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**JAMES NICHOLSON**  
TORONTO CANADA



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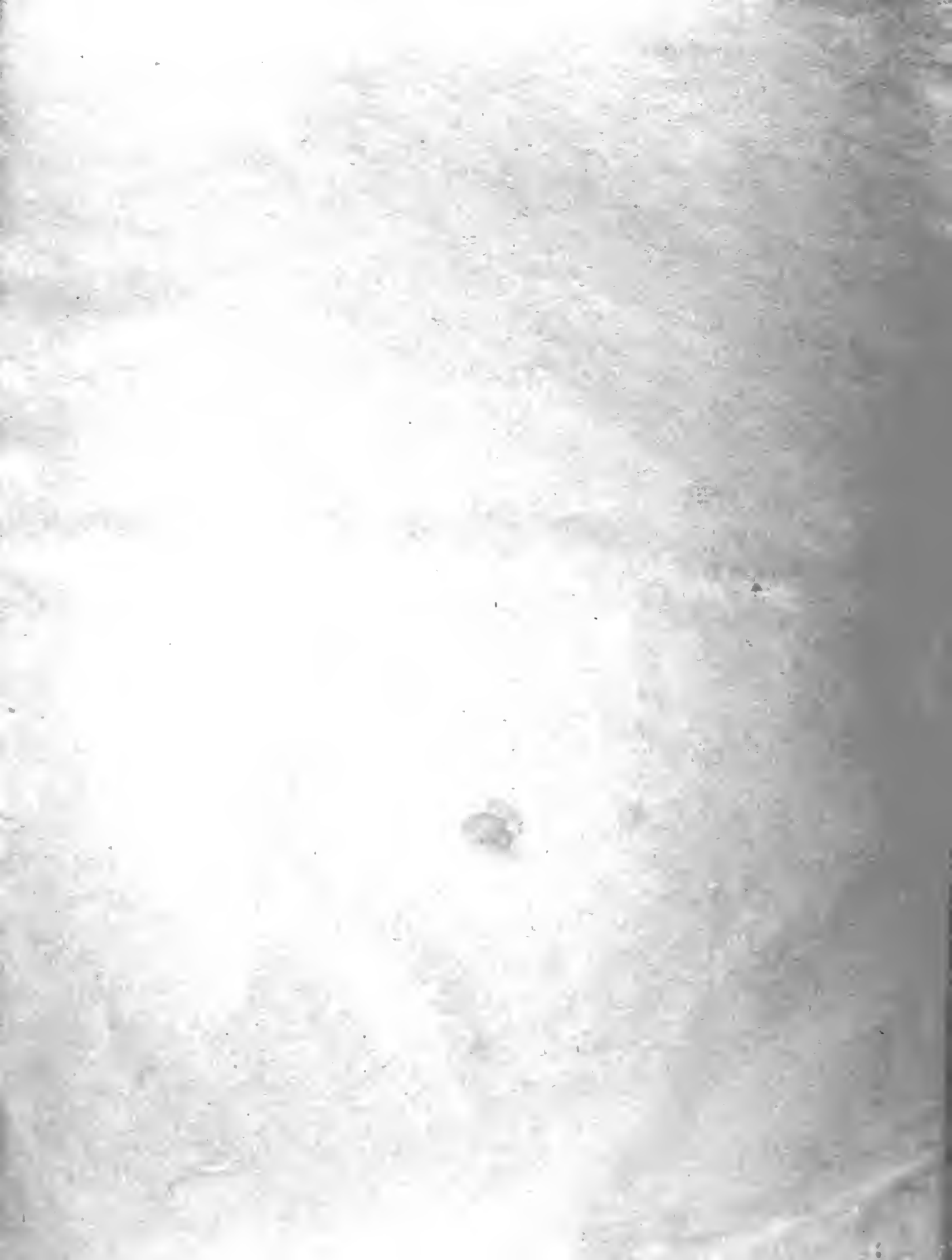
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JAMES NICHOLSON



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LONDON:  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
1855.



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101  
P8  
1855





**M**R. PUNCH, desiring that the Right Book should be in the Right Place, has given orders for the dissemination of this his Twenty-Eighth Volume throughout the world; but especially in those places where the Solidity of his Wisdom, the Brilliancy of his Wit, the Sweetness of his Benevolence, and the Loving-kindness of his Nature in All Things, should best manifest themselves to the World at Large through the World's Rulers and Misrulers, shining through them upon the peoples, even as the Sun shines through the crystal of the Palace and the lattice of the Cottage.

LORD COWLEY has been directed to present the Volume—bound in peach-blossom satin,—to the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE; that, further recommended by her looks and speech, the right precepts of MR. PUNCH may, to the abiding benefit of France and England, flourish in the right places.

LORD BLOOMFIELD, at Berlin, has been accredited with his Copy (bound in boar-skin), to present to the KING OF PRUSSIA. His Lordship has been further directed to read certain edifying verses charitably composed for the better instruction of the KING OF PRUSSIA, to be administered early in the morning.

The EARL OF WESTMORELAND, at Vienna (leaving his fiddle at home), will forthwith take his PUNCH (bound in GORDON plaid) to FRANCIS JOSEPH, the "Hope of Austria"—according to LORD ABERDEEN. ("Hope told a flattering tale," and Britannia was fool enough to believe it.)

LORD H. DE WALDEN, at Brussels, will present his PUNCH (bound in Russia) to LEOPOLD, requesting His Majesty not to forget that he is the Uncle of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, and by no means vassal to the EMPEROR ALEXANDER II. His Lordship has been further desired to present to His Majesty an English red rose gathered in the gardens of Claremont, as a further refresher of His Majesty's memory.

