen a conclusive proof that they resulted from "Satanic Agency."

However, to subsequent interrogatories, as to whether the "NICHOLAS" who scratched in the cupboards was the same as that personage generally known as "Old Scratch," the reply was uniformly in the negative; and the cupboard-haunting NICHOLAS was described as not that old one but "the other."

Several defunct NICHOLASES were then named, and the question was put with regard to each in succession, whether he was the one alluded to; but in every case it was declared that the individual mentioned was not the scratching NICHOLAS.

At last—in a kind of jocosse despair—was put the inquiry, whether the NICHOLAS was the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. When, to the amazement of all the hearers, the response distinctly rapped out was "Yes!"

A clue was thus obtained for ulterior investigation, by which it was elicited that the CZAR NICHOLAS was in the cupboards by force of his operation on the loaf, of which, by his nefarious proceedings, prompted by ambition, pride, and rapacity, he had raised the price to everybody in the nation. The knocking and scratching indicated rage and fury, combined with irritation and vexation on account of having got into a scrape.

The sort of ubiquity which seems involved in one individual vermin infesting so many cupboards at the same time, is declared to be a mystery, the solution of which is referred to the abstruser laws of mesmerism. By the assistance of the mediums we learn that NICHOLAS has remarkable faculties of a spiritual kind, which he partakes of as the limb participates in the nature of the parent body. Hence, indeed, he is adored as the deity of the Russians; just as his ancient namesake is "honoured for his burning throne."

Since the above particulars were communicated, it has been positively ascertained, by ladies venerable for their years and other persons of the soundest judgment as well as the highest respectability, that, on going to their cupboards late at night to cut a slice of bread and butter, they have been terrified by the miniature apparition of a gigantic figure with

an inflated aspect, bestriding the loaf in a military uniform and a pair of jack-boots. So that now, in almost all families, when any strange noise is heard about the house, it is customary to refer the disturbance to the CZAR in the cupboard.

A BISHOP ON "THINGS SOLID."

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD AND OIL-CUM-HONEY made a beautiful speech at the Mansion House in favour of the ALBERT Memorial. Never did tongue talk more silverly for bronze. Nevertheless, there is a passage in the episcopal harangue—(let us not forget to observe, it is reported of the Bishop that in his guilelessness he is wholly unaware of the road from Oxford to Lambeth)—a passage relating to "things solid" that somewhat puzzles us. SAMUEL OF OXFORD observed (and MR. SAMUEL CARTER HALL, who, he said, "represented the artists," smiled and applauded the words) that—

"It is of the very nature of things solid that, instead of being borne along upon the surface of the stream of time, they sink gradually down beneath its waters; and, therefore, with regard to this great fact—and a great fact I hold it to have been—if any memorial is to be raised at all, I think it should be raised, while yet the memory of its greatness holds its true place in the impression of those by whom it was witnessed."

Because, if PRINCE ALBERT has not a monument in bronze to remind the short memory of human nature that there was once a Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, the recollection of that great fact, being a "thing solid," will gradually sink down into the waters of oblivion. Just as, doubtless, we should have forgotten Waterloo and its results, if certain ladies of England had not set up a statue of WELLINGTON acting ACHILLES in Hyde Park. Well, we have a notion that the best and most enduring monument to the memory of the fleeting Crystal Palace in the Park will be provided by the enduring glory, even at the present time, crowning Sydenham Hill.

We have the greatest admiration of the intellectual subtleties of the BISHOP OF OXFORD. Like an olive, his nature secretes its own oil. Nevertheless, we should have liked to hear other bishops upon "things solid." Where was the BISHOP OF LONDON? Is it possible that any churchman can speak upon better authority, from deeper experience of "things solid," than the teacher of Fulham? Why, then, was the chief power of illustration of the "solids" of this life merely required of SAMUEL OF OXON? Moreover, PRINCE ALBERT is, it seems, to have the statue; and among the alto-reliefs will, doubtless, be CHALLIS reading his patent of baronetcy.

The thing is decided upon. So, gentlemen, unbutton your pockets; and down with the pounds—the "things solid," if we mistake not, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

TWO PORTRAITS OF THE CZAR.

IN the well-known *Letters from the Baltic*, NICHOLAS is thus drawn in pen and ink:—

"His face is strictly Grecian—forehead and nose is one grand line; the eyes finely lined, large, open, and blue, with a calmness, a coldness, a freezing dignity, which can equally quell an insurrection, daunt an assassin, or paralyse a petitioner; the mouth regular, teeth fine, chin prominent, with dark moustache and small whisker; but not a sympathy in his face! His mouth sometimes smited, his eyes never."

Mr. Punch, having studied the Czar in his works, is disposed to put forth another sketch; as thus—

His face is strictly all check: forehead and nose one grand round-about curve; the eyes large, open, round, and expressive as a cannon's mouth; cannon that can quell an insurrection, or slaughter innocence; the mouth curved and significant as a scimitar; teeth large and prominent as chevaux-de-frise; the face altogether a national death-warrant. The mouth, like scimitar steel, sometimes glistens—the eyes never..

Mutual Wrongs,

"WE have no Windsor"—says, very mournfully, the EARL OF EGLINTON—"no Buckingham Palace, no St. James's, no Kensington, no Hampton Court."

Mr. Punch begs to mingle his tears with the tears of the noble Earl, Mr. Punch the while lamenting as an Englishman that—"We have no cockaleekie—no haggis—no singed sheep's-head—no bagpipes!"

Grumbling for Farmers.

THE late fine weather has enabled us to get the wheat into the ground, which the previous rains threatened to prevent. Agricultural prospects thus present a hopeful appearance; but then, by reason of the extent of land sown, a great many fields must be in a state of seediness.

LADIES' MOUTHS.—An old beau says: "A Lady's mouth never looks so beautiful as when she is pronouncing the word 'Yes.'"

THE LAST PROCLAMATION.



WE, NICHOLAS THE FIRST, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, and King of all Good Fellows, proclaim:

That we have been insulted by the Turk, whose stony heart we have—on the bended knees of our Christian spirit—supplicated, but to no purpose.

We have, as becomes a Christian autocrat, submitted to have our dearly-beloved Ambassador, PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, publicly bastinadoed in the streets of Constantinople.

We have allowed OMAR PACHA to pull the nose of our dearly-beloved General, PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

We have—by a meekness and endurance unparalleled in the House of ROMANOFF—begged, suffered, entreated, wept, rolled ourselves in the dust, to appease and mollify the cannibal spirit of the Turk.

But all in vain. He is stiff-necked, and not to be turned. We, therefore, propose to march with our

sacred soldiers to Constantinople, and there and then—(Grace having been duly said by the Patriarch of our Holy Church)—to eat the accursed SULTAN ABDUL-MEDJID alive, and WITHOUT SALT!

[Here follows a pious invocation for a blessing on the Imperial intention.]

CHEAP LIGHTNING-POSTAGE.

THE formation of a New General Electric Telegraph Company is contemplated by Mr. Punch.

To supersede and cut out all existing Electric Telegraph Companies will be the object of the New General Electric Telegraph Company, of which Mr. Punch meditates the establishment.

Nothing can be clearer to the reflecting mind than that a shock of electricity is, of itself, one of the cheapest commodities that can be produced.

Nothing is more notorious than the fact that an electric shock, imparted to the wire of an Electric Telegraph, is about as dear an article as any in the market.

The extent of the circuit traversed by a shock of electricity does not add to its cost. The messenger incurs no travelling expenses.

Yet nine shillings is the sum which "A Poor Man in Trouble," who wished to inquire respecting a sick relative, complains to the Times that he was asked to pay for the simple message "Is he better?" with answer, to be transmitted from a station 45 miles from town to the neighbourhood of Belgrave Road, Pimlico.

If there is any one speculation peculiarly calculated to pay on the principle of large sales at low prices, it is manifestly an Electric Telegraph.

In preference, therefore, to any Austrian or Spanish loan, in which enterprising parties may be disposed to risk their capital, Mr. Punch invites them to join him with their two or three millions in his proposed New Electric Telegraph Company; unless the present Companies, awakened by the fear of competition with Punch & Co., should reduce their prices immediately.

JUSTICE FOR LONDON.

ONE of the features in the LORD MAYOR'S Show of the other day was a figure of "JUSTICE, in a Car drawn by Six Horses." Singularly enough, the six horses showed a disposition to pull different ways, and the leaders on each side were as obstinate in trying to upset JUSTICE as a couple of Old Bailey barristers. It was rather a bold measure to introduce JUSTICE officially into any part of the proceedings on LORD MAYOR'S Day, for if the goddess were present among the Corporation in reality rather than in effigy, the probability is, that there would be no procession on LORD MAYOR'S Day, in consequence of there being no LORD MAYOR, as a natural result of there being no Aldermen from whom to select the potentate.

It might have been remarked the other day, that the civic idea of Justice differs from all the ordinary notions of the character, for the JUSTICE of the Corporation of London as seen in the procession, instead of being blindfold, wore a bandage over the forehead in such a way as not to interfere with her sight, or prevent her from having both her eyes open to her own interest. Her scales were rather gigantic, but she did not carry them in her hand, and they seemed to be emblematical of nothing but the balance she keeps hung up, as it were, without being accounted for. Poor JUSTICE seemed to be frightfully shaken by the treatment she experienced in the City; and, after the fatigues of the day were at an end, was heard to say that she had not a leg to stand upon. If a representation of Justice for the City had really been needed for the LORD MAYOR'S Show, how much better it would have been to have mounted the Corporation Commissioners on the Car, and have displayed them to the world as the real emblems of that Justice which the City is likely to experience, when the present disclosures of civic corruption have produced their legitimate consequence.

Severe Test of Table-Moving.

Of all Tables we should think the Tables of figures in BRADSHAW'S Guide would be the most difficult to move—for we only know from our own painful experience that, whenever we wish to find out a particular spot, we never can get the Tables to move in the direction we want to go to!

GIOVENETTI CHE FATT'.—A simple-minded Correspondent asks us the meaning of an Alderman who has not passed the chair, and is desirous of knowing whether the Alderman so situated has been unable to get past the chair by reason of his obesity.

THE AGRICULTURAL INQUISITION.

HERE'S Government again at we w' moor new fangled whims and fancies, A callin' on us vor to gie a statement of our circumstances; Now, zince we've got to undergoo this delicate investigation, O' coorse, my friends, our best we'll do to furnish every information.

We be to zay what land we got—how many acres under tillage— They seeks to find that out for what?—no surely with intent to pillage. They wants the number of our stock, which if we wonders why they axes, At any rate we knows full well it can't be to lay ou moor taxes.

We'm to put down in black-on-white, our cows, and pigs, and ship, and hosses; Which them as don't know how to write I s'pose must do by means o' crosses:

Our wheat, our barley, wuts, and rye, our beans, our hay, and straw moreover, Our mangold-wurzel, turmuts, ay, and taters, sainfoin, too, and clover.

P'raps we shall likewise ha' to state the number of our ploughs and harrows, Wheel carriages, both small and great, from carts and waggons down to barrows,

Machines that to the farm belongs, our elod crushers and searifiers, And all our forks, and rakes, and prongs, according as the ease requires.

Our poultry booked they may expect—returns o' turkeys and gallanies, Along o' lists made out correct o' Bantams, Dorkins, Cochin Chaneyns, And geese and ducks, and pigeons; nay, may be they'll want a inventory, Including all the eggs they lay; a pretty joke and likely story!

How 'twas the project fust arose of sneakin in behind the curtain, By gettin of us to expose our secrets, I consider certain; 'Tis Popery in the Government that wishes for to get possession Of our affairs; for which intent they tries to bring us to confession.

We very soon shall find, I fear, the country in a sad condition, 'Tis the beginning, all this here, I take it, of the Inquisition, You'll shortly see the fagots blaze, unless you stand resolved and steady; There 's the New Forest, anyways, directed to be cut already.

THE AUSTRALIAN ROUTE.—This route, since the discovery of gold, must be the Root of Evil.



P—nce Alb—t. "SAVE ME, DEAR PUNCH, FROM THESE MOST RIDICULOUS FRIENDS."

FLUSHING A SEWER.—A CITIZEN'S DREAM.

I SNORED in slumber comatose,
Soaked, stuffed, and gorged too full by far;
Across my red and bulbous nose
QUEEN MAB then drove her tiny ear;
Whereon I clambered precipices,
And tumbled headlong down abysses,
And roamed among strange edifices,
Till I at last saw Temple Bar.

Yes; there was Temple Bar, no doubt,
Of that I felt completely sure;
Yet there was something strange about
The gateway—mystic and obscure—
A character and meaning double;
And from foul puddles, signs of trouble,
Whilst gas around began to bubble,
It formed the mouth of some great sewer.

Then, in the visions of the night,
Behold a Broom the kennel brushed,
And a Voice cried, "I will be all right
Ere long!" and then the Voice was hushed;
And then I heard a sullen mutter,
A sort of grumbling in the gutter;
And after that, the same Voice utter
These words: "THE SEWER MUST BE FLUSHED."

When lo! a noise of dismal cries,
Grunts, groans, and squeaks of wild despair,
The anguish of a thousand sties,
With frightful discord rent the air;
And straightway, in the dreamy juggle,
Approaching waters seemed to struggle,
Gurgle, and dash, and splash, and guggle,
And through the portal burst and tear!

Ah! what a cataract of slush
And monstrous mud was there to see.
Like noisome soup appeared to gush
The sizzly torrent, now set free;
And in the mess lurched figures bloated,
With fat heads, whose dull eyes still gloated
On morsels that around them floated
Of callipash and callipee.

The Sword, the Cap, the Mace, the Chain,
Regalia of the Civic Crown,
Disgorged by that enormous drain,
Tangled and hitched with robe and gown,
With acts, and deeds, and charter-scrolls
Of fees and metage, dues and toils
On corn, fruit, oysters, salt, and coals,
Came rolling, rumbling, tumbling down.

Pie Poudre, Lecet and Baron Court,
With Swanhoppers no more to hop,
Those dark and dirty billows' sport,
Together hurled, went squash, and flop!
And one who stemmed, till Hope's last glimmer,
The slab surge that did round him simmer,
The Water Bailiff—sturdy swimmer;
He too was swamped amid the slop.

With sirloins, haunches, all these things
Were mashed; with jelly, ice, and cream,
Chantilly biscuits, legs and wings
Of game and poultry, and the stream
Bore salmon, turbot, hash, and curry,
Goblet and flagon, hurry-skurry,
My brain was bursting with the worry—
And then I started from my dream!

THE RESULTS OF STRIKING.—It is as strange as it is lamentable that strikes should so commonly end in broken heads, since the moment the men have once struck there is a stoppage of the mill.

NOT FAR OUT.—A cynical old Cockney of our acquaintance says he considers the moustache movement to be only a new way the young fellows have got into of giving themselves 'airs.

FLUSHING THE GREAT CITY SEWERS.





KING LEOPOLD REPORTS PROGRESS.



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS opened his Chambers last week, and it is to be regretted that KING LEOPOLD's excellent speech has been so incorrectly translated by the London newspapers. No wonder that LORD CLARENDON complains of the inadequate way in which the journalists render his despatches. An English dramatic author, hurried in his rapine, could hardly have adapted a French speech more clumsily than it has been done for our papers. We subjoin a literal translation:

"GENTLEMEN,

"I am charmed to meet you again. When we separated, you were so kind as to express your entire satisfaction with the marriage I told you I had then in view for my son, the DUKE OF BRABANT. I need not inform you that the match has since come off, because I do not suppose you will easily forget the portentous (*effroyable*) disturbance we made about it. But you will be happy to hear that I have taken MARY HENRIETTA OF AUSTRIA and her husband over to England, and that our charming friend and relative QUEEN VICTORIA

was quite pleased with the bride, and considers BRABANT a fortunate young fellow.

"It is, I hope, unnecessary for me to say that it was not merely, or chiefly, to introduce a young wife to a young matron that I endured the perilous voyage from Ostend to Portsmouth. You will do your King more justice.

"Allied with the House of Austria, I found in that marriage the strongest reason why my voice should be heard in England at a conjuncture (*crise*) when Austria needed an advocate there. But this is not all. You know how long and how sedulously I have laboured to get the EMPEROR NICHOLAS to accredit an ambassador from Russia to Belgium. His Majesty has, for years, disdained my request with Northern haughtiness (*fierté*), but, either for reasons of mine or his own, he has at last accorded the favour. Since that boon, it is well known to you that Russia has had only to ask and to have in Belgium. I was therefore doubly bound to undertake my English mission, charged as I was with the interests of Austria and of Russia.

"That the Prince Consort of England and myself retired into the shooting field together—for the Sovereign of England has a certain straightforwardness (*droiture*) which makes it difficult to urge diplomatic considerations in her hearing—you may have learned. If I alluded to the danger which might accrue to Saxe Gotha in the event of Russia, Austria, and Prussia not regarding its princes as their friends, I am sure the august sportsman to whom I addressed such a speculation will not have listened to me in vain. The friends of MARY HENRIETTA and of our newly-arrived ambassador have no reason to be dissatisfied with the effect I produced.

"I may therefore felicitate you, Gentlemen, and myself, on the perfect concord which exists between Russia, Austria, Saxe Gotha, and Belgium, and I am glad to add that the aged and accomplished prime minister of England, the good ABERDEEN, fully concurs in the sentiments of those four powers.

"Details of your own finance and other topics affecting yourselves will be supplied by my Ministers, but I could not refrain from personally informing you of the quadruple alliance which I, and our charming MARY HENRIETTA, have done so much to cement, and which I trust you will remember should we ask for any little addition to the estimates.

"That the blessing of, &c."

THE "GOD OF RUSSIA."

NICHOLAS is the acknowledged deity of the Muscovites. A god standing six feet four in his sacred stockings. The manner in which he recruits his army to carry on his Holy Wars is very celestial. Sometimes he causes his angelic Cossacks to surround a boys' school and carry off the scholars, promoting them from the birch to the knout. In one particular case two boys, one 12 and the other 14, were carried away, their old grandmother of 85 raising her hands, doubtless in prayer for the God of Russia. Who can doubt the Christianity of an Emperor, who is at once the heart and soul of such a system? Poor fellow! In his last proclamation he says "He has been goaded into war by the PORTE." Goaded is the word. Only think of the nasty

red-wattled turkey gobbling at and goading a poor, harmless, innocent bear! We shall next have the Christian dove pecking out the eyes of the twin-headed eagle.

THE INNKEEPER RHYMER.

Now that every British Innkeeper clearly holds himself privileged to take as many people in continually as his house will hold, it has become a question of quite national importance how most effectually to check their chousing. In our position of Adviser-General to the Nation, we have of course been nationally consulted in the matter, and we therefore feel called upon to give our readers—we mean of course the nation—our opinion on the subject.

It being generally admitted, by everybody but themselves, that the present system of our Innkeepers has become, like a baby, quite a crying nuisance, we think it may most properly be dealt with in the cradle: and we would therefore have our rising generation early prepared for the fleecing that awaits them. We are sure that by judicious treatment a wholesome horror of hotels might be easily impressed upon the infant mind. We would have the landlord take the place of the infantine "Old Bogy," and figure in our fairy tales as the terrible old Ogre, who lives upon the unsuspecting travellers who come to him: while in all the juvenile editions of our Natural History he might be represented as a species, only known in England, of the *Ornithorynchus*, or *Beast with a Bill*. Instead of the deeds of mythic "Forty Thieves," our nursemaids should recount the rogueries of an inn; and, instead of threatening a "dark room" by way of penal settlement for the fractious, they in future might condemn them to a "private" one at an hotel, lit with nominal wax candles at half-a-crown an inch. "*Reform your Landlord's Bills*" should be, of course, an early round-hand copy, and the first thing in the spelling-book a spell against extortion. In short, no means should be spared to represent an hotel as a sort of inhumane mantrap, which it is impossible to get out of without considerable bleeding.

The same wholesome warning might be given through the medium of those senseless lyrics which are known to us, collectively, as our Nursery Rhymes. We have long had a contempt for these unmeaning *Humpty-Dumpty's*, and have long considered them a national disgrace. They were an insult to our cradlehood, and are still continually an annoyance to our maturer ears. The proverbial wisdom of our ancestors is but little shown, we think, in having handed them down to us. It is humiliating to think that in this era of enlightenment, this present March—or, we should rather say, November—of intellect, such nonsense can be tolerated. Any well-regulated baby must, we are persuaded, feel itself disgraced by it.

In the position we hold as national benefactors, we have long been anxious to reform these truly "nonsense verses," and we are resolved that when our stereotyped "want of space" no longer afflicts us, we will "seriously incline" our pen to an attempt at their amendment. Meanwhile, upon a subject so suggestive as the present, we can't resist throwing a little reason in the rhymes; and we feel we shall be doing the infant state some service by printing, as a specimen, our *Innkeeper Rhymes*.

AIR.—"*Hushaby Baby*."

Chouse away, innkeeper, while you've the chance,
For you'll very soon drive all the tourists to France:
A crown for a breakfast—eight shillings for lunch—
Pay him his bill, and expose him in *Punch*.

AIR.—"*Ride a Cock-horse*."

Dine at the Cross off steak tough as horse,
And charged at the rate of a crown for a course;
With bills ever high, and bows ever low,
You shall have chousing wherever you go.

AIR.—"*Sing a Song of Sixpence*."

Sing a song of fleecing:
A pocket full of gold
In four-and-twenty hours
Will be quite cleaned out, I'm told.
Would you stay a fortnight,
A fortune you must bring,
For while they serve you like a Commoner,
They charge you like a King.

Two shillings for a cup of tea,
And sixpence more for "honey;"
And however light your dinner be,
A heavy sum of money,
Half-a-crown for wax-lights,
Tallowy in smell:
So wherever you're admitted,
You are taken in as well.

FOLLOWING THE FASHION.—The French start the Fashions, and the English follow them.



MATERIALS FOR A MUSEUM OF CITY ANTIQUITIES.

THE ALBERT STATUE MOVEMENT.

A MEETING of the principal metropolitan Statues took place yesterday morning at Exeter Hall. Time was when such an assemblage would have been looked upon as rather an extraordinary event; but recent manifestations have prepared the public mind for the phenomena of statue moving and statue talking: and this convention of sculptures created more interest than astonishment. The object of its attendants was to take into consideration the proposal for the increase of their number by the addition thereto of a monument to His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT.

THE STATUE OF FERGUS MAC IVOR—from the shop-front of Mr. SANDERSON, tobacconist—having been voted into the chair, stated the purpose of the gathering. Of course the costume of the PRINCE's statue would be determined with reference to the associations of Balmoral; and he should hail the introduction of the illustrious new member to the clan. The only question was, where to place the Statue? For his part he should have much pleasure in affording it a site by vacating his own post at the door, and retiring into the shop.

THE STATUE OF GEORGE THE THIRD would willingly resign to the new comer a position

which was painfully conspicuous, and withdraw into an obscurity where a pigtail would cease to attract perpetual derision.

THE STATUE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH, equally with the effigy of his Royal Parent, would be glad to abdicate in favour of the Statue of the PRINCE CONSORT. He was nervously sensible of constituting, together with his quadruped, something very unlike one of the Elgin Marbles. It would delight him to dismount, and let the PRINCE get up instead.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST'S STATUE at Charing Cross said, perhaps the taste of the Committee would determine that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS should get up behind.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S STATUE felt that there were peculiar reasons why, if any site were relinquished in favour of the intended testimonial, it should be his own. The country owed something, anyhow, to PRINCE ALBERT; but whatever PRINCE ALBERT owed the country, he paid his debts, and his representative would not be exposed to continual banter on that score.

THE STATUE of the GREAT DUKE, from BURTON'S Arch, said that he had the honour to represent FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON had been awarded by the country a Statue during his life. The same tribute was about to be paid to FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT. The Statue of FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE had nothing to say to any estimate the country might think fit to form of the comparative necessity for a Statue of FIELD-MARSHAL THE PRINCE. But that point being settled, the proper place for the Statue would be parallel to his (the Statue of the DUKE'S) own. His own was the top of the arch on one side of the road, and PRINCE ALBERT'S might be that of the gateway on the other.

NELSON'S STATUE considered that the suggestion of the Statue of the Noble DUKE was founded on the notion that the monument to PRINCE ALBERT was intended to commemorate the Great Exhibition. In that case the gateway at Hyde Park Corner certainly would be the fittest place for it; near enough to the scene of the triumph, and alongside of the memorial to the Hero of Waterloo. But, to speak straightforwardly, the fact was, that the scheme of a Statue to the PRINCE was a device of the Corporation of London to ingratiate themselves at Court. The Statue was meant to be a propitiatory concern—to conciliate the protection of Royalty for the City—and the proper situation for it would be over Temple Bar, to serve as a Palladium to that edifice and the interests therewith connected.

GOG and MAGOG, rising together, loudly expressed their approbation of this view; the adoption of which would tend to secure themselves in their own places, which they wished to retain as long as they were able, like all others holding comfortable situations in Guildhall.

A motion embodying the concurrence of the meeting in the opinion that the Statue of PRINCE ALBERT should surmount Temple Bar was then put and carried unanimously, when, after the usual vote of thanks, the meeting broke up, and the molten and graven images departed to their respective sites.

Sheriffs' Officers Superseded.

WE hear that an ingenious mechanic at Ipswich has invented a machine to perform perpetual motion, which is described as "self-acting after being put in motion by a screw." So is a bailiff who acts on a usurer's writ. We wonder if the Ipswich automaton would arrest an insolvent?

MOTTO FOR THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—
"Between you, me, and the Post."

CLOWNS OF THE NEW SCHOOL.



“SOMEbody said that it takes a wise man to make a fool. This stands to reason, like the parallel proposition, that it takes a man to make a beast of himself; for if anybody is rendered either beast or fool by his own act, he cannot have been either the one or the other previously. But, running counter to the proverb, fools now endeavour to make wise men, and the Clown on the stage combines the teacher with the tumbler; is didactic and funny; intermingles philosophy with antics, and moralizes and makes faces by turns. The play-going public may perhaps admire this conjunction of light and shade with motley; if so, its taste will be catered for by enterprising managers. In the preparation of the Pantomimes for Christmas, the Clown should be got to rehearse their parts carefully, with a view to the correct delivery of those discourses which will constitute the serious portion of their business. When the Clown throws off his great head, and his regal vestments, or doublet and trunk hose, and rushes to the foot-lights, he utters an exclamation and propounds an interrogatory. Tradition requires thus much; but Fashion will demand more. He will have to expand and amplify the old forms of words whose brevity has hitherto been sufficiently instructive as well as amusing, so as to elucidate the fulness of their significance. For

example:—Having been transformed from Emperor to Zany, MR. MERRYMAN, at the tap of the Fairy’s wand, jumps out of his robes, and appears in his diversified and proper colours. He turns his toes in, and runs up to one of the stage boxes. He there stoops forwards, resting his hands on his knees, grins, squints, rolls his eyes, thrusts his tongue out, and pulling himself by the ears, draws it back again. He then composes his flake-white and vermilion countenance, and utters the following soliloquy:—

“On this spot of earth, at this moment of time, between the past and the future, that is to say, **HERE**, an aggregation of human entities, animal creatures endowed with reason and conscience, a multitude of Objects that constitute You in relation to the One Individual Subject, Myself: in a word, **We**, exist in a state of conscious Being, of self-cognisant perceptivity and ratiocinativity; in short, **ARE!**”

“In what condition, mental or bodily, of suffering or enjoyment, of weal or woe, of riches or poverty, of health or disease, of seriousness or levity, of gravity or mirth, of appetite or satiety, of wakefulness or somnolence, more briefly, **How**, in respect to the state of conscious being, self-cognisant perceptivity and ratiocinativity, exist, or **ARE**, that multitude of Objects which in relation to my Individual Selfhood, constitute You?”

“To condense my meaning into the fewest words by which it is capable of being confined, I would remark that,

“Here We Are!

“And to that momentous observation, allow me to add the profound inquiry,

“How Are You?””

So saying, the Clown flings a summerset, and proceeds to pick pockets, swallow sausages, and burn himself with the hot poker, varying these practical pleasantries with dissertations on morals and metaphysics.

THE POST OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY FOR 1854.

We have perused this volume with considerable pleasure. We observe that it contains two thousand four hundred and ten pages, most of them comprising three columns of closely printed matter, and but that we found it impossible to take the book up, we have no doubt we should have found it equally impossible to lay it down. As a literary composition it is really remarkable, for the tone which the author takes up at the beginning is preserved to the very end, and the same unflinchingness, if we may be permitted the word, which on page 1 introduces us, with a PALMERSTONIAN jauntiness, to MR. ABBOTT’S coffee-house in the Whitechapel Road, conducts us, with a GLADSTONIAN tenacity of purpose, to MR. WILLIAM YOUNG, the accidental secretary of deaths, on page 2288. But do not let us be misunderstood. There is no monotony of treatment. We are successively presented with a series of *tableaux*, or rather tables, of life, of a perpetually varying character. We first find “our warmest welcome at an inn,” and Green Dragons, Blue Lions, Essex Serpents, and White Horses, spit, roar, hiss, and neigh before us in all the frightful friendliness of provincial hospitality. Then we are shown official circles, and there is no mistaking the individual who is delineated, whether he lounges and reads the *Morning Post* in the Treasury, sternly overhauls the

national ledger in the Audit Office, or waits upon the tides, or overhauls the travelling baskets of returning young ladies, near the Custom House Stairs. Anon, the mysteries of the streets of London are laid open to us with a minuteness which neither ASMODEUS nor MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM has ever attempted. But our author is not confined to the *trottoir*; trades—whose followers look jealously on the census-paper, and by no means affectionately on the income-tax return—are thrown open, and to him everybody reveals his business instead of telling the prying writer to go about his own. He equally shines in his portraiture of political life, and not a senator, hereditary or accidental, spiritual or temporal, escapes his eye. The next time LORD NAAS has to hunt for MR. KEOGH, he may be spared the scandal of airing himself eleven times, in vain, upon the mosaics of the Reform Club; and the next time the nation is looking out for a Premier, it need not, for lack of an address, select LORD ABERDEEN instead of *Mr. Punch*. The voluble actuary of the assurance office, the drab-breched and white-haired banker, the smart stockbroker and the smarting stockjobber, the parchment-visaged chamber-counsel, and the bold-eyed champion at the Old Bailey, the dowager of Mayfair, the guardsman of the club, the virtuous and self-denying author in his ANDREW MARVEL chambers, the post-office clerk, and all the men of letters (ha! ha!) of St. Martin’s-le-Grand, the sour bachelor of the Albany, and the gentle Benedick of St. John’s Wood, and the other myriads who help to make London, from HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY down to—no, *Punch* is merciful—are all designated here. In short, inapplicable as is the word to the biggest as well as the best book of our acquaintance, the Post Office Directory not only contains all that we want to know, but precise information as to at least a couple of millions of people whom—except as readers, in which capacity they exist already—we sincerely hope that we never shall know.

The following extract gives a good idea of the author’s style:—

“Smith John, Hairdresser, 24, Skinner Street, Clerkenwell.
Smith John, Hide and Skin Salesman, Bermondsey Skin Market.
Smith John, Lamp Glass Warehouse, 25, Stonecutter Street.
Smith John, Leatherseller, 31, Hanover Place, Clapham Road.
Smith John, Livery Stables and Van Proprietor, 20, Little Portland Street.
Smith John, Lodging House, 41, Devonshire Street, Queen Square.
Smith John, *Luke’s Head*, P. H. 25, Mercer Street, Long Acre.
Smith John, Oilman, 8, Ward’s Place, Hoxton Old Town.”



Reform in the City.

ALREADY, reform has been felt in Guildhall. At the LORD MAYOR’S state dinner, the eighty waiters employed to change plates and pour out for the Corporation had, every one of them, a whole half-pint of beer! This allowance was pre-arranged by way of test, and for future guidance. One Alderman is worth, at least, four waiters. Hence, at all future banquets, every Alderman will have allowed him a whole quart of beer, and beer of the bitterest into the bargain.

A FEARFUL STRIKE.—Talking of Strikes, we hope the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA will not take it into his head to strike the balance of Europe.



WAITING FOR THE CARRIAGE.

Charlie. "THIS WILL BE A STUPID AFFAIR, GEORGY."

Georgy. "OH! YES—ONLY A WHITE FROCK AND BLACK MITTEN PARTY—VERY SLOW!"

[Old Nurse wonders what next.]

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

(Without the least foundation.)

Mr. Punch. CAPTAIN LEICESTER VERNON, you will be good enough to answer a few questions.

The Captain. Sir, I shall be happy to do so.

Mr. Punch. You are, CAPTAIN, I believe, the adapter of the drama called *The Lancers*, performing at MR. CHARLES KEAN'S theatre?

The Captain. I am.

Mr. Punch. You are also the member for Chatham?

The Captain. I am.

Mr. Punch. You intend to take your seat in the next Parliament, and do your duty by your constituents and the nation?

The Captain. Such is my desire.

Mr. Punch. And the aspiration does you credit. Some very important questions will come before the Legislature during the approaching Session.

The Captain. Ah! They always say that—always.

Mr. Punch. And rightly, Sir. But in the next Session we are promised measures whose importance is indisputable. In the first place, CAPTAIN, there is the Reform Bill. To vote rightly—I will not say speak sensibly—upon its clauses, some information is necessary to a member of Parliament. Favour me with a sketch of the history of popular representation, of the principles on which you consider it should be based, and of the arguments for and against extension of the suffrage.

The Captain. Really—a—a—

Mr. Punch. Ah! You have not studied the subject. Well. We are to have a measure for the better distribution of the revenues of the Church of England. Pray what is the amount of those revenues, and upon what tenure are they held?

The Captain. Amount. Tenure. Really—a—a—

Mr. Punch. Ah! you have not studied the subject. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. Well—we are to have a revision of the criminal law.

SONGS OF THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ADAPTED BY A LATE PRESIDENT.

AIR.—"O a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw."

O a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there Silurian beds abound,
The beds that I lo'e best;
There's limestone blue, and sandstone too,
Wi' slate and shale between,
And deep below, the coarse grits go,
Wi' purple slates and green.

There's trilobites in Bala bed,
Productas in coal shale,
There's mony a fish in Auld, Auld Red,
Wi' heterocereal tail;
There's no a Meozoic rock
Hauds trilobites within,
There's mony a Palæozoic block
Whar trilobites are seen.

COBDEN ON EVIL SPIRITS.

MR. COBDEN has written another of those pithy letters on great principles that—some day—will make a very charming little volume of *Cobdeniana*. He is solicited to give his opinion on the best mode of "Opening the trade in spirits?"

"The best way," replies sagacious RICHARD, "of dealing with the monopoly of spirits is to abstain from drinking them, which for upwards of twenty years I have done."—Spirits make felons, lunatics, and suicides, says MR. COBDEN. Hence, the Bottle might surmount Newgate and Bedlam. MR. COBDEN does not drink spirits; but, moderately, he drinks wine—wine that cheereth the heart of man? Will he, then, do his best that the masses of his countrymen may take a glass with him? The wine-growers of France want to sell us pure, cheap, healthy wine—wine that would soon destroy burning gin, inflammatory brandy, France needs iron, England claret. Will MR. COBDEN, if only as an apostle of peace, help us, that we may exchange British metal for Gallie grape? We should like to drive the English "pig" into the French vineyard.

NOTHING—A NEW DEFINITION.—That portion of a lady's head on which her bonnet rests.

What do you consider the principal defects of the present system, and what remedies would you adopt with regard to old, as distinct from juvenile offenders?

The Captain. Distinction. Come—well—why—a—if—that is—a—

Mr. Punch. Ah! You have not studied the subject. Well. The question of Colonial Administration is to be raised, and the comparative advantages of central and of local self-government will be discussed. Will you sketch the working of each system in our colonies, distinguishing those to which constitutions have been granted, and will you point out the defects of both the existing systems?

The Captain. Why—a—if you come to foreign parts—why—a—

Mr. Punch. Ah! You have not studied the subject. Well. We shall have to consider a most important topic, partly legal, partly social; I mean the doctrine of partnership, and of limited liability, on the wise treatment of which depends the welfare of myriads of our population. What is your theory of partnership?

The Captain. Really—as to topics of that head—a—a—

Mr. Punch. Ah! You have not studied the subject. Then, Sir, with every one of the great questions of the next Parliament unstudied by you, why do I find you wasting your time in translating French plays for MR. CHARLES KEAN. Is he getting up your Parliamentary information for you? (THE CAPTAIN bursts into tears.) There, there—I only gave you a hint, and there are three months to the meeting of Parliament. If you distinguish yourself there, I shall have nothing to say to *The Lancers*; but if not—

[THE CAPTAIN rushes off to buy MILL, BENTHAM, HALLAM, DE LOLME, BLACKSTONE, &c. &c.]

Curious Association of Ideas.

LORD MAYOR SIDNEY never can say "Incongruous." Let him try as he will, he never can make it anything but "Incongous." For instance, with regard to his absurd procession, he confessed it was "an in-Congous mixture."



Lady. "No, I'VE NOTHING FOR YOU. YOU ALWAYS ASK ME EVERY TIME I CROSS."

Boy. "YES, AND EVERY TIME YOU CROSSES, YOU ALLUS GIVES ME NOTHINK!"

COURTESY AND CONTROVERSY.

IN a kindly and reasonable letter to the *Times*, the REV. J. M. CAPES, a Roman Catholic clergyman, recommends controversialists, both those of his own creed, and Protestants, to conduct their discussions with moderation and decency. This excellent advice, we are sure, will be followed by all disputants of either sect who are arguing for truth. DR. CUMMING approves of it. So doubtless will DR. NEWMAN. Nay, perhaps one, or two, or even three more, on each side, will adopt the judicious and amiable suggestion of MR. CAPES.

But as the object of the great majority of polemics is not truth but triumph, the probability is that they will not confine themselves to unadorned logic, but like a sort of candidates at the theological hustings, will continue to bandy aspersions, as heretofore, and cover one another with all the ridicule they can, each with the view of bringing his adversary into contempt and odium with the British Public.

Moreover, there is a stake at issue—no offence either to Rome or Geneva; liberty of thought, speech, and writing; freedom, political and social. The question is, whether Britons shall be subjugated to a priesthood and a foreign power—and not only that, but whether, by receiving the religion of Rome, we may not engage ourselves to accept the institutions of Naples. Which question it is not likely that Britons will discuss dispassionately; and moderation may be inculcated to those who are at issue upon it with about as much hope as gentleness and forbearance may be preached to the helligereuts in Moldo-Wallachia.