RD HOWDEN, at Madrid, will demand an audience of QUEEN ISABELLA to present Her Majesty with his PUNCH (bound in Spanish Bonds). His Lordship is further desired to express his readiness to read to Her Majesty four pages *per diem* for the illumination of the Royal mind, and through her to the enlightenment of Spain in general.

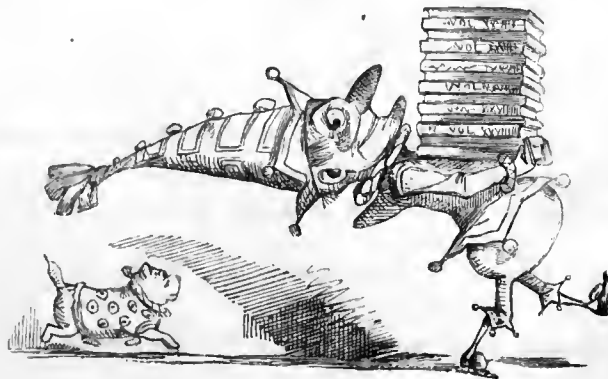
SIR R. PAKENHAM, at Lisbon, will deliver his PUNCH to DON PEDRO immediately upon His Majesty's return. The volume is most pathetically bound. The brave Bohemian ZISKA bequeathed his skin for a drum-head, so that though departed from among men, he might still most eloquently speak to them, to the consternation of the oppressor. A philosophic Portuguese bondholder, ruined and departed, has bequeathed a portion of *his* cuticle ("nearest the heart") for the binding of PUNCH, in the hope that the Right Book being rightly bound, and further being in the Right Place, might touch the royal bosom into consideration of bondholders, not yet quite deceased.

SIR W. TEMPLE, ambassador at the Court of the Two Sicilies, has been accredited with his PUNCH for the benefit of FERDINAND—unless in the opinion of SIR WILLIAM, the individual is too crass, as PUNCH's revered friend, LORD BROUGHAM would say, to apprehend one iota of the beauty and utility of the gift. The volume is bound in convict gray, a court colour in which His Majesty delights to clothe his noblest and wisest of subjects.

MR. PUNCH forbears to notice every individual case. Let it suffice that no crowned head—no beavered head, for the United States' President is especially cared for—has been overlooked.

MR. PUNCH had his volume prepared for ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA, and duly bound in Manchester cotton (handsomely presented by ALEXANDER's friend, JOHN BRIGHT), determined upon sending the book to St. Petersburg under the sanctity of a flag of truce. As, however, Russia is apt to dye a flag of truce in the heart's blood of the bearer, MR. PUNCH will not hazard an envoy. No: he will rather wait and deliver it with his own hand to ALEXANDER himself, when that remorseful individual shall occupy the state-prison (handsomely fitted up for his service) of Coldbath Fields.

Meanwhile, it is hoped that in hundreds of thousands of book-cases, the Right PUNCH will be found in the Right Place.



# THE CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR 1855

| January xxxi Days. |                |       | February xxviii Days. |                |       | March xxxi Days.    |                |       |                  |
|--------------------|----------------|-------|-----------------------|----------------|-------|---------------------|----------------|-------|------------------|
| 1 M                | Circumc.       | 17 W  | 1 Th                  | S. r. 742m     | 15 Th | 1 Th                | St. David      | 17 S  | St. Patrick      |
| 2 Tu               | Sun's 868m     | 18 Th | 2 F                   | Candlem. D.    | 16 F  | 2 F                 | S. r. 544m     | 18 M  | S. s. 541m       |
| 3 W                | S. s. 4h 2m    | 19 F  | 3 Sa                  | S. s. 4b 50m   | 17 Sa | 3 Sa                | S. s. in Lent  | 19 M  | S. s. in Lent    |
| 4 Th               | Ld. 7h 5m      | 20 F  | 4 Su                  | S. s. 5m       | 18 Su | 4 Su                | S. s. 5m       | 20 Tu | S. s. 5m         |
| 5 F                | (T. wa. D.     | 21 S  | 5 M                   | Agatha         | 19 M  | 5 M                 | Ln. 12h 50m    | 21 W  | Spring Qu.       |
| 6 Sa               | Phylax         | 22 M  | 6 Tu                  | K. Ch. II. a.  | 20 Tu | 6 Tu                | M. Ang. b.     | 22 Th | Goethe's d. d.   |
| 7 Su               | S. s. 5m       | 23 W  | 7 W                   | of No. 21      | 21 W  | 7 W                 | Ant. West.     | 23 F  | Herbert's d.     |
| 8 M                | Plough M.      | 24 Th | 8 Th                  | H. q. - Day    | 22 Th | 8 Th                | S. r. 6h 33m   | 24 S  | Lady Day         |
| 9 Tu               | App. Lead      | 25 Th | 9 F                   | Dunlay m.      | 23 F  | 9 F                 | Wm. 11. d.     | 25 Sa | S. s. in Lent    |
| 10 W               | St. Val. b. d. | 26 F  | 10 Sa                 | 3. Vm 1640     | 24 Sa | 10 Sa               | Da. Com. b.    | 26 M  | St. Ag. b. d.    |
| 11 Th              | H. Tern b.     | 27 S  | 11 M                  | S. r. 742m     | 25 M  | 11 M                | S. s. in Lent  | 27 Tu | James I. d.      |
| 12 F               | Dk. Alva d.    | 28 Sa | 12 Tu                 | S. s. 5m       | 26 Tu | 12 Tu               | St. Gregory    | 28 W  | J. of Amli.      |
| 13 Sa              | Can. Ter. b.   | 29 M  | 13 W                  | H. 1658        | 27 W  | 13 W                | Tristram b.    | 29 Th | S. s. 5m         |
| 14 Su              | S. s. 5m       | 30 Tu | 14 Th                 | Valentin       | 28 Th | 14 Th               | Pip. beg. g.   | 30 F  | Ca. Lt. T. s.    |
| 15 M               | Dk. Ter. l. e. | 31 W  | 15 F                  |                | 29 F  | 15 F                | begina         | 31 M  | St. L. T. s.     |
| 16 Tu              | H. of Cornu.   |       | 16 Sa                 |                | 30 Sa | 16 Sa               | Jan. Can. s.   |       |                  |
| April xxx Days.    |                |       | May xxxi Days.        |                |       | June xxx Days.      |                |       |                  |
| 1 S                | Palm Sun.      | 16 M  | 1 Tu                  | P. Arth. b.    | 17 Th | 1 F                 | Nicomede       | 16 Sa | West. T. s.      |
| 2 Tu               | S. r. 6h 30m   | 17 Tu | 2 W                   | S. r. 4b 3m    | 18 W  | 2 S                 | S. s. 5m       | 17 M  | S. s. 5m         |
| 3 Tu               | S. s. 6h 4m    | 18 W  | 3 Th                  | S. s. 7h 4m    | 18 Th | 3 M                 | Trin. Rua.     | 18 Tu | H. Waterloo      |
| 4 W                | Amrose         | 19 Th | 4 F                   | Henry, kin.    | 20 S  | 4 M                 | S. s. 5h 7m    | 19 W  | (1857)           |
| 5 Th               | St. Men. f.    | 20 F  | 5 Sa                  | Remo. d.       | 21 Tu | 5 W                 | Nonface        | 20 Th | Qu. Vic. a.      |
| 6 F                | Good Frid.     | 21 S  | 6 M                   | 4 S. s. 2a.    | 22 Tu | 6 Th                | S. r. 6h 4m    | 21 Th | Qu. Pr. 1837     |
| 7 Sa               | Pr. Leop. b.   | 22 M  | 7 W                   | S. r. 4b 9m    | 23 W  | 7 Th                | Corp. Chr.     | 22 F  | Lagat. day       |
| 8 M                | Raster Sun.    | 23 Tu | 8 Th                  | S. s. 5m       | 24 Th | 8 M                 | 7 Sp. sent     | 23 M  | Qu. Vic. a.      |
| 9 Tu               | Raster Mon.    | 24 W  | 9 F                   | H. Q. - Day    | 25 F  | 9 M                 | S. s. a. f. T. | 24 Tu | 3 S. s. a. f. T. |
| 10 W               | Hasilt b.      | 25 Th | 10 Sa                 | Mark Pra.      | 26 Sa | 10 W                | Whit Sun.      | 25 W  | Whit Sun.        |
| 11 Th              | Canning b.     | 26 F  | 11 M                  | L. Somers d.   | 27 M  | 11 Th               | Heracles       | 26 Th | Geo. IV.         |
| 12 F               | Amr. disc.     | 27 Sa | 12 Tu                 | S. r. 4h 3m    | 28 Tu | 12 F                | Collins d.     | 27 W  | S. r. 6h 4m      |
| 13 Sa              | T. s. 8h 5m    | 28 M  | 13 W                  | S. r. 7h 10m   | 29 W  | 13 M                | Hast. bnd.     | 28 Th | Coro. 1838       |
| 14 Su              | Scatter T. s.  | 29 Tu | 14 Th                 | S. s. a. f. T. | 30 Th | 14 Th               | Battle of      | 29 F  | St. Peter's      |
| 15 M               | Low Sund.      | 30 W  | 15 F                  | Curvier d.     | 31 Th | 15 F                | Saugassa       | 30 S  | S. s. 6h 18m     |