MR. CAPES complains of "a certain class of objects" of Roman Catholic faith and affection being "made the subjects of scorn, ridicule, and reviling." Very bad taste this on the part of Protestant buffoons. But since, if the objects alluded to are worthy of reverence, any insult that may be offered to them can hurt nobody but the scoffer, surely such bad taste ought not to annoy MR. CAPES further than by exciting in his mind a painful anxiety for the fate of those who are guilty of it.

Let MR. CAPES consider what manner of persons those are who are vexed by having their persuasions derided. They are not those who believe that two and two make four; no, but those who believe that two and two make something else. They are those who believe what MR. CAPES believes; and those who believe themselves to be Kings or Deities.

Alluding to a particular tenet, which to Protestants appears contrary to common sense, MR. CAPES says—

"Let not such a doctrine be made the subject for jesting, scoffing, contemptuous sneers, or those still more revolting attempts at convincing us that we are fools, which the followers of Exeter Hall occasionally adopt."

It seems strange that the attempt to convince MR. CAPES that he is a fool should be still more revolting to him than the derision of what

he esteems most holy. But, not to dwell on this point, how, we may ask, if a dogma is absurd, is it possible to convince a man that it is so without at the same time convincing him that he is a fool for believing it? To use a rather West British form of speech, we are sure that any wise man who differs from MR. CAPES would be much obliged to that reverend gentleman for proving to him that, in respect of that difference, he was a fool.

THE BARRISTERS OF ENGLAND!

The Barristers of England, how hungrily they stand
About the Hall of Westminster, with wig, and gown, and hand;
With brief bag full of dummies and fee book full of *oughts*,
Result of the establishment of the New County Courts.

The Barristers of England, how listlessly they sit,
Expending on each other a small amount of wit;
Without the opportunity of doing something worse,
By talking nonsense at the cost of some poor client's purse.

The Barristers of England, how when they get a cause,
They (some of them) will disregard all gentlemanly laws;
And bullying the witnesses upon the adverse side,
Will do their very utmost the honest truth to hide.

The Barristers of England, how with *sang froid* sublime,
They undertake to advocate two causes at one time;
And when they find it is a thing impossible to do,
They throw one client overboard, but take the fees of two.

The Barristers of England, how rarely they refuse,
The party they appear against with consciousness to abuse;
Feeling a noble consciousness no punishment can reach
The vulgar ribaldry they call the "privilege of speech."

The Barristers of England, how often they degrade
An honourable calling to a pettifogging trade,
And show how very slight the lines of separation are,
Between the cabman's license, and the "licence of the Bar."

The Barristers of England, how, if they owe a grudge,
They try with insolence to goad a poor Assistant-Judge;
And after having bullied him, their bold imposture clench
By talking of their high respect for the Judicial Bench.

The Barristers of England, how sad it is to feel
That rant will pass for energy, and bluster goes for zeal;
But 'tis a consolation that 'mid their ranks there are
Sufficient gentlemen to save the credit of the Bar.

DONE BROWN AGAIN.

"MR. PUNCH,—WHEN will Civilians learn to hold their *assinine* tongues about military affairs, I should like to know? Just read this. It is in your preshous *Times* this morning.

'The Indian Sepoys are very fair troops.'

"Now, Sir, I ask you, is such blazing ignorance to be tolerated? I have served in India, Sir, and the Scepoy are all the *brownest beggars* you ever saw. Mahoggany's a fool to them. And yet the *Times* pretends to tell officers and gentlemen their duty. By showing wich up will oblige, *Mr. Punch*,

"Your Obedient Servant,

"*Pall Mall.*"

"A CAVALRY OFFICER."

Nesselrode Pudding.

TAKE as much gammon as will lie in the compass of a diplomatic circle; and mince along with butter, sugar, and pigeons' milk in equal quantities. Add olives, well bruised, in sufficient proportion to flavour; and when thoroughly incorporated, mix the whole with puff paste and flummery made into a mess. Mould in a twisted shape, and plunge into hot water, where allow it to bubble, the longer the better. Turn it out when thoroughly done, and serve cool with *Sauce à la Taruffe*.

MUNICIPAL LABOURS.

THAT popular work, "*The Stomach and Its Difficulties*," gives the most accurate notion of the exertions which have been made by the Corporation of London.

OVERFLOWING WITH EXTRAVAGANCE.—A good November Fog is the cause of poor authors being extremely extravagant, for it forces them to burn "the midnight oil" at noonday.

THE CITY INQUISITION.



contribute to the SIDNEY Spectacle, he heard something of this kind.

— MR. MONTMORENCI JONES: Do I know much about the City? Well, no, not much, but I shall be happy to tell you anything that occurs to me. I have to go to the City sometimes on money matters. Live there? No, I should think not. Who lives there but porters, junior partners, and warehouse cats? I live in Regent Street. But I don't despise the City. I think there are some good points about it. The things in the shops are much better than the West End things—and so far cheaper, but as to actual price it's about the same. You're cheated in the City because ground is so dear, and at the West End because the tradesmen must pay for those gaudy, gilded, ginshop-looking fronts. But the City men are sharper, and insist on a better article—we believe anything a tradesmen tells us. If you will cleanse away the LORD MAYORS and Fleet Ditches, and a few things of that kind; keep out those PICKFORD'S vans and other monster abominations, so that one's cab may not be smashed every time one passes through Temple Bar; widen the thoroughfares, and prevent people from dining at one o'clock, so that one smells dinner before one has well finished breakfast—I think that the welfare of the City would be materially promoted. I may mention, too, that I have seen some very pretty girls in St. Paul's Churchyard, and not so badly dressed as you might expect, but the poor things get jostled so dreadfully by the City fellows, who rush about like JEAMESES on an errand, that they always look frightened. I think the Police, that make the cabs go slowly past churches, might be told to keep these fellows at a decent walk when going near ladies. Take a note of that suggestion for your Report.

MR. SUFFEET DE PERISTYLE: I am an architect. O, yes. I have taken much interest in the City; and sometimes, while shaving, I have mentally sketched out plans for improving it. Will I state any? With pleasure; and as my principal plan has relation to the Corporation, it is the more desirable for you to hear it. I am for dealing boldly with the City. Let us begin at Temple Bar, which I would not remove. Take down the whole of the houses on both sides of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, and clear the space to the Thames. Embank the Thames. On the left side of Fleet Street, erect a splendid series of halls, cloisters, and habitations, reaching from Temple Bar to St. Paul's. Throw King's College, the London University, Merchant Tailor's, the Blue Coat School, and the Charterhouse into these, and re-endow them, and pay all expenses by confiscating the Corporation estates, and, if necessary, the private property of the Aldermen. Let the right hand side of Fleet Street be a beautiful meadow, with fountains and statues, to the Thames. Preserve *Mr. Punch's*, of course, but rebuild it in alabaster, and make it the feature of the scene. Take down St. Paul's and re-construct it in white marble, which will wash, and clear away in its rear an area of a quarter of a mile, to be paved with mosaic.—(The Commission, fairly aghast and out of breath, cause the witness to be removed.)

MR. GRUBB: I keep the accounts in a City house, as my father did before me, and I hope my son will alter me. I do not desire to see any alteration in the Corporation, in the City, or anywhere. I was very happy on my tall black stool for forty years, and now they've pulled a house down in their precious improvements, and the sun falls right in my eyes, and I have been obliged to move the desk at which my father took his seat in 1789. Time of the French Revolution? I dare say it was; I don't take much heed of politics, especially since BILLY PITT. You've nobody like him now. I saw his funeral in *Ferberwerry*, 1806—yes, I saw that last year, but it was not equal to BILLY PITT'S. If you'll take my advice you'll let well alone; but of course you won't. I don't know what the world's coming to—the youngsters in our house are taking to moustashars, and a young radical of sixteen declares he can't exist without his shower-bath. Little enough such brats washed themselves in my times—a dip in the New River once a month, or so, satisfied them, and somehow we managed Trafalgar and Waterloo without your boards of health, and missionaries in sewers, or whatever you call them. Once more, I say, let well alone.

MONG the numerous points which have struck *Mr. Punch* in perusing the evidence taken before the invaluable Commission which is daily forging the hatchet destined to hew down that rotten old tree the Corporation, and scatter its owls and bats, is the remarkably miscellaneous character of the information with which the witnesses favour the Commissioners. Any gentleman who is passing and chooses to step in, is politely asked by the Chairman whether he happens to know anything about the City; to which, with equal off-handedness, he replies, "Well, yes," or "Well, no," as the case may be, and then his evidence is taken. While *Mr. Punch* was waiting to make SHERIFF WALLIS happy by telling him that he approved of that Sheriff's conduct in refusing to

PRINCE PUNCH TO PRINCE ALBERT.

ILLUSTRIOUS and excellent brother,
Don't consider me rude or unkind,
If, as from one Prince to another,
I give you a bit of my mind—
And I do so with all the more roundness,
As your conduct amongst us has shown
A propriety, judgment, and soundness
Of taste, not surpassed by my own.

You've respected JOHN BULL'S little oddities,
Never trod on the old fellow's corns;
Close his pictures and statues—commodities
Wherein his own blunders he mourns.
And if you're a little more German
In these than I'd have you—what is 't
Beyond what a critic may term an
Educational bias or twist?

On the summer house walls, in your garden,
Of R. A.'s, fresco-painters you've made;
A demand which some of them won't pardon
Since good drawing's required for the trade.
You've roused to new life the Society
Of Arts, which had grown mighty flat;
And the Army to you, with propriety,
Attributes the famed ALBERT hat.

When the zeal for the Great Exhibition
Down to zero seemed likely to drop,
Mayors Provincial, at your requisition,
Of a sudden showed souls above shop.
Inspired up they went, like sky-rockets,
At the call of a Patriot Prince—
Nay, more, put their hands in their pockets
To a tune ne'er before known—nor since.

Foundation stones, past calculation,
Workmanlike, you have laid, true and square
And a curiously dinner-rid nation
Has still found you a saint in the chair.
Goodness knows what ineffable dinners,
What drinks deleterious you've borne,
What prosing from long-winded sinners
You've endured with a patience unworn!

You have never pressed forward unbidden;
When called on you've never shown shame
Not paraded, nor prudishly hidden
Your person, your purse, or your name;
You've lent no man occasion to call you
Intruder, intriguer, or tool;
Even I've not had often to haul you
O'er the coals, or to take you to school.

All this, my dear PRINCE, gives me boldness—
Which, *au reste*, our positions allow—
For a hint (which you'll not charge to coldness,
After all I have written just now):
Which is to put down certain flunkies,
Who by flattery your favour would earn,
Pelting praise at your head, as at monkeys'
Tars throw stones—to get nuts in return.

My LORD MAYOR may beplaster his liveries
With velvet and gingerbread gold;
Though all, what he'd perhaps call "dis-
kiveries,"
Are bursting from every fold:
He may perch up a JUSTICE from Astley's
Atop of a property ear,
Not less fit for the day, or less ghastly's
Her rouge, than frauds corporate are.

He may summon his friends to swill turtle,
And gulp ven'son, like pigs in a sty;—
Line the Mansion House staircase with myrtle
And laurel—the Sphinx can tell why;—
He may bow to the Bench of Exchequer,
Have Ministers sit at his board;—
Civic barges no farther from wreck are,
GOG and MAGOG no less shall be flooded.

The hands that prepare your ovation,
My dear PUNCH, ought at least to be clean;
Not the hands of a doomed Corporation,
Fouled with all that is venal and mean:
There's the smut of the poor man's coals there,
Whereof tithe they've unrighteously taken;
There's the flour of the poor man's rolls there,
And the grease of the poor man's bacon.

Then silence your civic applauders,
Lest better men cease from applause
He who tribute accepts of marauders,
Is held to be pledged to their cause.
Let no Corporate magnates of London
An honour presume to award;
Their own needs, till ill-doings be undone,
Little honour to spare can afford!

POSTAL ECONOMY AT GLASGOW.

SCOTCHMEN are famous for their economical disposition. Here is a remarkable instance of Scotch economy:—

"LETTER CARRIERS—AN APPEAL.

"To the Editor of the Glasgow Herald.

"DEAR SIR,—We feel, with you, indignant at the scurvy treatment we have received at the hands of the London authorities, in reference to our Post Office, and think we ought to take the matter in the meantime in our own hands, so far as concerns the Carriers.

"We all confess they are badly paid, and a highly deserving class of public servants. We therefore propose to all the merchants in this district to co-operate with us and form a committee, to give a practical expression to our feelings for the men, by raising a fund to give them at least 4s. per week extra to their present low salaries, and a suit of comfortable uniform.

"We calculate that a very small weekly sum from a tenth part of the merchants here would place the men for one year in a comfortable position, and be the means more fully of calling public attention and indignation to the subject.

"If the above scheme succeeds in this district, it might be extended to others.

"We shall be glad to receive communication on this proposal, and shall consider ourselves richly paid for any trouble we have taken in the matter, if it be the means of placing the Letter Carriers in comparative comfort.

"We are, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"WILSON & MATHESON, 58, Candleriggs."

It is much cheaper for a merchant to contribute a small weekly sum towards giving his letter carrier a proper salary, than it is to be out of pocket through having letters of importance, some containing remittances, mislaid or stolen, because the man is not paid enough to induce a competent and honest person to undertake the situation.

This example of Scotch prudence, therefore, is one that deserves to be followed by the generous commercial public, indeed by the public at large, of England: if HER MAJESTY'S upper servants at Downing Street cannot be induced to allot a fair proportion of wages to HER MAJESTY'S under servants in connexion with St. Martin's-le-Grand.

But it would really be almost a saving if the Government were to give the postmen a reasonable hire. When MERCURY the messenger turns MERCURY the thief, and, tempted by want, steals half-a-sovereign, marked by MR. SCULTHORPE, out of the letter he is intrusted with, getting himself, by that act, into the dock at the Assizes, and thence into penal servitude, he costs the country, from first to last, more than would have sufficed to maintain several honest MERCURIES during the same time in blue and scarlet and respectability.

That the proposal, alike judicious and handsome, for making up for Government's stinginess to the letter carriers by private liberality, should have emanated from MESSRS. WILSON AND MATHESON of Glasgow, is a fact that adds a feather to the cap of Scotland, and if acted upon by their countrymen, will render it impossible any longer to withhold the position on the Royal Standard, which is claimed by that sagacious and noble animal the Scottish Lion.

The Post-Office Directory.

THE companion volume to the above elegant publication is the "Almanach des 25,000 Adresses," published at Paris. We do not know who is the Editor of that interesting volume, in which may be found some of the greatest names in French literature and science, but we should say that no one would be better qualified for the task than the BRITISH DRAMA, as no one, as our stage can testify, can possibly be acquainted with a greater number of French cribs.

THE CZAR'S ITERATION.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S lying manifesto concludes with a quotation from a PSALM. This is only fresh proof that old NICHOLAS can quote Scripture for his purpose.

THE MOST CURIOUS THING.—A woman not being curious!

CURE FOR SMOKY CHILDREN.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"My son HENRY—who promised to be such a good young man—has, I am sorry to say, acquired that nasty dirty habit of smoking tobacco, in which he indulges from morning till night: such a pity at his time of life! for he is not of age yet. In the Times the other day I saw a letter about the Smoke Nuisance, proposing to cure it by 'very frequent feeding in small quantities, and a reward for no smoke.' Do you think, now, it would be possible to break HENRY of smoking by continually tempting him with little bits of something very nice to eat?—the worst of it is that filthy practice has quite spoiled his taste for cake and tart. Reward for no smoke I have offered in vain. I should be so much obliged to you, Mr. Punch, if you could suggest any plan by which I could manage to wean my child from his cigars by frequent feeding in small quantities; indeed, indeed, it would be quite a charity to

"A MOTHER."

"* * * The frequent feeding in small quantities might, in all probability, be accomplished easily enough. An occasional kidney—if devilled, so much the better; a broiled bone now and then; from time to time a sausage; an anchovy toast after dessert: later in the evening, perhaps, a poached egg, a Welsh rabbit, or a few scalloped oysters: these and similar delicacies substituted for pastry, would most likely very much simplify the difficulty of getting HENRY to take small quantities of food at short intervals. But experience unfortunately proves that such a system of diet is not generally accompanied, on the part of young men, by a discontinuance of smoking; whilst it is almost always attended with an excessive consumption of malt liquor.—PUNCH.



BLIND CHARITY.

Infallibility at King's College.

THE Council of King's College have dismissed PROFESSOR MAURICE from his lectureships, because those theologians disapprove of his views on a question which is left open by their common Church. The point in dispute was not settled at the first Council of Nice; but it has now been decided by a modern Council of Nice Men.

PAS AB HOSTE DOCERI.

A LEADING journal says that the CZAR, in calculating upon crushing Turkey, "reckoned without his host." Rather, we should say, he reckoned upon his host; but a few more defeats, and NICHOLAS will be driven to the solitary reckoning in question, and be unable to discharge the shot.

THE DEARNESS OF BREAD.—A Political Baker attributes this to the war in Turkey, for he says "it is all owing to the rise in the (y)East."

THE LAST JOB FOR THE CITY.—Having tolled every thing else that they can, the civic body have now only to toll their own knell.



Master Tom (to Old Lady who is very nervous about fire). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, GRANMA! MY CANDLE IS OUT. I'M ONLY SMOKING MY USUAL WEED!"

PLAIN FARE AT THE PALACE.

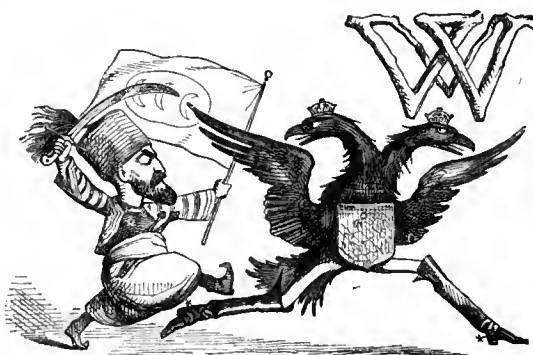
THE *Court Circular* informed us the other day that "there was no addition to the Royal dinner yesterday." We should not have had the impertinence to speculate on the bill of fare at the Palace, had we not been, as it were, invited to the subject by the *Court Newsmen*, who tells us that there was "no addition to the Royal dinner." We can only compliment those who have the arrangement of the Palace provisions on their frugality, which in these days of dear provisions is a virtue that all housekeepers would do well to imitate.

If there was "no addition to the Royal dinner," it is clear that the Royal Family must, on the day in question, have been eating cold—or at most hashed—the "joint" of the day previous. We confess we do not like the idea of the younger branches being deprived of any of those little luxuries so dear to juvenile as well as to "other lips and other hearts;" and, therefore, in the event of any future announcement of "no addition to the Royal dinner," we should be glad to read the extra intimation "but there was a pudding in the nursery."

The Price of Coals Accounted for.

It is usual with small tradesmen to increase the weight of coals by sprinkling cold water upon them; but in the City the reason why coals come so heavy is owing to the *City dews* falling upon them for twenty miles round London. When these dews are collected, it is found that the difference, which, of course, weighs upon the price, amounts, in the course of the year, to many hundred thousands of pounds!

WHERE ARE THE RUSSIANS?



HAT has become of the Russians, of whom 80,000 were said to have passed the Pruth, while 24,000 is the greatest number that has been yet accounted for. People are beginning to suspect that the Russian Army in the Principality is like the Russian Army at ASTLEY'S—having a considerable force behind some imaginary hills, and running round and round by the back of the stage to give an appearance

of numbers. We all know that theatrical population progresses more rapidly than any other kind of population; and if our census shows that we double ourselves in fourteen years, a dramatic census will show that a theatrical population—if well marshalled by the stage manager—will double itself in less than five minutes. These considerations, however, do not help us in our difficulty, when we ask what has become of some 40,000 or 50,000 Russians that are wholly unaccounted for? We may be told in the usual loose phraseology of the chronology of war that they have been "cut to pieces." But before we can believe this dreadful assertion, we have a right to demand the production of at least the "bits" into which the Russians have either been smashed, chopped or beaten. Perhaps the most plausible way of accounting for the slaughter of the thousands of Russians whose remains are nowhere to be found is by the very natural supposition that they were but giants of the imagination, manufactured before they were slain by some literary TOM THUMB, who is "doing the foreign correspondence" of some London journal in his lodgings at Lambeth.

A Cup Too Much.

We understand that PRINCE ALBERT has nothing whatever to do with the movement got up by the (late) LORD MAYOR, and indeed HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS has as much distaste for the baneful cup of adulation as he has for "the poisoned CHALLIS."

AN ALARMING DISCOVERY.

SOMEBODY is advertising every day an instrument warranted to "frighten but not kill" the public in general. The terrific instrument is no less than a Gong, which for 40 shillings will frighten a thief, will "appal a burglar" for 60 shillings, and for the comparatively small matter of four pounds will "alarm the country." We hope the Government will at once put a prohibitory duty on these gongs, for it will be an awful state of things if anybody may have it in his power to frighten the isle from its propriety for eighty shillings. Unless something is immediately done to cheek the danger that threatens us, there is no doubt that "Bang goes the Gong" will become as great a nuisance as "Pop goes the Weasel."

Turtle in Ecstasies.

ACCOUNTS from Honduras represent the turtle in the Bay as exhibiting symptoms of extraordinary excitement; flapping their fins, paddling about with unwonted rapidity, lifting themselves on end and dancing and jumping out of the water; in short, realising the most vivid idea of lively turtle. These symptoms of hilarity among the furnishers of green fat have been referred to the anticipation of the extinction of the City of London Corporation, and consequent discontinuance of the LORD MAYOR'S dinners.

THE GORTSCHAKOFF JACKET.

THE uniform of PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF has not been described. We believe the principal article of it is a "cut-away."

Protection for the Sloe.

EVERYBODY is for reducing the duty on French wines, except certain wine-merchants. As importers, the interests of those gentlemen could hardly be affected by the reduction; but perhaps they do not look on port and import as exactly the same thing.

THE OLDEST ANCHORITE.—Hope.



“A BEAR WITH A SORE HEAD.”



REMARKABLE TRIBUTE OF SIDEREAL APPROBATION
TO MR. HIND.

OUR old Friend MR. HIND having introduced another new planet (the ninth discovered by him) to the notice of mortals, the announcement was received by all the sidereal bodies with the greatest satisfaction, and indeed so greatly increased the perturbations under which some of them habitually labour, that ZADKIEL has been compelled to publish a supplement to his Almanack, and to predict the arrival of the Greek kalends, the destruction of the Thames by fire, and, simultaneously with these events, the extinction of *Punch*. SATURN, in particular, who considers that the calumnious report of

his having devoured his own children, had its origin in our ignorance of the existence of those children, as a group of asteroids between MARS and JUPITER, and who is consequently delighted whenever by the discovery of such asteroids his character is cleared, was so overcome with joy, that no child born during the past week will ever be injured in after life by this generally malignant planet.

Many of the stars, moreover, feeling that something was due to MR. HIND for his persevering efforts on their behalf, resolved to call a public meeting to consider the best means of expressing their gratitude. The PLEIADES, as occupying the centre of the universe, kindly offered their rooms for the purpose; and MEROPE, whose marriage with a mortal caused her to lose half her brightness, and brought upon her frequent snubbings from her sisters, brightened up again on perceiving that her haughty relatives were disposed to patronise one of her husband's race. The meeting was numerously attended, but excuses were received from some of the more distant stars, who alleged that if they travelled at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles per minute they could not arrive until 4,000 years after the meeting had broken up. The GREAT BEAR pleaded illness as an excuse for non-attendance; and it was whispered that mortification at the ill success of PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF had brought on a fit of the gout. Many of the NEBULÆ arrived from a great distance, and were accommodated with seats in the Strangers' Gallery; but we regretted to observe that their uncouth forms laid them open to the silly remarks of CAPRICORN, who certainly cannot boast of his own personal attractions, and of JUPITER's satellites, who, though they are bound to amuse their master, should have known better than to insult foreigners. In the Reporters' Gallery the GEMINI attended for the *Herald* and *Standard*, but could only muster one pen between them; TAURUS appeared for the Conservative weeklies, and SIRIUS (TOBY is *en rapport* with SIRIUS, and always howls when he sees him,) kindly undertook to report for *Punch*.

After an absurd attempt on the part of a clique to thrust the sun of our system into the chair, ALCYONE, who is at present the centre of gravity round which the whole universe revolves, was selected for that important office, and immediately called upon "her excellent friend MERCURY," for the first and only resolution. The *facundus nepos* ATLANTIS thus adjured, in a speech replete with eloquence, moved, "That this meeting, viewing with extreme displeasure the practice of associating the newly discovered sidereal bodies with the names of persons who have had no share in the discovery, proposes to call the nine planets, discovered by MR. HIND, by the common name of HIND'S NIGHT LIGHTS, as a small mark of the grateful feelings entertained for that astronomer throughout the sidereal system." This resolution, having been briefly seconded by ALDEBARAN, was put and carried unanimously; and, after the customary vote of thanks to ALCYONE, the stars returned to their orbits; but not until the nine planets aforesaid, who, dressed in white, had been seated in a row on the platform, had induced POLLUX to take round a castor, and make a collection for their support. We ought also to state that the well-known MUSIC OF THE SPHERES was in attendance, and gave great satisfaction by its performance of "*Vaga Luna*," "*Off in the Silly Night*," "*Rise Gentle Moon*," and other airs set for "Voices of the Night." When MERCURY alluded to the disappearance of two stars from the constellations—HERCULES and LYRA—these celestial voices sang "*The Light of Other Days*" with much taste. Indeed, the taste for singing which SHAKSPEARE ascribed to the stars is in no way diminished, for the whole meeting, on breaking up, joined very nicely in

"We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear."

A GREAT ANCHOVY CASE.

"BURGESS AND SON," whose name will go down to posterity in a cruet-stand, have lately been throwing their fish-sauce into Chancery, and an equity judge has been discussing the essence of anchovies with a *gusto* quite remarkable. The barristers engaged in the matter have doubtless verified the fact, that little fish are sweet, for the anchovies have of course yielded some pretty little fees to pretty little juniors. MESSRS. CAMPBELL and MOORE were on one side, while MR. BACON and MR. NELSON represented the anchovies on the other side, and counsel pushed about the anchovy bottle from the Court below to the Court above, with a determination to bring the sauce of BURGESS to the very fountain of equity. The great anchovy case has been already before the Vice Chancellor and the Lords Justices, but whether the parties will carry their "sauce" up to the Lords is at present dependent probably on how they may be "advised" by learned counsel to go on expending money in litigation, or "if not why not," or "how otherwise."

DANUBIAN HOMICIDE.

Hosts on the Danube's banks are felled
To please one man's ambitious whim;
And yet there is no inquest held,
No Hue-and-Cry raised after him.

His likeness, true, the shops expose;
His hair, his eyes, are in the News,
And every Constant Reader knows
How high he stands without his shoes.

But how he sleeps, of what partakes,
In food and drink, from day to day,
What casual remarks he makes,
The newspapers omit to say.

We know that he persists in lies
Of quite an inconsistent kind,
But not that any chaplain tries
To rectify his frame of mind.

For wholesale murder does not meet
The doom that waits the single crime,
The exaltation in the street,
The carrion-crows, or grave of lime.

The head with an Imperial crown
To deck its slaut or flattened top,
Will never, DONOVAN, come down
Among its fellows in thy shop.

Where, in King William Street, the Strand,
Thy window shows to public view
The culprits of the red right hand,
Whom hemp and MR. CALCRAFT slew.

BISHOP and WILLIAMS, BURKE and HARE,
COURVOISIER—that fiend in plush—
At whom the people come to stare,
With THURTELL, GREENACRE, and RUSH.

Cautious Overmuch.

A GENTLEMAN named BODDY appears, from the police reports of last week, to have very properly rescued his daughter (a silly young lady who left her own for a "Servant's Home") from the clutches of the Papist perverters who are so constantly busied in destroying the happiness of families. The magistrate seems to have doubted his power, but could he not have dealt with the reverend revivalists as Boddy-snatchers? Surely a surplus letter ought not to have prevented the precise punishment the culprits deserved.

A Calico Calembourg.

Mr. Cobden. Why are the selfish agitators among the operatives like the works of a clock out of order?

Mr. Bright. Because they insist upon striking, without regard to the position of the hands.

Mr. Cobden. You are quite right, my dear BRIGHT.



SCENE.—A LONELY SQUARE.

Time.—MIDNIGHT.

Timid Swell (log). "TAKE MY MONEY, TAKE MY WATCH, TAKE EVERYTHING; BUT PWAY SPARE MY COLLARS!"

DIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

(Before MR. SERJEANT EVES, Assistant-Judge.)

JOSEPH GUBBINS, *alias* CRABB, *alias* BLOOMFIELD, *alias* the Grinner, was charged with stealing a pewter pot, value one shilling, from the rails of a house in Millbank Street. MR. SLASHER prosecuted, and MR. CRASHER defended the prisoner. The case was distinctly proved.

The Judge. Now, JOE, have you anything to say?

MR. CRASHER objected to the prisoner being addressed as JOE. He firmly believed, upon his sacred honour, that such a misdescription vitiated the whole proceedings. At all events he called on the Judge to take a note of the point.

The Judge. I shan't. Stuff and nonsense. The objection is not worth twopence.

MR. CRASHER. It's worth fourpence at least, but it is quite in keeping with all that goes on here that a Judge should not know the value of a Joe.

The Judge. That's slang, and though a Counsel ought to be slangy, a Judge ought not.

MR. CRASHER. I am quite prepared to hear the independence of the Bar assailed, and the freedom of speech, which every authority from HELIOGABALUS down to BLACKSTONE declares the right of an advocate, stigmatized as slang. But it will not prevent my doing my duty.

The Judge. Do your duty. Who stops you? Do your duty. Who's HELIOGABALUS, and what's HELIOGABALUS to do with JOSEPH GUBBINS? This is the way the time of the Court is wasted.

MR. CRASHER. As the Court concedes the point, and calls the prisoner by his name, I shall not pursue the argument.

The Judge. You may do as you like.

MR. CRASHER. I know I may.

The Judge. I'm glad you know it.

MR. CRASHER. I'm glad you are pleased.

The Judge. Very well.

MR. CRASHER. Very well.

The Judge. JOSEPH GUBBINS, you have been very properly found guilty of stealing a pot—I mean you will be in a moment—eh gentlemen? (*Jury nod.*) Of course. You have been found guilty of stealing a pot. Now pot-stealing is a crime which is injurious to the public weal—

MR. SLASHER. And public-house.

The Judge. Ha! ha! very good. I laugh, you see, MR. CRASHER, to show that I am undisturbed in my temper.

MR. CRASHER. I have no objection, Sir, to your laughing at my learned friend, in fact I do so myself ten times a day.

MR. SLASHER. "All fools have still an itching to deride."

MR. CRASHER. If the Court stands that, of course I can.

MR. SLASHER. The Court is sitting.

MR. CRASHER. Is it?

MR. SLASHER. Of course it is.

MR. CRASHER. Ah!

MR. SLASHER. Ah too, if you come to that.

[*The Judge joins in the repartees, which are protracted so long that MR. GUBBINS takes off his shoe, and swears that unless his sentence is passed he will "shy it" (to use his objectionable expression) "at the old un's nob." He is condemned to three months' imprisonment, and the next case is called.*

THE PRICE OF A LORD MAYOR'S GOWN.

EVERY "family man" will appreciate the annoyance of being called on frequently for "a new gown," but the most expensive milliner's bill would be a mere song—to a moderate tune—compared with the cost of a "new gown" for the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. In the evidence before the City Corporation Commission we find it stated by MR. ACLAND, that

"There is an amount of seven guineas paid for a violet gown for the LORD MAYOR. In another instance there is an item of £17 for the LORD MAYOR's silk violet gown. On the occasion of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's funeral, there is a sum of £72 for the LORD MAYOR's silk gown."

We cannot pretend to understand either the necessity for such an extensive stock of gowns as the LORD MAYOR seems to possess, or for such a frightful fluctuation in the price of one and the same article. We know of no system of arithmetic or rule of three by which we are to get a solution of the question: "If a LORD MAYOR's gown cost £7 at one time, and £17 at another time, why is it to cost £72 at a subsequent period?" We can only say that *as £7 is not to £17, so cannot be £72 by any rule or principle whatever.*

THE CLEVER CLOWN NUISANCE,



SOME very pleasing horsemanship at Drury Lane is being marred by some very obnoxious ass-manship on the part of sundry clowns engaged, we suppose, for the purpose of marking the contrast between the stupidity of bipeds, and the sagacity of quadrupeds. We have no objection to the old Astleyan Clown, who is continually wanting to know what he shall "go for to fetch for to bring for to carry,"

but we must protest against the modern school of buffoons who, under the ambitious title of "SHAKSPERIAN jesters," or some other pseudonym, inflict their dull platitudes on an impatient audience. Directly a clown becomes too fat to tumble, or too stupid to play the fool in the ordinary way, he adopts the name of "SHAKSPERIAN" and bores the public with long lectures, which he fancies may be received as instructive, because they happen to be the very opposite of entertaining—just as if a man ceasing to be an amusing fool must of necessity become a philosopher.

The "clown to the ring" is, in fact, becoming a perfect nuisance; and we only wonder that the horses do not become low-spirited by contrast with those dreadfully dull dogs who wear the motley. It would be quite refreshing to meet with a good old conventional clown of former times, who would not be above asking WIDDICOMB "if his (WIDDICOMB's) mother is aware of his (WIDDICOMB's) absence from home;" or making any other of those rare old imbecile remarks which used to set us in a roar in our days of infancy. A philosophic clown to the ring is, in fact, an anomaly; for every one admits the idle absurdity of "Reasoning in a Circle."

A GOOD GROUND FOR A BAD JOKE.—Why is a lodging on the ground floor a degradation? Because it's a-basement!

AN ALBANY FOR THE MILLION.



O the health of towns, moral and physical, it is universally agreed, that one indispensable condition is the abolition of Slums. But then what is to become of the Slummites? The low neighbourhoods may be done away with, but there is no doing away with the low neighbours; who cannot be disposed of by fire and water and poison, along with the bugs and rats and other vermin that run upon four, or more, legs. Besides, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, it is certain that they are human beings; so that we cannot, consistently either with Christian-

ity or common law, get rid of them exactly as if they were black beetles. And if routed out of their courts and alleys, they will crawl or lie about the streets, or, making themselves still more unpleasant, die under our noses.

It therefore becomes necessary to provide them with proper abodes. Suburban kennels and pigsties will not do, as it is necessary that they should reside near enough to their work. Model Lodging Houses, therefore, well supplied with water, and arranged in all other respects with reference to the prevention of effluvia, have been suggested instead, as intramural habitations for the inferior classes. To these the only objection is their name.

The gentlemen who inhabit a certain double row of buildings contiguous to and parallel with the Burlington Arcade would be, most of them, disgusted, if those edifices were spoken of as Model Lodging Houses.

But there is good reason to believe that not only have the lower classes the same number of members—in an anatomical if not in a parliamentary sense—as the higher, but that they are really endowed with essentially even the same passions and feelings. Among other sentiments it has been ascertained that they possess those of pride and vanity, which are not only exasperated by scorn and contumely—as when they are called the scum of the earth, the riff-raff, and the rabble—but also by contemptuous patronage: by all sorts of badges, whether metallic or verbal. There is something of the latter sort of badge in the term “Model Lodging Houses.” The expression is low; suggests an invidious distinction of caste: a state of degradation descending almost to pauperism.

To meet this objection it is proposed to erect a building containing little suites of small apartments, adapted to the requirements and circumstances of the poorer portion of the people, to be called “The Industrious Albany;” industrious for the sake of distinction; or, if a more explanatory title shall be preferred, “Cheap Chambers.” Ventilation and Warmth combined with Comfort and Cleanliness are to preside over the interior arrangements, and the external proportions are to be regulated by architectural taste, whilst the rent will be fixed at the most economical figure. Investments of capital in this promising speculation, to any amount, may be paid into the Office, 85, Fleet Street.

To the Press Generally.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS wishes an *erratum* corrected in the next edition of our dictionaries. He begs to say that he has discovered that an Ottoman is *not* a thing upon which you easily and comfortably place your foot.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—A Scientific Hair-dresser at the West-End is about to favour the ladies with the discovery of a wonderful new Pommade, which, he guarantees, “will prevent the bonnet falling off the head.”

“THE UPHOLSTERER TO THE MONUMENT.”

WE see, in the reports of the City Commission, that there is a situation with the above singular title. We wonder, in the name of everything that’s wonderful, what are the duties of this curious functionary? What is there to hang, excepting the birdcage with the dingy canary, belonging to the porter, at the entrance door? There may be a few play-bills, also, and some steamboat placards; does “the Upholsterer” go every morning to hang these outside the railings? What is the furniture that is inside the Monument? and where is it stowed away? Or is the “Upholsterer” engaged to keep the flutes of the columns clean? Or is it his particular duty to rub up the Panorama of London that is viewed from its summit? There is no other picture that we are acquainted with, belonging to the Monument, excepting the picture of London’s busy traffic across London Bridge, and surely this is a picture beyond the “Upholsterer’s” reach? One would imagine from the fact of the Monument having an “Upholsterer,” that there were chairs, tables, four-post bedsteads, curtains, and a regular houseful of furniture locked up inside it. We shall pay a visit to the Monument the first fine day there is no fog, and bring away with us an inventory of the furniture. In the meantime, we should like to be informed of the amount of salary of this “Upholsterer,” who has to look after a place that contains no Upholstery.

PERSPICUITY OF RED TAPE.

IN reply to a request for information where to get the Blue Books which are granted to Mechanics’ Institutions, “A PROVINCIAL SECRETARY,” writing to the *Times*, says that he received the following official directions; that is to say, he was told

“To make application at the proper season to the clerk of the committee, to be appointed pursuant to the report of the House of Commons on Parliamentary papers, ordered to be printed on the 7th of July last.”