| 16 Tu              |                |       | 16 Sa                 | Scal Abuer.    |       |                     |                |       |                  |
| July xxxi Days.    |                |       | August xxxi Days.     |                |       | September xxx Days. |                |       |                  |
| 1 S                | 4 Su. a. f. T. | 17 Tu | 1 W                   | Lamma          | 17 Th | 1 F                 | Part. sh. beg. | 18 M  | 15 Su. a. f. T.  |
| 2 Tu               | S. s. 6h 4m    | 18 W  | 2 W                   | S. r. 4b 3m    | 18 W  | 2 S                 | S. s. 5m       | 19 Tu | (Tand)           |
| 3 Tu               | S. s. 6h 10m   | 19 Th | 3 Th                  | S. s. 7h 4m    | 19 Th | 3 M                 | S. s. 5h 10m   | 20 W  | Geo. I. & 2      |
| 4 W                | Trans. of St.  | 20 F  | 4 F                   | Shelley b.     | 20 S  | 4 M                 | S. s. 6h 40m   | 21 Th | Ember Wk.        |
| 5 Th               | Marin          | 21 M  | 5 Sa                  | S. s. a. f. T. | 21 Tu | 5 W                 | (Old Startin-  | 22 Th | H. of Almas      |
| 6 F                | Cam. Ter. a.   | 22 M  | 6 M                   | P. A. l. b.    | 22 Tu | 6 Th                | lomey)         | 23 F  | St. Matt.        |
| 7 Sa               | Gen. Ter. a.   | 23 Tu | 7 W                   | Qu. Car. d.    | 23 W  | 7 M                 | R. Hecodino    | 24 Th | (Aut. qu. c.     |
| 8 M                | 5 Su. a. f. T. | 24 Tu | 8 Th                  | G. Can. d.     | 24 Th | 8 M                 | St. Bartho.    | 25 M  | 10 S. a. f. T.   |
| 9 Tu               | M. Lewis b.    | 25 W  | 9 F                   | St. Jasn. Ja.  | 25 F  | 9 M                 | S. Cressy      | 26 Tu | (Fores d.        |
| 10 W               | Calvin born    | 26 Th | 10 Sa                 | Ann            | 26 Sa | 10 W                | M. Park d.     | 27 W  | Holy Allia.      |
| 11 Th              | H. of Duden    | 27 F  | 11 M                  | S. Talavera    | 27 M  | 11 Th               | D. s. 3h 20m   | 28 Th | St. Cyprian      |
| 12 F               | Praxaud d.     | 28 Sa | 12 Tu                 | Robop. g. d.   | 28 Tu | 12 M                | 14 S. a. f. T. | 29 Th | (Quib. sh.       |
| 13 Sa              | Nathic. d.     | 29 M  | 13 W                  | 3 Su. a. f. T. | 29 W  | 13 Th               | S. F. Sc. e    | 30 F  | S. r. 6h 56m     |
| 14 Su              | Basile des.    | 30 Tu | 14 Th                 | Ch. X. desh.   | 30 Th | 14 M                | Dk. Weil. d.   | 31 M  | Mich. Day        |
| 15 M               | 6 Su. a. f. T. | 31 W  | 15 F                  | S. s. 7h 4m    |       | 15 W                | Ladis taken    |       | 17 S. a. f. T.   |
| 16 Tu              | St. Swithin    |       | 16 Sa                 | Uttonp. ln.    |       |                     |                |       |                  |
| October xxxi Days. |                |       | November xxx Days.    |                |       | December xxxi Days. |                |       |                  |
| 1 M                | Phas. sh. b.   | 17 W  | 1 Th                  | All Saints     | 16 F  | 1 S                 | S. r. 7h 4m    | 17 M  | Orf. T. an.      |
| 2 Tu               | Nig. inc. Sh.  | 18 Th | 2 W                   | All souls      | 17 S  | 2 S                 | Adv. Sund.     | 18 Tu | Orimold b.       |
| 3 Tu               | S. r. 6h 3m    | 19 Th | 3 W                   | S. s. 6h 50m   | 18 W  | 3 M                 | S. s. 5h 1m    | 19 W  | T. Strab b.      |
| 4 Th               | S. s. 6h 30m   | 20 F  | 4 S                   | S. s. a. f. T. | 19 M  | 4 Tu                | Cl. Rich. d.   | 20 Th | (Shortest d.     |
| 5 F                | Od Parr. d.    | 21 M  | 5 Sa                  | Guape. Plot    | 20 Tu | 5 W                 | Mouart d.      | 21 Th | Thomas           |
| 6 Sa               | Faith          | 22 Tu | 6 M                   | S. s. 6h 20m   | 21 W  | 6 Th                | St. Nichol.    | 22 F  | Win. Qu. b.      |
| 7 Su               | 18 S. a. f. T. | 23 Tu | 7 W                   | T. s. 8h 21m   | 22 W  | 7 M                 | St. Nichol.    | 23 Th | 4 S. in Adv.     |
| 8 M                | B. of Edge     | 24 Tu | 8 Th                  | (b. 1841       | 23 Th | 8 M                 | C. S. V. Mary  | 24 Th | Day bks. 6h      |
| 9 Tu               | St. Denis      | 25 W  | 9 F                   | P. of Wales    | 24 F  | 9 M                 | Arch. Th. d.   | 25 M  | Christ. Day      |
| 10 W               | Os. & C. T. b. | 26 Th | 10 Sa                 | (Self. d. D.   | 25 Sa | 10 W                | Milton b.)     | 26 W  | St. Stephen      |
| 11 Th              | Old Mich. d.   | 27 F  | 11 M                  | 33 S. a. f. T. | 26 M  | 11 Th               | Ch. XII. k.    | 27 Th | St. John         |
| 12 F               | Americo d.     | 28 Sa | 12 Tu                 | St. Martin.    | 27 Tu | 12 M                | Ld. Hood b.    | 28 Th | Innocent         |
| 13 Sa              | Tr. K. ed.     | 29 M  | 13 W                  | Britia         | 28 W  | 13 Th               | St. Lucy       | 29 Th | S. r. 6h 8m      |
| 14 Su              | 19 S. a. f. T. | 30 Tu | 14 Th                 | Hershel b.     | 29 Th | 14 M                | Washing. d.    | 30 F  | 1 S. a. f. T.    |
| 15 M               | Marat shot     | 31 W  | 15 F                  | Mechutus       | 30 F  | 15 W                | 1. Walton d.   | 31 M  | S. s. 6h 5m      |
| 16 Tu              | Rid. & Laid.   |       |                       |                |       | 16 Sa               | S. S. to Ad.   |       |                  |



PURCH

**NOTES FOR JANUARY.**

8th, Plough Monday—of course a Holiday for Harrow.  
 10th, Day breaks at 6h. 2m. Considering that every day breaks, we should, instead of wasting the remainder of a broken day, make the best use we can of all the pieces.  
 The dew point will fall on the 4th of the month, when Bills are generally payable.  
 In frosty weather we are told we should lop our timber out of doors. The most sensible way of lopping your timber will be to cut your stick and go in doors to a comfortable fire.  
 Instead of catching cold by preparing a hot-bed for an early lettuce, let us prepare our own hot bed early with a warming-pan.  
 As the hedge-sparrow will now sing, you may take a note of it.

**MEMORABLE EPOCHS.**

THESE are certain exciting epochs in a woman's life that are never forgotten; such as, for instance—the first time she carries a parasol, the first time she receives a Valentine, the first time she goes to an evening party, the first time a proposal is made to her, the first time she wears a velvet dress, and the first time she puts on the wedding-ring.

**A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.**

**CONJURIAL.**—Says Mr. PIN, in a rage, to his wife, Mrs. NEEDLE. "I only wish you'd a head on your shoulders." Says Mrs. NEEDLE, in a passion, "Don't talk to me: if you had only an eye about you, as I have!"

**THE BATTLE OF WOMAN.**—A girl of ten displays courage amounting to rashness in her first Engagement, but is usually deficient in steadiness.

**CONUNDRUM FOR THE CLERGY.**—What aperture in a man-of-war reminds you of Mr. DEAN's mouth? A Port-hole.

**"LETTERED INDOLENCE."**—The Policeman (A I) who strolls about Herne Bay.

**HINT TO LITIGANTS.**—A suit at law means rags.



**THE ICE HARVEST.**

**NOTES FOR FEBRUARY.**

3rd, BLAISE. This feast ought to be no feast at all, for if BLAISE were to have a blow-out, there would be an end of him.  
 Some of the Almanacks contain "a Table of the True Dip of the Sea Horizon, corrected for Refraction." We confess ourselves not deep enough for such a dip, and we should not know how to correct it if it proved refractory.  
 In this month keep calves warm by putting them into gaiters.

**HOW TO PROVE A LOVER.**

In order to try your Lover's affection for you, take an opportunity of dancing some evening continually with somebody else, or of otherwise flirting, whilst, in the mean time, you snub and slight him. If this conduct does not destroy his regard for you, he loves you indeed sincerely; but he is a fool: and don't you have him.

**A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.**

**HISTORIC.**—KEAN had made up his face for *Macbeth*. "Now, what are we to think of ourselves?" says Indian-ink to Hare's-foot. "Think!" says Hare's-foot, "why we must think ourselves accessory to a horrid murder."

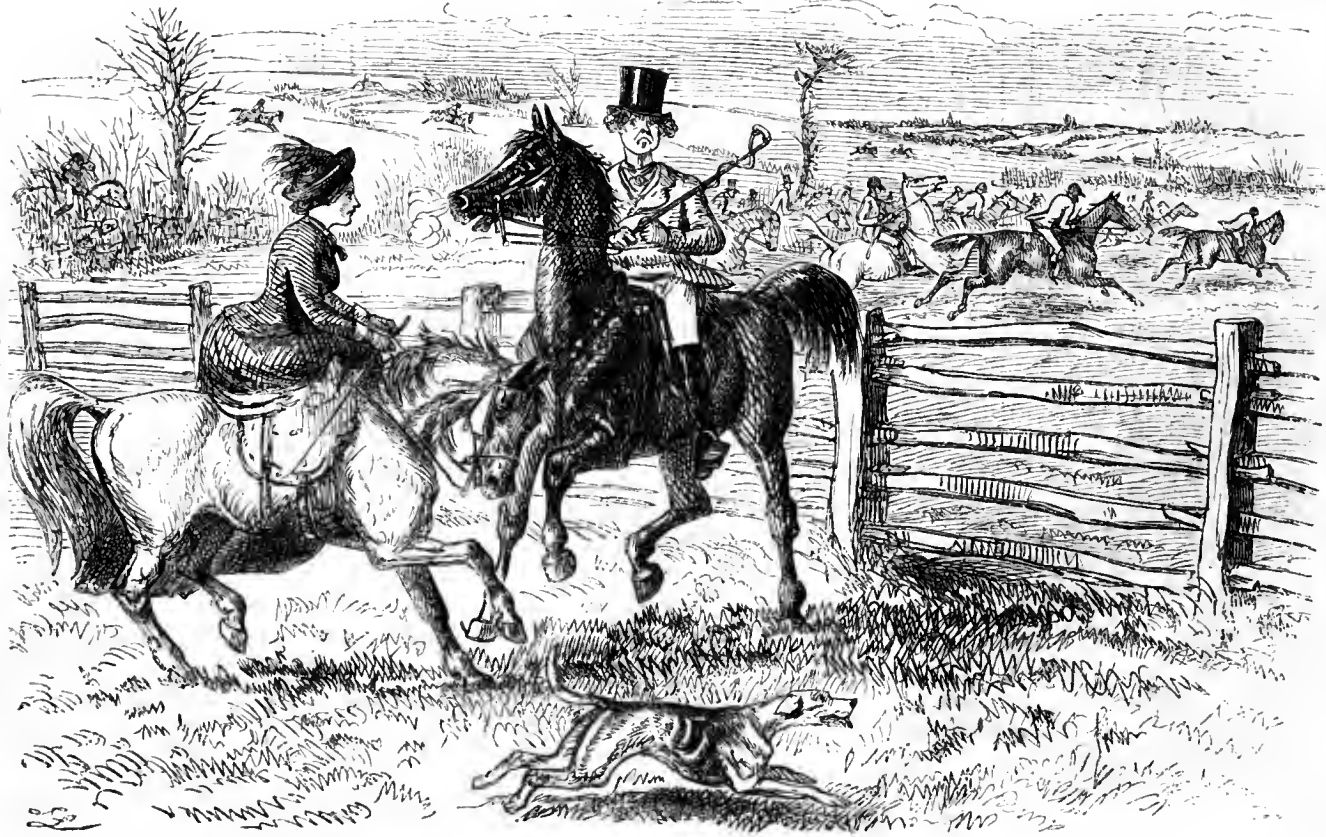
**RECREATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.**—A young gentleman of a lively turn sent his slow friend to an ornithologist for a Yellow hammer to drive a nail.