This the “PROVINCIAL SECRETARY” wants translated for the benefit of himself and other country gentlemen. The passage may be construed thus:—

At certain times of the year, and between certain hours, which will be appointed hereafter but are not fixed yet, apply to somebody who will perhaps be the clerk of a committee which does not at present exist but will, one of these days, in conformity with a report of the House of Commons on Parliamentary Papers, which was ordered to be printed on the 7th of July last, be constituted, if that report shall ever be acted on.

The translation is rather longer than the original; but if brevity is required to be the soul of official advice, the answer might simply have been “Arrangements have not been made,” to which, if any further explanation were necessary, might have been added, “And when they will be, Heaven only knows.”

THE DIGNITY OF TRADE.

WE were going to say that the fact of a noble Lord having passed the Bankruptcy Court the other day as a horse-dealer, gives strong confirmation to the saying that we are a nation of shop-keepers. But perhaps a horse-bazaar or repository cannot be properly called a shop; and though the horse may be taken over a bar, that noble animal cannot very well be handed across a counter; thus, whatever leaps the noble lord in question may have taken, it is clear that it would be incorrect to call him a counter-jumper. His case, however, certainly tends to show that we are a highly mercantile community, since it exhibits a member of one of our principal families as a dealer in horse-flesh. But the fact is, that business is practised by the aristocracy in general to a very considerable extent. Not only do some of them trade in boroughs, but also in rabbits, together with hares, pheasants, and partridges, inasmuch as they sell game. They are not ashamed of this, either: for they will converse about shooting, and not one of them ever calls on the other to sink the shop. Indeed, to sink the shop would be to sink the Island, and swamp the whole concern conducted by ABERDEEN and Co.

“Salad for the Solitary.”

WE see there is a book advertised under the above curious title. We can hardly make out what it can be, but should say at random, that the translation of it into plain English must be as follows:—SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY.—Let-us alone.

CONFUSION OF AUTOCRATIC NOTIONS.

NICHOLAS expressed a pious hope that he might never be confounded. By the thrashing which he has had from the Turks, we should think he must have been disappointed.

ST. CROSS STINGO, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS GUILDFORD DEMI X ALE.



AT a time when certain parties are raising the price of their Ales, which were previously sold at rates considerably higher than such as would have been fairly remunerative, the Public, and especially pedestrian travellers, will be interested to learn that a light and wholesome BEER may be obtained upon the lowest possible terms, as it will be delivered to all applicants at the mere cost of a visit to the DEPOT, Porter's Lodge, ST. CROSS HOSPITAL. This SUPERIOR BEVERAGE is brewed from pure Malt and Hops, according to a Homœopathic Improvement on the original Receipt handed down from the ancient Masters of ST. CROSS, and is produced in such high perfection by the present Master, the EARL OF GUILDFORD, that while the smallest quantity will suffice the most inveterate

toper, the largest might be imbibed conscientiously by the strictest votary of Total Abstinence. The remarkably low charge for which this Ale is offered to the consumer is owing to the liberality of the Founders and Benefactors of the Institution; who bequeathed capital to a large amount on trust for the gratuitous supply of the genuine article to wayfarers. In Horns of Half-a-Pint each, at the rate of One Measure per Diem. To be Drunk on the Premises.

THE BAR AND THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

A FEW days ago a case was called on in one of the "Superior" Courts, when an application was made to put it off because MR. BODKIN could not attend. One of the judges asked with very natural surprise, "Is not the man in prison?" upon which the counsel of the "man in prison" got up, and admitted such to be the fact; but added that he, the "man in prison" was his (the counsel's) elicit, and that he (the counsel) was perfectly willing "to accommodate MR. BODKIN." The accommodation of MR. BODKIN was, no doubt, desirable in its way; but, as the accommodation of a prison is not always agreeable, we are disposed to agree with the learned judge, who thought it rather awkward—not to say, hard—upon "the man in prison" to have his case adjourned for the convenience of counsel.

We are disposed to sympathise with the unfortunate who was deprived of his liberty, not by his prison's bars, but by a portion of the Bar of England, which often proves harder and more difficult to contend against than the most inflexible iron. Nevertheless he, of course, cannot complain, as although he was shut up in a jail, his own counsel who represented him in a free and open court was "perfectly satisfied," and most anxious to "accommodate MR. BODKIN." If the accommodation could have been mutual—if, for example, the prison "accommodation" and the counsel's "accommodation" could have been in some way equalised—we might have seen more justice in the arrangement than either ourselves, or the learned judge who expressed his surprise on the occasion, have been able to discover. We must all admire the extreme spirit of accommodation that prevails among many of "the gentlemen" of the Bar who—though they bully each other's elicits and witnesses, waste the money of suitors by neglecting to attend to their briefs, and even occasionally suffer the postponement of the case of an unfortunate captive—are nevertheless always ready to fraternise with their "learned friends," and make any concessions to each other, of which their clients have to bear the penalty.

Shall Ladies Have Votes?

"CERTAINLY," replies a strong-minded woman of our acquaintance. "Is woman made only to sew on buttons? And if she is, you have no right to turn away the Needle from the Poll."

TO SEVERAL HUSBANDS AND VARIOUS FATHERS.—HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Keep out of it.

THEATRICAL NOVELTIES.

IN consequence of the success of *The Lancers* at the Princess's—those same *Lancers* being only another version of *The Discarded Son* at the Adelphi—the following attractive novelties are in rehearsal, and will be speedily produced:—

"THE BLOWER OF BUBBLES"—being a new translation of *The Game of Speculation*, acted so many hundred nights at the Lyceum Theatre. *Mercadet, or the Bubble-Blower* (with new bubbles to be blown expressly on this occasion), by MR. CHARLES KEAN.

"THE FAMILY OF THE WHYTE CHOKERS"—being a completely new version of *The Serious Family*, which was so popular a season or two ago at the Haymarket Theatre. The part of the *Reverend Aminadab Whyte Choker*, by MR. CHARLES KEAN, in lieu of MR. BUCKSTONE.

"THE MOUNTEBANK"—being an improved reading of *Belphegor*, as performed by MR. WHASTIA at the Adelphi Theatre. *The Mountebank* (so long as the public will tolerate it) will be played by MR. CHARLES KEAN.

"THE TOWER OF HAMMES-AND-NESLER"—being *The Tower of Nesle*, as generally performed at the Surrey Theatre, but retranslated and considerably improved, with new causes and effects, and a long dissertation by MR. CHARLES KEAN, given away on the play-bill, as to the period and costume of the drama, and a list of the bodies thrown into the Seine.

"THE CARPENTER ON THE ROAD TO RUIN"—being a very superior translation of a Piece, acted for many years under almost a similar title, at the Victoria Theatre. MR. HICKS's favourite part of *The Carpenter* by MR. CHARLES KEAN.

"New versions of *Picarro*, *The Stranger*, and *The Maid and the Magpie* have also been accepted, and will be produced with all the care for which the Princess's is distinguished."

Great hopes are entertained upon the production of the above pieces; and there can be no doubt that, having been successful at so many theatres before, they will be successful again. There can be no fear as to the acting, when the principal parts will be performed by MR. CHARLES KEAN himself.



MACBETH MURDERING DUNCAN BEHIND THE SCENES.

Crockery of the London Clay.

THE Registrar General tells us, in his report of last week, that "London is situated in a basin." We are not informed what sort of a basin we are living in, but it appears to us to be something between a pudding-basin and a slop-basin—judging from the mud and "slush" it generally contains. Whatever may be the accurate name for the utensil in which we are located, we can only say that it is a basin of which we should be glad to be able to wash our hands.

THE POWER OF EVIL.—A Power of Attorney.



THE BONNET-MAKER'S DREAM.

A REAL SCOTTISH GRIEVANCE.

BECAUSE we think that the Scotch Lion is quite as comfortable in the place which custom has assigned him as he would be in any other; because we consider that Scotland will do quite well enough without a separate Secretary of State; because we are of opinion that Edinburgh should be content to rank as the second city in the empire; because we are not of opinion that the dictionary of Dr. JOHNSON ought, to the vexation of the author's *manes*, to be remodelled on a broad Scotch basis; because, in short, we are not disposed to treat the imaginary wrongs of Scotchmen otherwise than with our usual levity, we are not, therefore, disposed to regard their well-founded complaints with any other feeling than our occasional seriousness. Now we have—we cannot say the pleasure to announce, for the announcement is one which we are grieved in having to make—we have the pleasure, such as it is, of pointing out, and calling attention to, with the view of causing to be redressed, A REAL SCOTTISH GRIEVANCE.

The Scottish grievance which we thus proclaim to be real is one which, we may say, should be framed and glazed. For it comes before us in the shape of a lithograph—dedicated to us in conjunction with a daily paper of some eminence—representing the Glasgow General Post Office; a building of two stories in height, interjacent between Mr. RUTHERFORD'S cigar and snuff establishment, and the shop of Mr. RUFF, clockmaker; a portion of the party-wall of which last named edifice is exposed, by reason of a very shameful circumstance, reflecting the discredit of gross negligence and injustice on the Government, and, indeed, the Legislature.

That injurious and disgraceful circumstance shall be stated in an extract from a speech by SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, which is printed beneath the plate:—

"The revenue from the Post Office in Glasgow has increased, in ten years, from £26,000 to £47,000; and, recollect, Glasgow is a city containing nearly 400,000 inhabitants, being second in importance to London alone. Well, the Government first bought a building for the Post Office, for the sake of economy, so ruinous that they were soon after obliged to take off the two upper stories and having done that,

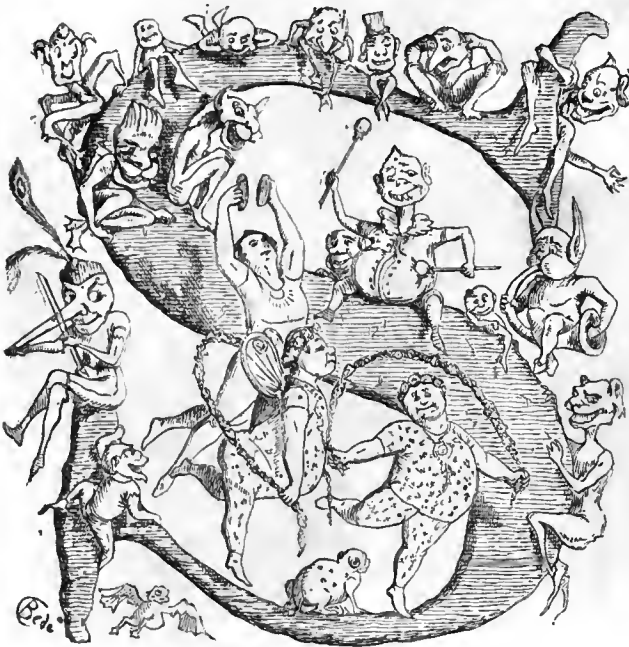
they were compelled to leave it for two years and a half without a roof, in the mean while taking no steps to erect a new office. The result is, that for the greatest commercial city in Scotland we have no cavalry barracks, no defences of any description, a Post Office without a roof, and yet, with an amount of wealth that may prove a tempting prize to an invader."

We will not say much about the Cavalry Barracks. Drunkenness, we know, prevails to a great extent at Glasgow; and if the people there are apt to be so disorderly as well as drunk, as not to be controllable by the ordinary police, perhaps they do require dragoons to repress their excesses. In that case, it is no doubt a shame that Glasgow should have no barracks for cavalry. But that the Glasgow Post Office wants a roof, is a substantial inconvenience and injury, a just cause of complaint, a matter for strong and sober remonstrance; for remonstrance as strong—and as sober—as Glasgow can make. A roofless house is disgraceful enough considered as indicating insolvency, but it is much more disgraceful when its rooflessness is the result of injustice. To expatiate on the prime necessity of secrecy and security in such a building as a post office, would be to insult the understanding of our readers; and we feel that some apology is due for hinting that, of all the works of masonry, that is the very edifice which ought most carefully to be tiled in. It is, therefore, with all our power that we would trumpet—if with a penny trumpet, though, in fact, ours is a threepenny trumpet—the lack of a roof to the Glasgow Post Office as a real Scottish grievance; and a very great one, particularly as compared to the others alleged by Scottish agitators. We may add that we sympathize the more cordially with the parties aggrieved, inasmuch as we of course regard the condition of the Post Office at Glasgow as fraught with prejudice and peril to the general cause of letters.

Aberdeen for China.

AN English Ambassador is needed for Canton. We beg to propose the EARL OF ABERDEEN. Such a selection would be a great compliment to the Chinese,—the noble Earl being very like a tea-chest; namely, varnish without, and lead within.

MODEL RAILWAY MEETING.



ATURDAY last a General Annual Special Quarterly Meeting of the London and South-Northern Railway Company was held at the Company's Offices. The meeting had been convened to hear a report on the propriety of amalgamating the undertaking with that of the Great East And By Eastern Railway, for which junction, negotiations have been for some time in progress. The HON. ROLLING STOCK, M.P., Chairman of the former Company, presided. The room was crowded with shareholders, and eleven fights took place before business was commenced.

The CHAIRMAN briefly explained the object of the meeting, and reminded those

before him' that they were men of business come to discuss a question of business, and he expressed a hope that nothing but business would be talked, as the riotous displays which had now become common on such occasions were not only degrading in themselves, but tended to shake the public confidence in a body which could so conduct itself. (*Applause, and an old hat flung at the Chairman.*)

The SECRETARY then rose to read the report, but not one word was audible, shouts of "We know!" "Shut up!" "All humbug!" "Gammon and spinaeh!" drowning his voice. He persevered in a dumb show, however, until a volley of baked taters, nearly all hot, supplied by a vendor who had been smuggled into the room by a shareholder, made him not only desist, but come round with an offer to fight the parties who were thus emphatically protesting.

MR. BUFFER then moved that the report be adopted. (*Hideous yells.*) Well, if it were objected to, let the reasons be advanced, and don't let fellows stand there, he added, with some irritation, howling like fools. (*Renewed yelling.*)

MR. DE GRADIENT seconded the motion, and would also be happy to be the previous speaker's second, if necessary.

MR. SHUNT said that the Chairman was a Nass, the directors were umbings, and he had no term of decision—he meant derision—strong enough for the secretary, engineer, and superintendent of the traffic. The whole lot were revolutionary aristocratic donothings and sneaks. (*Cries of "That's about it!" "Put that in your minutes!"*)

The CHAIRMAN said that in his private capacity he despised the taunts of the last speaker too much to condescend to notice them. But as Chairman of that meeting, and representing its dignity, he felt it his duty to say that of all the offensive ranscellions whose ridiculous gabble was ever permitted to contaminate the ears of gentlemen, MR. SHUNT was at once the most audacious and the most contemptible. He had no desire to be severe, but this statement was the mildest version in which he could clothe the truth. He should now put the motion. (*Cries of "Yes, you'd better!" "Down, down!" and more volleys of baked taters.*)

MR. FITZPISTON rose to protest. Not a word had been heard of the report, and yet they were to be asked to adopt it. (*Loud applause.*)

The CHAIRMAN: And whose fault's that? If the meeting had not made such an unbusinesslike row, they would have heard it all.

A SHAREHOLDER: It was a dodge of the Secretary's, who read low in order not to be heard.

The SECRETARY (*in a dreadful rage*): If I read low I hit high. Will the honourable shareholder come round here and try?

The SHAREHOLDER: No, you are our menial servant, and it's your duty to wait on your masters. (*Volleys of applause and taters.*)

The Secretary was here restrained, with some difficulty, by the Chairman, from taking off his coat and chastising the meeting. During the discussion, quarrelling was going on in all parts of the room. At length, the Secretary being appeased into only caricaturing his enemies, upon his blotting paper, instead of heating them, the Chairman again rose, and put the motion.

MR. SHUNT leaped upon the table, and, taking a sight at the Chair, moved as an amendment, that the report be pitched out of window, and the Directors after it. (*Applause.*)

A DIRECTOR (*terrified*): Policie!

At this word the fury of the meeting became terrific. *Cries of "That's the way shareholders are bullied!" "No crushers here!"* and other indignant expressions broke forth; and for three-quarters of an hour, though various speakers tried to be heard, nothing resulted but gesticulation. At last the meeting, being hoarse, permitted a few words from

The CHAIRMAN, who explained that this question had been already discussed forty-two

times, and each time with similar excitement. In the meantime another company was pushing on the same scheme, and would, by reason of the delay, take the wind out of their sails. (*Cries of "All your fault!" "Swindling the shareholders!" "Directors ought to be kicked!" &c.*) He would once more move, that the report be adopted, as nobody would state any objections. (*Vociferous cries and yells—"No, no!" "Down with them!" "Twenty-five per cent. or nothing!" "No democrats!" "No exclusives!" "Bravo Rouse!" and so on.*)

The CHAIRMAN then called for a show of hands, when everybody clenched his fist and shook it furiously at him. The Chairman, with a smile of triumph, declared the motion unanimously carried, and then, with the Secretary and the books, made a bolt through a side-door, before the meeting could rush in upon them, and prevent the success of this ruse. The meeting broke the windows, chairs, and lamps, and were then dispersed by the police.

Yet, with such centres of organisation, fault is found with the working of the Railway system. There's something wrong.

PUNCH.

PUNCH'S PRIZE JOKE SHOW.

By way of counteracting the attraction of the Prize Cattle Show, which we think fosters a rather questionable taste for looking upon "fatty deposits," we propose to institute a Prize Joke Show, and we hope that the produce of the pen of wit, will be more satisfactory than the contents of all the pens in the Bazaar of Baker Street. We candidly invite competition; and though anything in the shape of "animal matter" will be rejected from a contest in which all the matter should be as *spirituel* as possible, we can only say that *Punch* will be happy to see any of the farfamed Suffolk Puncches it, in this "keen encounter of our wits," they have the courage to show themselves.

As a specimen of the style of Joke that will be admissible into the contemplated Prize Show, we have the pleasure to "flick off" the following:—

If I want a statue of myself, why should I be foolish to present a sculptor with the marble for the work? *Answer.* Because if I did, he would be sure to chisel me out of it.

THE MOUSTACHE AND BEARD QUESTION.

"MR. PUNCH,—I have been, I may say from my birth—leastwise since I could stand upon a stool—a barber. I've brought up a large family (and am married again) upon shaving. To be clean shaved was the prerogative of a Briton. And now there is a movement for German beards and Cossack moustachios, which, if permitted, farewell to the British Constitution. When we look like Roossian slaves and Austrian panders, we shall feel and act like 'em. Anyways, if beards come in, barbers must go out, in which case I ask for demnification.

"Yours, &c.

"SIBTHORP SUDS.

"The COLONEL—(my parent was a Lincoln voter and barber)—is my godfather; which happened when the COLONEL used to go, I'm told, with as clean a face as any in the county."

Doctor Wiseman.

On his departure from Golden Square, the subjoined notice, written in the Doctor's own hand, was affixed outside his door—"Gone to Rome; will be back for mass in Westminster Abbey."

THE BRIGHT CITY.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY has volunteered an epistle enlogistic of Manchester. "Thoroughfares are opened"—says the noble lord—"courts and alleys cleansed—drains and sewers constructed," &c. &c. Nothing, according to the noble lord, will soon be wanting to Manchester to make it emphatically the Bright City; nothing but—as *Punch* opines—a little public spirit. "The Turk may go hang so that he buys our goods." "Liberty in its highest sense, is the liberty to buy and sell." "The worst worldly evil is a bad shilling." A few of these maxims do certainly still defile the moral atmosphere of Manchester, cleansed as the air inhaled may be from the reek of cesspools. MR. BRIGHT'S hat, though covering a large, cool head, is never less not big enough to extinguish the turban of Turkey. "Great spirits"—says JEAN PAUL—"are buried under golden mountains." In like manner, sympathy with a noble cause may be stifled in cotton-bags.



"All round my neck I veers the shirt collar,
All round the neck for a twelvemonth and a day;
And if any one should ax you the reason vy I veers it;
So, tell 'em 'cause it's now the fashionable vay."

SOMETHING OUTRAGEOUS.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,
"What next? Have you read the servile inscription on Marlborough House Gates?—

"The public is respectfully informed, that admisson is to be procured," &c.
"Respectfully informed," *Mr. Punch!* Hity-tity! Well. This is something! Respectfully! And this is by a body of officials, and stuck on a house which is the property of a Royal Prince! The brewers and bakers and candlestick-makers are respectfully informed. Tag, rag, and bobtail are respectfully informed. The swinish multitude is respectfully informed by its own servants that it may see something it has paid for. I cannot trust myself to write. Times are changed, *Mr. Punch*, or officials are strangely altered from what they were in the time of

"Yours respectfully (!)

"Hampton Court.

AN OLD OFFICIAL."

TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

WE doubt whether the Great Metropolis can parallel the following choice specimen of composition, which we find in the *Morning Advertiser* of the 16th:—

AS GOOD HOUSEMAID, in a small Family, where a *Footman* is kept, who is a good needlewoman, who can attend on a lady, with a good character. Direct A B, &c., Brompton.

We have seen footmen who were justly proud of their "pins," but never yet saw a footman who was a good needlewoman. But we quite approve of the advertiser's caution. Being a "good" housemaid, she will serve nobody but "a lady with a good character." This is very proper, and in consideration of the virtuous principle displayed, one can forgive the author's Random Recollections of LINDLEY MURRAY.

FLIRTING. (*By an old Hand at it.*)—Flirting is a most amusing game. It is true there is nothing gained by it, but then there is nothing staked. In fact you may call it, "playing at cards for love."

THE SONG OF THE CITY REMEMBRANCER.

"Sweet Remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."—*Successful Tragedy.*

THE City Remembrancer's post I hold,
An office that's sacred, because 'tis old;
I repel, I deny the assertion base
That there isn't no use in that 'ere place!

So you want to know what I've got to do?
And, Imperance, what odds is that to you?
But inquiry we court, as we've always done,
And I scorn all concealment, myself, for one.

I am only an image, you think, like GOG,
Whereas I the LORD MAYOR'S memory jog,
And the Aldermen also, in banquet met,
I remind of the duties which some forget.

His Lordship, for instance, perhaps I see
Is getting on slow with his callicep;
And a slight squeeze of lemon I then suggest,
With a dash of cayenne to impart a zest.

"My Lord—eh, my Lord!" says I, "why, look there!
You're a spiling your dinner, I do declare!
'Tis of haunch that you're eating; and don't you know
Currant jelly should always with venison go?"

"Mr. Alderman, bless me! you faint and droop,
As if you could hardly get through your soup.
Glass of punch, Sir, of course, with the work you've got,
You have surely been absent, Sir, have you not?"

"Dear me, Mr. Deputy—look, Sir, look!
Excuse me; but you I must call to book:
Allow me to push you the boat across,
You are eating that bird, Sir, without bread-sauce!

"Here's capon, mind, gentlemen; here's black cock;
This wine, recollect, is peculiar hock:—
This is peacock—that's cygnet, you gent before,
If you think you could manage a little more.

"Not feel quite the thing, don't your Lordship, eh?
Hallo! bring the brandy, you Sir, this way.
Now, my Lord, a small glass—just a toothful. No?
Well then, come, try the least drop of Curaçoa."

But I've other duties, which I discharge
In warily steering the Civic Barge
Through St. Stephen's storms, whirlpools, rocks, and shoals,
Safe and sound, with a cargo—we'll say—of coals.

That MAJOR BENIOW—what—ow—OWSKI, he
Not half a Remembrancer ain't, to me;
And I gets a small pittance for all this here,
Which is under a couple of thousand a year.

"LEFT-OFF CLOTHES FOR THE COLONIES."

THE "old clothes" fraternity are advertising very briskly for left-off clothes for the Colonies, with a view, no doubt, to a sort of Holywell Street aristocracy that some people are desirous of establishing in Australia. Considering the many scamps that have attained to wealth at the "diggins," and knowing the slavish precedence that is always accorded to the possessors of gold, we may anticipate a pcentage of regular "roughs," should an "Upper Chamber" be established at the Antipodes. The old clothes movement, in taking a colonial direction, shows a sympathy with the contemplated exportations of aristocratic distinctions to the New World, at a time when the Old World is exhibiting a tendency to throw aside its old worn-out habits. Among the "left-off clothes," we presume it will be a good speculation to include a few "coats of arms," for the use of the Antipodean aristocracy.

The Englishman's Castle.

"THE Englishman's House (says the Proverb) is his Castle;" and so it is, but then it is a castle which is subject to many attacks (such as the House Tax, Poor Tax, &c. &c.), and which requires for its defence no end of shot. The expenses of its support are fearful—so much so, that frequently is the castle swallowed up in its keep.

A REFLECTION (*By MECHI*).—It is not the sharpest blades that are always the truest steel.



THE REMONSTRANCE.

London Merchant. "WHY, WHAT IS THE USE OF YOUR BEING IN A RESPECTABLE HOUSE OF BUSINESS IF YOU PROCEED IN THIS ABSURD, VULGAR MANNER? NOW, TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, UNLESS YOU MEND VERY CONSIDERABLY, YOU WILL GO ON FROM BAD TO WORSE. YOU WILL BECOME A PETTY HUCKSTER; FROM THAT YOU WILL, IN ALL PROBABILITY, GET TO BE A MERE COMMON COUNCILMAN; THEN AN ALDERMAN; WHEN, AFTER A COURSE OF GLUTTONY AND TOM-FOOLERY, PAINFUL TO THINK OF, YOU WILL MAKE A RIDICULOUS TERMINATION TO YOUR CONTEMPTIBLE CAREER BY ACTUALLY BECOMING A LORD MAYOR!"

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE CLOCK.

It is a common saying in the City and elsewhere that "Time is money," and we cannot wonder at the existence of the maxim, when we look at the cost of the representative of time at the Royal Exchange—no less than £2605 0s. 8d. having been paid for the Exchange Clock. This sum is at the rate of about £217 per hour, taking the clock to consist of the usual number of hours, or nearly £40 per minute, if we make a calculation rather more minute.

The cost of the Clock is made up of a variety of items, which, for the enlightenment of the public, we subjoin.

	£	s.	d.
Clock	700	0	0
Alterations	224	18	6
Bells and Chimes	615	17	4
Alterations	290	0	0
Recasting	650	0	0
Refitting	124	4	10
	£2605	0	8

It must be inferred from this, that after the Clock had been purchased for £700, it resembled the donkey "what wouldn't go," and as there was nobody to cry "Gee Wo!" with the expenditure, £224 18s. 6d. was sunk in alterations. As if the Clock itself was not sufficiently costly, it was proposed to convert it into a toy by having bells and chimes attached to it, which have already caused an outlay to the tune of upwards of One Thousand Pounds—a very pretty tune, no doubt, but hitherto the only tune to which the Bells and Chimes have contributed, for they cannot be got into play anyhow. The Common Council, however, will not admit there has been anything wrong in the matter, because "PROFESSOR AIREY declares the bells and clock the most beautiful specimens of workmanship ever seen." We should have

A MIDDLESEX BALLAD.

AIR.—"And shall TRELAUNEY die?"

A BAIZE board and a crafty 'and,
And a racing print or two;
Didn't we once just understand,
The sporting gents to do?
And 'ave they fixed the where and when,
And shall the system die?
Then 'alf a thousand betting men
Will know the reason why.
And shall they scorn MEG, MATH, and "BEN,"
And shall the system die?
There's 'alf a thousand in our trade
Who'll know the reason why.

Out spake FLASH BILLY, blithe and bold,
A horse-shoe pin wore he:
"Deposits on a race to 'old
Shall we no more be free?
When we could grasp them in our 'and,
The system used to pay;
For when rum tidings reached the Strand,
'Twas—"Shutters up—away!"
And shall they scorn MEG, MATH, and "BEN," &c.

A plague upon St. Stephen's wall,
Where not one covc stood true;
We'll make that PALMERSTON look small,
For working this 'ere screw:
The Turf you 'ave betrayed, as 'ow
You swear 'er lists shall die;
But 'alf a thousand betting men
Will know the reason why.
And shall they scorn MEG, MATH, and "BEN," &c.

Great Politeness to Nicholas.

OUR own ships have waited, whilst the Russian frigate *Aurora* has occupied a Portsmouth dock. We have supplied NICHOLAS with the work of shipwrights and the stores of our Dockyard. This is Christianlike, and according to the ABERDEEN policy expressed by the Premier at the Mansion House. It is said the Noble Earl, in the excess of his benevolence, would—if he might—even go further: not only furnishing the EMPEROR's frigate with English stores, but with English sailors.

THE CITY CORPORATION.—If this Corporation is compared to PLATO's Republic, it can only be as "a KNIFE, FORK, and PLAT(c)o" one.

thought that bells and clocks were to be heard rather than seen; and that a clock, like the costermonger's horse, might be excused for being a "rum un to look at," if it's being a "good un to go" could be relied upon. The approval of PROFESSOR AIREY may be very satisfactory as far as it goes, but until we can look upon the loss of £2605 0s. 8d. as an airy nothing, we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the facts we have called attention to.

NEWS FROM THE THEATRE OF WAR.

OUR latest news from the Theatre of War is from Astley's Theatre, where the War with Russia is being carried on with unflagging energy. Last night the Russians had entrenched themselves in a strong position in front of the enemy, and the Russian General, WIDDICOMB, turned the right wing—a wrong one having been turned by the negligence of a scene-shifter. The enemy were in position at nine o'clock, and a French officer made towards a standard, which he eventually carried. On Saturday afternoon a body of Russian soldiers received their pay from the treasury, which is understood to be amply supplied.

In the evening the battle was resumed with great vigour; but both parties eventually laid down their arms. The Russians were much harassed, and set fire to Moscow in several places with bits of tow steeped in spirits of wine. The city burnt with great fury for nearly an entire minute, when it was terminated by a decisive blow from the mouth of the master carpenter.

A POLITICAL PROBLEM SOLVED.

WHY are diplomatic papers called Circular notes?—They are called *Circular*, because they frequently arrive at no definite end.

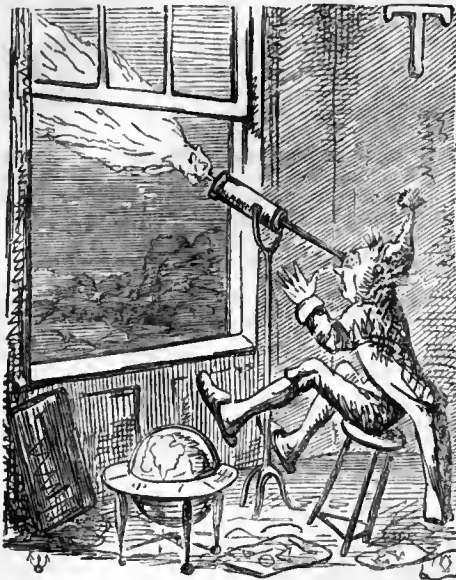


A NEW CHIME FOR BOW BELLS.

*DON'T TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON;
DON'T BE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.*



READING THE (DRAMATIC) STARS.



THE other day we read an account of a few complimentary words having been spoken by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to a French Opera dancer, from which some *Gobemouche* had drawn the inference that there would be no war between Russia and France. Upon a similar authority we might announce that there is no possibility of any collision between France and England. At one of the performances of "TOM" MATTHEWS as English *Clown*, during his engagement in Paris, the Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON was seen to applaud. It might also be inferred that

the British Government stood pledged to support the Constitutional cause in Italy, because COSTA is a Sardinian, and is usually employed to preside at the piano when a concert is given at the Palace.

OUR TOURIST IN PARIS.—No. 11.

"Oh, I say!" says old MARTINGALE, bursting in upon the Tourist's morning meal, "I saw such a stunning play last night. Don't mind my weed, eh? I am not much of a playgoer myself, you know. You haven't got any *Curaçoa*, I suppose? Oh yes, Kirsch will do, thank you. Especially here, they speak so quick, I can't follow 'em. FRANCONI'S is more in my line. But I tell you what, the piece last night was a fizzer, and no mistake; and a fellow sung no end of a good song in it," continued the dramatic enthusiast, jingling half-a-dozen sovereigns in his two hands in time to the tune he hummed, "Chink chink, chink chink, toodle um tum ti, chink chink, chink chink, toodle um tum ti. Clipping, by Jove; all about women not caring for love, or hops, and that kind of thing, but only for tin. How it must have riled them. I believe it's quite true, and yet—I don't know either. Some of one sort, and some of another, I suppose."

"Oh, I can't tell you the plot. It's a young fellow who goes away from home, the reprobate, and falls into what is called 'bad company,' and one of the bad company pretends to be spooney on him, and it's all very jolly at first. He swells about and spends a tremendous lot of tin, in the same way that TOM HILTON and fellows of that sort are doing now. Horses, and dinners, and champagne, and jewellery; nothing is too good for him. And then, to mend matters, he takes to play, and of course is extensively legged by others of the bad company, and is ruined, in short. He tries to hold on by borrowing of old *Shifty-per-Shent*, just like fellows we know in town; and he comes to grief, and the mercenary female cuts him when she finds it out; and it's very affecting. Everybody cried all round the house; and, upon my word, I couldn't help doing a little in that way myself. Now, mind you go and see it. I intend to go every night till I know that song by heart." And he went away, warbling "Chink chink, chink chink," and smacking the sovereigns in his pocket.

More difficult critics than MARTINGALE had spoken well of the last of that chain of dramas in which *Lais* is made the heroine, and the bad or good side of her character is the point of interest. The Tourist, therefore, willingly installed himself with his double-barrel in a *fauteuil d'orchestre*, and was forced to acknowledge the admirable constructive skill with which French dramatists ply their craft. No wonder our practical fellow-countrymen are tempted to carry off such capital ready-made articles, instead of being at the pains of hatching their own clumsy originals. Equally admirable was the acting for ease, gaiety, and power. At the pathetic parts the audience wept freely, as my friend had said. There was no shame or reserve. One old fellow, with a cropped head and great grizzled beard, was quite inconsolable. He mopped his face with a red cotton handkerchief, and sobbed as if his heart would break. The severe moral of the piece seemed to displease certain ladies in beautiful bonnets, who murmured disapprobation. The satire conveyed by the piquant "chink

chink" was overcharged; but the honest *bourgeoisie* drowned all discontent with obstreperous applause. They had no doubt whatever that *Lais* was quite as bad as she was represented.

Before the audience had well dried their tears by a promenade in the *foyer*, they were all laughing themselves into fits over a comic piece—which certainly was very funny—about the children of Albion. A party of French pleasure-seekers find themselves in the full-flavoured and highly-coloured atmosphere of London, and enter an hotel kept by a lady in a straw hat and Highland kilt. (The fashions of dear old England have, apparently, varied somewhat since the wanderer left her shores.) To every demand for victual or drink made by the famished travellers, the short-petticoated lady replies that it is impossible, *parceque c'est Sunday*. And the whole party come forward to sing in the pleasant manner of French vaudevilles, "*C'est Sunday, Sunday, Sunday*," &c., and make everybody laugh very much. Certainly it was a perfectly good-natured joke, and after they had lashed themselves in the drama we could not complain of being tickled in the farce.

A nice old gentleman who occupied the next stall to the Tourist, and availed himself of Monsieur's lorgnette, asked whether we love to ridicule Frenchmen in a like manner on our stage; and, being answered in the negative, seemed disposed to congratulate himself that his countrymen were free from ridiculous customs, follies and vices.

"Pardon, my dear Sir: behold all the difference. Your writers are spiritual and ingenious, but they want one thing—conscientiousness. They care little for truth and justice if they can only say a good thing. The piece which has diverted us both so much supposes an audience as ignorant of us and of our manners as if we were Tartars or Japanese. A sketch so coarse and unfaithful could not be presented to even the least instructed play-goers of London. Forty years ago, I confess, when we had no intercourse with your charming Paris, they would have received it with delight at the first theatre of the King. But now they know too much; and any of our writers who should set himself to laugh at the grand nation without careful and candid observation of them in their own country, would be only making *himself* ridiculous. Now the more a traveller becomes familiar with the people among whom he lives, the less occasion he finds to smile at their peculiarities. He discovers good sense where at first he only saw eccentricity, and the material for mockery crumbles away when he attempts to grasp it. And hence it arises, my dear Sir, that almost the only sure way to raise a laugh in England against your witty compatriots is to carry out and improve their ignorant caricatures of us."

"Monsieur, it is impossible to say anything more true or more profound. Permit me to hope that, as the two sisters recognise each other's noble traits, they will never smile to deride, but only in admiration."

RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS.

THE Russians are not commonly supposed to be revolutionists, though the slaves of a sanguinary Autocrat are just as bad as Red Republicans. However, it appears that they have embraced that revolution in naval warfare which is destined to result from the adoption of COLT'S Revolver. Armed with this instrument, these tools of absolutism are likely, in effect, to prove the most destructive levellers; flooring their antagonists right and left. Should those antagonists ever be British Tars, it will be a great disgrace to the Admiralty if the QUEEN'S sailors have no better weapons than the superseded old pistol and common entlass wherewith to encounter the crew of NICHOLAS. It is to be hoped that they will be supplied, without delay, with arms that will place them on an equality with whatsoever foe they may be called upon to conquer; so that they may defy old NICHOLAS and all his crew, and repel all the other assaults of the enemy.

Tricks, but not Honours.

LORD MAYOR SIDNEY, in presiding the other day at a meeting of those very common people, the Common Council, expressed himself excessively "anxious for the honour of the Corporation." We are delighted to have it in our power to relieve LORD SIDNEY from further solicitude, by entreating him to cease from all anxiety for "the honour" of the Corporation, as we can assure him that the alleged cause of his anxiety does not exist.

THE DANGERS OF INFANCY.

THE two serpents that HERCULES strangled in his cradle were a couple of bottles of DUFFY'S ELIXIR and GODFREY'S CORDIAL. If he hadn't killed them, they would have killed him.

THE OLDEST LAWYER.

WE see announced the "Death of the Oldest Lawyer." How old he was, we cannot say—but we always thought "The Oldest Lawyer" was what is properly called "THE NICK OF TIME."



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, ETC.

A DONKEY AND A MAYOR.