**LOVE AND LITERATURE.**—Some say that every Lover is a Poet: this is by no means true: it is, however, a fact that the Lover, considered both as a reader and a writer, is generally a man of Letters.

**A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.**—Couldn't somebody invent a soap which would enable Mamma to get their Daughters off their hands?

**CONUNDRUM BY A STUPID MAN IN LODGINGS.**—Why is my tea like my pale brandy? Because it is stolen by my landlady!

**SHABBY MAONIFICENCE.**—Much Gilding and Carving without Knife and Fork.



**RATHER AWKWARD FOR TOMKINS.**

Young Diana. "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO GO FIRST, AND BREAK THE TOP RAIL, MY PONY WOULD GET OVER."

**NOTES FOR MARCH.**

Though the year is shortened by nearly three months, its days are lengthened.  
Mercury will, on the 18th, be stationary; but although stationary, we have nothing to write upon him.

**A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.**

**AMATIVE.**—LAURA was disconsolate. HENRY had long flirted, but never put the question. HENRY went his way. LAURA's aunt, for consolation, brought her a love of a spaniel pup. "My dear," says the Aunt, "the puppy can do everything but speak." "Why will you agonise me?" says LAURA, "that's the only fault I found with the other."

**PREDICTION.**—The next campaign will open in the month of March.

**HOW TO TELL THE POSITION OF THE PLANETS BY THE WIND.**—It is probable that Vesta will be in the South when the wind blows a Sou-Vester.

**MEMORANDUM FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.**—To young ladies—Now make up your minds and choose your lover, considering that you may have too many chaps on your hands.

**TRUTH FOR TRETOTALLERS.**—The Porter that is stout will carry the biggest man beyond the bounds of discretion.

**RULE FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.**—The smallest possible waste, without pinching.

**INFORMATION FOR INNOCENTS.**—When anybody talks much about his trials, there is some reason to believe him to be a thief.

**USEFUL RECIPE: TO MAKE TWO SOUPS OF ONE THING.**—Buy the Tail of an Ox entire, shave it, and with the hair thus obtained make Hair-Soup, reserving the remainder of the purchase for Ox-Tail.

**THE ALTAR AND THE CROSS.**—We always feel sorry for illiterate brides and bridegrooms who have to put "their mark" in the Parish Register; for it seems ominous that their wedded life should begin with crosses.

**SHERIFFS' OFFICERS IN THE NAVY.**—More than one officer during the present war has thrown a live shell overboard. The officer who could thus take up a bomb, must be quite a bomb-bailiff.



**PATERFAMILIAS SUPERINTENDS IN PERSON THE REMOVAL OF THE SNOW FROM THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE.**

**FACT IN MESMERISM.**

A young medical student, having been mesmerised, was thrown into a state of clairvoyance. On being asked where he was, he said he was in the lodgings of the mesmeriser, his fellow-student. To the question, what he could see there, he replied that he saw the woman of the house opening the cupboard with a secret key, and helping herself out of the gin-bottle.

**LEGAL ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.**—Don't accept the hand of anybody who tells you that he is going to marry and settle. Make him settle first, and let him marry afterwards.

**CLASSICAL COLLAR.**—The ancient Roman ladies are said to have sometimes adorned themselves by tying a live snake round their neck. The reptile, in that case, may be said to have been the lady's live stock.

**'TIS TRUE, 'TIS PITY; AND PITY 'TIS TRUE.**—Honeymoon bliss sometimes turns out to be mera moonshine.

**NATURAL MISTAKE.**

An agricultural gentleman, in reading a fashionable newspaper, exploded in a guffaw. On being entreated to communicate the cause of his mirth, he pointed to the description of a "Marriage in High Life," in which the reporter stated "we have been favoured with a peep at the bride's *trousseau*." "To ha 'em made aforehand," the farmer said, "showed pretty well as how the lady had made up her mind to wear 'em arterwards."

**WHAT'S HIS NAME?**—We may truly say that the inventor of the steam-engine was a man of great engine-ity.



**PLEASING EFFECT BELOW.**

**A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.**

**MEDICAL.**—"How is it," asked DAME PARTLET, the hen of her lord, "that that hideous duck does nothing but make a noise, and yet always has the largest egg?" "My dear," answered the cock, "so goes the world: the greater the quack the bigger the gain."

**HINT ON ETIQUETTE.**—The unaccountable dislike which many ladies have that their age should be known, suggests the suspicion that we may not always make ourselves so agreeable as we fancy in wishing a female acquaintance many happy returns of her birthday. It would, perhaps, be more judicious to wish her as many returns of the day as she can desire.