PLUTARCH delighted in parallels: *Punch* takes pleasure in the like intellectual exercise. Our friend of the *Notes and Queries* speaks of a "vast quantity of donkeys" at Malvern (for at that favoured place donkeys are measured by the peck and bushel). And amongst these donkeys was, until lately, a very superior ass named, for certain achievements performed in the cause of the late QUEEN ADELAIDE, the "Royal Moses." It seems that the good QUEEN was wont to be carried on the back of Moses—at the time simply Moses, and no more—to the summit of the thymy hills of Malvern; Moses, no doubt, inwardly rejoiced and comforted by a knowledge, or at least suspicion, of the preciousness of the burden (for he carried £100,000 per annum) that honoured him: for even asses have shrewd instincts in the presence of the Royal and the great. Well, HER MAJESTY being about to leave Malvern, rewards the old woman whose property Moses is: at the same time, with her wonted benevolence, inquiring if she could do any further service, likely, in this world of nice distinctions, to give—in return for the many rides on Moses—the old woman a lift. After a while, pondering the matter, the old woman said—"Please your BLESSED MAJESTY, give a name to my donkey." Now, as the animal was an ass upon four legs, there was no precedent for bestowing upon him a baronetcy or even a knighthood: he could not be called SIR MOSES ASINUS, BART.—neither dubbed simply SIR MOSES. Otherwise, in the latter case, we doubt not the good-natured QUEEN, calling for a bulrush from the ponds of Malvern, the donkey sagaciously going upon his knees, would have been melodiously commanded to "Rise, SIR MOSES." The four legs, however, stood in the way of such an honour. Therefore, QUEEN ADELAIDE, looking benevolently upon the donkey, said—"Henceforth, be known to all men as the ROYAL MOSES." A peck of beans would, probably have been quite as acceptable as the regal prefix; nevertheless, the ass—like the ass of *Peter Bell*—

"—— the ass, with motion dull,
Turn'd, on the pivot of his skull,
His long left ear!"

The dignity was thus loyally acknowledged by the ennobled donkey, and QUEEN ADELAIDE departed. And the glory of the Royal Moses grew exceeding bright. Everybody would ride him. "That roan shall be my throne," cries *Holspur*. "For that Moses I propose," cried every Cockney visitor. What was the result? No ass could bear to be so put upon. The ass died; but—it is said—has left several sons behind him; one and all called, even as the sire, "The Royal Moses." But this is a miserable imposture—an ignorant, wretched ambition. Asses—assuredly asses on four legs—have no hereditary titles. There can be but one Royal Moses—the sons are simply donkeys, and no more.

And London supplies a parallel with Malvern. Once upon a time there was a Mayor. Now, this Mayor would take upon himself the burden of the reputation of a Royal Prince; would carry it at public meetings; would especially insist on trotting with it into Hyde Park? And for what purpose? We—*Punch*—have written to the old woman at Malvern, the owner of the dead Royal Moses, to inquire of her—

(for at a critical moment she proved herself a shrewd, worldly-wise old woman)—to inquire her opinions upon the conduct of our MAYOR, self-burthened with the crystal glory of a gracious PRINCE. We have received her answer, and duly give it:—

"To MR. PUNCH,—The owner of the Royal Moses as was, of QUEEN ADELAIDE of blessed memory (*this is writ for me by the Parish Clerk*), presents her duty to *Mr. Punch*, and searching her own bosom for what was there when she was emboldened to ask a favour of HER MAJESTY—

"The owner of the Royal Moses as was (his sons are like him, as beans are like beans) thinks the MARE as will trot about with the PRINCE, only does it that he may—copying of me—say, 'Please your Royal Highness to give a name to my donkey, or mare, as the case may be.'

"And this, *Mr. Punch*, is my belief, judging from the secrets of my own breast. And am

"Your Humble and Dutiful Servant,

"The owner of the Royal Moses,

"Her X mark."

"P.S.—Donkeys always on hand."

"Thus, the old dame of Malvern, divining aright, our CHALLIS may ask, or hint—"Please your Royal Highness, give a handle to my chalice."

OBITUARY A LITTLE IN ADVANCE.

DIED the other day, by Act of Parliament, that time-honoured old nuisance, the City of London: very sincerely execrated by all who knew it, its civic brethren alone perhaps excepted. Though sudden at last, its death, by no means, was an unexpected one: for in the public estimation it was known that the deceased had long been sinking. Among the causes which chiefly led to its dissolution, we believe especial prominence must be given to its fondness for good living. Its favourite dish perhaps was turtle soup, of which its consumption was habitually enormous. We believe it has been even known to devour as many as four hundred quarts at a single dinner.

Gluttony, however, was not its only failing. Its love of "good things" was by no means confined to those of the dinner-table: for its appetite for venison was more than equalled by its thirst for wealth. We might enumerate many acts of extortion by which its existence was rendered infamous. The blackest of these however was, we think, its coal-tax; of which its imposition was regarded as such, in more than one sense of the substantive, being justly complained of, as a burning shame, by all who suffered from it.

Another failing of the deceased was its utter want of taste—in everything but what had emanated from the kitchen. Of this the strongest instance was its strenuous upholding of Temple Bar: an ugly structure, but for the keeping up of which people had to pay pretty handsomely. Nor was its sense of smell less impaired, apparently, than that of taste: as was shown especially by the strange degree of fondness it evinced for Smithfield Market, although that place was continually in bad odour.

Throughout its existence, the deceased was extremely subject to fits—of indiscretion—which it is thought materially impaired its constitution. Perhaps the most distressing of these was that which annually recurred on the 9th of November, when it experienced for hours a congestion of its arteries, which seriously impeded its vital circulation. In some of its later paroxysms, the deceased so far forgot itself as to betray a slight attention to the Arts, to which it previously had maintained the most complete indifference—except, indeed, to that which we now see daily advertised as the "Art of Dining."

It is expected that the funeral will take place in the middle of next week, when the LORD MAYOR of course will officiate as Chief Mourner. Service will be performed by one of the Sheriffs, whose officers have long discharged that duty. We are not aware that any monument will be erected to the deceased, though a column to its memory will probably be placed in the pages of our contemporaries.

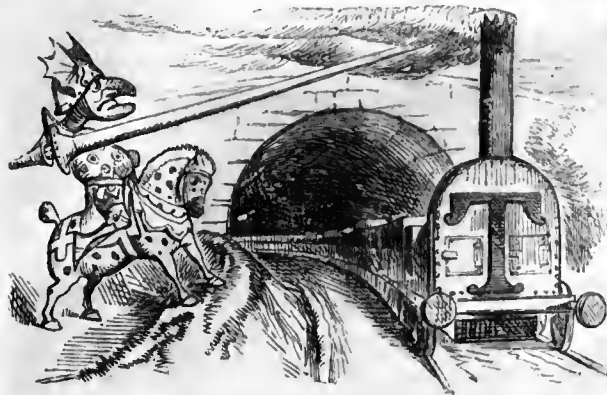
Temple-Bar must be Removed.

THE past week affords another argument for the removal of Temple-Bar. On Tuesday last, a distinguished Alderman having to go west, was stopped by the fog at Temple-Bar. Fog and alderman were both so thick, it was impossible that both could go through together. We have not heard how the dilemma was settled.

THE PRESENT FASHION OF BONNETS.—A lady dresses first, and then puts on her bonnet. The bonnet is, now, completely an "afterthought."

GREAT THEATRICAL EVENT.—The last week has produced an entirely new—translator!

THE FRENCH "FUSION" AT FROHSDORF.



THE papers announced the other day in "second editions," by "submarine and electric telegraph," the important fact that "the DUKE DE NEMOURS had called on the COUNT DE CHAMBORD at Frohsdorf;" and a subsequent communication brought the equally important intelligence that the

PRINCE DE CHAMBORD had since returned the call. How it can signify to Europe in general, or to England in particular, to be told that these two princes are now on visiting terms is a puzzle to us, who look upon the affair with as much unconcern as we should have felt at the intimation that JONES had been to ROBINSON'S, and that ROBINSON had returned JONES'S card. We suppose, however, that the electric telegraph will speedily be put into requisition to communicate the progress of the fusion through all its stages, from the first interchange of the conventional pasteboard, to the final drawing up of a family compact. We shall expect to meet with such passages as the following in the columns of our contemporaries before the end of the month:—

"By *Submarine and Electric Telegraph*.—The COUNT DE CHAMBORD asked the DUKE DE NEMOURS to breakfast this morning, and the DUKE DE NEMOURS returned the compliment by inviting the PRINCE DE CHAMBORD to tea in the afternoon."

"By *Special Courier from Vienna*.—The representative of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon has offered a cigar to the representative of the Orleans family, who has acknowledged the courtesy by presenting his illustrious relative with a *fusée* to light his Havannah."

"*Latest from Frohsdorf*.—The COUNT DE CHAMBORD and the DUKE DE NEMOURS are now, at near midnight, drinking grog together. The elder branch poured in the water; the younger branch has added the spirits; each of the royal personages acted as spoon, and after a stirring interview of several seconds, the fusion may be considered to have been complete."

SHOCKING LOW CHURCH!

It is proposed by certain well-meaning persons, to erect ragged churches on purpose only for the poor, the wretched, and the ragged. Probably a church of this sort will be built in the district of ST. GILES; to be dedicated, however, in honour of ST. JAMES, the patron saint, whatever his square may think, of ill-dressed church-goers. We are getting on in matters of this kind. We are making a sort of railway progress. By and by we shall have churches for different sets of people; first, second, and third class churches. They will be churches of different orders, not only architectural but social. Perhaps the third class won't be covered in, and in that case it might be constructed on the simplest model of a Greek Temple; the rather, as the whole arrangement would certainly look somewhat pagan.

Matters being thus in train—rather on the broad gauge line, with an inferior terminus, some may say—the adoption of steam-organs might be suggested, together with the substitution of locomotives for clergymen, as soon as scientific improvement shall enable us to construct such engines, capable of performing their duties mechanically.

The Ragged Churches, we suppose, will be built of ragstone; the pulpit-cushion, the altar-cloth, will be all rags. The clergy will officiate in tatters; so as to preclude the possibility of any surplice controversy, by rendering it impossible to tell what kind of vestments they have on. The church will be ragged, the parson ragged, the congregation ragged—all ragged together. Perhaps, also, the doctrine ought, in a manner, to be ragged too; for, suppose the Church Triumphant to correspond to the Church Militant, and it would be requisite to preach a Ragged Heaven. And though there is one place for the poor and another for the rich in this world, it will be well for the rich if there is not one place for themselves and another for the poor in the next.

How to Prolong the Life of a Secret.

If a secret is a little weak, and looks as if it was likely to die, there is nothing for recovering it equal to a cup of tea—but then the tea must be administered by the hand of a lady, rather advanced in years. After a cup or so, the secret will imbibe fresh strength, and will be good for, at least, another ten years. N.B. This remedy has never been known to fail, more especially if there happen to be two or three elderly ladies present, and they take good care, at the time the secret is recovering, to give the poor thing plenty of circulation.

THE AUTOCRAT'S ANTHEM.

For Law and Ruth, and Faith and Truth,
With my jackboot's heel I'll spurn 'em!
March, my Cossacks, o'er the Pruth,
Non confundar in aeternum!
Hot with blood-drouth from North and South,
Let my grim field-batteries thunder
Chorus from each iron mouth,
In aeternum non confundar!

No laurels grow in Russian snow,
Southwards I must look to earn 'em,
By cheating friend and robbing foe—
Non confundar in aeternum!
Rich Jassy's plain I want for grain,
Bucharest I want for plunder;
I've knouts for all who dare complain—
In aeternum non confundar!

What treaties make for me, I take,
What against me make, I burn 'em;
I burrow where I cannot break—
Non confundar in aeternum!
With half the West in neutral rest,
'T'other half in active blunder
(Tis hard to say which serves me best)—
In aeternum non confundar!

COUNT NESSELRODE my rights has showed;
Who to ridicule dares turn 'em?
I but claim debts most clearly owed—
Non confundar in aeternum!
A new crusade I preach to aid
Christians by vile Turks kept under,
Whom I'd convert by canaonade—
In aeternum non confundar!

PETER THE GREAT left words of weight
(All of ROMANZOFF race learn 'em),
Foreshadowing Russia's glorious fate;
(Non confundar in aeternum!)
Which is to be Suzerain in fee,
O'er all Europe's tracts, that sunder
The Baltic from the Euxine Sea
(In aeternum non confundar!)

Me it doth irk, to see the Turk,
(Abiet mox in infernum!)
Set himself against this Holy Work—
(Non confundar in aeternum!)
Check with a lath a torrent's wrath,
If it sweep you off what wonder?
Such is the Turk who'd stop my path—
In aeternum non confundar!

Finland is ours; Denmark our powers,
Or has learnt, or soon shall learn 'em;
Poland beneath our Eagle cowers,—
(Non confundar in aeternum!)
The Euxine's gates are Russian straits;
(Thanks to English heads so dunder)
By us choked up the Danube waits—
In aeternum non confundar!

Who checks my course? Use fraud and force—
Bribe 'em—beat 'em—brand 'em—burn 'em!
The Russian's God knows no remorse,
(Non confundar in aeternum!)
Forth with the sword, the knout, the cord,
Hang, and scourge, and hew asunder!
With rites like these while I'm adored—
In aeternum non confundar!

A House Made of Paper.

WE read in *Household Words* an account of a house sent over to Australia, which was made, chimney-pots and all, entirely of paper. This is not the first establishment of the kind that has been so constructed, for looking at Austria, who never has any money, and is always begging for money, may we not say that the House of Hapsburgh wouldn't be standing at the present moment, if it wasn't for paper?

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.—The Gammon of BACON.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.



THE FIRST SITTING.



FINISHED.



EXHIBITED.

MRS. JANE GIMLET ON "STRIKES."

"Yeast Lane, Grinnidge, twentiseckundnowemberhatinfiftethre.

"HONNERED MISTUR PUNCU,

"UMBLY thankin u for puttin of my last in blak an wite, wich it were red in cur lane an give grate satisfakshun, i make so bold as trubbel u wuas more. In coorse, Surr, the prise of coles cant be unbeknown to u, wich alone in this bitter wether is bad enuf, speshully to wun like me as takes in a litel washin wich i will be appy to get up yours at a shillin a-dozen, ceptin shirts an tabul linen, an have a good dryin ground an no washin powders, wich is a destruction to fine fronts, used, but am in consekens very subjiek to goin out in the dryin ground without my bonnet, an ave the plumbago an Astatiick panes in my hips werry bad. To such as me dere coles is bad enuf, but wen they cum upon the quartern lofe at ninepenshapeny, dips at hatepens, wich may seme a lite matter, but is not, and all other things risin too for cumpany's sake, it makes me wunder how JON an me an our siks shall hever get hover our merry Krismas and appy new yere, and the frost an starvaslun an all the hother complemens of the seeson. An so the hother hevenin as me an JON an our siks was all in bed afore our husiwal time, a goin to try if we could dreme of a warm fire an a bit of supper wich as dremes mostly goes by contrairies we wos werry like to do, I sez to JON sez I, Wot makes coles so dere? Is it the LORD MARE a fetherin of his nest by taxin of em, an callin it his dooty? If wun of his dooties is taxin pore peepul's coles, I wunder wot the others is, I sez, or air the Turks an Rooshans a goin to fite by steme? I sez, not that i thort so, but i wanted to cheer up JON who were terribul east down, poor feller!

"No, sez JON, it haint. Colliers have struck work and coles is riz accordin. Then, i sez, its a burnin shame an i wont abear it. It haint no ways strange that Turks an Rooshans who air heathens born should squabbel an fite, an raise the price of bred for they air savages an 'tis their natur so,' as DOCTOR WOTSISNAME sez in the him, but that sum of our hone pore peepul as ave shared the hied of afflikshun with hus, wen their worn't too much to share neither, an nose wot our

sufferins must be, should go an raise the price of coles upon hus, is agin all natur. But, sez JON, colliers ave struck for wages an u cant blame them for that. Indede? I do JON, sez I, an I spoke hup for I new JON an his mates wos thinkin of a strike. Indede? I do, Wot good did strikes hever do the pore? Tisnt honcly in coles JON as strikes is goin on, but in hother trades, and in hiall on em tis the men and their wives an children an not the masters as suffers. If the masters wanted the men werry much as they wood if trade wos brisk they wood ave riz wages without a strike, but hoften an hoften a strike helps masters to get rid of men they dont want, but woudn't like to turn holf. Strikes makes coles dere, and likewise heverything helse as the men gives hover makin. But who gets the hextra price of the coles and the factory goods? Why the masters that larf at the pore fules of men that air takin bred hout of their families mouths and hout of hour mouths too, to put it hinto theirs. But the men, JON, gets nothin hy a strike, but time to lounge about publicks, an spend their litel savins an spont their close an things, an drors on their club till they brakes it, and praps jines a riot an brakes the winders or the lor, an so gets themselves into prizzen, an their families into that ouise of bondage the workus. An here I could spoke no more for eryin, but woke our siks wich eried too, speshully litel TOMEE, our heldest, as ave a broken chilblane, and air trakshus, an so we eried honrselves to slepe, an I ope u will print this letter that peepul may see were a strike falls hardest, and take warnin, tho it be from ure umbel chareoman

"JANE GIMLET."

"Good" of the Gibbet.

A MISERABLE Creature stole a watch under the gibbet at the late hanging. ALDERMAN HUMPHERY, on the Bench, said—"You came out to witness the execution of a fellow-creature, but it does not appear to have done you *any good*." How odd! Certainly, no good: for the thief, with his hand upon the watch, only thought of time, the hangman vainly preaching eternity.

WHEN!—When a woman listens to you, she is criticising you.



W.

"PLEASE MARM, YER BONNET'S COMIN' OFF! PITCH US A COPPER FOR TELLING YER."

SCENES AT THE JUDGES' CHAMBERS.

THE "grandeur of the law," however obvious it may be when represented by ermine (at a guinea a yard) and horsehair (at fifteen shillings a pound) in Westminster Hall, is certainly not very adequately supported at the Judges' Chambers. These judicial tenements are situated in the vicinity of Clifford's Inn, and are, every afternoon, the rendezvous of much of the riff-raff of the attorneys' offices—for any seedy clerk is considered qualified to "go before the Judge" at Chambers.

Even the Judge himself appears to adapt his costume to his company, for the scarlet robe is usually superseded by the paletot, and those who see dignity in the full-bottomed wig look for it in vain in the brown scratch or the napless gossamer. The whole affair has the aspect of a crowd just rushed out of Holywell Street, or preparing to make an excursion to the Minorities—an idea to which the abundance of Caucasian noses lends encouragement.

AN IMPORTANT NOTE AND QUERY.

ACCORDING to the return moved for by MR. HUME, we find that, including Porters, and Gentlemen to Great Seal, Sealer and Deputy Sealer, Chaffwax and Deputy Chaffwax, (what on earth is a Deputy Chaffwax ???) Clerk of the Hanaper, and Deputy Clerk of the Hanaper, Ushers, Heralds, Garter Kings at Arms, Purse-bearers, Marshals, Lord Chancellors, Engrossing Clerks, Attorney-Generals, stamps, taxes, and other equally necessary and indispensable persons, places, and things—the making of a Baron is done for the trifling charge of £120. Thanks to MR. HUME, we are put in possession of this Hume-orous document. But the most important question to an Englishman remains unsolved; and MR. BULL requests us to make inquiries, whether it will cost him this great sum before he can make his appearance at the Royal table on Christmas Day next, as a Baron of Beef?

A TALLEYRANDISM.—The worst form of borrower is he who borrows with the intention of repaying, for you know he intends to borrow again.

VISIT OF THE THAMES AND MEDWAY

TO THE

ROYAL COMMISSIONERS ON THE CITY.

THE inhabitants of Parliament Street were lately thrown into a state of great excitement by the appearance of a lady and gentleman, who came out of one of the lanes leading from the river, and asked every one whom they met to show them where the Royal Commissioners were sitting. The gentleman, who rather surlily informed the too curious crowd that he was FATHER THAMES, was attired in a quaint and singular garb. "All round his head" he wore, not merely "a green willow," but a profusion of reeds, rullies, and osiers, whilst his feet and legs were thickly coated with mud and sand, which made one of the bystanders (a Common Councilman on his way to the Commissioners) observe, that "the stranger's lower extremities were most in need of the *hosiers*." His waist was garnished by a quantity of bricks, beams, planks, and piles, strung round him without any regard to order or symmetry, and, by their bulk and weight, greatly impeding his progress. He carried his well-known urn under his arm, like an opera hat; but, on passing a window in which RANSOME'S Patent Filters were exposed for sale, he looked wistfully at them, and observed to his companion, that he should like to swop the urn against one. A Kentish farmer (one of a deputation who had been explaining to the Home Secretary the connection between the Bank Charter and the disease in the hops) recognised in the lady an old friend named MEDWAY, who is in the habit of staying on his estate for some months in every year. She had dressed her head with wild-flowers of every hue; her gown was a blue watered silk; and from her waist hung, by way of *châtelaine*, a string of locks. A number of keys graced her companion's girdle, but we are unable to say if his quays belonged to her locks.

Upon the introduction of these illustrious characters to the Royal Commissioners, the usual question—"Have you anything to say about the Corporation?"—was put to them, and FATHER THAMES at once gave his evidence, in his usual flowing style:—

"Had for many years been committed to the care of the Corporation, but had received at their hands nothing but ill treatment. Remembered that many aquatic plants once adorned the whole course of his stream. Had been told by worthy MASTER CAMDEN that those curious botanists, DR. PLUKENET and MR. DOODY, found on the Thames

at Westminster, bitter cresses, the three-cornered bulrush, the water reed grass with an oat-like pannicle, and a great pond-weed with pellucid leaves. Believed that the same locality could not now produce a reed worth a rush. Remembered that salmon, lamprcy, mullet, and other fish, used to ascend his stream above Westminster, until the Corporation suffered that stream to be polluted by various abominations. Never saw any fish now, excepting those which were thrown in, dead, by the clerk of the markets. Had heard of Whitebait; but had never seen any. Believed them to be no fish; but a composition of lard, flour, and gold-beaters' skin. Had some Swans still, but they never sang now. Did not think any one would listen to them if they did, as 'The Song of the Turtle' had superior attractions. Remembered to have heard three of them singing 'Water parted from the Sea,' to MR. POPE, one evening, at Twickenham. On another occasion, had heard TAYLOR, the Water Poet, trying to teach them 'A Boat, a Boat unto the Ferry.' Believed they ceased to sing when the City gave up its poet laureate. Thought there should be Writers to the Cygnet in London, as well as in Edinburgh, but they must not write in Scotch, as the swans would sing no Scotch song, except, perhaps, "Wha'll buy Caller Herrin?" Had not seen a Naiad for many years, and thought the last had emigrated to Ball's Pond, and set up as a clear stareher. Had been much reduced in size by these and other troubles, but regretted to say the Corporation had taken advantage of his diminished channel to build upon his sides. Had been accused of shifting his bed. So would the Corporation, if their hed had been filled with mud and shingle. Thought they should have kept his bed cleaner. Would like to alter the old proverb, for their benefit, and wished that 'as they had made his bed, so they might lie in it.'

FATHER THAMES having concluded his evidence, his sister MEDWAY was about to offer her statement of grievances, when an usher announced that the WATER BAILIFF was coming up stairs. Upon which the two rivers, with fear and perturbation in their countenances, scuttled out of a side door in dread of meeting that terrible functionary.

A Bad Spec.

News has arrived that "the Russians had invested Giurgevo, but were not strong enough to attack." We can only say, that the "investment" must have been rather an unprofitable affair.

THE EXCHANGE CHIMES.



R. PUNCH is happy to announce that the difficulties which have so long prevented the Royal Exchange Chimes from being completed have been removed, and that the following airs, appropriate to the present condition of City politics, will immediately be heard from the GRESHAM tower. The contractor gives hopes that the new year will be played in by them.

The Days of other Mayors.

AIR.—"The Light of other Days."

THE days of other Mayors have faded,
And Aldermen are past;
The Cit who hopes to do as they did,
Is hoping much too fast.
For London dooms the clique to ruin,
She'll mind her own affairs;
And the Mansion House see no renewing
The days of other Mayors.

Those Gresham Chimes.

AIR.—"Evening Bells."

THOSE GRESHAM Chimes, those GRESHAM Chimes!
They take us back to TUDOR times,
When Merchant Princes felt no shame
To bear a civic magnate's name.

That name has sunk below disdain,
No GRESHAM dons the civic chain,
A Merchant Prince as soon would wear
The garb of Beadle as of Mayor.

But Mayors and such will soon be gone,
A new régime is coming on;
We'll hope to hear, in better times,
Some GRESHAM hailed by GRESHAM Chimes.

The Curfew.

AIR.—"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

THE Curfew tolls the knell of those whose day
Is done—those greedy "creatures on our lee"—
Woe to the burly phalanx so *au fait*
At hiding callipash and callipee.
E'en GOG himself looks lively with affright,
And MAGOG scarce his spike-stuck weapon holds;
FOR CORNEWALL LEWIS sits, prepared to write,
And PATTESON an awful scroll unfolds.

Lament of Lord Mayor's Day.

AIR.—"Woodpecker."

I KNEW by the smile that derisively curled
On the PATTESON lip, that my downfall was near,
When he said, "I can't see the least use in the world
Of that gew-gaw procession you mount every year."
My half-hearted advocate feebly replied,
About wantonly sapping the customs of yore—
But I said, "If there's peace to be found in Cheapside,
I shan't be disturbing it many times more."

What do the Bells say?

The people want gardens,	.	Says the bells of St. Martin's.
Townfolk look palely,	.	Says the bells of Old Bailey.
Not if they're rich,	.	Says the bells of Shoreditch.
Then they come out to me,	.	Says the bells of Chel-sea.
Or with me take a bed,	.	Says the bells of Hampstead.
But in close London dwellings,	.	Says the bells of St. Helen's.
How do they draw breath?	.	Says the bells of St. Faith.
Bless'd if I know,	.	Says the Great Bell of Bow.

PENAL DANCING FOR THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN.

In a quadrille—composed, we think, by the ingenious M. JULLIEN—a lively and diverting effect is produced by the cracking of a whip, which forms an accompaniment of the tune which the company are supposed to dance to.

WILLIAM CURTIS, a tailor, according to the Police Reports, was brought the other day before the LORD MAYOR, at the Mansion House, for having cruelly beaten and attempted to murder his wife; who stated on evidence—which was corroborated by a policeman—that he ripped up her stays with a penknife, took the bone out of them, and beat her with the bone till it broke in three pieces; then beat her with her hair-brush, dragged her out of bed, tried to strangle her, and beat her again with a large square-cut stick—declaring that if she dared to call out for assistance he would dance upon her body.

The quadrille above-mentioned supplies a hint in regard to MR. CURTIS's notion of a dance. MR. WILLIAM CURTIS is an uneducated man. He has not been taught how to behave himself to the gentler sex. He wants a little instruction in deportment, to which dancing should be added, as his ideas concerning that accomplishment are evidently barbarous. MR. CURTIS should have been sent to MR. CALCRAFT's Dancing Academy, and there have been taught to dance with fettered heels to the smack of the lash resounding on his own bare back.

THE LORD MAYOR consigned MR. CURTIS to Holloway Prison and hard labour for six months, to give him, as his Lordship said, an opportunity for reflection and repentance. But the dancing lessons—two, or even three, perhaps, would not have been too many—were wanting to render the reflection profitable and the repentance sincere. They would have given him an opportunity for reflecting on the nature of stripes and blows, and for repenting of having inflicted such injuries on a woman.

ANOTHER tailor, JAMES WRIGHT, also brought before the LORD MAYOR on the same day for the like offence, had hit his wife twice on the head with a sleeveboard, cutting open her skull in three places, had struck her with his fist in the face, and continued to knock her about for three or four minutes. At the Thames Police Office, likewise on the same day, JAMES CROPLEY, a Lancashire collier, was charged with committing an assault upon his wife, which consisted in felling her to the earth by dealing her a blow in the face with a heavy stick that knocked her nose flat. Six months' imprisonment and hard labour only, were the sentences on these gentlemen also. No blame to the MAYOR or the Magistrate. The law at present unfortunately does not empower them to enter such savages at the School of Correction for the extra of penal dancing.

Since these cases, others of similar atrocity have occurred, and continue to occur so frequently as to suggest the existence of a downright mania for wife-beating. In other forms of mania the whip has happily been disused; but it is the only cure for this. There is clearly no other help. Cure?—preventive we should rather say. Dastards—with the fear of the scourge before their eyes—have ceased to assail the Royal person, and would very soon begin to respect that of the mere female subject. Thus the possibility of being whipped would restrain them from rendering themselves liable to whipping; a consideration which quite conquers the repugnance one feels at the thought of lashing a human being—if such a phrase can be applied to a brute. Whippcord, therefore, would never, probably, have to whistle, or thong to crack, to the howl of any such ruffian after all: but, if occasion were given for such music, we must say our ears would not be too delicate to bear it.

The present HOME SECRETARY is evidently determined to keep his department in order, and may doubtless be depended upon for making Home tolerable to a poor woman, in as far as he can, by warranting her such protection as a cat-o'-nine-tails can afford against the ferocity of a brutal husband.

That's the Way the Money Goes.

A LAW-SUIT has lately been reported in all the papers, with the appropriate heading of "MONEY versus MONEY." Considering that law is generally the madness of many for the gain of the few—namely the lawyers—we think Money against Money would be a good title to almost every cause that is tried.

THE LORDSHIP OF LONDON.

THE pageant of the "LORD OF MISRULE" was one of the zanyisms of the middle ages. The thing, if not the name, still survives in the LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

A DECIDED FOOL.—The man is a fool who, when asked for his candid opinion, gives it.

THE SCOTCH PEERAGE IN PERIL.



COTLAND, having begun to complain of its wrongs, seems in danger of being inundated by incessant showers of grievances. We cannot be surprised that Scotland should itch to have her injuries redressed; and we have now another to add to the long catalogue of complaints that have recently issued from the North Britishers. The following paragraph from the *Spectator* of last week brings to light a new calamity:—

"The floor of the picture gallery in Holyrood Palace is become so rotten and unsafe, that when Peers assemble to elect a representative, the greatest caution is requisite to prevent disaster. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests are about to provide the proper remedy of a new floor."

It is evident from the above account, that there is something very rotten in the foundation which the Scotch Peers have to rest upon. It would seem that when the Scotch lairds assemble to elect a representative, they are obliged to "tread softly," not because theirs is "hallowed ground," but because it is crumbling away like the rottenest specimen of a Pierage which the banks of the Thames, with its tottering tiers of worn-out barges, could furnish. We can imagine the heavy Scotch Peers proceeding to an election with such caution, as to be compelled to avoid every hole in the floor, lest any of them should inadvertently put their foot in it. We shall not be surprised to hear, some day, that when the members had assembled on the floor of the house for the despatch of business, they went completely through with it.

THE "FUSION" OF THE BEERBUNG COUSINS.

(From our 'Rotherhithe Correspondent.)

"I HASTEN to inform you of an event, which, if the estimate of the actors themselves is to be taken, will cause the utmost excitement throughout this country and the Continent. On this subject your readers will be judges—in a petty locality small things seem large—and the preternatural importance which is here given to it may deceive me into false calculations.

"You, like the rest of the world, are well aware that a feud of no ordinary virulence has subsisted between the elder and younger branches of the house of BEERBUNG, which so long supplied all the Publicans (and a good many of the sinners) to this locality, and indeed dictated to the magistrates of Limehouse, and defied the authorities of the Commercial Docks. You remember that when LEWIS BEERBUNG lost his licence, and the 'King's Head' was shut up, things went on anyhow in the parish; everybody opened public-houses, keeping the shutters down Sunday and week-day alike, and at last we hardly knew whether our heads were on our shoulders or not. Then the military came in, and we got on better; and, subsequently, the other LEWIS BEERBUNG (who was given to oysters) and his brother, CHARLES DICKS, had the 'King's Head' again. DICKS took in preachers, and cheated in his measures, and at last ran off to Scotland; and then the house was let to a third LEWIS, who was son to the first LEWIS BEERBUNG's younger brother, a very bad fellow, of whom JACK KETCH had the last accounts. The BEERBUNGS were always a queer set, and this third LEWIS, though a clever fellow, could not keep the house (which he had named the 'Pear and Umbrella'), but had to run for it, and was made bankrupt under the name of SMITH. Then the whole affair was altered: a committee was appointed to manage the house, which had a new sign, the 'Three Jolly Colours'; and since that the chairman has kicked out the rest of the managers, and has got the licence transferred to himself. The house is now the 'Bee and Bayonet,' and seems to be carried on to the satisfaction of the neighbourhood. Very good order is kept; the chairman, who was formerly in the Ham, and, indeed, sausage line, has married a very nice woman, and tries to keep friends with the most respectable people about. Indeed, his behaviour to a rich and rascally tallow-monger, who has been trespassing on the land of some poor neighbours, and stealing their turkey, has sent up UNLIMITED LOO, as he's called, in the estimation of all decent folks. Anyhow, he has got the house which was the 'King's Head,' and, while he gives Imperial measures, will keep it.

"But as the BEERBUNGS are irrevocably kicked out of the house, they comfort themselves by squabbling with one another, and talking as if the question was which had a right to the fixtures. SMITH, the bankrupt, is dead, but has left a lot of sons, not bad fellows, but with very little brains among them. And there

is a cousin of their's, who at present calls himself SHAMBORE (but I am told is a real bore to any one who has to spend the evening with him), and he comes from the elder branch of the BEERBUNGS, and claims to be the head of the family. SHAMBORE and SMITH's boys have hitherto been at daggers drawn, and making everybody laugh at their absurd quarrels. SHAMBORE has settled just outside the parish, and is always sticking up placards, some of them very profane, abusing LOO, or anybody who happened for the time to have the 'King's Head.' He lives at a place called Frowsy Wharf, and behaves as stuck-up as if the parish belonged to him; sees people with his hat on; and has got a long story about some miraculous hair oil which he says will never dry off his head. Some think he is cracked. The SMITH boys used to make all sorts of game of him, and call him 'FATTY,' and, when their father had the house, they used to stone any one who went to see him.

"But somehow, SHAMBORE and the SMITHS have made it up. Why, nobody knows; but it is thought that the tallow-monger has been at them, and has promised to stand something handsome if they will unite to bring actions of trespass against LOO. However, be this as it may, last week down comes one of SMITH'S sons—who calls himself (for they have all *aliases*) KNEE MOORE—to Frowsy Wharf, in his best clothes, and all being arranged, knocks three knocks—no more nor less—at SHAMBORE'S front door. He would not knock two knocks, for fear of being thought a postman; and SHAMBORE would not let him knock four, because that would be coming the swell too much. SHAMBORE was peeping over the blind (which had crochet lilies on it), but of course MOORE pretended not to see him. The maid opened the door, and MOORE asked if Mr. SHAMBORE was in. 'What name, Sir?' says the girl. But SHAMBORE had bolted through the back parlour, and was standing on the stairs. 'What do I see?' he shouts out. 'Come in by all means;' and he comes down exactly four stairs—no more—and waits for the other. MOORE will not take off his hat until the door is shut, for fear the neighbours should think he's nobody, but he hangs it on a peg, and makes SHAMBORE a bow.

"I am glad to call on the head of my family," says MOORE, kicking out his leg behind, and making the girl laugh. SHAMBORE makes him say it again, pretending to be deaf. Then they shake hands, and the girl is sent out for beer, and they sit down and drink bad luck to UNLIMITED LOO, and may he soon lose his licence. And it seems they have arranged that, if they can kick LOO out, and get the house, SHAMBORE'S to keep it for the good of the family, until a boy—a son of MOORE'S elder brother—is old enough to take the licence; and, to prevent danger, if SHAMBORE'S wife dies he is not to marry again. The precious couple sat a long time, and MOORE brought in Mrs. MOORE, and they all grew as thick as thieves; and when going away, MOORE, who was tipsy, said he had made a bridge, or was going over the bridge, or something which could not quite be understood. Meantime, LOO has told the police to keep a sharp look-out on the cousins, and it will be wry times for them if they are laid hold of."

Two Great Questions.

THERE are two great questions which at present address themselves to the political mind, and they are both in connexion with wages. Without entering into the merits of either, we may say that in England the great question is, "How wages are?" and in Turkey, "How wages war?"

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

WHETHER much love prevails on both sides between husband and wife among the inferior classes, properly so called, of this country, may be questioned, but there is no doubt that the wives, at least, are much smitten.

THE PORTE IN BOTTLE.

IF Turkey can be enabled to hold her own a few years longer, she will, there are good reasons for hoping, arrive at a high state of civilization. There is little doubt that the Ottoman Porte will improve by keeping.

FOOD FOR IMPROVEMENT.—A certain Mare in London must be rather badly off; for its chief present nourishment is chaff.



SHARP'S THE WORD.

Nice Old Gent (loquitor). "UM! I'LL TAKE SOME HARICOT MUTTON, AND—ER—HAVE YOU ANY ASPARA—"
Waiter (like thunder). "ARICO AN' 'GRASS!"

FASHION AND INFLUENZA.

"THAT fairy form muffled in shawls, FANNY! why? What sorrow hath swollen and beclouded thine eye? What *caz* have occasioned the tint of the rose To abandon that cheek for the end of that nose?"

"Strange ornament, strip of mere flannel, to deck! That swanlike, that snowy, that statuesque neck! Why sit o'er the fender in such an odd trim, With handkerchief stanching those red orbs that swim?"

"For shabe, HELRY! dolt you bake ful so of be; You bulkey, preteldil that you diddlet see The state I ab ill; do you wait to be told? You bust low I've got a bost troublesub cold."

"But how did you catch it, love?—where did you go?"
 "I cal't thilk, I cal't tell at all, I dol't low."
 "You don't think damp feet may have brought it about?"
 "Lo, I've worl Ildia rubber shoes whel I've beel out."

"I think I can tell what has caused a catarrh Those charms to disfigure, those accents to mar; The bonnet, my FANNY, was meant for the head, But FANNY wears hers 'twixt the shoulders instead."

"O! HELRY!—ald yet it bust surely be oled Lot elothid the head is the way to catch cold, Ald followilg Fashiul is what, I suppose, Bakes be look such al object ald talk through the doze."

Russian Honesty.

THERE is a rigid sense of honesty in the Russian army. Lately, a sergeant-major was flogged for stealing beyond his rank. There is a graduated right of theft throughout all Russia. Thus, while a mere master-shipwright may steal some cartloads of oak, a Lord of the Admiralty may pocket a whole seventy-four. The god of Russia is not, in fact, NICHOLAS, but MERCURY.

ST. CECILIA AND ST. HELEN.

TOUCHING the subjoined newspaper advertisement:—

ORGANIST.—A VACANCY IN THE APPOINTMENT of ORGANIST for the parish of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, London, having been created by the death of Dr. Bexfield, candidates for the office are requested to forward their letters of application and testimonials on or before the 23rd day of November instant, addressed to MR. CHURCHWARDEN RICHARDSON, 2, Great St. Helen's, London, by whom all inquiries as to the duties and salary will be answered.

Mr. Punch begs to ask MR. CHURCHWARDEN RICHARDSON a question. Would CECILIA PUNCH be eligible for the vacant situation of organist to St. Helen's parish? For *Mr. Punch* has heard that it is the practice of many vestries to exclude female candidates from competition for the organist's office. Need CECILIA apply? Has it been, by the parochial powers,

"Resolved, that female candidates be excluded."

CECILIA would be thankful to be spared the anxiety and trouble of making an application, in doubt whether or not it has been predestined to be fruitless. One would think that the church of a female saint would admit a female musician—or can it be that ST. HELEN would have closed her doors against her sainted sister, the namesake of *Miss Punch*, herself?

To multiply, not to diminish, the means of honourable maintenance for women ought to be the object of all Churchwardens and Vestries; as it certainly is the interest of all rate-payers.

A Whipping Recorder.

MR. SAMUEL WARREN, Recorder of Hull, loves to season his sentences with plenty of whiplcord. This propensity of SAMUEL'S has been significantly rebuked by LORD PALMERSTON, who has remitted whippings and shortened terms of imprisonment. We understand that the judicial poet of *The Lily and the Bee* will—in self-justification—forthwith produce another poem, to be called *The Cat and her Tails*.

A DIRTY BUSINESS.

THE Magistrates of the City of London can scarcely be expected to come out of the present Commission with clean hands, after having fingered every ton of coals within a circuit of twenty miles.



Nurse Ab—rd—n. "DID IT WANT A DIT O' TURKEY, THEN?"

A FERTILITY WELL-GROUNDED.—Periodicals are the dead leaves that fertilise the soil of Literature.

*Really your Majesty, this
is very slow!*



ABERDEEN IN HIS UN-POPULAR ACT OF THE COURIER OF ST. PETERSBURG.



THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL OF POETRY.



VERY pleasing advertisement appeared lately in the *Manchester Advertiser*, an advertisement which all who are interested in literature will be glad to see. Here it is:—

WANTED, A POET.—

A tradesman who wishes to advertise his wares extensively, wants a Gentleman who can Write Advertising Poetical Effusions with facility.—Apply by letter, containing specimens of poetry, to A 8, at the Printer's.

Though poor JOHNSON or GOLDSMITH would have been glad of such an offer, some conceited brethren of the goose-quill may look with contempt at the idea of the application of poetry to

the advertisement of wares. Why not apply poetry to the advertisement of wares as well as apply Art to their construction? Is not Art-crockery considered a great thing?—and what is your School of Design for, but to supply us with Art-clothes and Art-furniture; so that in good time we shall have Art-velvets, Art-cottons, Art-muslins, Art-silks, and Art-satins, for Art-waistcoats, Art-shirt-fronts, Art-frocks, Art-slips, Art-gowns; likewise Art-chairs and Art-tables, Art-fenders, Art-fire-irons, Art-pots and Art-kettles, Art-coalscuttles, Art-paper for walls, Art-bell-pulls, Art-pump-handles, Art bedsteads, and Art-washhand basins? The spirit of the age requires that Art shall be turned to practical account. He that would prosper by the poetical Art must utilise it. One way to do so, as good as any other, would be to sing the praises of candlesticks, for instance, or knives and forks, or haberdashery, or any other description of goods; what not? Poets have quite exhausted their old stock of subjects; they want a new stock, and that of a linendraper would be as good as any. The lines—

O heavenly Muse! the vast assortment sing,
Of JACKSON, JOHNSON, WILKINSON and KING,

for example, might serve for the commencement, and indicate the argument of a modern Epic of the Manchester School. The place of the hero in the poem would of course be supplied by a power-loom. But the "poetical effusions" required as per advertisement would necessarily be lyrical. Here an abundance of themes opens up to the bard. Suppose that the wares which the poet is engaged to advertise are stuffs. It will not follow that his verses should be stuff too. Leaving doggerel to the minstrel of Moses, he might aim at a really sentimental treatment of his subject. He might, with the view of calling public attention to a silk, write something of this sort:—

LINES TO ISABEL.

I saw thee dancing in the hall;
The beauteous robe that draped thy form
Had just the free and flowing fall
Of some old statue's; but, too warm,
Too glowing were that eye and cheek,
To let thy shape of loveliness
Like marble seem, though rarest Greek,
For all that chaste and graceful dress!

* * At 16s. 6d., *A Superior Article and Striking Novelty. Now Selling Off at a Tremendous Sacrifice.* JACKSON AND Co., &c.

The foregoing is merely an attempt to show what might be done in this line, or sort of lines. It is no easy job, as a judicious ancient observes, to do common themes to a T.

Perhaps it is strange, however, that a Manchester tradesman should have to advertise for a poet. Is there no young man in his establishment that turns down his collars and grows his hair in ringlets, and has joined the moustache-movement, that would answer his purpose? In most large businesses there are such young men, who let off their poetical steam in effusions to the moon, &c., and merely waste it. Many of these poor young fellows are snubbed and ridiculed, and thus have their self-regard—which is always sensitive—irritated and mortified, till they are driven to all manner of reckless and civil courses; whereas, by the useful direction of their talent, rendering it subservient to the purposes of the shop, they would be enabled to fulfil the aspirations that are in them with credit to themselves and with advantage to their employers: provided they would pay that attention to their grammatical studies, which is necessary to the composition of decent verses, even on the subject of a merino or a ducape.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—There is as much difference between the real and the ideal, as there is between a castle in Ayrshire and a castle in the Air.

THE EXPENSE OF MAKING A BARON.

THOSE who accept dignities are usually expected to pay for them; but, perhaps, if a man has "greatness thrust upon him" in the form of a title, it would be rather hard to make him pay £420 for an "honour" of which he was not solicitous. Before a man can be "dubbed" a knight he must "dub up" some £200; but it seems to cost between £400 and £500 to make a baron. Last year LORD FITZROY SOMERSET was changed into LORD RAGLAN—a conversion which, though it might have been managed as easily and as cheaply as the pantomime trick of SO-AND-SO afterwards HARLEQUIN, or PANTALON, or CLOWN, has, it seems, added upwards of £400 to the annual item of civil contingencies. It is very "civil," no doubt, to make a commoner into a peer, but when the "contingency" arrives, we think the recipient of the honour ought to be civilly expected to pay for it. Perhaps, however, the better course would be to do it cheap, and we should hardly think the dignity of the peerage can be sustained by such charges as we find making up the sum total of the cost of a Barony.

The Clerk of the Hanaper, or Hamper, gets £24 13s. 4d.; but why the title of Baron should be hampered with such an expense it is difficult to guess, unless it is that the newly-made peer is expected to "wet" his dignity with a few dozen of something drinkable. Deputy Hamper—by virtue, possibly, of some bottled beer—gets a guinea; and the "porter to the Great Seal" has another guinea; but, whether the word "porter" applies to some officers, or to some beer for the LORD CHANCELLOR'S department, we have no means of knowing. The sealing of the patent is a costly affair, including "Sealer, £1 2s. 6d.; Deputy ditto, 10s. 6d.; Chaff Wax, £1 2s. 6d.; deputy ditto, 10s. 6d.;" from which we can only infer that, while two officers are employed in the act of sealing, two other officers are standing by and "chaffing" the operation.

The "Royal Household" receives £104 6s. 10d.—for a jollification, no doubt; though we suspect that this act of *High Life below Stairs* in the Palace is entirely without the sanction of Royalty. Our old friend "Garter" comes in for £20, which is moderate, considering how invariably the recipients of dignities are tied by the leg by Garter's stringent requirements. The bill winds up with one guinea for the engrossing clerk, who engrosses very little of the profit but a great deal of the trouble, for he was obliged to engross the warrant and find the parchment.

It costs in all £420 to make a Peer; and if every Member of the Peerage is worth what he costs, it is easy to estimate the value of the Upper House of Parliament. Our own opinion is, that the Lords would be quite as precious without the preliminary outlay incurred in their manufacture; but if something is to be paid on the occasion, we think the money might be better employed than by melting it in chaff, or any other kind of wax, and liquidating it in "porter," or Hampers of any description whatever.

A Tap on a Tub.

THE *Morning Advertiser*, speaking of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S new tariff reforms, says that he has effected them, "deaf to the howlings of the iron-masters and the scowlings of the coal-owners." One would not deprive the EMPEROR of one iota of his merit, but we have a "random recollection" that a "scowl" is a thing to see, rather than to hear. We do think that our friends the Licensed Victuallers are entitled to demand better grammar for their money. Our JEAMES would not have so written.

Coronach on the Scotch Lion.

Och hone-a-rie! och hone-a-rie!
The Scottish Lion lies fu' sair:
Gude faith, he's tauld sae mony a lee,
We never can believe him mair!

THE HOLE-INNESS OF RAGS.

THE best material for the proposed "Ragged Churches" seems to be Papier-mâché, a material which is now applied to building purposes, and which proves how the useful and beautiful may even arise out of rags.

THE TURTLE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION

FOR

THE RELIEF OF DESTITUTE ALDERMEN.



WE are glad to inform our readers that a Society, with the above benevolent motive, is in the course of formation. We need not say that, in the state of extreme destitution to which the poor Aldermen are likely, in another year, to be reduced, such a society, like every other society that has hitherto been started, will supply a great vacuum. The use of Turtle to an Alderman has become a sort of second nature; and when, by circumstances over which—unlike the City Funds—he has had no control, he is deprived of that great humanising and aldermanising necessity, we need not say that a very great vacuum will be created in his stomach. It is to fill that vacuum—which, if filled by the Alderman's own resources, would cause a vacuum in his pocket as great as the one that already exists in his mind—that a few cha-

ritable individuals have joined together in sympathy and guineas to relieve the wants of a large luxurious class of their fellow-countrymen.

Until the prospectus, in due satin paper and gilt-edge form, is issued, we beg to dot down a few of the principal features of this benevolent association:—

PRINCE ALBERT is to be President of this new charity, if he will only accept it, in return for the statue which the Aldermen have been trying to get up in his honour, in the hope that they may be represented on the pedestal in some humble capacity—either as hanging on to his Royal Highness's coat-tails, or else kissing his princely boots.

Committees will be appointed to visit the different Wards, and some of the highest ladies in the land have been most eager in applying for this charitable office.

Aldermen who have passed the chair will be allowed their three basins of Turtle a week. Those, who have not yet come to that awful pass, will only receive their one basin, of the usual size of those which a person pays five shillings for at BIRCH'S.

On the 9th of November—the anniversary of the grand LORD MAYOR'S Day—the whole body of Aldermen are to be allowed, in addition to their Turtle, a small glass of iced Punch.

A select number, also, will be taken in rotation, and given a ride in glass-coaches, that will be directed to follow the precise route that the LORD MAYOR'S procession was in the habit of taking every memorable 9th of November. Pocket handkerchiefs will be provided gratuitously, to stem the grief of such Aldermen for whom the sight may be too much.

Negotiations are in treaty for the Mansion House, which will be unoccupied as soon as the City Corporation has died its unnatural death. It is expected to be vacant in a year. A better locality could not possibly be chosen, on account of the number of pleasant associations that are connected with that building, which was so proverbially hospitable with other people's money.

Those Aldermen who are prevented, by illness or modesty, from applying at the Mansion House, will be relieved at their own mansions.

All Aldermen will be expected to bring their own basins and spoons. Any Alderman convicted of bringing up his basin to be filled a second time on the same day, will be denied any further relief for an entire twelvemonth.

The tickets, under any circumstances, are not to be sold; but it is hoped, in the event of the expected success of the Association, that measures will be taken to add venison to the Turtle.

Further particulars will be shortly published, with a list of the bankers and houses where subscriptions are to be paid, and where the smallest contributions, in the way of turtle or venison, will be thankfully received.

A smaller Charity will also be established—at least the attempt will

be made—in connection with the parent one. Its object will be to relieve the Common Councilmen with Mock Turtle.

It is a source of great consolation, to think that these poor miserable creatures, when they are turned out of their comfortable quarters, will not be totally unprovided for in their old age. Ruin, it is true, is staring them in the face; but still their few declining years may be rendered comparatively happy, by their being still supplied with those comforts which the custom of a whole life has turned into nothing less than positive wants. To prove we bear no malice towards those who are fallen, we wish every success to these "TURTLE SOUP KITCHENS FOR DESTITUTE ALDERMEN;" and, as soon as the *casseroles* are got into boiling order, we are ready to pay our first subscription.

SHORTCOMING OF THE CITY.

THE City of London is not quite PLATO'S Model Republic. It has not completely realized its idea of corporate perfection. Not permitting the subjects of its jurisdiction to measure or to carry their own commodities, it has established corn, coal, fruit, and oyster-meters, and fellowship-porters, whom it obliges them to employ on terms prescribed by itself. But it does not carry out the principle of preventing individuals from managing their own affairs, by prohibiting them from doing anything whatever for themselves, which it is possible that somebody else may do for them. It has not established Civic Barbers, empowered to shave all men who reside within its precincts, whether willing or unwilling to submit their chins to those officers, and it does not deny anybody the right of shaving himself.



"THERE—THAT WAS A PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER'S FATHER, PAINTED BY LE SANGE, IN 1802."

"LA! WHAT GUYS OUR GRANDFATHERS MADE OF THEMSELVES!"

Corporate Asylums.

THE prisons of the City seem, in general, to have been better conducted than any other of its institutions. May this fact be accounted for on the supposition that roguery has an instinctive tendency to provide for itself?

WHAT BEST CONSORTS WITH THE CONSORT'S DIGNITY.

THE best monument on which, at present, (and may it be "at present" for many years to come!) to inscribe PRINCE ALBERT'S abilities and amiabilities, is to be found in the columns of the Newspapers.

AN INJUDICIOUS PATRIOT.



E read among the speeches delivered at the late Polish Anniversary Meeting, one which was made by a foreign gentleman, introduced as a friend of M. MAZZINI, and which concluded thus:—

“Revolution was called disorder. It might be so, but the only way to finish with disorder was to make revolution.—(Cheers.) Therefore it was that he wished for revolution, though its permanent success involved the sad necessity of the guillotine. (Great cheering.)”

These daring words were uttered, not in the

slumish purlieus of the Square of Leicester, but at the splendid Rooms of that of Hanover. How proud and glad we ought to feel of our freedom of utterance, considering that at a place of fashionable resort, in an aristocratic neighbourhood, an individual is permitted to speak out thus: declaring himself boldly on the side of revolution and the guillotine!

Nevertheless, for the cause of European liberty, it is a pity that this gentleman had not either had his mouth stopped by the spontaneous action of the muscles which serve to close that orifice, or shut up by cries of “No, no!” substituted for the “great cheering” which greeted his avowal in regard to revolutionism and deceitipation. The use and applause of such language must estrange all friends of freedom except those who are mad. The exiles that indulge in it ought not, perhaps, to be deprived of an asylum, but they ought to be restricted to one in which they can be looked after. It is bad enough when patriots are consigned to the halter by despots, but it is worse when, having rope given them, they use it to hang themselves. The EMPERORS OF RUSSIA and AUSTRIA are much obliged to those who talk like this foreign gentleman. The revolution contemplated by M. MAZZINI is another thing, we hope, than that which is advocated by his indiscreet friend, and to “make” which will, in truth, be a certain “way to finish with disorder.”

TABLE TURNING AND TRUE PIETY.

A CLERGYMAN, the REV. R. W. DIBDIN, M.A., has published a Lecture recently delivered by him at the Music Hall, Store Street, upon Table Turning, which he ascribes to “Satanic Agency,” animadverting on all who differ with him on the subject; among others, on ourselves. Referring to this periodical he is pleased to say,

“I will only remark that it is conspicuous (like the *Times* newspaper, which it echoes), for its consistent enmity to true piety;—its advocacy of Sabbath desecration in the Sydenham Exhibition, and the Sunday delivery of letters by the Post Office. And I very much wonder that religious people support it as they do.”

If any newspaper discusses the questions of the day generally in a spirit of common sense, and this periodical treats them in the same spirit, there must be a general coincidence of opinion between this periodical and that newspaper, which Mr. DIBDIN may call an echo if he pleases. But he has no right to term *Punch* a consistent enemy to true piety, because we do not admit that a Christian is bound to keep Sunday as a Jew is obliged to observe Saturday. And his wonder that religious people support *Punch* as they do may be abated by the consideration that religion is not, in all people, allied with superstition, or with cant and hypocrisy. Religion *Punch* has always held, and hopes to hold, inviolate; but the pretence of it, whether designed to restrict his liberty, or impose upon his understanding, he has ever denounced and ever will denounce. Withhold from the child the letter of the sick parent; deny the fagged artizan his breath of fresh air and half-holiday once a week, under a religious pretext, and *Punch* will protest you a Pharisee, and tell you that you might as well forbid him to extricate an ox, or a Mr. DIBDIN, from a pit into which he might happen to tumble on the Sabbath day. And if lies or delusions are propounded to his credence, tales, whether of table-talking or picture-winking, *Punch* will not be hindered from laughing at them by the circumstance that they are preached beneath the cover of religion.

Punch never knowingly admits anything into his pages that could shock the feelings of religious people. For that reason he forbears to quote from Mr. DIBDIN’s pamphlet an assertion that Mr. DIBDIN professes to quote from the devil; a piece of blasphemy too frightfully shocking to be repeated. The following, however, may be cited as specimens of the answers elicited by the Rev. gentleman and a Mr. B. from a small, square, three-legged table on castors, by laying their hands on it:—

- “1. If there be a God, strike thrice with the log next the fire-place.—That leg was raised, and struck thrice.
- “2. If there be a devil, strike so many times with this leg.—It did so.
- “3. If the Pope be the head of the Church, strike, &c.—It did so.
- “4. If MARTIN LUTHER was a good man, strike, &c.—No reply.
- “5. If EMANUEL SWEDENBORO was a good man, strike, &c.—It did so.
- “6. If SOCRINIUS was a good man, strike, &c.—It did so.
- “7. If JESUS CHRIST be come in the flesh, strike, &c.—It did so.
- “8. If salvation be of faith and works, strike, &c.—It did so.
- “9. If salvation be by faith alone, strike, &c.—It did so.
- “10. If DR. ACHILLI be a good man, strike, &c.—No reply.
- “11. If DR. ACHILLI be turned Swedenborgian, strike, &c.—It did so.
- “12. If DR. NEWMAN be a good man, strike, &c.—It did so (very quickly).
- “13. If MA. TONNA be a good man, stop moving.—It continued moving.
- “14. Strike the day of the month.—It struck twenty-eight.
- “15. Strike the hour.—It struck seven and a gentle lift of the leg. [It was half-past seven].
- “16. If it be right to go to a Socinian Chapel, strike, &c.—It did so.
- “17. If it be right to go to the theatre, strike, &c.—It did so.
- “18. Say how many years it is since HEN MAJESTY came to the throne.
- “No one present knew the date of her accession. I may here say, that I asked several questions on this principle, upon facts with which none of us were acquainted.
- “It struck sixteen.
- “None of us could tell whether this was right or not, and, therefore, one of the party left the room to fetch an almanack, and when we had got the almanack we found that it was right.”

Other ages were given by the table, according to the Reverend experimenter; it also stopped when the Bible was placed upon it, like the similarly possessed moveables of MESSRS. GODFREY and GILLSON. At least so he would have us believe, or be accounted altogether unbelieving. For he declares of Table Turning, that

“Those who have not witnessed its wonders, and disbelieve (or attempt to explain away) the statements of those who have, must be passed by as impracticable subjects, acting precisely on the principle of the infidel HUME, who, because he never saw a miracle, would have us infer that no one else ever did.”

This is precisely the style in which Roman Catholic priests argue in behalf of miraculous images, and if Mr. DIBDIN did not profess a vast abhorrence of Popery, he might be imagined to be one of the clerical correspondents of the *Tablet*. In another place he says,

“If any one doubts my veracity, or questions the possibility of my senses being correct witnesses—in such a case I have nothing to reply to that person. Such an one puts himself out of the reach of argument; and by such incredulity makes it impossible to prove anything to him.”

We are called upon to admit the infallibility of Mr. DIBDIN’s senses, as well as his good faith, although we have the opposing testimony of FARADAY, and although, whilst Table Turning is, as Mr. DIBDIN himself says, practised daily by tens of thousands, there has been no one satisfactory exhibition of the wonder in public. *Punch* has tried Table and Hat Turning. The hat and the table gave signs of beginning to turn; which ceased, not at his command to stop, but on his reminding the rest of the party that they were not to push.

PROFESSOR FARADAY, by the way, fares very badly at the hands of Mr. DIBDIN, who not only insinuates a doubt respecting the “spiritual attainments” of that philosopher, but also uniformly spells his name with two r’s. He has also, as above, SOCRINIUS for SOCRINUS, and for Swedenborgian, Swedenborgian. Perhaps he has derived his orthography from tables, which he mentions as having been found to spell badly; indeed, trustworthy as tables are esteemed in matters of arithmetic, they have never been accounted authorities in regard to spelling.

But Mr. DIBDIN is not to be laughed at—although he may himself hold up other people to something less innocent than ridicule. He observes that

“It may seem very wise and great to laugh down a weak brother; but surely it is neither kind nor brotherly.”

Nevertheless, it is not easy to repress a risible emotion when we picture to ourselves a party of weak brethren sitting round a table to see if they can get the devil into it. Mr. DIBDIN says it is necessary to keep the hands on the table. Does the evil spirit, then, flow out of the fingers’ ends into the mahogany? and does Mr. DIBDIN think that he has acted as the devil’s conductor? We shall next have Calvinistic clergymen making pump-handles work, and turning mangles to the same account as tables, by Satanic action.

However, it is certain that the dreadful nonsense in the book before us was rapped out either by the devil, or by Mr. DIBDIN, or his friends. If we had any doubt on the subject, we should give them the benefit of the doubt; but we are afraid that none can be reasonably entertained.

IMPROVEMENT AT GUILDHALL.

WHATEVER may be said against the Corporation of London, it may be truly said of that great body, that it is a-Gog for reform.



GENUINE SENTIMENT.

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."
"DEAREST, I'M DISGUSTED WITH MY BONNET!"

THE REASON OF PRISON EXPENDITURE.

THE following paragraph occurs in the *Preston Guardian* :—

"THE COST OF CRIME.—THE REVEREND MR. CLAY, the Chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, estimates the loss caused to the public by fifteen pickpockets, whose careers he has traced, including the value of the property stolen, expenses of prosecution, and maintenance in gaol, at £26,500."

How many schoolmasters might have been had for the money which fifteen pickpockets have cost the nation?—and how many more than fifteen boys might those schoolmasters have prevented from becoming pickpockets?—and how much larger a sum than £26,500 would have thereby been saved?

Why cannot this great saving of money—to say nothing of vice and misery—be effected?

Simply because Papists and Protestants, High Church, Low Church, and Dissenters, cannot agree as to which of them shall have the privilege of preoccupying the minds of street-children with ideas about which bishops and doctors differ!

Love.

(A Prose Definition by MOSES' Poet.)

LOVE comes from Courtship, and Courtship is a suit that is not made in a day. It is the slow result of several measures, and these measures cannot be taken too carefully; but Love at first sight is a ready-made suit that is entered into at once, and for which, as the result frequently proves, neither party was in the least fitted.

SHOCK TO RUSSIAN CREDIT.—There has been a hard run on the Banks of the Danube. It is said to have been owing to a panic in the Russian army.

THE RACE OF MAN.—It is your favourite that generally wins on the "course of true love."

HUMAN COPYING MACHINES.

EVERYBODY says the law has gone to ruin, and if this is the case, we can only say that the law has gone where it has brought so many—or in other words, that the lawyers have followed their clients. The "profession" must certainly be at a low ebb when it is reduced to the degradation of issuing such advertisements as the following, which has been sent up to us by several Correspondents, who have cut it out from a Birmingham newspaper.

WANTED, immediately, in a Country Solicitor's Office, a WRITING CLERK. He must understand Abstracting, Engrossing, and Accounts. Salary about 13s. a week. Unexceptionable references must be given.—Apply to —, Solicitor, Birmingham.

We have been told that "necessity has no law;" but it would seem that the law is reduced to the last stage of necessity, or it would never offer such beggarly terms as those specified above to the very meanest of its myrmidons. "Thirteen shillings a week" is about one-third of the pay of a journeyman carpenter, and less than a third of what may be earned by many of those who are out "on strike" for higher wages. The poor wretch who is offered thirteen shillings a week must, it seems, understand "abstracting;" but we should fear that he might try his abilities in endeavouring to "abstract" something from the cash-box of his principal. It is evident that the lawyers, having been curtailed of their power to fleece the public, are determined to take it out of their unfortunate clerks, and if blood can be got out of a stone, an attorney is just the man to perform the operation.

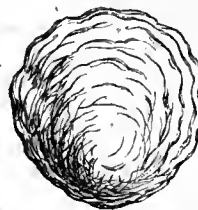
A MUFF DROPPED, by a young Lady, on Wednesday last, in the Regent's Park, between the Botanical and Zoological Gardens. It is rather rich in appearance, but extremely heavy; has very long hair, and nothing whatever inside. Any one, falling in with the above, is perfectly welcome to the acquisition, as the Muff became such a dead weight, continually banging about, and wanting to be carried everywhere, that the Young Lady, not being able to bear it any longer, was really compelled to drop it. The Muff may be known at any time by its having red hair, and answering to the name of CHARLES.

Town and Country.

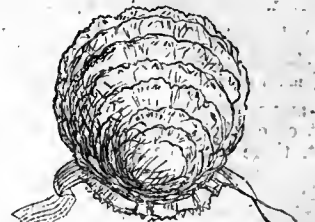
If, by any remote accident, the Russians were to take Constantinople, it would be a curious realization (says young BAKER STREET) of the *Russ in Urbe*."

SCOTLAND HUMILIATED.

TUESDAY the 29th of November, 1853, was celebrated as a day of humiliation in Edinburgh; and the humiliation consisted in making the day as much like a Scotch Sunday as possible. Recollecting as we do: 1st, That there is more drunkenness in Scotland than anywhere else in the United Kingdom; 2ndly, That there is more drunkenness on Sunday in Scotland than on any other day; and, 3rdly, That the day of humiliation was a close resemblance to a Scotch Sunday;—we may draw the inference that the "humiliation" must have been complete. We have no doubt the number of those that were either moved by the spirit, or kept from the power of moving by the spirit, must have been enormous, on the occasion alluded to.



an Oyster shell



A lady's Bonnet

ORIGINAL SKETCH BY MR. PUNCH'S LITTLE BOY.

Add this to your Dictionaries.

CORPORATION. Noun. Derived from *corps*, Fr., "deceased body," *oratio*, Lat., "speaking," and *ration*, Eng., "victuals," and means a moribund body, good for nothing but feeding and spouting.

EXCESSIVE MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—A Hansom Cabman took Sixpence for his fare, the other day, without saying a single word.



"DO YOU BELIEVE IN THIS TABLE TALKING, MATILDA, THAT THERE'S SUCH A FUSS ABOUT?"

"OH DEAR NO! WHY, THE OTHER EVENING A TABLE WAS ASKED HOW OLD I WAS, AND IT RAPPED OUT FORTY! RIDICULOUS; WHEN I'M NOT THREE-AND-TWENTY TILL NEXT MARCH!"

A PLAN FOR THE SIMPLIFICATION OF PUBLIC ORATORY.

MR. PUNCH, who has suffered so much from the inordinate long-windedness of our public orators in general, and of our senators in particular, that he can thoroughly appreciate the misery which it must have inflicted upon the nation, has, of his own free motion and consent, meditated and devised a scheme, by which the nation will be released from the pain of hearing, and our public men from the labour of uttering speeches; whilst the former will still have the conviction that its representatives are taking pains to express its sentiments, and the latter will still have their vanity gratified by the belief that they are making a sensation. *Mr. Punch* has read in the works of MESSRS. HUC and GABET (two missionaries, in whom the humour of RABELAIS is combined with the kindly fervour of LAS CASAS) that the Lamas in Thibet—who have more prayers to recite than they can get through in a day, without suspending their ordinary avocations—are in the habit of employing what they call *Tehu Kor*, or turning prayers. These are large but light cylinders of wood, placed on an axle, and inscribed with a great number of prayers in Thibetian characters. The devout Lama gives the *Tehu Kor* a push, which sets it in motion for a considerable period, during which he goes about his secular business, and leaves the performance of his religious exercises to this pious whirligig.

If *Mr. Punch* were acquainted with the Lamas, he would suggest to them that by the help of a little simple machinery and the aid of a turnspit dog, they might prolong their prayers for a period quite beyond the strength of their own ingenious but imperfect instrument. But as it is, he contents himself with recommending that *Tehu Kor*, or talking cylinders, shall be introduced into the House of Commons without delay. So many of the speeches made in that assembly have no sort of interest for it or for the public, and are dictated only by the desire of the Members to acquit themselves of a duty to their constituents, that they might as well not be uttered at all. And as no speech is supposed to influence a division, or gain over a vote, whilst many give rise to much bad blood, and to endless misunderstandings,

"A STATUE TO ALBERT."

(A Melody after MOORE.)

"A STATUE TO ALBERT," said CHALLIS enchanted,
"I'll start in the City; the thought is divine."
The thought was conceived, and he now only wanted
The ear of the public to it to incline.

He wrote a few letters to people to bore them,
And ask them to second his fawning intent;
But so coldly the public appeared to ignore them,
That he saw they too plainly perceived what he meant.

"Oh how," cried SAM WILBERFORCE, "think of enshrining
The PRINCE by himself?—the proposal is dim;
But with it the Great Exhibition entwining,
We'll get in adroitly a statue of him."

The bargain was struck, and the project to dish up
They flew to a meeting, the plan to propound;
"Adieu," whispered CHALLIS, "you're not the first bishop
Who's kept his position by shifting his ground."

AGRICULTURAL BRUISERS.

THRASHING, bruising and milling are now carried to such perfection by machinery that every housekeeper may thrash his own establishment, every father of a family may do his own bruising, and every man may have the luxury of a private mill on his own premises. At the recent Cattle Show, our attention was invited to a "compact hand mill," calculated to do an immense amount of bruising, and to give a regular good dressing at the same time to a certain quantity of flour. The newspapers are continually asking us whether we bruise our oats, and intimating that if we vigorously assault our corn it will serve us as well again, from which we infer that every blow administered to our oats will be the means of an extra blow-out to our cattle. We wish our agricultural friends would tell us whether the bruising system would be applicable to anything else beside corn, and whether we may safely, in addition to bruising our oats, give occasionally a black eye to a potatoe?

A NOM DE GUERRE.—The French papers talk of ABERDEEN, apropos of the Turkish Question, as the "*ci-Dieu jeune homme*."

prevarications, rejoinders, and recriminations, it would be as well that so fertile a source of mischief should at once be dried up; and that if Members must talk, they should do so only through the medium of the *Tehu Kor*.

Each Member might have his peculiar cylinder, surmounted by a bust of himself, and carved from that tree, whose properties were most in accordance with the characteristics of his oratory or his politics. Thus the cylinders of LORD BROUGHAM and MR. DISRAELI, that pungent couple, might be carved from the prickly pear; those of MR. NEWDEGATE and MR. HENLEY from the sloe; that of MR. HUME, the Senior of the House, from the elder; that of SIR ROBERT INGLIS, from the cherry, as he is the *BOB chéri* of the high Tories; that of MR. BRIGHT, from the aspen; that of MR. BROTHERTON, the Vegetarian, from a large turnip; that of MR. LUCAS, from the bramble; that of MR. COBDEN, from the (good) service tree; and that of LORD PALMERSTON, the universal favourite, from the poplar. (Oh!)

The members might attend to turn their own cylinders, or the "Turner of the House of Commons" (for the duties of the Speaker would be at an end) might go round and set in motion the cylinders of those whose opinions he wished to circulate. The Irish members might be gratified, yet without any hindrance to public business, by the simultaneous gyrations of all their cylinders; a number of others, inscribed with the words Hear! Hear! or Question! might always be kept going; and if any honourable gentlemen chose to inscribe on their *Tehu Kor* words descriptive of cock-crowing or braying, they might make fowls or donkeys of themselves without hurting the feelings of others. In short *Mr. Punch* is so interested in his scheme, and so anxious for its development, that he pledges himself to have *Toby* in readiness to turn LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S *Tehu Kor*, on the very first night that the scheme shall come into operation.

CONSERVATIVES IN ILL ODOUR.

IN whatever sense of the word the Corporation of London has conserved the Thames, it has not made that river a conserve of roses.

CORPORATION TABLE TALK.



THE serious importance of Table Talking has been recognised by the City of London Corporation Commission, who have examined, as a witness, one of the Mausein House tables. The answers which they obtained by its means are important, as bearing on the question of Aldermanic agency.

No sooner had the Commissioners placed their hands on the table than it began to move, evidently not from any involuntary muscular action, for to whatever extent those gentlemen pushed their inquiries, they did not push the table.

The following interrogatories were then put to the table, which rapped out the corresponding replies in the usual manner

by striking with one of its legs, once for the affirmative, and twice for the negative, or giving the floor a knock at each of the several letters required to form a word, as the Chairman ran his pencil over the Alphabet:—

1. How old are you? The table rapped so many times that the Commissioners were tired, and directed it to stop, which it did.
2. Are you older than the oldest inhabitant?—Yes.
3. Did you know WALWORTH?—Intimately.
4. Was WHITTINGTON a man or a myth?—Both.

5. Was he LORD MAYOR OF LONDON?—Yes.
6. Three times?—Yes.
7. Used he and the Aldermen to dine together?—Sometimes.
8. What was the principal delicacy at their banquets?—Rapped out "Ox."
9. Was it roasted?—Yes.
10. Whole?—Yes.
11. With a pudding in its belly?—Yes.
12. Was there venison pasty?—Yes.
13. Did a Member of the Corporation ever eat a whole one?—Yes.
14. Name the individual?—Spelt "Gog."
15. Was he an Alderman?—Yes.
16. Who was MAGOG?—Rapped "Macc."
17. Do you mean that he was Macebearer?—Yes.
18. For what was he celebrated?—Drink.
19. How much would he imbibe at a sitting?—Answered "Hogsheads."
20. Of iced punch?—No. Of ale?—Yes. Of canary?—Yes. Of Malvoisie?—Yes. Of each?—Yes.
21. Were statues erected to GOG and MAGOG to commemorate their exploits?—Yes. In eating and drinking?—Yes.
22. Are you in suffering?—Yes.
23. From the effects of overloading?—Yes. From Gout?—Yes. In one of your legs?—Yes. Can you move that leg?—No.
24. Does the recollection of what you have had to bear disgust you?—The table heaved violently.
25. Does conscience torment you?—Yes.
26. On account of the charities which you have served to consume?—Yes.
27. Have you often groaned under your burdens?—Yes.
28. Give the number of tureens of real turtle which you have borne in your time.—Rapped to the number of twenty thousand, and was continuing, when the time having arrived for the adjournment of the sitting, the examination of the table was postponed to another day.

FACTS FOR COCKNEY NATURALISTS.

SETTERS are a kind of dog kept exclusively in poultry-yards, for the purpose of assisting the hens in the work of incubation.

There are curious couples to be met with in the natural as well as in the social world. Thus Rooks and Pigeons are almost always found in company; while the Oyster but rarely appears without a Swallow.

The habits of the London rabbit (specimens of which may be obtained at any poulterer's) are extremely curious, and interesting to the naturalist. Though wild at times, it is easily domesticated, and will eat from the hand as well as from the pie-dish. It frequents in the day-time the tops of water-tubs and the bottoms of areas; while at night it is generally found on the tiles. When pleased, the animal makes a soft purring noise; but at night its cries are loud and piercing, and seriously disturb the neighbourhood which it infests. Its cars partake rather of the "crop" order than the "lop," and unlike the country species, it has a long tail. Unlike that species also, it is said, in lodgings especially, to be omnivorous.

Salmon of large size may be caught pretty freely in the Serpentine nearly all the year round—with a hook.

The author of "*Nasology*" asserts that human beings are distinguished chiefly by the nose; and the remark may be extended to the inferior creation, for there is scarcely a creature but has some prominent feature for the naturalist to lay hold of. Thus you may always know a woodcock, like an inn-keeper, by the length of his bill, while a woodpecker more nearly resembles an apothecary, from its keeping bark continually on tap. In the same way, too, cocks are distinguished by their combs, and foxes by their brushes.

It is a singular fact that country cats have generally not half the appetite of London ones. The voracity of these latter animals is indeed prodigious; and hardly less surprising is the variety of their diet. We have ourselves repeatedly known instances, where in a single night the cat has been discovered to have eaten about a pound of beef-steak, and more than three quarters of a leg of mutton; and we are informed by a scientific friend of ours, who lives in lodgings, that he has even met with cases well authenticated by his landlady, where in less than a week her cat has consumed half a caddy of his tea, as well as an entire bottle of his brandy.

Something like Leather.

RUSSIAN HIDES WELL TANNED. By OMAR PACHA & CO., Tanners to the SUBLIME PORTE, Moldo-Wallachia.

CENTRALIZATION IN THE CITY.

WHATEVER may be the nature of the thinking principle of man, there is no doubt that the soul of business, Punctuality, is material. This psychological truth has been judiciously recognised in the practical philosophy of the City of London, which has devised a method of insuring the virtue in question, based on a profound conviction of its materiality. Of Committees for General Purposes, MR. THOMAS ROGERS, in evidence before the Corporation Commission, stated that

"In order to induce Members to attend punctually the Chairman waits five minutes. At the expiration of that time he drops his hammer, and then all who are present have a right to dine with the Committee, but all who come after the five minutes are excluded from the dinner."

No doubt the attendance is generally full—at the commencement of the proceedings as well as after the subsequent repast. But in case the majority of the members are behind time, do the minority eat up the dinner provided for the whole number? Should the persons present at the fall of the hammer amount to just thirteen, does the popular superstition, that objects to a baker's dozen at the mahogany, prevent them from sitting down to table in a party of that number? If so, does one gentleman retire, or is one more taken in from the excluded set, and is the fortunate, or unfortunate, individual selected by lot? These are questions that suggest themselves to most thinking minds, though they did not occur to those of the Commissioners.