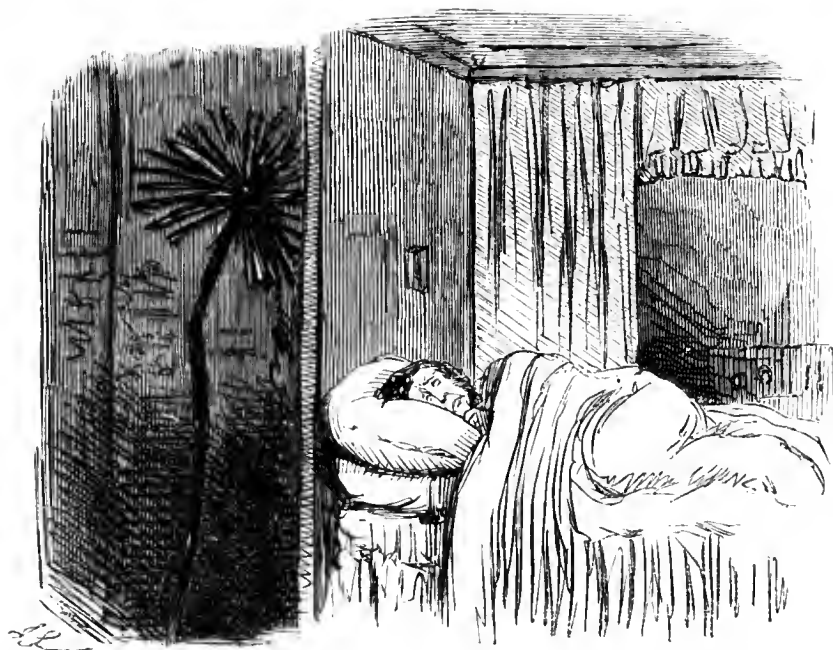
**A RUE FOR RUBENS.**—A new Guide to London says of the St. Martins-in-the-Fields Baths and Wash-houses, that "they are conveniently situated at the rear of the Royal Academy." We presume that this "convenience" is in reference to the scourings which pictures receive in the National establishment.

**HEALTH AND BEAUTY.**—The young lady who is unable to sport a riding habit, should get into a walking habit.

**MILITARY MEMORANDUM.**—The COLONEL is the nucleus of his regiment.

**REFLECTION ON MOUNT PARNASSUS.**—It is possible to devour Poetry without being a Poetaster.

**TO PERSONS ABOUT TO TAKE ORDERS.**—A Curate is a clergyman who cannot get a living.



OH DEAR! THAT REGULAR FAMILY NEXT DOOR ARE HAVING THEIR CHIMNEY SWEEPED AGAIN.

**A BATCH OF CONUNDRUMS.**

When does snow look most poetical?—When it is turned into rime.

What part of Pinlicio best agrees with the digestion of its inhabitants?—That part which is eaten square (Eaton Square).

When was KING JOHN most like dirty linen?—When he went into the Wash.

What is the worth of a letter that contains ten jokes?—A ten-pun note.

**DIVERTING DIALOGUE.**

"MAMMA, can a door speak?"

"Certainly not, my love."

"Then why did you tell ANNE, this morning, to answer the door?"

"It is time for you to go to school, dear."

A VULGAR layman observes, that if the moustache movement was carried into the pulpit, all our clergy would become hairy uns! (Arians.)

"DO YOU WANT YOUR ARMS FURNO?"—This is a familiar advertisement which Miss BIRN would have considered personally offensive.

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.—Why is not a University established under the walls of Dunse Castle?

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—The raw material for home consumption is principally derived from the Butcher's Shop.

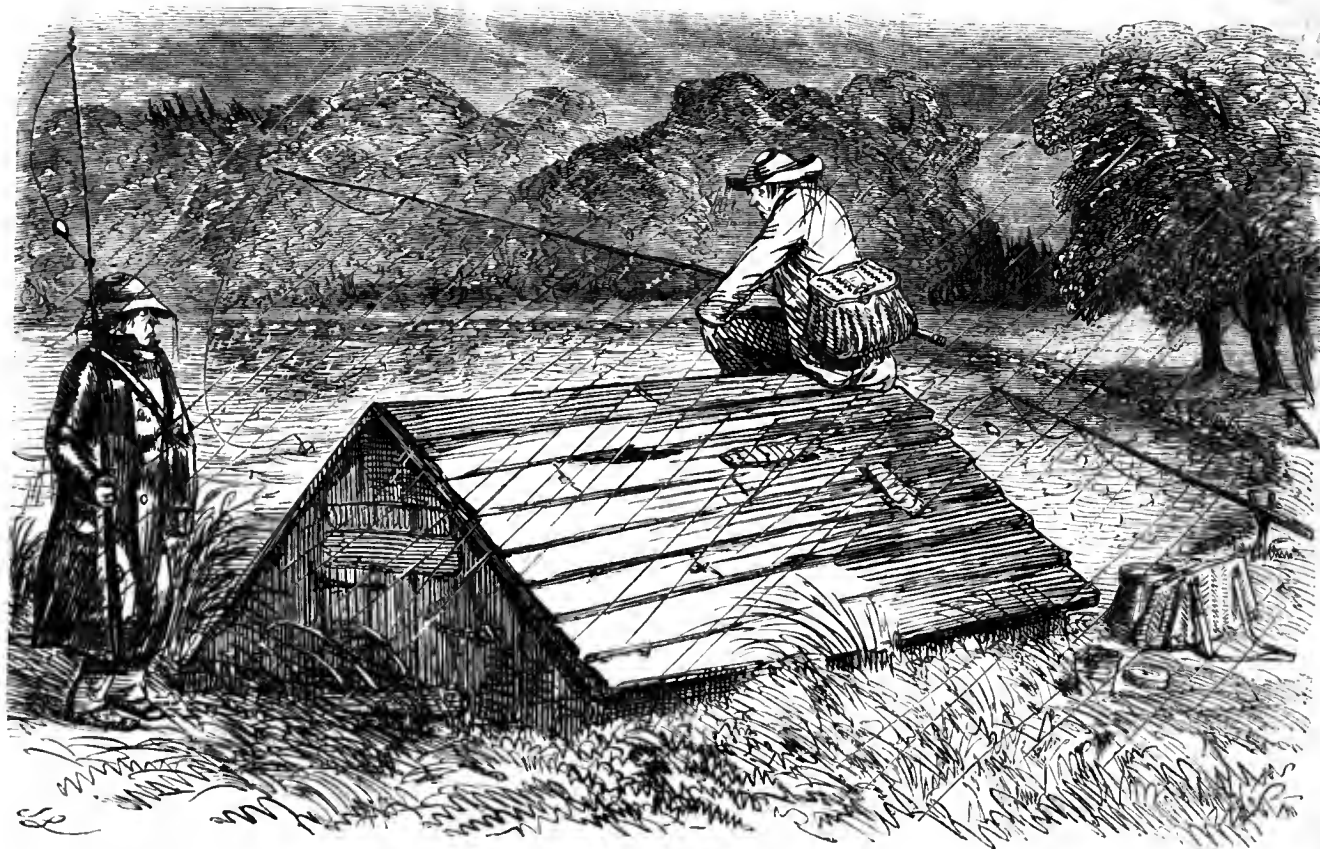
A MONSTER!—A policeman wants to handuff his baby to prevent it from sucking its thumb.