"*Domine Dirige Nos*" ought no longer to be the civic motto. Considering their characteristic principle of managing matters by appealing to the centre of the human system, the stomach, a better motto for the Corporation would be "*Medio tutissimus ibis*."

An Imaginary Conversation.

PUNCH and ALDERMAN CHALLIS.

Punch. Well, my EX-LORD MAYOR, is PRINCE ALBERT to have a statue?

Alderman C. Ah! that he shall, please the pigs!

Punch. You mean to say, if it please the Aldermen.

[CHALLIS retires chap-fallen.]

EUROPEAN CONCORD.—We are happy to announce the Definite Concert of the Four Great Powers. Perhaps it ought rather to be called a Quartet; but that does not much signify: nobody need care what the coalition is named, if it results in harmony.]

LEGAL CURIOSITY.



R. PUNCH has been unjustly accused of being hostile to the Lawyers. He repudiates the charge; and, in proof of his regard for a class whom he firmly believes not to be much blacker than they are painted, he subjoins a specimen of an honest attorney's bill. *Mr. Punch* offers it to the profession as a model, and is convinced that if bills of costs were framed on its principle, he should hear less of strikes in the higher Courts—that wholesome striking by which an attorney is abated, and the roll lightened.

In the County Court, } JIGGER
and that of Common } v.
Honesty. } SQUASH.

ATTORNEY'S CHARGES.

JANUARY 1.—Attending plaintiff JIGGER, who stated that he was a Vestryman of Marylebone, and that in the course of a debate upon Hungarian politics, which naturally arose out of a paving and lighting question, the defendant SQUASH, also a Vestryman, had called him a big-

norant hupstart, intimating, most unjustifiably, that he, SQUASH, would sooner request the opinion of a jackass upon the point at issue than that of the plaintiff. Informing JIGGER that he had better mind his shop and not mind SQUASH. No charge.

FEBRUARY 10.—JIGGER calling and desiring to restate his grievances, which had rankled in his mind, taking down an almanack and pointing out to him that the month, which contained twenty-eight days only, was much too short for me to listen to such nonsense, and advising him to go about his business, and also attend to it. No charge.

MARCH 12.—Attending JIGGER, who came in the evening with a paper, in which he said he had put his case in the strongest possible light. Convinced him that he had not, by burning his paper in my naphtha lamp, and recommending him to go home and take his wife to the play. No charge.

APRIL 19.—Perusing the first page of a letter from JIGGER, in which he again stated his wrongs, and entered at some length into the Hungarian question, and the suspected levities of Mrs. SQUASH, the defendant's wife, and putting the said letter into the fire. No charge.

MAY 24.—Being at the Derby, and JIGGER coming up very tipsy, and insisting on entering into his affairs between the races, attending Policeman A 172, and instructing him to move JIGGER. No charge.

JUNE 29.—Attending JIGGER, who came in great glee to tell me that he had served a County Court summons on SQUASH, when I apprised him of my opinion that he was a great blockhead, but as he dissented from this view of the case, taking instructions to conduct the case for him, and subsequently writing to SQUASH to tell him to give me a look in. No charge.

JULY 1.—Attending SQUASH, and telling him that I hated to see a couple of neighbours and fellow parishioners squabbling and scandalising one another, and that they must meet and make it up; when SQUASH entered at considerable length into the Hungarian question, and also gave me some anecdotes of JIGGER's rascality, and his daughter JEMIMA's vulgarity. He consented to withdraw the jackass, but adhered to the bignorant hupstart. No charge.

AUGUST 3.—Having previously procured adjournments of the summons, my clerk's attendance to get JIGGER out of the way on a fool's errand, so that when the cause was called on there was no plaintiff, and the matter dropped. No charge.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Attending JIGGER, who had been talking to some jackanapes of a lawyer's clerk, and had been told that the County Court summons might be rescinded by a Bill of Revivor in Chancery, which he wanted me to file, and instructing JIGGER, as a preliminary, to go and kick his new adviser. No charge.

OCTOBER 11.—Attending SQUASH, who complained that my client was taking the law into his own hands, and throwing dead kittens, with insulting inscriptions affixed to their necks, into his, SQUASH's, shop, with intent to injure him in his trade of a sausage maker. To mollify SQUASH, ordering 9 lbs. of sausages; and N.B., presented same to my clerk, not having much faith in the defendant's zoological knowledge. 2 6
Paid for sausages

NOVEMBER 5.—Attending JIGGER, who insisted on my coming to the window to see a Guy, which he had prepared in the likeness of SQUASH, and which he was causing his sons and apprentices to carry about, with a song containing pointed satire upon the Houses of Austria and of SQUASH. No charge.

DECEMBER 24.—Being out in the evening, ordering some spirits for my own Christmas festivity, and accidentally seeing SQUASH and his wife, instructing them to meet me in ten minutes in the parlour of the Jolly Snobs, and fetching JIGGER and his wife to the same place; addressing the parties on their folly, and insisting on their all joining in a friendly bowl of Christmas Punch, to which proposition they ultimately assented: SQUASH, in broken accents, declaring that, in his heart, he preferred JIGGER to LORD PALMERSTON for real political knowledge, and JIGGER avowing that some gentleman, of whom he had read in the Sunday papers, called HARRYSTIVUS, was an unjust party compared to SQUASH. Left them shaking hands, and the women crying over one another. No charge.

Bowl of Punch 5 0

Total Bill of Costs for the year £0 7 6

This is my Bill, BOLT UPRIGHT, Attorney.

PALMERSTON PERPLEXED.

If the energetic Home Secretary had only mentioned to us—confidentially of course—that he contemplated inviting everybody who can use a pen—every goose, in fact, possessed of a quill—to write to him on the subject of any and every grievance, we should have dissuaded him from the too adventurous act. The daily, and indeed hourly contents of our letter-box would, if set before his Lordship, have convinced him, that the corrector of public abuses will find himself continually buried under a Mont Blanc of foolscap, and enveloped in a mist of envelopes. LORD PALMERSTON will have less labour thrown upon him by his official post, than the Penny Post will consign him to every hour of the day.

We, however, remind his Lordship to lay down a rule excluding all anonymous letters from the number of those to which he is ready to give attention. Already one enormous hoax has been played upon him by a wag, who, under the signature of "OBSERVER," has made a complaint against the City Police of "charging the public with drawn swords" on Lord Mayor's Day, and turning the Poultry into a sort of Peterloo. The Home Secretary has already demanded an explanation from the civic authorities; but it has turned out that the horses which rode over the people belonged to a mare's nest, while the only charge upon the public by the City Police is a charge of so much in the pound by way of rate, which is, no doubt, rather a heavy one. We certainly acquit the police of the massacre imputed to them by LORD PALMERSTON'S anonymous friend, who seems to have a little of the assassin in his own composition, for he does his utmost to murder, by a stab in the dark, the characters of those whom he is too cowardly to assail in a straightforward manner.

NICHOLAS'S DREAM.

I WANDERED in a rosy dream,
Where Danube's waters pour;
And there I saw the Crescent gleam
Upon the farther shore.

When lo! it seemed to pale and wane,
And through the sky go down;
Athwart the flood I leaped amain,
And clutched a Turkish Crown.

Oh! trust not visions, when, to Ill,
Ambition they incline;
That Crescent bright its horns will fill,
Whilst I shall draw in mine!

CURIOSITIES OF THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE annual aggregation of "fatty deposits," at the Bazaar in Baker Street, has just taken place as usual. It is, perhaps, as well that the exhibition should be of brief duration; for, in these days of "nuisance removal," we are not sure that the overfed beasts might not have been regarded as so many accumulations of offensive matter, and ordered to be got rid of accordingly.

The yearly gathering of agriculturists is, of course, the signal for the circulation of all sorts of puffing hand-bills setting forth the virtues of some new inventions for puzzling the weak agricultural mind, and making a demand on the agricultural pocket. We fancy we see a little turn for irony in one of the announcements put into our hand, which invited our "particular attention" to an article called the "Farmer's Friend," which has proved "an efficacious cure of fret and cholie." If the farmers have not yet left off fretting, here is a friend indeed; and it is to be had as low as 1s. 8d. a bottle. We should suspect that the proposed antidote to "fret and cholie" among the farmers would be found, if analysed, to contain a good share of alcohol. Among the "drinks for cattle" advertised at the Bazaar, we find one of a rather startling description, which is recommended "for the disease called Hoven Blown Blasted Fog sickness"—a malady which we hope neither man nor beast is likely to be afflicted with.

The Religion of the Heels.

WE cultivate sacred music; but until recently, from a remote period of antiquity, we have had no sacred dancing. A gentleman, however, has just brought out an "Evangelic Waltz," which he advertises in conjunction with a "Flirtation Polka." The gentleman probably conceives himself to have a "mission" to diffuse the Evargel of CUPID by the instrumentality of capers.

USE AND ABUSE.—The Cab and the Driver.



WHAT A SHAME!

Young Lady (inclining to Embonpoint). "I SHALL WANT HIM AGAIN THIS AFTERNOON—FROM TWO TO FOUR."

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED HURDLES.

Two gallant officers, a Lieutenant and a Captain of the Fusiliers, have lately been running a flat race, and a hurdle race against each other. The amusement was manly enough, and quite unobjectionable; though there is something at the first glance rather odd in the idea of two British officers competing, which can run the fastest, when we recollect that never to run is the usual practice of our soldiers. We are quite sure that the competitors on this occasion will never use their running powers in the field of action, except in pursuit of an enemy. The races were well contested; the flat race being won by the Lieutenant, who "beat his opponent by three feet," which seems rather unfair, as no man ought to be allowed more than two feet to compete in a running match. In the hurdle race the Lieutenant commenced well against the Captain, but was unable to run him through—having unfortunately slipped in taking the fifth hurdle. The incident is suggestive of a little parody on the favourite military song of

"March! March!"

Jump, jump! Captain and Subaltern,

Why, my lads, do you not tighten your girdles?

Jump, jump! make a fair start of it;

There goes the Subaltern over the hurdles!

Comrades shall many a day tell of the horrid way—

(E'en the bare thought makes the life-blood to curdle)

How the poor Subaltern—as his luck took a turn—

Pitched on his head ere he reached the fifth hurdle.

Jump, jump, &c. &c.

The Best Way of Making Way is to Take it.

SOME persons have such a taking way with them that "if you give them an inch, they will take an ell." Now we should say the Russians had this same grasping manner about them, and if the Turks had yielded to them a single inch, by this time they would have taken the Dardan-elles.

THE GREAT REFORMER OF THE AGE—To-morrow.

THE PRINCE, THE PIGS, AND THE PARASITES.

We think we have at last found a key to the flunkeyism of those citizens who are desirous of getting up an ALBERT Testimonial. The recurrence of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show has presented the Prince Consort again before us in the character of a prizeholder by virtue of a wonderful pen of pigs, which proves His Royal Highness's continued devotion to porcine development. We all know the effect of a fellow feeling, and we are satisfied that the "greasy citizens" must entertain a natural sympathy with those precious feats of princely care which excite so much admiration in Baker Street. The Aldermanic mind would easily find an excuse for gratitude, in the fact that PRINCE ALBERT seeks to give importance to the pig; and they would infer that he who would aggrandise the ordinary pig would not desire to make little of the London Alderman. For our own parts, without wishing to draw a nice distinction, we can appreciate the views of His Royal Highness, and though he may continue to fatten pigs for many years to come, we should not attribute to him any desire to see the London Corporation fattening on the spoils it has so long been allowed to appropriate.

TASKING A BISHOP'S FACE.

In the course of a speech delivered the other day at Southampton, the BISHOP OF OXFORD is reported to have remarked that

"There should be Bishops over the Clergy who would weep when they wept, and rejoice when they were glad."

Under existing circumstances that would be a difficult arrangement. What with poor curates weeping on their £70 or £80 annual pitances, and rich pluralists rejoicing at the same time in their several thousands a year, a Bishop, in order to sympathize with both, would have to weep with one side of his face and smile with the other.

THE HAPPIEST HUSBAND UNDER THE SUN.

ADAM had one great advantage over all other married couples—an advantage which has been lost to us with Paradise—HE HAD NO MOTHER-IN-LAW!!!



ABERDEEN SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.



THE TROUSER MIND.



HIS kind of mind struts about in fanciful costumes. It flaunts in vagaries, and is always masquerading its betters. It is a mind of colours, but colours without any union, or harmonious combination—giving one the notion of an Irish rainbow, in which all the hues had quarrelled, and resolved to live apart. Nothing is too broad for it, like a Palais Royal farce. Its legs are scored like a leg of pork—only the scoring is fearful in length, so that nothing can wipe it out, like the debts a young man runs up at college. It is lined all over like a zebra, and as the zebra is the animal that is next to the donkey, the description may be said to fit it like a second skin. There

is about such a mind the emptiness of vanity coupled with all its noise—not unlike the noise which coppers make when they jingle in an empty pocket. Everything about it is brassy and loud—in fact it is a perfect ophicleide of loudness that is always in full blow. It gives you the headache to look at the owner of such a mind. Better to be right in the middle of the orchestra than sit next to such a mind at the theatre; the one is the soft murmur of Midsummer silence compared to the Cochín-China cock-crowing of the other. It never whispers, but bawls, like the waiter at a cook-shop. The mind bellows, like the poor fellows outside RICHARDSON'S show—and the greater the hellowing the poorer the entertainment, generally, within. Its presence is a continual jar—a jar of sour and offensive things, like one of GOLDNER'S preserves. How it swaggers! One would imagine the whole street belonged to it. It cannot sneeze like other people, but makes ten times more noise than any sneeze demands. It coughs to give notice of its arrival at any place—it bangs the door to give notice of its departure. Its insolence insists upon the best of everything—the seat nearest the fire, the best bedroom, the best cuts at dinner, and the best attention from everybody. It always takes the wall—it never gives way to anybody, not even to a lady. If she wants more room, let her go into the mud! It keeps its hat on in the presence of its superiors; but this is done more from ignorance than bravado, for it never suspects for a moment that it has any superiors. It stops contentedly in the middle of the room, arranges its two locks of japanned hair, that descend like two pitcher-handles on each side of its stony face; opens its legs, and admires its trousers with an air of the most supreme satisfaction. The Trouser Mind rarely looks upward. The head is to it a matter of very secondary importance, excepting as being a block that carries so much hair. Its thoughts are all downward; and if a person is introduced to it, the first survey is always to his boots and trousers. It measures mankind by its nether garments. The other half of the body is quite superfluous. In fact, the human body would, in the opinion of the Trouser Mind, be greatly improved, if it could be so contrived as to wear two pairs of trousers—one above and one below—and each pair to be totally different. In the upper regions, a thunderstorm of a pattern—in the lower, an earthquake.

A Confounded Bully.

DID NICHOLAS mean, say, ye schoolmen so clever,
To entreat he might not be confounded for ever;
Or, did he intend, with presumption unbounded,
To prefer a request to be never confounded?
The former supposed to have been his petition,
There is hope for him yet in unfeigned contrition;
The latter's past praying for—merely delusion:
Old Nick has already been put to confusion.

A CITY PROVERB.

(To be imbibed whilst eating Turtle.)

“SPARE THE BIRCH (in Cornhill), and you'll spoil the Alderman.”

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—Everybody walking into everybody else!

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW ART OF PUFFING.

IT has long been felt that all the old arts of puffing have been exhausted, and the consequence is that some of the most renowned masters of the arts formerly in vogue have retired from a field in which nothing more can be gathered. The poet has departed from the Mart of MOSES, and the Muses that once hung round the brilliant jet of WARREN have deserted those extensive premises in the Strand where every blacking-bottle used to be, as it were, a jet of the Fount of Castaly.

The harp that once in WARREN'S Mart
The soul of Music shed,
Now mutely lies in WARREN'S cart,
Or under WARREN'S bed.
So sleeps the source of MOSES' lays,
So ROWLANDS' puffs are o'er;
And heads once wreathed in poets' bays
Are thumped for rhymes no more.

No more by stanzas, songs, and odes,
WARREN his blacking sells;
The van alone the carman loads,
The name of WARREN tells.
Thus MOSES' muse so seldom wakes;
The only sign she gives
Is when some silly rhymes she makes,
To show that still she lives.

Poetic puffing having been blown to its utmost extent until the over-inflated windbag has burst and collapsed, the oratorical style of puffing having departed with the late lamented GEORGE ROBINS, and the narrative or anecdotal order of puffing having been abandoned by ROWLAND AND SON, of scented memory, nothing remains but to invent a novelty. Acknowledging, as we do, that “there is nothing new under the sun,” we sit down on a day when there is no sun to be seen, and on a misty morning in December we ask ourselves whether something new under a fog may not be perceptible. From the huge cauldron of pea-soup, which is emblemized in the London atmosphere, we fancy we discern something, and a new art of puffing is revealed to us in the shape of a Proposal to combine the Commercial with the Comic, and to establish on the ruins of WARREN'S fitful lyre and MOSES' muse's measures a system of comic puffing, containing a joke in every announcement. In order to show how the thing may be done, we give—gratis—a few specimens. We will begin with a few jokes for Royal Tradesmen.

1st. The QUEEN'S shoemaker may advertise himself as “purveyor of shoes to the whole of HER MAJESTY'S foot,” and he may also add that “the good footing on which Royalty stands with the people in this country is entirely due to &c. &c., who makes the QUEEN'S shoes, and who sells highlows, &c. &c. &c.”

2nd. The QUEEN'S glover may announce that “the affection entertained by the whole nation for the Royal Kids is entirely due to the fact that HER MAJESTY buys all her gloves of &c. &c.”

3rd. The QUEEN'S perfumer may ask conundrumically: “Why is Royalty in such excellent odour in England? Because all the scents used in the palace are purchased at &c. &c.”

4th. The QUEEN'S hairdresser may—with a disregard to orthography which is allowable in a perruquier and a punster—hazard the remark “that the true secret of the grace and beauty which adorn the hair to the throne is to be found in the fact that HER MAJESTY'S hair owes its attractiveness to the hand of Nature and the pomade sold only by &c. &c. &c.”

We could multiply instances over and over again. But as our object is to suggest a new mine of wealth to those literary men of our day who look to the art of puffing as a mode of obtaining an occasional blow out, we shall not proceed to forestall them in their labours, and take out of their mouths one morsel of that bread which, to the utter consternation of the poet, is now selling at elevenpence the quartern.

An Old Lamp and a New One.

THE scheme of the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS for instituting a *fête* under the name of *Fête des Ecoles*, to promote learning in connexion with faith, is a happy one. Everybody will agree in the sentiment expressed in his pastoral, that “Religion and Science are the two lamps which enlighten the world.” And if by religion he means Popery, it may be permitted to congratulate him that, happily for the human race, one of the lights which he alludes to has put out the other's burning.

AN IMPROVEMENT.—The Russian army boasts of a PRINCE STIRBEY. We think it would be an improvement, and only a just compliment to the aggressive spirit of the Russians, to call him PRINCE DISTURBEY.

PROPHETS IN THE PARLOUR—GYPSIES IN THE KITCHEN.



WHEN SUSAN, maid-of-all-work in the regular and respectable family of MR. POTTS—small City-man, with ambition under his waistcoat to be some day considerably bigger—when the aforesaid illiterate and superstitious SUSAN, wishing to better herself—a vanity that is unconsciously shared with her even by MR. and MRS. POTTS themselves—gives ready ear to EGLANTINE PRIGDUCK, gypsy from Barnes or Norwood—EGLANTINE dealing in husbands of every variety and at the shortest notice—and, giving ear to the prophetic gypsy, gives her at the same time an opportunity to draw into her MacIstrom pocket or

wallet certain silver spoons, afterwards identified by MR. POTTS—his own initials lovingly intertwining with the initials of MRS. POTTS, with the family crest of a rampant lion licking his tongue at posterity indubitably marking them as his property—

When, we say, SUSAN weeps and knocks her knees together, in a paroxysm of terror before the worthy and respected MR. SIXMUNCE—and the indomitable EGLANTINE looks callously innocent, calling all the stars to witness that “the gal giv her the spoons as her own goods and nobody’s else’s—”

When SUSAN is confronted with this alleged fact—the respectable part of society of which MR. and MRS. POTTS are such very distinguished members, shakes its head, and wonders how ignorance at eight pounds a year, tea and sugar included, can be such a fool as to believe in a gypsy! However, the benevolent MR. SIXMUNCE commits EGLANTINE to Tothill-Fields, and—with one of those paternal remonstrances that have won for him the proud designation of the Father of the Bench—dismisses the grateful SUSAN to her kitchen, MR. and MRS. POTTS, with a sudden benevolence, which causes them some after astonishment and self-congratulation on their goodness, consenting to give the creature another trial.

Now at the very time that SUSAN was opening her homely hand, that gypsy EGLANTINE might read in its hard page the marriage lines of the hopeful maiden (who is to give sixpence at most for the glad tidings; the spoons being purely an after-thought of the gypsy’s own)—at the very time Mrs. POTTS in her parlour is reading *Raphael’s Prophetic Messenger*; for the which she—the educated, finished MRS. POTTS; for was she not beautifully finished at Athens House, Wandsworth?—for the which she has, in the best faith and best current silver, disbursed two-and-sixpence! Ignorance crieth out in the streets, and everybody gives ear to her. Our *Messenger* has, to be sure, a more winning introduction than even the smiles and musical cajolery of EGLANTINE PRIGDUCK. For it has a beautiful picture in which the events of 1854 are brought out in bold red, and blue, and orange-tawney. LOUIS NAPOLEON is engaged chatting with BRITANNIA—who is asking him to run across and take a cup of tea in London, the British Lion at her side manifesting no objection whatever)—the while a very hairy savage has a dagger upraised at the EMPEROR’S back, and is evidently serewing himself up to “the sticking place.” There are mourning-coaches going to “take up” at Windsor Castle, with other graphic amenities significant of what must happen in the year 1854. And for this enlightened MRS. POTTS (that gypsy is still with SUSAN in the kitchen) has given two-and-sixpence; and that too with the mighty resolution of getting her good half-crown’s worth out of it. Well, MRS. POTTS begins with January, turning very pale as she learns this fact:—

“The square of VENUS and SATURN denotes severe affliction to a lady of the highest rank. The tranquillity of France is disturbed; much excitement reigns in Paris, Lyons, Toulouse, and Rome. Turkey and the regions of the Tigris and Euphrates are sorely afflicted.”

This lady—whoever she may be—has very sore afflictions throughout the twelvemonth; but then RAPHAEL must earn his half-crown’s worth.

In February, MRS. POTTS is informed—(and thinks with a shiver of little WILHELMINA who has not yet had the scarlet fever)—in February:

“MARS retrogrades to the opposition of the Moon in the radix of the PRINCESS ALICE, and indicates a liability to feverish complaint or accident.”

MRS. POTTS has conjugal fears for the health of POTTS, and resolves to insist upon gutta percha soles. In March—

“The retrogradation of MARS in VIAGO in opposition to VENUS, also retrograde in PISCES, will

stir up civil broils in Portugal; treachery and conspiracies amongst the priesthood are directed against the QUEEN and Government of that country.”

“Already, the poor QUEEN OF PORTUGAL sleeps in the tomb of the BRAGANZAS; but even RAPHAEL cannot be always infallible; not even for half-a-crown!”

April is big with events; or rather with one event that must swallow up every other. MRS. POTTS is a playgoer, and with the sensibility of her sex, would “ten to one rather see the *Corsican Brothers* than *Hamlet*.” Therefore she reads the subjoined with corresponding perturbation.

“Scandal or death awaits one renowned in the theatrical world.”

This is in April! Perhaps on the first of April? It cannot be BARRY, the deathless Clown, who shall be snatched from us? If, then, it should be the—the—the “renowned”—but no! we will not, we cannot think of it!—Ha! ha! ha! *Sardanapalus* is himself again!

MAY is full of danger as of hawthorn. What can the loyal MRS. POTTS think of this?

“MARS hastens, as it were, to apply the torch to the train of evil he has previously laid. The highest power in the land is grievously afflicted. It is the earnest prayer of RAPHAEL, that the direful influence of SATURN on the ascending degree and radical place of the luminaries in our beloved Sovereign’s horoscope may be averted.”

But this is nothing. “The highest power” is continually threatened; a prediction that, in the days of QUEEN BESS, would—we doubt not—have helped RAPHAEL to the highest gibbet. Again RAPHAEL turns the penny upon “our beloved Sovereign.” In June, he says—

“I DARE NOT fully enter into ALL the important significations of these positions and configurations. I sincerely pray that the health of our beloved Sovereign may be preserved, to which I am assured her subjects will universally join.”

(Do we not behold RAPHAEL on his bended knees, “sincerely praying,” with the half-crown in his mouth?) In July, however, our prophet makes merchandize of the QUEEN’S children.

“Saturn transits the place of the Sun in the nativity of the PRINCESS HELENA, producing a tendency to disease in the chest, &c., at the end of June and beginning of July. The 7th and 8th are evil days for the PRINCE OF WALES, and the 19th for the PRINCE ARTHUR. Their attendants should carefully avoid accident.”

These would have made very “evil days” for our prophet; evil as pillory and cart-whip could have shaped them. But we live in liberal times, and the Astrologer may turn his half-crown upon the probable diseased chest of the little PRINCESS HELENA, and the threatened dangers of PRINCES ALBERT and ARTHUR!

MRS. POTTS reads in August that “the KING OF NAPLES should beware of female intrigue, poison, or the assassin;” and—controlling her emotion—turns over to September, where she learns among other not impossible events that “great cruelty is displayed towards some female about the 27th.” MRS. POTTS thinks October a little slow. “Public writers and scientific men are unsuccessful;” and what of that? “The fine arts prosper!” Bother the fine arts: and straightway MRS. POTTS passes to November, when

“Much excitement reigns throughout the land; the long talked of invading army may, under these influences, make its appearance, and ere many months ‘the wolf will come.’”

With the intuitive calculation of woman, MRS. POTTS wonders where on earth she and POTTS are to sleep, if the Russians—which, of course, is meant by the wolf—is quartered upon ‘em?

But this is nothing to what is threatened in December. MRS. POTTS continues to read with—very naturally—increasing fear and amazement. Fear for HER MAJESTY the QUEEN, and amazement at things in general! “Heaven preserve!”—cries the prophet in ominous tones—“Heaven preserve the health of our Sovereign, and also of her people!”—ending with the new version of a Dead March, set after this fashion:—

“Dark and gloomy clouds hover over us; and I regret to add that during the year 1855 the significations are still fearfully evil. I cannot at present discover one ray of hope.”

What? Not for half-a-crown? Suppose, then, we make it three-and-sixpence!

Now, whilst the POTTSs continue to read the *Prophetic Raphael*—(it is the vagabond’s “thirty-fourth year”)—in

the parlour—should they wonder at, should they punish poor SUSAN with the gypsy in the kitchen?

Take care—oh, ye masters and mistresses!—of the half-crowns, and in good time the spoons will take care of themselves.



A GOOD HATER OF BLUE-STOCKINGS.

"If anything could increase my extreme horror of Blue-Stockings, it would be the terrible suspicion I cannot divest myself of that every Blue-Stocking drinks. I fancy that the only person she pays her devoirs to—and those only in secret—is OLD TOM; and that it is as much as she can do to keep her lips away from him. The suspicion is a very ungallant one, but I cannot help imagining that when two Blue-Stockings get together, they do love a good soaking. In fact, who was the goddess who first gave her countenance to Gin? PALLAS, to be sure; and her very origin was the result of a drunken frolic, for are we not told that she came into the world during one of JOVE'S splitting headaches? Now PALLAS is the confessed patroness of all Blue-Stockings; and as a public-house is to this day called, in honour of her, a "Gin Pallas," it is not very unreasonable to suppose that her protégées are addicted to the same terrible practice! It is sad, indeed, to think—and I only hope it is not true—that the Tree of Knowledge should, with elderly ladies, be a Juniper Tree."—Anon.

PHRENOLOGICAL ORGAN MUSIC.



THE Philharmonic Concerts are tolerably good; those of the Sacred Harmonic Society are pretty fair, but there is a musical entertainment now going on, which, if it realises the object it aims at, must beat every other quite out of the field. A lady, MRS. HAMILTON, under the title of "Practical Phrenologist," professes, by advertisement, to give public performances, described by her as "Phrenology illustrated by Music."

The shallow punster will of course remark that he imagined that the only organs susceptible of musical expression were those of the sort invented by ST. CECILIA, and not such as were discovered by GALL and SPURZHEIM; except that the phrenological organ of tune might, perhaps, sing for itself. However, HANDEL may be considered to have illustrated the organ of Veneration in his Oratorios; WEBER that of Marvellousness in his *Der Freischütz*; and OB. RON; BEETHOVEN that of Ideality and the organs of the other sentiments proper to man, in combination with those of the reflective faculties, in his symphonies and sonatas; BELLINI and DONIZETTI the organs of Adhesiveness and Amativeness. ROSSINI might also be adduced as an illustrator of Gaiety or Mirthfulness, and Imitation, or the dramatic organ. But MRS. HAMILTON'S music, which is to illustrate Phrenology at large,

and consequently all the organs, must, if it accomplishes as much as it attempts, be equal to HANDEL'S, BEETHOVEN'S, WEBER'S, ROSSINI'S, BELLINI'S, DONIZETTI'S; indeed to the music of all the great composers put together. She must be a sort of musical SHAKSPEARE—than whom nobody else ever succeeded in giving illustrations of Phrenology, or the philosophy of human nature, at large.

To illustrate the whole of Phrenology by Music in one evening must be impossible. The shortest way to do it would be by means of a symphony, consisting of no less than thirty-five movements, if we are to consider the "Love of Life" and "Alimentiveness" as established organs. The latter of these might be elucidated, musically, by the introduction of "The Roast Beef of Old England;" for the former, just now, the best notion would, perhaps, be the Russian National Anthem turned into a *fugue*, to signify PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S troops saving themselves as fast as possible from OMAR PACHA. But a series of performances would be required by the extensive nature of the subject; for any one organ, taken in all its combinations, might be played upon for a whole evening. Some of the organs are susceptible enough of musical treatment: "Philoprogenitiveness," or the instinct of paternal and maternal affection, but more especially of the latter, has its melody in the music of nature, as heard in the nursery, or issuing therefrom, mellowed by distance—the mellowed from that cause the better. The effect in question MRS. HAMILTON (who appears to be a Scottish lady) might produce by the judicious employment—it would have to be judicious—of the bagpipes. "Acquisitiveness" rejoices in the jingling of money, which might be expressed by means of the triangles, introducing the appropriated air of "Still so gently o'er me stealing." "Self-esteem" would blow its own trumpet, of course; the want of it being expressed by transition to a minor key. "Destructiveness" could be disposed of by a crash. "Combativeness" might come out in the drums and fife. "Firmness" might persist in a violoncello accompaniment. "Cautiousness," slow and sure, would speak in a gentle *adagio*. A lively *allegretto* would represent "Wit." The music of Masonry would supply some hints for "Constructiveness." There are organs, however, which may rather puzzle a composer. No harmonious measures that one can well imagine would give any idea of "Form" or "Size," and "Locality" would seem to be quite out of the musical way.

MRS. HAMILTON informs the public, that she will lecture on living heads from the audience, assisted by the celebrated MRS. CARTER, "the JENNY LIND of Scotland." Hence, it seems that the music will be, partly at least, vocal. It may be surmised that MRS. HAMILTON'S lecture consists principally of recitative, which would be more suitable than an *aria*, a *bravura*, a *canzonet*, or a part in a duet, to the statement of anatomical and physiological facts. MRS. CARTER, we are told, will sing Scotch, English, and Irish songs. There is an Irish song called "Donnybrook Fair," which alludes strongly to the shillelagh, and may therefore be conceived to be very pertinent to bumps. England, doubtless, has ballads adapted to various organs besides the grinding; and in addition to "John Anderson my Jo," and many other songs of the affective faculties, there is a particular Scotch song that might be very useful to a lecturer on Phrenology. MRS. HAMILTON, in lecturing on living heads, may be obliged to describe the upper story of some gentleman as being similar in its build to that of the late MR. RUSH. Any unpleasant feeling, or objection on his part to such a statement, might be quelled by MRS. CARTER immediately striking up, "A man's a man for a' that."

Whether Phrenology is made any clearer or not by MRS. HAMILTON'S musical illustrations of it, we dare say that those illustrations are anyhow very well worth hearing.

Fine Feeders.

It appears that the Sheriffs of London are fined from £500 to £600, in the guise of a subscription to the LORD MAYOR'S Dinner. Now this is a tolerable fork-out, for any one who can stand it, even if destined to the promotion of a high object, but considering what kind of purpose it is actually squandered on, we must call it a knife-and-fork-out that is quite intolerable.

THE CZAR'S CHECK.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has drawn his money out of the Bank of England, which he seems to identify with that of the Danube, whereon a handsome check was presented to him by the Turks.

PRETTY LITTLE THOUGHT.—The Squirrel jumps from branch to branch, the Flirt from beau to beau.

A REAL SCOTTISH GRIEVANCE.—LORD ABERDEEN.

KNOWLEDGE.—The Offspring of Thought, but much oftener an Adopted Child.



“A BURST WITH THE HARRIERS IN THE WEST.”

“I AX YER PARDON FOR STOPPING OF YE, SIR, BUT COULD YE LEND ME A GIRTH? MINE'S A BROKEN.”

MRS. JANE GIMLET ON “CRUELTY TO WIVES.”

“Yeast Lane, Grinnidge, Haithedesemburhatingffstethre.

“HONNURD MISTUR PUNCH,

“Heerin from them as nose u, that u wos allus a stikler for wimmins rites, i use no serrymony in a dressin of u wuns more, on beharf of my seks, as may well be called a fare seks to distinguish hit from yum, as is allus tretin ourn so unfarely. For Surr, feemul flesh an blud cante abear no longer the way in wich husbaus is a goin on, not that I speke of JOX, wich is a good cretur, tho in respek of bein a man, he cante help aggrawatin sumtimes, but have never liff his hand upon me, an nose better than to try it on agin wun as can scrub ten flores a day, or git up a wekes wosh for a large famly in fore an twenty hours. But sum of my naybors as air not blesst with a good sperrit and constant maniwal heksersise, do get put upon terribul, an himc sure if u could see the pore erecturs a shoim of eche huther their oonds an brooses, for hall the wurd like hold soldiers after a battel, an here wun on em, said, ‘My man give me this here gashly oond on my cheke boue with a smoothin hiren, last Wensday wos a weke;’ an hamthier, tellin ow her JIM tike an run a bradorle into her sholder, an swore hede skru her to the wall; an a thurd hexplain ow her husban cum home drunk wen she wos aslepe, an tride to pitch her out of winder (wich she live up three pair o stares) an sed hede thro her litel wuns a top of her, and ood a done it too, honely her naybors cum in an purwented him, just as she wos amost spent with sreechin an prayin, an hangin on by her highlids;—if u cood see an here all this an more too, as I sees an heres hevery day ude fele ure blud a bilin in ure wanes, fit to bleech ure werry skin. An then wots our reimydie? ‘Lor,’ I sez to NANCY JONES, the luther day, wen I see her cummin down the lain with a blak hi, and her gownd tore, an hevcr so much of her bak hare torn hout by the rutes, wich her BILL had held hisself on by it, wile he punched her ed, ‘Lor’ I sez ‘NANCY, if JOX pull my hare so, od rabbit it, hide polecee him.’ ‘Donte tell,’ sez she ‘wot’s the gude of poleecin of im? Polecee wood get him siks moneths an ard labor, an hoos to purwide for me an litel JAK, an ROSE JULEENER, an HAGONES, an SOPIER, wile hese enjoyng of hisself in prizen? He do kepc us now, and wede better liv and be bete, than keep hole bones an git no bred.’

“An she do speke no more than the plane truthc, Surr. Poleecin of

a husban punishes the wife and not im. Prizzen gives im a warmer rufe over his ed than he ad afore; prizzen fare cums more reglar than his hone, an cante be no planer nor harder nor scantier than wot he ave leff; prizzen reggulashuns kepes im clenec an elthier an cumfurtabeller than he cood be in hour corts an hallies, an if prizzen labour wos from siks in the mornin till siks in the hevenin, its honely wot hese bin lused to. But the wife of his buzzum, as ave bin harf murdered by him, have to slave and drive to kepe bred in the mouths of his children (an say NANCY JONES, ‘if it wosn’t for the children, Ide ave givc imback his ring at the werry fust nok he giv me’), an must wurk arder than hany HUNCLE TOM as ever wos, or go to the workus, wich few peepul can abide, an hall this she must do in the hexpektashun of seein of im out agin, an of the preshus hidin she’ll git at their next appy meetin. An so many a pore erectur never peeches on the man as is a killin of her, lest she shood bring herself to dounrite starvashun. But, Surr, if husbands wos to get as good as they gave, an have a preshus good hidin with a catoninetales-hevery time they bete their wives, praps the smart of their own flesh wood teche em not to make huther peepul suffer, and if they wos flogged nere their one homes, the other brutes as node em, and as is naterally kowherdly, would kepe their hands off their wives wen they sede wot theid get by betin of em. An so I ope ule try to bring about corpral’s punishment for such offences, wich i suppose it is so called becoss the corprals does the floggin in the harmy, and hoblidge your

“Humbel chareoman,

“JANE GIMLET.”

The Livery of the City of London.

AFTER the very conspicuous manner in which the City Corporation has been busying itself in the matter of PRINCE ALBERT’S Statue, the Livery of the City of London should be immediately altered to that which is usually worn at Court. As the Aldermen and others do not mind appearing before the public as flunkeys of PRINCE ALBERT, the least they can do is to wear His Royal Highness’s livery.

THREE THINGS MODERN YOUNG MEN CULTIVATE.—The acquaintance of a young lady with plenty of money—shirt collars as high as a garden wall—and a moustache.

NEGLECTED SCOTLAND.



A SENSIBLE SCOTCHMAN writing from Haddington to the *Times*, says that "the real grievances of Scotland are not her insulted Lions, nor her deserted Holyrood," but lie in "her ill-paved, worse-lighted and undrained market-towns, and in the incurable apathy of the inhabitants to sanitary reform."

This gentleman says that, on Tuesday last, at a meeting of the inhabitants of Haddington, it was proposed to adopt the drainage clauses of the New Police Act. After an earnest and solemn appeal from their parish minister imploring them "to unite with heart and hand in bringing the influences of pure air and water to bear on the wretched homes of their poorer brethren," followed by an awful warning from a medical officer of the town, "the householders (many of them wealthy men)" rejected, by a majority of ten to one, a bill for their assessment, in order to have their streets and houses cleansed, at the rate of 10*d.* in the pound.

A week previously, the SCOTCHMAN states, the Haddingtonians had devoted a day to fasting and

humiliation in the hope that the pestilence might be averted from them.

Fasting involves self-denial. The Haddington fasters cannot deny themselves to the amount of 10*d.* in the pound. They cannot fling that tenpence into the gutter, to sweep it, although the gutter is poisoning their poor neighbours, and may poison themselves too.

Christians are supposed to wash their faces when they fast. Whether the Haddington housekeepers accompany their fasting with any ablution may be doubted, since they refuse to pay 10*d.* in the pound for washing their town. By preference, for cheapness sake, they would rather perhaps fast in sackcloth and ashes; but as all sackcloth is now used up in sacks, whilst ashes are carted away for manure, their fasting possibly consists in wearing their usual clothes, and sitting still in their usual filth, and doing nothing. Whether they abstain from anything else—from haggis or sheep's head, or collops, or whiskey-toddy—in addition to abstinence from wholesome exertion—we do not know.

As to the Scotch Lion playing second fiddle in the Royal Arms, he may bless the sometime DUKE OF ARGYLE and his stars, and be contented to have any place there to fiddle in at all. By all heraldic right he ought to be ousted altogether, and his place should be occupied by the more appropriate emblem of a Pig; a whining, grunting, odoriferous Hog Rampant, sprawling in the filth of towns.

GARE LA GAROTTE.

OUR friend and contemporary the *Sunday Times* (whose zeal for the spread of Democracy, for the non-suppression of Betting Houses, and for the purification of the Turf and the Church, we gladly recognise), in commenting upon an excellent article in which the daily *Times* dissuades the charitable from encouraging street mendicancy, has the following startling remarks:—

"While on this part of the subject, we would suggest the impolity of withholding from the metropolitan mendicants, whether impostors or not, the scanty means of support. . . . We would counsel the old ladies and gentlemen not to hold their hands, lest the sturdy vagabond, who now contents himself with extracting pence from their humanity by whining, should take to strangling them in the dark streets, as some members of the fraternity have lately done in Manchester."

Really, *Mr. Punch*, who believes that in his time he has done no bad service to the cause of real Democracy (by which he means a system for the benefit of the many and not of the few), begs to say that these utterances by the "Champion of Democracy," are more worthy of one of the ruined clients of the *Sunday Times*, the Betting House Keepers (who may now be properly termed vagabonds), than of a respectable journalist with his faculties in order. Threatening decent people with strangulation because they decline to assist imposture, is rather a strong argument. Luckily, there be things called Policemen.

[PUNCH AND HIS PIPPINS.

THE "immediate apple of our eye" is an American apple, which we happen to have in our eye at the present moment. It is not an apple of discord, but an apple which comes home to our very heart's core with its assurances of friendship. A Correspondent, who signs himself "THE AMERICAN ENTHUSIAST," has allowed his enthusiasm to take the very sensible turn of a present of apples to *Punch*, who, while receiving it, proceeds to cut it up; and, like some critics, shows his taste by making mince-meat of it. We have perused the whole of the apples with great satisfaction, and though we might find a spot here and there, the blemish is only on the surface; for when we descend a little lower than skin deep, we find the apple quite worthy of the appellation of the American Prince of Pippins, which we hereby confer on it.

Interest for Prince Albert's Statue.

GIVE PRINCE ALBERT a Statue?—Yes, certainly, at the proper time; may it not arrive for a thousand years! But when it does arrive, up with the Statue; a Statue which shall have been merited by a highly useful life, whereof the promotion of the cosmopolitan fair in Hyde Park will have been one only among the remarkable acts. In the mean time, that the memorial may be worthy of the hero, put the money already subscribed towards it out to increase and accumulate; by which means, in addition to the interest which our descendants will take in the work, we shall also transmit to them compound interest that will help to pay for it.



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Political Ins and Outs.

EVERYBODY thought LORD PALMERSTON a thorough-going Reformer, but since he has left the Cabinet it would appear—from the *Times*—that his Lordship refused to remain in, because he is an out-and-out Tory.

A COLLECTIVE BEING.—A Tax gatherer.

HARD DEALING WITH A HAWKER.



NOW, all men, that Falconry is no longer a British pastime, but Hawking continues to be practised, though, like Shooting, it is not lawful without a license, and in that case is punishable by a swinging fine. The *Sussex and Kent Mail* contains a distressing illustration of this fact; which we subjoin:—

“TUNBRIDGE WELLS. PETTY SESSION, Nov. 12.

“Before J. DEANE, Esq.

“HAWKING WITHOUT A LICENSE.—MICHAEL DERLEY was brought up in custody, charged with selling mats without a license. The accused did not deny the charge, but contended that he had a right to do so, as he manufactured the articles himself. He had done the same thing in hundreds of towns, and had never before been interrupted; he had his mother and brother to support, both of whom were deaf and dumb.

“MR. DEANE inquired if the prisoner had been cautioned, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative of the prisoner that he could not allow the statement of the prisoner to influence his decision. The tradesmen of the town, as well as persons taking out licenses for hawking, must be protected, and he (the prisoner) must pay a fine of £10, or go to prison for seven days.

“The prisoner requested MR. DEANE to inform him under what Act he was committed.

“MR. DEANE declined to give the information.

“The Clerk to the prisoner—You can find that out when you get to gaol.”

Is there any mistake here? Was it for stealing mats that the prisoner was committed instead of being sent to gaol for selling them? If not, does there exist a law so atrocious as to warrant his committal?—if there is no such law, breathes there such a magistrate as MR. DEANE? And does MR. DEANE continue to hold a place on the Bench?

The poor man appears to have had a judge, as well as a mother and a brother, afflicted with deafness, if not dumb. MR. DEANE was deaf to his appeal for mercy, and dumb when challenged to justify his punishment. We cannot say, we hope that DERLEY obtained the information which he was so kindly informed that he might seek for in gaol. If no Act existed to warrant his incarceration, he would have a legal remedy for what morally, at any rate, was a false imprisonment.

DEBATE ON THE HUDSON QUESTION.

(By slight Anticipation.)

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—Monday, 13th February, 1854.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THEIR Lordships met at 5, but rose immediately, in order to afford various Peers an opportunity of hearing what was going on elsewhere.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Petitions having been presented, notices of motion given, and questions disposed of,

MR. ROEBUCK rose to bring on the motion which he had placed on the book. He said he should be very short (*A laugh*). He could not express his loathing and contempt for the vulgar and brutal rihaldry which could find matter for a grin in a man's appearance. He should be temperate, as all the world knew he always was (*Hear, hear*), and should merely read to the House an extract from a document to which the Hon. Member for Sunderland had sworn, and which that Hon. Member had placed on record in a Court of Justice, in which MR. HUDSON—(*Order*) What was the use of the servile pedantry that adhered to rotten forms? (*Order*.) Well, in which the honourable—very honourable—right honourable—would that do?—Member swore that he had expended certain moneys, or used other means, in bribing and corrupting members of the legislature to favour railway schemes in which he was interested. Conceiving that a legislator who could bring such a charge against his fellows was utterly unfit to sit among them, he should—without the least personal feeling—move that MR. GEORGE HUDSON be expelled the House of Commons (*Hear, hear*).

MR. HENRY DRUMMOND seconded the motion, but only for the purpose of saying that he perfectly believed every word to which MR. HUDSON had sworn (*Hear, hear*). He had last session given Lords and Commons, aye, and Ministers and Knights of the Garter too, his opinion of the extent to which corruption was carried in these days, and he reiterated his assertions. Still, though offences were to come, woe to them by whom they came, and therefore he should support MR. ROEBUCK.

The SPEAKER having put the motion,

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, as leader of that House, said that he should make very few remarks on a very painful subject. He had carefully looked into Magna Charta, and also into the Bill of Rights, and was inclined to believe that neither made any provision for the case of a

railway director who should endeavour to promote steam-traffic by unlawful means. So far they were in the dark. But it was desirable, nay, necessary, to consider rather the spirit of the constitution than its exact letter, and he thought that if the House would refer the matter to a Select Committee, they might attain their object. The instruction to that Committee would be to inquire, first, whether steam carriages were known in the days of KING JOHN, and if not, whether any portion of Magna Charta appeared to bear on the case. Next, he thought, the Committee might inquire whether, at the Revolution, steam travelling had been invented, and how far the Bill of Rights might have contemplated wrongful Railway Bills. On receiving the report the House would determine on its next step. (*Hear.*) He moved an amendment in accordance with his suggestion.

MR. DISRAELI was the last person to infuse into a question any element not patently consanguineous with it; but, with all deference to the noble Lord, he must respectfully inquire whether the noble Lord's suggestion did not tend to the implicit stultification of the House. Why, the noble Lord asked the Committee what he had already told them himself, and did not ask that which it was momentous to register; namely, whether in the chancery archives a damnatory record had been deposited. (*Hear, hear.*)

COLONEL SIBTHORP said that the noble Lord professed a great deal of virtue, which was all humbug. *Facilis descensus Averni*. He believed all Ministers to be knaves, especially when they most pretended to decency. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. He should leave the House (*laughter*); but before he went, he would just say that if the noble Lord, instead of wallowing in turtle and champagne (*laughter*), would introduce wise measures, he should be supported by wise men, himself amongst the rest. *Judex damnatur cum nocens absoluitur.*

MR. G. H. MOORE said that had MR. HUDSON been an Irish Member he would have been expelled long ago, but such was the beastly bitterness of England towards his, MR. MOORE'S, unhappy countrymen that, as MR. HUDSON usually sat near the Irish Members, he was allowed to remain there in the hopes that he might contaminate the high and pure morality which they had learned from their beloved priests, and which shed a holy and blessed light around their path, to the utter discomfiture of the bigoted, blatant, and blasphemous Protestants.

MR. LUCAS confirmed MR. MOORE'S statement as to the virtues of the Irish, and the wickedness of the English, and made an animated attack upon the Church of England, adding an affecting history of the persecutions to which Catholics were exposed in Protestant countries.

MR. DUFFY, MR. SCULLY, CAPTAIN MAGAN, and other Irish Members having dilated upon this branch of the subject for about two hours,

LORD PALMERSTON suggested—he hoped that as—a—a—an Irish proprietor, he might be permitted to offer a hint to Irish gentlemen (*laughter and cheers*), that they were a little departing from the points which perhaps offered themselves most prominently; at any rate—a—a—a—it seemed to him. (*Hear.*) Perhaps it might be advantageous on the present occasion to—a—a—sink the POPE. (*Great uproar on the Irish bench.*) Of course he meant nothing offensive to His—a—a—Holiness. (*Laughter.*) Honourable gentlemen had certainly travelled very far, but they seemed to have avoided Hudson's Bay. (*Shouts of laughter and cheers.*) He thought, really, that as the Hon. Member for Sunderland was present, he might be asked whether he had anything to say for himself. English gentlemen were not in the habit of acting harshly or inconsiderately. (*Loud cheers.*)

AN IRISH MEMBER (*indignantly*). “Are Irish?”

LORD PALMERSTON (*laughing*). “*Qui capit ille facit*, you know.”

There were then calls for—

MR. HUDSON, who rose and said, “My position is noways pleasant, and I shall not intrude long upon the ouse. In the first place I never said, exactly, that I had bribed members of the legislature, but only that I had applied shares in a way calculated to promote the interests of a certain company. What I've said, I've sworn to; and what I've sworn to, I stick to, of course. I don't see anything to be ashamed of in what I have done; but people differ on these points, and every man has a right to his own opinion. The ouse can do as it likes. But one thing I do mean to say, and that is, that if the ouse has a bad opinion of me, I've a precious bad opinion of a good many people in the ouse, and out of it too. What was I? A provincial shopkeeper, who was lucky enough to make a deal of money. Very well. Did I court Dukes, and Markisses, and M.P.'s, and officers in the Guards, and dowagers, and debytartnes, and all that? Not I. They courted me. They came to my ouse, and ate my dinners, and flattered my family, because I'd got a load of money, no matter how; and because some of 'em thought they'd get a slice, the others wanted me to put 'em up to dodges to get money for themselves. Same in this ouse. I couldn't come in here, when I was rich, as the right hon. gentleman in the cheer has seen and knows, but a mob of young aristocrats, aye and old ones too, all gathered round my white waistcoat, and were all fawning and affable, and jocosé like. Now, see how they keep away; and if I run against them, some cut me, some only nod. Is it because I'm worse than I was? No, only because I'm worse off. My golden sunshine brought out the vermin,

and now that's gone they're gone too. You may expel me, but you can't make me forget, when I had my big ouse which the French have taken, how Lords, and Barnets, and Guardsmen, and the Hort No Bless, and their females, crawled and eringed and fawned to the rich Yorkshire linendraper. And if I git right, as I don't doubt to do, I shall have 'em round me again. Money does the trick in England, and it's despicable cant to say it don't. I am in the ands of the ouse."

The Hon. Member's address caused considerable sensation, especially among certain strangers in the privileged galleries. MR. HENRY DRUMMOND was observed to rub his hands with much enjoyment. LORD JOHN RUSSELL's amendment was negatived without a division, MR. ROEBUCK's motion was then carried, and, on the motion of MR. WILSON, a new writ was ordered for Sunderland, vacant by the expulsion of MR. GEORGE HUDSON.

THE FASHIONABLE ZOOLOGICAL STAR.

We are sorry to see that the Zoological Gardens have lately got into the "Star system." Not content with a good working company of bears and monkeys, they must have particular "Stars" to bring the million in. Some time ago, it was a hippopotamus, who made all London run after him. Then there was the baby elephant, who was a source of great interest to mothers. After them followed a chimpanzee, and a serpent-charmer, and a whole forest-full of humming-birds, and we cannot recollect what else. All of them, however, were great attractions in their way; in fact, it may be said that the animals lately have completely taken the shine out of the actors. As the theatres have gradually become more empty, the Zoological Gardens have perceptibly become more crowded. What actor, recently, has had anything like the success that for a whole season ran panting, pushing and squeezing after the Hippopotamus? It was a fight of parasols to get near him—it was a joy greater than that of a new gown to have seen him! What is the reason of this strange preference? Is it because the public prefer Nature to Art?—or is it because the actors speak, and the animals do not?

However, the "Star system" is not likely to be so ruinous here as at most places of entertainment. We need not say that the Zoological Stars receive no salaries, beyond their board and lodging; and they are not likely to ruin their managers with salaries like those. They are paid regularly every day at the usual feeding hour, and we have not heard of an instance of any animal, no matter how popular he may have been, having struck for more beans, or refusing to make his appearance unless he had a double allowance of paunches.

The latest "Star" at this establishment is the Giant Ant-Eater—that is to say, if you can call him a Star at all, for, with a tail like his, he is much more like a comet. It is indeed a tail!—so long is it, that you imagine it must have been originally published in four-and-twenty numbers, and that they are here all bound up together. And a pretty thick volume it makes too! DANIEL O'CONNELL's "tail" must have been a wisp of straw compared to it. It hangs like a small willow tree—only instead of being green, it is a dark badger colour, and, in texture, resembles some of the long brushes we have seen made of Indian grass. It is as flexible as a party-politician, for it can be turned at will to any side. What is the use of such a tail it would be difficult to say, though as far as that goes, you might as well ask what was the use of a lady's bonnet, for the one is not worn more at the back than the other. When the Ant-Eater lies down to sleep, he throws this voluminous tail, like a Scotch plaid, round him, and we have no doubt it keeps him very warm. So, you see, it is of some use after all; and, for what we know, as he comes from a very warm climate, the Ant-Eater may use his tail in the summer to fan himself with. We are told that he is met with in the plains of the Brazils; but, from his habit of spreading his thick hedge of a tail all over his body, we should say that he was much oftener found in the Bush. In fact, it is a complete furs-bush—extending out nearly to the same length as his body. He is a curious animal, take him altogether. In shape he reminds you somewhat of a German pig, which is not the most elegant object a person can meet with on a long day's journey; only a German pig would be an English greyhound in symmetry by the side of him. The Ant-Eater is as hairy as a goat, and all along the ridge of his neck he carries a long frill of hair that stands upright, short and thick, like a long plate-brush turned upside down. Then the hair falls down his front legs, taking the form of a pair of black top-boots. These front legs look at first like hoofs, for the nails, the length of which any woman of spirit would envy, are turned underneath, and the noise he makes in walking upon them sounds exactly as if he had got clogs on. His snout, also, is extremely peculiar, being admirably adapted, from its length and narrowness, for getting the marrow out of a marrow-bone. It is longer than any cucumber reared by a penny-a-liner, only gradually tapering towards the end, in which is enclosed the tongue, to which it seems to act as a sort of case.

This case is made of bone; and, really, when the tongue issues from it, it looks like some very fine surgical instrument that had shot out of its case upon a spring being touched. We hardly know what to

compare the snout to, unless it is a very long and thin strawberry pottle, that some wicked boys have been tying over his mouth. This strawberry pottle is his only feature, for his eyes are so small that they are rather eyelet holes than eyes; but then, in its great bounty it more than balances, and leaves a large surplus over, for the miserable poverty of his other features. We know of no other animal that could be so easily led by the nose. As for his coat, the hair on it takes various colours. You remark a long stripe of red running by the side of a long stripe of black or yellow. The colours, on his breast particularly, are as distinct, and the lines as sharply marked, as the different-coloured grains you see arranged in a seedsman's window. The poor animal looks remarkably stupid, but happy. He wanders about his cage in a very inquiring manner, looking for his blessed ants, whom he cannot find anywhere, and making with his claws the noise of a French peasant walking in wooden shoes. He leads a very fashionable life, being up generally all night, and sleeping all day. There his accomplishments seem to begin and end; for he does not sing, nor bray, nor bark, nor low, nor whistle, nor make any noise whatever, except the one with his toe-nails, which must be particularly disagreeable during the night to the poor Chimpanzee who lives in the next cage to him. We tried very hard to dive into the Ant-Eater's thoughts; but, with all our diving, could not bring up any satisfactory proof whether the beast was aware of the great popularity he had suddenly rushed into. Like BYRON, we suppose he awoke one morning, and found himself famous. Let him not be too conceited, for "Stars" rise and fall at the Zoological just as quickly as at other places.



"MISSUS HAS SENT SOME NEW-LAID ANTS' EGGS FOR THE MUMMY-COUGH-
AOUÉ JEWBEATER." [Myrmecophaga Jubata. Anglice: Ant-Eater.]

Shameful Deafness and Defective Hearing.

THE late delivery of letters, and the illegal retention of books and prints by the authorities of the Post Office, have occasioned many remonstrances to be addressed to those officials, but without effect. The reason probably will be found in a new proverb, which it has become necessary to substitute for an old one. Instead of saying Deaf as the Post, it is now usual to say, Deaf as the Postmaster-General.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT.

IT used to be generally supposed that LORD PALMERSTON had sufficient effrontery and self-possession for the entire Cabinet, but circumstances have shown that he is the most retiring member of the Government.

THE COMING MAN.—Reform Bill.—Lord John Russell.

EXPOSTULATION WITH PALMERSTON.

OH PALMERSTON! why hast thou fled
Precisely when wanted the most?
What could put it into thy head
Just now to abandon thy post?
Why run from the vessel away
That needs thee to weather the storm?
I cannot believe, what they say,
'Tis because thou dislikest Reform.

Resigning, too, suddenly, when
Thou wast doing thy business so well!
In the language of certain young men,
It seems like a regular scull,
Thine office in thus flinging down
At this most particular nick
Of Time, thou resemblest the Clown
In a mischievous Pantomime trick.

But play out the part of buffoon,
And show thyself only in jest;
Return to help old PANTALOOON,
And HARLEQUIN JOHN, and the rest.
Return, or the Grand Christmas Piece
Will prove an unlucky affair;
And COLUMBINE help to release,
Now clutched in the gripe of the Bear.

Aias! by that Bear hangs a tail,
I fear me, for all we are told,
Which, lifting obscurity's veil,
A very short time will unfold.
Meantime let the Ministers weep,
Of such a supporter bereft,
Until they their handkerchiefs steep,
Crying, "PALMERSTON'S taken and left!"

A Brush Wanted.

A SPIRITED young lady, in service in a very genteel family, remarks, "I should be sorry to reduce English sailors to a menial situation, but I own I should like to hear that our gallant fellows in the Black Sea had been scouring the Steppes."

THE FOOTPRINTS OF TIME.—Crow's-feet.



VERY OBLIGING.

Mary. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE, THE YOUNG LADIES WANT YOU TO PLAY A POLKA."
Organ-man. "AH, MISS! MINE IS A SERIOUS ORGAN; BUT I SHALL PLAY A PSALM QUICK, IF YOU SHALL LIKE."

CLERGYMEN IN THE FARCE OF "TURNING THE TABLES."

TABLE Turning seems to be turning the heads of the parsons, and Spirit Rapping is likely to give a rap to certain Reverends which they will not speedily recover from. We confess to some experience in the practise of Spirit Rapping in connection with Tables, but the spirits employed in rapping have always been in tumblers of one kind or another. We have frequently suspected Satanic agency in some portions of our furniture, particularly in a quantity of cheap stuff which we purchased at a furniture mart, and which is scarcely worth the rap we have bestowed on it. We are in possession of a round table which is subject to fits of groaning and creaking, with an occasional tendency to the splitting of its sides, as if in very mockery of merriment. We must confess that the refractory table has been occasionally a good deal put upon.

The Clerical Table Turners seem to imagine that the Satanic agency is confined to a particular kind of furniture, but our own opinion is, that we are just as likely to find the "old gentleman" in the chair as in any other portion of our moveables. We do not see why the presence of the evil one should be confined to the work of the cabinet-maker or the carpenter, and indeed there are several articles of hardware which appear to be liable to visitations from invisible beings. Our own stock of crockery is undoubtedly exposed to such contingencies, for we now and then find an amount of breakage which, if our servants are to be believed, has not been done by any earthly agency.

An Exemplary Elephant.

THE performance of the Elephant that stands upon its head at Astley's is very seasonable. It represents the Balance of Power, which we wish LORD ABERDEEN could preserve in Europe as cleverly as the sagacious quadruped contrives to do on another theatre.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.—The height at which in the present day shirt collars are worn.



THE RUSSIAN NAVAL VICTORY.

Giles (a great politician). "HEY! DANG IT! TURKS BE DONE THIS TOIME; 'STEAD O' UM'S TAK'N UM, UM'S TAK'N UM."

A LIVING SUPERIORITY.—Woman has this great advantage over Man—she proves her will in her lifetime, whilst Man is obliged to wait till he is dead.]



ABERDEEN ON DUTY.

A-b-n. "I SHAN'T INTERFERE TILL THEY CALL MURDER!"



SURE SYMPTOMS OF CHRISTMAS.

(By a Surly Old Bachelor.)



PUNCH,—I know Christmas is coming from certain well-known symptoms that never fail to present themselves at this time of the year:—

Because my landlady is so extremely civil to me, and brings me my shaving-water the moment I ring for it.

Because I have not had to complain for two weeks about my boots, and the coal-scuttle is generally pretty full of coals.

Because the breakfast is laid before I am up, and when I ask for toast with my tea in the evening, the kitchen fire has not once been out.

Because the impudent news-boy has been much earlier with the newspaper than usual.

Because, wherever I have called, I haven't had cold meat for dinner for ever so long—for two weeks at least.

Because I cannot get my bills in from my tradesmen—they smile, and scrape their feet in their vile

saw-dust, and murmur something about "any time will do, Sir," and present me with French plum and bonbon-boxes, and fancy I have nothing better to do than to lay in a plantation of Christmas trees.

Because the crossing-sweeper takes his hat off to me every time I pass.

Because the Beadle has been wonderfully profuse with his cocked hat, and the pew-opener, within the last fortnight, has nearly curtsayed me to death.

Because, wherever I have called, I have found all the servants smiling most unnaturally, and bringing me things I didn't want.

Because my little nephews have been so very affectionate to me lately.

Because my little nieces have run up to me, and kissed me in a way that was more flattering than agreeable, and I have had my great coat and hat and umbrella and goloshes pulled off me before I have had time to inquire whether my brother (he is only a clerk) was at home.

Because I have been bothered out of my life with so many inquiries about that "distressing cough" of mine, and have been recommended so many wonderful remedies that were sure to cure it,—which remedies, if I had only taken one half of them, I shouldn't be alive at the present moment.

Because the Waits wake me up at night, paying me the discordant compliment of playing opposite my window longer than anybody else's.

And because—but I think I have said enough of these symptoms, which luckily "come but once a year." After all, I don't know—perhaps they are not so disagreeable, for the attentions one receives at this period are as flattering to one's vanity as they are conducive to one's comfort. The worst is, one knows they all spring out of a Christmas Box—and these boxes, as I have learnt to my cost, are not to be had so cheaply as handboxes. The enjoyment would be all the more enjoyable, if one hadn't to pay so dearly for it. During the Christmas month, my outgoings invariably exceed my incomings;—otherwise, I like it well enough, and shouldn't mind if the whole year were composed of nothing but Christmas months.

A Fit Punishment.

OUR Aldermen are such neglectful conservators of the river Thames, that we propose they should be compelled to bathe in it regularly once a day, until some great improvement has been effected in its inodorous management.

ARCTIC MONOMANIA.

THOSE who send navigators to discover the North-west Passage remind us of *Hamlet*, although he described himself as only mad North-north-west.

PHYSIC FOR ALL EUROPE.

POLITICAL convulsions will not yield to chloroform—they are to be cured by reform only.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—The Retort that rectifies an error, and does it in the most refined spirit.

OUR BOTTLE-HOLDER.

So, PALMERSTON's out! and the cannie Scotch Peer Whom he cuts, is in haste to be first with the story, And, to poison our PAM in the popular ear, Proclaims that for years our old friend's been a Tory.

But *Punch* is afraid that another Scotch mull Is marking the course of the friend of St. NICHOLAS; For the good MR. BULL is by no means so dull As not to perceive that the charge is ridiculous.

What! PALMERSTON, Liberty's champion in need, Who confronted oppressors with England's broad ægis, And haughtily ordered the despots to read 'On its blazon, the duties that Lords owe to Lieges.

Who has flattered, not pigeons (like us, dear LORD A., Who all "pigeon-livered, lack gall" to sustain us) But Eagles, Spread, Double, Red, Black, White, and Grey, And cried "kennel!" to Kings with his *Civis Romanus*.

Whose name gives the sign for a chorus of groans, Where, crowned and anointed things gibber in crmine, And, where slaves crawl and slaver the footsteps of thrones, Sends them off to their holes, as the light does night vermin.

It really won't do. To your patron, the CZAR, When the now forming file of the newspapers comes, he Will laugh out in scorn with a royal "Ha! ha!" To think ABERDEEN was so helplessly clumsy."

So, call him what you, for about forty years, *Wcre*—a Tory—or aught that comes into your noddle, One only regrets that in these days one hears Of so very few Tories who're built on his model.

He remembers the service by PALMERSTON done Since he took the portfolio, but yesterday hawked about; How, shoulder to wheel, he went through at a run, The work that all others had dawdled and talked about.

The grind for "six moons" to the wife-beating brute; The foot on the dens where turf-gamblers would cozen; The foul furnace throats made to swallow their soot; The yet fouler charnel yards closed by the dozen.

The lecture your Lordship's Scotch friends would not print, Who against Sabbath-breaking so tipsily hiecup; And the scourge he was knotting, by way of a hint To bid ruffians reflect before taking the stick up.

All this, my dear Lord, in our tablet's enrolled; And we'd very respectfully say to your Lordship, That the tales of your organs had better be told To those worthies, the resident soldiers on board ship.

For all the Scotch Lords who e'er blessed DUKE ARGYLL, Pouring out all their spleen by the gallon—Scotch measure, Could not poison JOHN BULL from his jolly frank smile, When he says, "*Punch*, here's PAM!" and *Punch* says, "JOHN, with pleasure."

[And they drink LORD PALMERSTON's health.]

An Extreme Test.

If you wish to ascertain the temper of a young lady, look at her nails, and the tips of her gloves. If they are jagged and much bitten, you may be sure she is peevish, irritable, quarrelsome, and too ready to show her teeth at the smallest provocation. This is an infallible test that every ill-tempered young lady carries at her finger's-ends. Do not attempt to kiss such a young lady under the mistletoe.

PROBLEM FOR THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

CAN no chemist tell us how to obtain a solution of the Eastern difficulty?

HOW TO SEE THE TEETH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

PRAISE her rival before her face, and you may depend upon it, she will soon show her teeth.

EQUESTRIAN ENTERTAINMENT.—The green-room of Drury Lane, all the time the horses were there, was turned into a "*Salle à Manger*."



REFINEMENT ON THE RANK!

Accomplished Cabman. "WILLIAM, VOOLY-VOO AQUA?"

AN AMERICAN JOKE EXPLAINED.

We don't understand American institutions—that's a fact. We don't understand the American Press; which is one of the greatest of those institutions. Deficient in the sense of irony, we take the playful abandonment—the joose mystification—of the American newspapers as simple statement. Hence multitudes of dull worthy people among us will receive the *New York Tribune's* account of the reception of the runaway convict, MITCHELL, at New York as a prosaic and authentic narrative of that event. Had GREENACRE, by some chance, escaped the gallows, they will be inclined to think, he too would have been hailed with enthusiasm and acclamation, as an accession to the worth and manhood of American citizenship. For MITCHELL resembled the other chiefly in the circumstance of not having been hanged. He was no mere political non-conformist and unsuccessful opponent of the existing order of things, vulgarly and technically termed a rebel. He was a traitor in the vilest sense of the word: a malignant hater of the QUEEN and the country: the sort of traitor that mediæval justice contemplated when it sentenced the criminal so called to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He was a sanguinary cruel catiff; a dogged miscreant who not only preached pike massacres, but yelled and raved for sulphuric acid, which he would have had rascals to squirt into soldiers' eyes. Those, therefore, who are not up to American drollery will naturally be scandalised by the seemingly sympathetic description, given by the *New York Tribune*, of the advent of such a fellow amongst the freest and most enlightened people on earth. Says our facetious contemporary:—

"As the *Prometheus* came up the river, she was boarded by MESSRS. MEAGHER and WILLIAM MITCHELL, the brother of the patriot. The meeting between these friends in sorrow and persecution was affecting in the extreme. Tears of joy were shed on both sides."

Tears which scalded the cheeks down which they flowed; being vitriolic. Without this comment—which would have spoiled the gravity of the burlesque—the *Tribune* proceeds:

"On nearing the wharf, the news of MR. MITCHELL'S arrival spread like wildfire, and ships and piers were literally swarming with the immense throng who crowded to give him a freeman's welcome."

No doubt this is the naked truth. There are, unfortunately, a great

many scoundrels and ruffians in New York who have an ardent admiration for a fellow scoundrel and ruffian. It is unnecessary that a New York journal should explain that these vagabonds are not Americans. But that explanation is requisite for our stolid readers, whom we will presently tell who the wretches really were. An individual of the noble and generous American nation would as soon think of hugging a rattle-snake or a copper-head, as of taking to his bosom the venomous and vitriol-squirting MITCHELL.

As MR. MITCHELL and his companions proceeded to their destination—which, notwithstanding the impulsive nature of American moral feeling, was not the nearest pump—he experienced various honours, which the waggish reporter of his triumph enumerates with whimsical exaggeration—particularising "roar of artillery," "dense mass of human beings," the carriages that bore them, being "followed by the throng," his way resembling "the march of a conqueror"—not by any means such a march as that of a man who is drummed out of his regiment. His friends, the funny journalist avers, "were almost ready to take him from the vehicle, and carry him upon their shoulders," and he was "surrounded by a large number of the citizen-soldiery and NANCAN'S band." Among these troops were the "Irish Rifles," whose weapon, of course, is the vitriol squirt—the "MITCHELL Guard," the "MEAGHER Grenadiers," with "Cabbage Garden," probably, emblazoned on their colours; and sundry other regiments and guards, which—it was superfluous to inform the New Yorkers—were ragged and—black.

Here lies the point of the whole joke. Misled by a parcel of Uncle-Tom-foolery, we are apt to regard the coloured population of the States as an oppressed race. They are, indeed, shunned and disliked; but that is entirely by reason of their incorrigible villainy. They won't work, but they will squat on an estate, and if compelled to clear off and make room for industrious whites, they shoot the owner of the property from behind a hedge. Rescued from starvation consequent on their unthrift and laziness, they turn and curse the benefactor who feeds them. Such were they who shouted welcome to MITCHELL; and only think how secure a people must feel in their republican liberty to permit a mob of savages to indulge in such a demonstration! This base and brutal multitude did not contain one American citizen. Their hands are stated to have played Irish melodies, "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and other national airs. No, no. The ragamuffins hated the stars as well as the stripes too much; and they no more played "Yankee Doodle" than MITCHELL sang "Rule Britannia." Their music may have included Irish melodies; but their other national airs were limited to the class comprising "Lucy Neal" and "Ole Dan Tucker." They were an assemblage of odious, miserable, ugly, degraded brutes, connecting links between mankind and the monkey. There was not a single Anglo-Saxon in the whole lot. In short, they were all—NIGGERS.

CHARITY FOR CHURCHMEN.



OUR friend the BISHOP of LONDON has published a circular urging his clergy to exert themselves to recruit the failing finances of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates in Populous Places. Very good; let all the other bishops issue similar injunctions; and perhaps they will not forget to point out that a great many additional curates might be provided for populous places out of the excess of income enjoyed by pluralists, who are the incumbents of places, some of which are comparatively uninhabited. Their Lordships might, by example as well as precept, urge their over-paid clergy to exert themselves for the required object, by pulling out a large amount of their superfluous revenues, if they can possibly stand so much exertion. Perhaps it would be as well to try the effect of this exhortation on the clergy first, and appeal to the laity, if necessary, afterwards.

The Real Reason.

LORD PALMERSTON has resigned. Speculation is rife as to the cause. We are in a position to state confidently, that his retirement is owing neither to the Eastern question, nor the Reform Bill, but to the despair of the active Home Secretary at the deluge of letters which he has drawn down by his offer made at Perth to listen to everybody's grievances, and consider everybody's suggestions—an undertaking which he has found himself so utterly unable to redeem, that he has determined on withdrawing altogether from the attempt.

JOKE FOR THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.—Instead of asking "How goes the Enemy?" for "What's o'Clock?" we now ask, "How goes the EMPEROR of RUSSIA?"

THE ALDERMAN'S HOPE.

STAND PRINCE ALBERT a Statue—it then mayn't be hard
To induce him to stand, by and by, for a Ward;
There ain't any lor, as I knows on, agin it,
And there 's nothing, as I see, preposterous in it.

The very next year pop him into the Chair,
And have the PRINCE CONSORT himself for LORD MAYOR,
With an out-and-out Show on the ninth of November—
Of the PRINCE OF WALES that, too, 's the birthday, remember.

What a sight!—to behold it all London would trudge—
The RECORDER presenting the PRINCE to the JUDGE,
Relating his history, birth, education,
And how he has always behaved in his station.

His R'y'l Highness to see, his official robes drest in,
A countin' the hobnails—oh how interestin'!
The *Illustrious News* would set forth the whole story,
With a beautiful cut of the PRINCE in his glory.

Only fancy the feast at Guildhall—'t would be splendid,
And then what if the LADY MAY'RESS condescended
To honour the spread—and to give circulation
To the Loving Cup—kissed to her liege Corporation!

Why there we should witness—whilst we was a-dining—
The Mace and the Sceptre in friendship combining,
Bound together with garlands of laurel and myrtle;
What a comfort to view as we sucked up the turtle!

Because we should hail in that union a token
Of a tie to be never undone, cut, or broken;
And a pledge that, as long as the Crown stands unshaken,
From Reform London City shall save its fat bacon.



Man Loves—with a Saving Cláuse.

AN Old Maid, who confesses to thirty-five, says: "She doesn't believe—not a bit of it—in the nonsense that men talk about breaking their hearts! It's her firm belief there never was a man yet who broke his heart—or if there was, that he broke it as a lobster breaks one of his claws, another one shooting up very quickly in its place."

THE DEMON OF THE MONEY-MARKET.

ANY success gained by the Russians over the Turks causes a fall of the funds of course; because the CZAR's invasion of the Principalities is in fact a mere Bear Speculation.

A NEAT CHRISTMAS BOX.

THERE is a little book called "What Shall I Do with my Money?" Had not the author better send a copy of it to the Registrar of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury?

THE GOOD OLD DRINKING DAYS.—When every Jack had his Gill.

A VOICE FROM THE OMNIBUS-BOX.

"MR. PUNCH SIR,

"WICH it is well known you ain't no friend to 'bus drivers in ginalral but as the friend of umanity our conductor says as ow you may be rote to on a subje wich hevery man as works a 'bus on the Kinsinton line ave somethink to say to. Now the frost as set in its ard lines for our 'osses and nosayin wen youre to get thro a jurney along of that ere blessed Ide Par Corner ill and the Gore wich it is the artbreakinest bit o' road anyweres out o' London and osses lyn about this week in all direekshuns, like the stage at Hashleys arter the battle o Waterloo, and hinsides as stieks to their places and wont get hont no not to walk a hinch and the poor 'osses a tearin their arts out wich it goes to a mau's art to use the wip to an oss as is doin its best, and conductors hup and down like arlekims hevery munit, and city-gents hawful cross and no wonder tied to time all as one as a 'bus. And all the while there's that ere byootiful bit o' road through the Park, niec new gravel and no ills and we mustn't turn out o' the road into the Park no not if our osses died for it and why not, I'd like to know?"

Why acos we're 'bus-drivers and its a buss and the osses is buss osses and the riders ain't people as keeps their carriages, wich we arnt liaristereratical enuff for the Parks as 'is public propity and kep up louter rates and taxes wich who pays them I know well enuff, and keeps them 'ere parties in the green livries so uncommon snug and pleasant not to speke o' the crushers. Now wot a city gent as rides reglar with me says is this 'ere ain't the publikk convenience nothink and cruelty to banimals wich we drivers is pulled up pretty sharp if we works an 'oss with a collar-gall, a speedy-out or anything like that 'ere and its forty shillin in no time. I'd a rote this to LORD PALMERSTON wich he said hanybody was to rite heverythink as was rong to im and e'd see justice done wich it aint now I know not by a jolly lot but he's out and so I rites to you instead opin you'll excuse the libberty and speke to the Guvment leastways SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH as is a friend o' the people wich is well beknown, to ave the Park hopened to public carriages—that is 'busses, for the cabbies can rite for themselves. So no more at present from your umbel servant;

JOHN BROAD.

(Driver No. 3 Ardwick these twelve year and never pulled up wonst.)

A Wash Wanted by Government.

TENDERS will be received at the Office of the First Lord of the Treasury, or the Office of the Foreign Secretary, for COSMETICS to Improve the COMPLEXION OF EASTERN AFFAIRS.

By Order of their Lordships,
Downing Street, 22nd Dec., 1853. R. E. D. TAPE.

THE GYMNASTICS OF BRIBERY.

THE power of lifting a chair depends entirely upon the way in which you take hold of it: and so it is with a seat in Parliament—perfectly hopeless to think of pickng one up, unless you can command a good purchase.

"Who's dat a-Knocking at de Door?"

ALFRED DE MUSSET's proverb tells us very positively that "*Il faut qu'une Porte soit ouverte, ou fermée.*" The EMPEROR NICHOLAS seems to be of the same opinion, and he is now trying with all his might and main, both on land and water, to have the Porte shut up as quick as he can. We hope he will only succeed in having the Porte slammed in his face.

A CHILDISH CONUNDRUM FOR LITTE CHILDREN.

Q. Of what wood should a Christmas Tree be composed?
A. Of Box, and so make it a Christmas-Box Tree.

CHRISTMAS WAITS—for "The Good Time Coming, Boys,"—only we suppose that, like us, Christmas must "wait a little longer."

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!—Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

THE OLDEST NOTE OF INTERROGATION.—A note, asking you if you are engaged on Christmas Day?

EXPERIENCE.—Women dislike talkative men: *they know how it's done.*

A LAZY HORSE.—The Pegasus of Genius seldom stirs without the spur of necessity.



TERRIFIC SITUATION!

HEROINE OF DOMESTIC DRAMA PURSUED BY THE UNPRINCIPLED VILLIAN IS ABOUT TO CAST HERSELF HEADLONG FROM A TREMENDOUS PRECIPICE!

LIFE AND DEATH ASSURANCE.

AMONG our Provident Institutions are Life Assurance Societies for Parents, which are Death Assurance Societies for Children. They are otherwise called Coffin Clubs. They engage to find the money for the coffin: the subscriber, father or mother, finds the occupant for it—by murder.

The Grand Jury at the Liverpool Assizes has expressed its opinion that the temptation thus afforded should be destroyed by law. That might be done, perhaps, by prohibiting the club from paying anybody on account of a death but the undertaker. But what need of such clubs at all?

Such clubs are necessary to protect the poor from being ruined by a heavy expense. But why the heavy expense? When I have shuffled off this mortal coil—what does it want, except to be put reverently underground?—Cannot that be done for a very small sum of money? Why is it not done on reasonable terms? Simply because the mode of doing it is not reasonable. Its performance is attended with a useless sacrifice of furniture—necessitated by the tyranny of custom—to show what is falsely termed “proper respect.” Proper respect is affectionate memory—not furniture.

Should I want “proper respect” to be shown to my leg, if I had the misfortune to lose it, by having it enclosed in an ornamental box, and deposited in a subterranean apartment, with a large expenditure in wages, coach-hire, silk, and crape, and feathers extracted from the tail of a great bird? If the leg is not to be treated with such “proper respect,” why is the trunk?

The rich show “proper respect” by means of ostrich feathers and such like. The poor are obliged to follow their lead as far as they can—and farther. Hence Coffin Clubs—whence infanticide.

Superior Classes, every nail that you drive to show “proper respect,” is an incentive to child-murder.

Theory and Practice.

CARDINAL WISEMAN, in his interview with the POPE, promised his Holiness, that in a few years there would not be a single heretic in England. Of course this is only “theoretically speaking,” but we are afraid the CARDINAL will find the practice quite another thing.

THE HOME OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.—A French Crib.

THE WAITS TO THE CZAR.

Word of Peace!—on Earth first spoken nigh two thousand years ago,
Art thou at this moment broken?—and who dares belie thee so?
'Tis a tyrant, cruel, scheming, whose ambition takes the field
In the very name, blaspheming, which that message then revealed.

Frost and snow, keen Christmas weather, and the biting winter wind,
Bid us lovingly together huddle closely, all mankind;
Blood is on the Danube freezing; wounds are agonized with cold,
Only for the sake of pleasing one proud felon uncontrolled.

All good souls are now hesecching blessings on their fellow man,
But one savage, overreaching, brutal despot, thousands ban.
On the field of battle lying, torn and mangled for his whim,
Hear we not the tortured dying call down curses upon him?

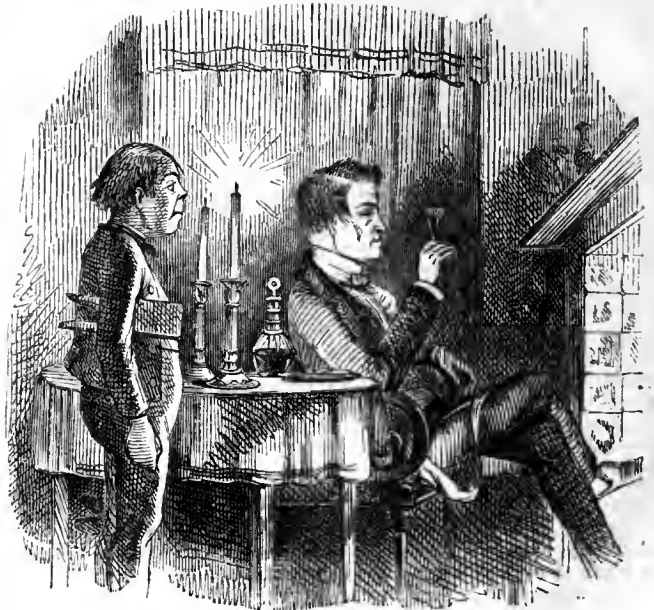
Nations now like kindly neighbours should, as round the Yule log,
close.

Must we take to guns and sabres? Will the tyrant make us foes?
Hear the wounded writhing under Cossack hoofs and lances then,
Gracious Heaven! and may the thunder of our cannon roar Amen!

Originality.

ORIGINALITY (says GOETHE) provokes originality; and we must say, that at Billingsgate, and in the House of Commons, the provocation sometimes is exceedingly strong. The smallest provocation we know of the kind is in the British drama; in fact so small is it, that we doubt if it amounts to any provocation at all. We only wish some one would provoke somebody else to write an original play, by writing one first himself.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF LIFE.—Youth is the season for active exertion; and all those who emigrate to the Diggings ought to be Minors.



RURAL SIMPLICITY.

Legal Gentleman. “HM! NOT A BAD GLASS OF PORT FOR A COUNTRY INN.”

Boots. “NOA, ZUR, I THINKS THEY MEAKES THUR OWN WINE HERE. I KNAW THEY BREE-EWS.”

THE CAB QUESTION IN A NEW LIGHT.

DIRTY carriage—wretched horse,
 Driver insolent and coarse;
 Prompt with ruffianly air
 To extort a double fare.
 If your rights you would maintain,
 And to Magistrate complain,
 Bullied by a Counsel brought
 To abuse you in the Court,
 For the dirty business paid
 By the union of the trade,
 Who can penalties afford
 From results of frequent fraud—
 Gentle Public, if you'd shun
 Fifty nuisances in one,
 Write it down on memory's slab,
 "Never take a London Cab!"

Gentle Public, come with me,
 And another picture see.
 Handsome carriage—decent horse—
 Driver neither rude nor coarse;
 For the same as Cabman's fare,
 Prompt to take you anywhere.
 If appearance you'd maintain,
 There's no reason to complain;
 To your door the Clarence brought,
 Fit to drive you, e'en to Court.
 Gentle Public, tell me why
 Don't you patronise a Fly?

Church Cannons.

A DR. CHURCH has invented some pieces of artillery which load at the breech; and two of them have been tried at Woolwich with perfect success. In these days, when ecclesiastical authority is so greatly at a discount, we are glad to recognise a CHURCH whose cannons are a hit. We believe that these cannons cost much less than the average of cathedral dignitaries.

CHRISTMAS PRESENCE.

Presence of Matter. In the Court of Common Council.
Presence of Mind. In *Punch's Almanack!*



IN A VERY BAD WAY.

"WHY, YOU SEEM QUITE WRETCHED, FRANK!"

"WRETCHED, MY BOY! AH, YOU MAY IMAGINE HOW WRETCHED I AM, WHEN I TELL YOU I DON'T EVEN CARE HOW MY TROWSERS ARE MADE!"

THE HANWELL COOKERY BOOK.

So much progress has been made in that humane treatment of insane persons, which allows them to follow their ordinary callings and pursuits, that nearly all the in-door work of many lunatic asylums is now performed by the patients.

Thus at Hanwell there are lunatic gardeners who keep their parterres and greenhouses in a most rational state of order and neatness, and we have not heard that the cracked violinist, to whose music his poor companions are allowed to dance, is in the habit of mixing up "Pop goes the Weasel" with the Dead March in Saul, or committing any similar instrumental vagary, as many might expect. Encouraged by the success of the gardening, washing, ironing, tailoring, and other experiments, the Directors of this noble establishment have recently attempted to extend this employment of the insane to the higher branches of household economy—including the great mystery of the kitchen.

But insane cookery, to judge of the specimens of the Hanwell *cuisine* which are now before us, does not seem likely to turn out so well as the simpler arts to which the presence of the wits does not appear absolutely indispensable. It is to be feared that the digestions of the inmates of the asylum might be seriously impaired by such dishes as the following:—

Soufflet à la Bombardino.

Take three-quarters of a pound of Dorking lime, two ounces of the best saltpetre, and a coffee-cup full of tin tacks. Beat well together with a whisk, bake for seven minutes and a quarter; add a few horse-chestnuts, a handful of cow's hair, and a gill of lemon juice. If the cook be a dissenter, or have secretly married the butler, the lemon juice may be omitted.

Apoplectic Jelly.

Take four hundred kangaroo's eggs, and when the water is hot simmer gently, stirring in dandelion leaves one by one: strain all through a thin deal board, and set it by in a pint basin to cool. This will keep for any length of time (if DR. CONOLLY is not allowed to look

at it), and will serve as a vegetable for sick people or young children. If not sweet enough, add some indigo and a pound of steel-filings.

Ollenitza Pudding.

Take some old Russia duck and shred it in a stew-pan with as much water as you can pour in without putting the fire out. When the feathers are loose pluck them out carefully, and mince with forced meat for garnish. Put in half a tablespoonful of salt, a bunch of chopped straw, and a little grated pumice-stone, then add the rice. Sweeten to your taste, dress with your garnish, and serve in a napkin. A few tea-leaves sprinkled over, will make it look more inviting. If anybody comes into the kitchen while the stew-pan is on the fire, put it under the table.

Methuselah Fritters.

Have some castor-oil boiling, slice three large heads of mangel-wurzel, and put them in your castor-oil till quite crisp. Try them with your finger. If done enough they will burn you. Add three oysters, a nutmeg, a tea-cupful of brown sugar, and a capsicum. If more flavour is wanted, you may add a tablespoonful of Bath brick. Serve up hot on a gridiron. If for a second course, tripe may be substituted for the mangel-wurzel, but oil of vitriol is preferable.

Croquettes à la Conolly.

Steal a marrow-bone from which the marrow has been taken out, and burn it till charred. Then scrape it into a butter-boat, with two spring onions minced, an oyster-shell, and a quarter of a pound of dry glue. Put up in shapes, and let it stand till it is mouldy. Have some treacle cold, and when it boils, dip your croquettes in it one after another, and serve up in the middle of next week. If made with marine glue they require more care, but will eat all the crispier. The yolks of two shop-eggs may be added, but this is a matter of taste, and unless the eggs are very stale they will give your croquettes too nutty a flavour. Some roll the croquettes in the ashes, but this is not to be recommended, unless where there are foreigners at table and a manservant is kept.

SERJEANT ADAMS ON A KNOTTY POINT.



MR. SERJEANT ADAMS occasionally makes sensible remarks. In the course of the other day, for instance, alluding to some misrepresentation of his opinions on the system of flogging, which had got abroad, he is reported to have said that

"He had for years watched the progress of that system, and had had ample opportunities of doing so, on account of so many children tried before him; and he had so frequently found that the commencement of a child's criminal history was with three days' imprisonment and a whipping, and after that beginning the child so constantly came back to this court, that his mind quite revolted from passing a sentence involving whipping at all."

"Give a young thief a whipping, and have done with him," is a

very common prescription of Common Sense for the cure of juvenile delinquency. Common Sense, however, sometimes jumps to conclusions which are not verified. Common Sense uttered predictions concerning gas and steam, which have not come to pass. And the views of Common Sense concerning discipline for youthful offenders are perhaps rather too summary. "Give the young thief a whipping"—very good. The thing is done with small expenditure of time and material. It does not take many minutes: it is attended only with a slight wear of whipcord: cost you a farthing, as MR. PEPPYS would have said: and a certain laceration of human integument, cost you absolutely nothing. You lose nothing whatever in raw material. Therefore inflict the whipping on the young thief. And have done with him? Ah! "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." But it appears that you won't have done with him. On the contrary, after that beginning, the child constantly comes back to this court, as ASSISTANT-JUDGE ADAMS says. After all, is it not manifest even to Common Sense—if Common Sense will exert itself—that to attempt the reformation of a child—and for what else would you punish a child?—by whipping him, is really beginning at the wrong end? The application of the scourge belongs to the operative part—the surgery—of the treatment of criminals; and operations should be resorted to only when all other remedies have failed. Primarily, the whip lacerates the skin; but the laceration is succeeded by hardening of the part that was lacerated; but not only by that: by the induration, also, of any amount of heart that the patient may previously have been endowed with. After such a beginning, no wonder that he comes back to this court or that. No: the lash is a valuable application, so is lunar caustic, so is lapis infernalis, or the actual cautery itself. But reserve it for desperate cases. Resort to it only in those of subjects that have lost all sensibility to every other appeal. Keep stripes for the ruffian who savagely maltreats his wife; for the hopeless brute, for the irreclaimable blackguard. And administer them to him in such a dose that he will not readily come back to any court to have it repeated. But a little whipping is a dangerous thing. It degrades and brutalises without subduing. You must lash a human being like a hound if you want to conquer him as you would conquer a hound—and it surely would be rather too severe to carry flagellation to that extent with juvenile offenders. It is not fair, moreover, to use the rod till you have first tried the schoolmaster.

Very Unseasonable Intelligence.

ONE of "Our own Correspondents," speaking of the recent disaster at Sinope, rather startles us with the announcement that "Turkey for the present is unquestionably worsted."

If this be literally the fact, we only hope our country friends will postpone their usual hampers until Turkey is itself again.

SEASONABLE INCONSISTENCE.

A JOVIAL young printer of our acquaintance having declared the other evening that he had left off work, was found under the mistletoe a little later most busily employed in printing kisses.

UNEVENHANDED JUSTICE.

OUR old friend, SIR PETER LAURIE, in his recent modest letter to the *Times* upon the legal (as well indeed as social, moral, and in fact universal) worth and excellence of our Aldermen, marks with a special note of admiration the gratifying fact, that the number of acquittals from our City Police Courts falls considerably below the usual percentage. Recollecting SIR PETER'S old propensity for "putting down," we are in some degree prepared to find that such a fact as this should be a matter of rejoicing with him. SIR PETER clearly holds that the proof, of the trial is in the finding guilty, and he has, doubtless, but a low opinion of those judicial courts where mercy is allowed to "season justice." "The rigour of the law" is clearly no unmeaning phrase in SIR PETER LAURIE'S eyes: indeed, we almost doubt if *Judex damnatur cum innocens absolvitur* be not in reality his first legal maxim.

Whatever SIR PETER'S present faults may be, there is no denying that he has rid himself of an old one. We cannot certainly accuse him of tenacity of opinion, when he shows himself so evidently prone to conviction.

CLERICAL TABLE-TURNERS AND SPIRIT-RAPPERS.



CLERICAL gentlemen are going about the country, giving entertainments, and making exhibitions of themselves, in connection with table-turning, spirit-rapping, and other freaks of furniture. The usual places of amusement, such as the concert-rooms and lecture-theatres are being occupied by clergymen, who admit the public at fixed prices to hear, but unfortunately not to see, the wonders on which they expatiate. By way of EXTRA ATTRACTION FOR THE HOLIDAYS we recommend any one of the Reverend Mountebanks to go the whole hog, or rather the whole ma-hog-any, by taking some establishment suited to scenes in the circle, and giving an entertainment, with a programme something resembling the following:—

THEATRE ROYAL ANYWHERE.

General combination of Table-turning talent. By a happy concurrence of fortuitous events, the REVEREND SAMPSON SPOONEY, the REVEREND MEALY MOUTHPIECE, and the REVEREND JABEZ JAWBONE are now in London together, and will have the honour of appearing in conjunction with the

Most Splendid Stud of Highly-Trained Tables.

For a few evenings, during Christmas, SAMPSON SPOONEY in his rapid act of horsemanship on the

WILD TABLE OF THE NEW CUT.

This astounding table will dash through an open window, spin round for a quarter of an hour, and conclude its wonderful performance by leaping out of the circle, with the REVEREND SAMPSON SPOONEY hanging on to its castors.

To be followed by the

REVEREND MEALY MOUTHPIECE AS THE COURIER OF EXETER HALL,

On six dining-tables in full gallop, all of which will take an astounding leap over each other's backs; and conclude by throwing a succession of somersets over a sideboard.

In the course of the evening, the

REVEREND JABEZ JAWBONE, IN THE HAUTE ÉCOLE, will introduce his

Favorite and Highly-Trained Table "Rosewood,"

which will dance the *False à Deux Temps*, go round the circle on three legs and terminate its graceful evolutions by a marvellous display of sommersaults.

The entertainments will finish with a pleasing act by MASTERS JAWBONE and SPOONEY, the celebrated juvenile prodigies, on a pair of card-tables. The intervals of the performances will be filled up by the solemn mummeries of the celebrated clerical buffoon, the REVEREND TIMOTHY TWIST, assisted by a Deathless Clown from Drury Lane, and other available talent.

"UNE BONNE BOUCHE."—When a young lady says her heart is in her mouth. (*Hem! Hem!*)

CATCHING PEOPLE'S EYES.

COMPASSIONATING the exceeding difficulty to which advertisers seem to be reduced, at this period of the year (when, as there are, of course, no Christmas bills coming in, one's wives and children ought to be reminded to make onslaughts upon the marital and paternal purse), *Mr. Punch* has kindly prepared, and hereby places at the disposal of the mercantile interest, a variety of advertisement headings calculated to attract the eye. Any person using any of them will enclose samples of his wares (carriage free, or portorage paid), to No. 85, Fleet Street.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER, an exquisite remark which would have derived additional force from the fact, if it had ever happened, that the Poet KEATS, on the day he penned it had tasted the delicious Dairified Pork, sold by &c.

WILL MR. DISRAELI TAKE OFFICE? is a question asked by many, and answered by many others, according to their political views. But there would be no question at all, whether, if the article were placed before him, MR. DISRAELI, whose taste is unrivalled, would take our Potted Bloaters, price One Shilling, and to be had only, &c.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET HAS SUNK in the estimation of Europe since ADMIRAL BOTCHAMOFF refused to victual it with our pressed Peef. Surely this will raise the Beef in the regard of all true Britons, who have only to apply at No. &c.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL HAS HAD A FIT.—To be sure he has, and you may have a fit too, if you will have the good sense to clothe yourself, as his Lordship does, at the establishment of SIZOUX Brothers, Tailors, &c. &c.

HUSBANDS! BEAT YOUR WIVES, that is, if you can, in the struggle to make home happy. You will have the best chance of succeeding, by presenting them with scrubbing brushes, tooth brushes, nail brushes, hair brushes, bottle brushes, blacking brushes, bonnet brushes, paint brushes, and other domestic comforts, from BAISTLE AND Co., at &c.

THE CHURCH IS IN DANGER!—No, not while her Ministers do their duty. But those who go to church, this weather, are in great danger of catching severe colds unless they wear Furs, and these can be best obtained at &c.

MURDER!—This very objectionable practice will never be persevered in by any person who will peruse the new and startling Novel of the "Tinderbox and the Tombstone," now publishing in TAASII'S Weekly Miscellany, price One Penny.

YOU DID IT! I SAW YOU.—And seeing you made me do it, and I will never again omit to do it every Saturday night of my life, Ma'am. "Do it—do what?" Can you ask? Buy Tallow Candles at DIRRS'S, Tottenham Court Road, &c.

THE LOVELY YOUNG LAVINIA ONCE HAD FRIENDS, and would have preserved them to this day, if, when she had them to dinner she had abstained from giving them deleterious compounds, which made them drop her acquaintance, and had caused them to drink the Sparkling Pale Ale, sold by &c.

THE TIMES NEWSPAPER HAS STOPPED!—Yes, and we hope it will continue to stop the mouth of many an impudent pretender, especially any one, should he arise, who should pretend that BOGGIN'S Patent Warming Pans are not one-third cheaper, two-thirds handier, three-thirds neater, and four-thirds lighter than any other. To be had at &c.

YOUR WIFE HAS BOLTED.—She has indeed bolted the front door, thinking that you are not coming home to-night. But you will return, and the poor thing will be roused from her first sleep, and have to come down in the cold to let you in, for as for waking that EMMA, you might as well try to arouse LORD ABERDEEN to a sense of the honour of England. Why, then, not save your wife's health by furnishing your door with one of TUMBLE'S AND Co.'s Latch Locks? To be seen in action at &c.

GREAT FIRE IN THE PALACE.—"And a very good one, too," as HER MAJESTY was graciously pleased to remark, desiring H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES to let the poker alone, as with Coals at two pounds a ton, he must not be extravagant. Matrons of England, learn a lesson of economy from the first Lady of the Land, and show that you have done so by ordering your Coals at SLATES AND COMPANY, Whitechapel Wharf.

THE THAMES IS FROZEN OVER.—When this announcement is made, the next thing will be that an Ox will be roasted whole on the ice. Without approving a proceeding which is rather silly and usually a failure, WOBLE'S AND Co. must say, that their Patent Roasting Jacks (price Eleven and Eightpence) will perform the feat, if any invention can, and, in the meantime, will roast anything else, from a Plover to a Pig.

NEVER GO TO A THEATRE, at least not without one of WINDOUM'S Air Cushions, which afford so luxurious a seat that you will be able to enjoy most performances, and almost to endure the deathless Clown without much annoyance.

MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH IS QUITE WELL.—This circumstance will gratify that gentleman's myriad admirers, and their satisfaction will be complete when they are informed that, not only MR. AINSWORTH'S masterly works, but those of all other writers of celebrity, are bound by VELLUM AND TOOLEY, corner of Bochurch Lane, upon the most reasonable terms, and with the greatest expedition.

A CLERGYMAN HUNG, with protracted admiration, over a M.S. of the eleventh century, found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and at last remarked, "I never saw such beautiful illumination, except," added the Reverend Gentleman, with that adherence to truth so honourably characteristic of the cloth, "except by means of the Sinefulginous Perculating Adumbrellant Lamps, which, by the way, I perceive may now be procured, Wholesale and Retail, of all dealers, and also at the Manufactory at Watworth."

A NEW PLAY BY SHAKSPERE, if now produced, would probably be called "alow" by one writer, "ill-constructed," by a second and as "not in accordance with the time," by a third. More reverent Judges would say that it contained the true Gold, that there were real Gems in it, and the Springs of action were seen in perfect working. Any one who should apply the above unfavourable opinion to BUSK'S Watches (warranted) would libel those masterpieces, but the terms of approbation, which we have said would be used towards SHAKSPERE, exactly characterise the Watches sold by BUSK at &c.

PALMERSTON HAS TAKEN POISON out of the London Atmosphere, so far as his admirable Smoke Prevention Act enables his Lordship to do. Eager to second his Lordship in promoting the purity of the metropolis, Messrs. BOWEN AND Co. respectfully recommend their White Curdy Soft Windsor Antigrimeopolis Soap, in packets of One and Sixpence, to be procured, &c.

A TRUMPET WITH A COLD.



The Sommerphone is a wonderful instrument, and MR. SOMMER ought to have the benefit of every publicity for his statement, that a certain defect remarked in its utterance the other night, during the frost, occurred, not, as was surmised, from any deficiency of understanding between himself and it, "but entirely through the severity of the weather, which," MR. SOMMER adds, "as all musicians well know, has a most detrimental effect on all brass instruments (particularly such as mine)." It thus appears that the alleged misunderstanding between MR. SOMMER and his instrument was a mere egotism on the part of the latter only. The notes seem to have been partially frozen in; and if, during the subsequent thaw, any of them came out again, as in a memorable instance, perhaps MR. SOMMER will state the circumstance. Possibly, as the Sommerphone had got a cold, it would have completed its solo later in the evening in question, if its proprietor had given it a basin of gruel and put it into hot water before

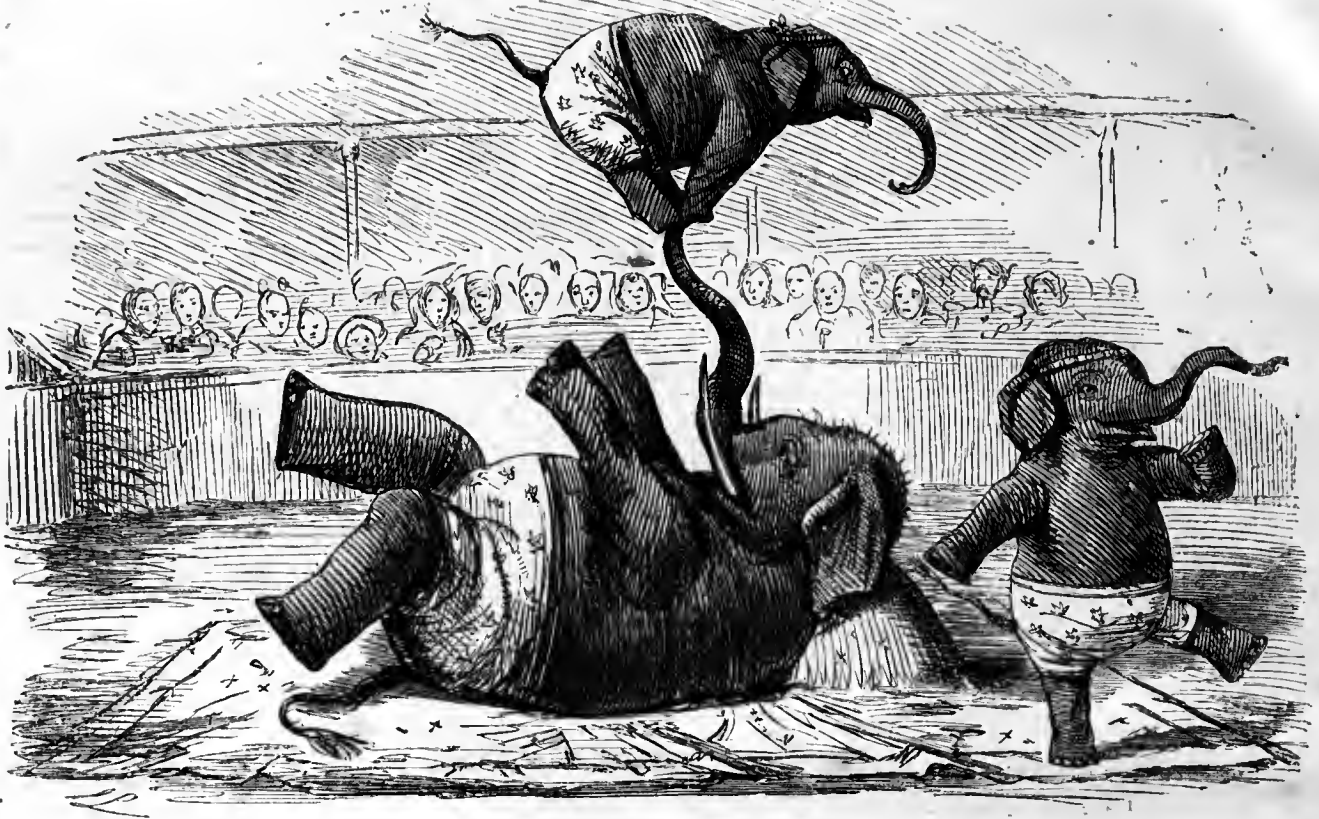
going to bed. We have no doubt of the truth of that gentleman's assertion as regards most brass instruments; but he is mistaken in extending it to all. It has not been observed in the House of Commons that cold weather particularly affects the tone of the POPE'S Brass Band.

We knew that vocalists were liable to colds, and other contingencies of climate; but this is the first time we ever heard of a musical instrument being subject to fits of indisposition. If apologies are henceforth to be accepted for trumpets, ophicleides, and other brazen instruments, as well as for tenors and sopranos, we shall be constantly troubled with excuses on behalf of some capricious trombone seized suddenly with an affection of the windpipe, and, in the trombone, the pipe through which the wind is conveyed is of a somewhat delicate texture. The Professor threatens that his next performance shall be accompanied by a full orchestra; but if it should happen that all the brazen instruments are suffering from bronchial or any other affection of their tubes, the result will be far from agreeable.

Fifty Thousand Cures

Of drowsiness, dejection, colour, dulness, depression, ennui, ill-humour, indigestion (mental) from political or other reading, loss of temper, low spirits, melancholy, moroseness, mental anxiety (as, for instance, on a railway journey), sulks, stupefaction (by a debate in Common Council), sleepiness, spleen, general used-upishness, and many other complaints, have already been effected by the use of *Punch's Almanack*, which is Sold by Everybody, and bought by the rest. The infant may take it as well as the adult, as it is warranted free from all impurity, and contains nothing hurtful to the weakest mental stomach.

ANYTHING BUT AN ALDERMAN'S MOTTO.—"Dinner forget."



A HINT TO THE ELEPHANTINE PROFESSOR AT ASTLEY'S.

CHRISTMAS WAITS EXTRAORDINARY.

(From our own Reporter.)

THERE are some remarkable additions to the usual Waits this year, which the papers have uniformly neglected to notice. As Corrector-General of the Press, it devolves on *Mr. Punch* of course to supply the omission. Half a moment's reflection will, he thinks, convince any of his readers who would be styled "intelligent," that—

There's the EARL OF ABERDEEN Waiting—for the protracted war which will result most probably from his protracted peace policy.

There are the Rotten Boroughs Waiting—for the expected Reform Bill which is to put them in good odour.

There are the Inhabitants of London (and twenty miles about it) Waiting—for the extinction of that truly burning shame, the City Coal-Tax.

There are the Keepers of the Betting-shops Waiting—to evade the recent Act which apparently has shut them up.

There are the Women of England Waiting—for a law that will *effectually* protect them against brutal assaults.

There are the English Tourists Waiting—for hotels where they may enter without being let in.

There's many an English Operative Waiting—to find that his strike is in the end a heavy blow to him.

There's many an English Curate Waiting—to find that his income will exceed a London footman's.

There are the Readers at the Museum Waiting—for the end of the world, or that of the catalogue.

There's the Corporation of London Waiting—to be crushed by the Commission which is now sitting on them.

There's the Emperor of Russia Waiting—for the spring which will enable him to jump into Turkey.

And finally, There's *Mr. Punch* himself Waiting—very pleasantly on The Universe with his Twenty-fifth Volume.

WHAT IS THE WORLD LIKE?—Why, the world is like a stubble-field—in which the greatest geese generally pick up most of the golden grains.

MISSISSIPPI BREAKING HER BONDS.

BIND the woolly-haired slave, tarred with Nature's own brush,
With base manacles load him; with vile shackles crush,
He has no right to kick off his fetters, not he,
But Bonds didn't ought to encumber the Free!

Let Europe's old monarchies labour and groan
Beneath the hard burden and weight of a Loan!
To be sure, though, Spain *has* had the courage to get
The directest way out of the irons of debt.

Cut 'em through—that's the plan—as you'd sever a stick—
It don't take but one stroke, and 'tis done smooth and slick;
Hurl the bits off to fly on the wild winds afar!
Unless you keep one just to light a cigar.

For they are but paper—is paper to bind
The young Eagle to Earth, when to'scar he's a mind?
He will snap the weak chain the first instant he springs
With the sun in his eye and the steam in his wings.

Loss of credit! what's that to the souls who rely
On themselves, and the hiss of the world can defy?
What is debt? Don't the talented EMERSON say
We have got other debts, besides money, to pay?

We reckon those other debts due first to fall,
The cash debt's the one which we'll pay last of all;
That's the genuine rule by which true Genius goes
In settling the endless account which it owes.

From the glorious fact, that our bonds we have bust,
Let mankind learn the lesson of thorough self-trust,
Though our sister States credit may cease to obtain,
And no mortal will trust Mississippi again!

A THOUGHT PICKED OUT OF THE COAL-SCUTTLE.—Vices are like coals—the more they are screened, the more the larger ones show.



THE MINISTERIAL SPLIT.

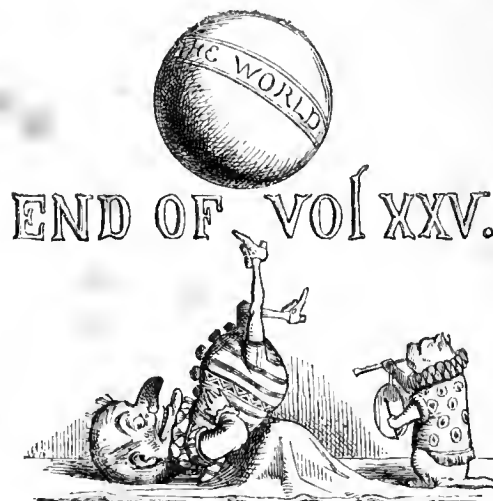
Palmerston, "I'LL JUST FRIGHTEN THEM A LITTLE."

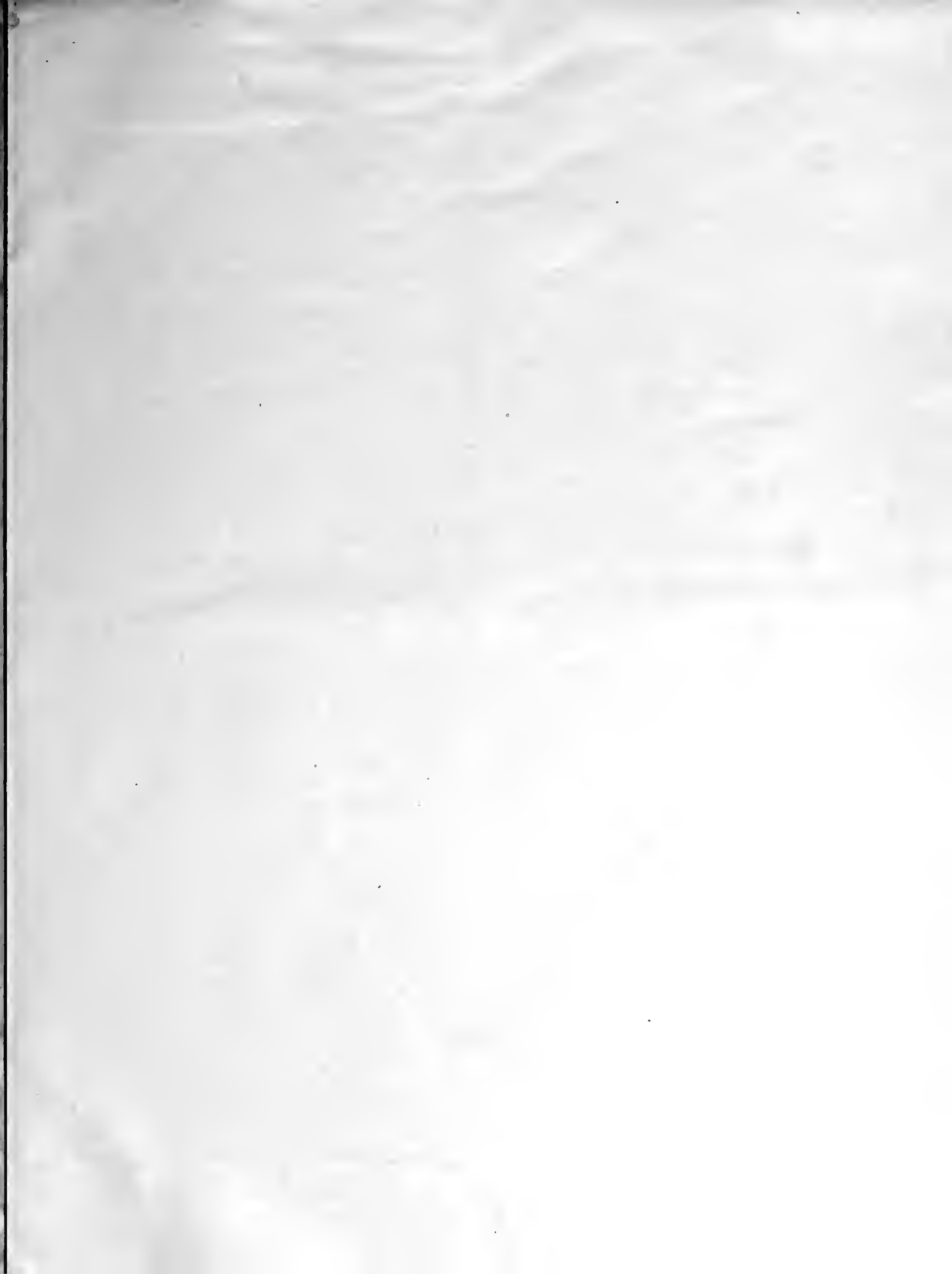




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