**Insane Query.** Did SHAKESPEARS ever go to see the hero of Mont Blanc?

**Rational Answer.** Of course he did. He expressly says, "I saw A. SMITH."—(King John, Act iv, Scene 2.)

**NAUTICAL QUERY.**—It is said that the British sailor used to fry his watch.—A young man imperfectly acquainted with nautical affairs, wishes to know whether the watch so extravagantly fried, was generally the larboard watch or the starboard.

**THE RIGHT ASCENSION OF THE PLANETS.**—We do not profess to be very learned in astronomy, but we think it is a sign of the Right Ascension of one of the planets, when the Mercury rises in the weather glass.



**BOTTOM FISHING.**

Piscator No. 1 (miserably). "Now, TOM, DO LEAVE OFF. IT ISN'T OF ANY USE; AND IT'S GETTING QUITE DARK."

Piscator No. 2. "LEAVE OFF!! WHAT A PRECIOUS DISAGREEABLE CHAF YOU ARE! YOU COME OUT FOR A DAY'S PLEASURE, AND YOU'RE ALWAYS A WANTING TO GO HOME!"

**THE BEGGARS' ALMANACK.**

**IN JANUARY**, if the frost's a hardener,  
The proper dodge will be, the  
"frozen-out gardener."  
**IN FEBRUARY**, chalk your eyes and  
cheeks,  
And be "a tailor out of work for  
weeks."  
**IN MARCH**, in case of a commercial  
panic,  
Come boldly out as "a half-starved  
mechanic."  
**IN APRIL**, should the thoroughfare  
be wet,  
Some lucifers by accident upset.  
**IN MAY**, when pious meetings most  
abound,  
With tracts religious, go your  
daily round.  
**IN JUNE**, equip yourself from some  
Jew tailor,  
And be, with arm in sling, a  
"British sailor."  
**IN HOT JULY**, the watering places  
seek,  
And try your fortune as an "area  
sneak."  
**IN AUGUST**, paint upon your cheeks  
a scar,  
And be a "soldier wounded in the  
war."  
**IN BRIGHT SEPTEMBER**, dress genteel  
but seedy,  
As a "poor clerk, respectable but  
needy."  
**IN FINE OCTOBER**, you may be with  
reason  
"A waiter waiting for the London  
season."  
**IN DULL NOVEMBER**, don't a chance  
neglect,  
But be on board of any ship that's  
wrecked.  
**IN COLD DECEMBER**, nenth a gas-  
light stand,  
With sealing-wax and wafers in  
your hand.



**INTERESTING GROUP POSED FOR A DAGUERRETYPE,  
BY A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.**

**THINGS NOT GENERALLY  
KNOWN.**

That **ALFRED THE GREAT** was in reality a Dwarf.  
That the Cannibals of Ethiopia live entirely upon black pudding.  
That the strictest teetotallers in England are the Cabmen.  
That "quiet streets" are so called from their being chiefly tenanted by medical students.  
That Exeter Hall is still occasionally used as a Casino.  
That "genuine Hrvannsha" are now exclusively imported from the Greenwich cabbage garden.  
That Mr. BARNUM is in active treaty for the purchase of the House that Jack built.  
That the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has joined the Peace Society.  
That Jean d'Arc was in complexion a blonde.  
That excellent Whitebait can be manufactured at Blackwall throughout the season out of fried curl papers.  
That the Elgin Marbles were discovered in a slate quarry.  
That the formation of the Sandwich Islands consists alternately of successive strata of ham and bread and butter.

**A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.**

**GOLDEN.**—Said the sovereign to the wedding ring—"What a paltry bit of metal! Why, I'd make two of you." "What of that? you may melt in the hand in a minute," says the ring; "now, small as I am, I last a couple for life."

**ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC.**—Some admire BACH's music; the taste of others does not go back so far.

**BIOGRAPHIES FOR THE MILLION.**

We extract the following brief Biographies from a valuable work, shortly to be published under the sanction of the Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge.  
**HOOD**, a celebrated admiral, who, for his national services in writing "The Song of the Shirt" was made, for many years, the Editor of the Comic Annual. In this situation he was the cause of so many "lyttell gesses," that since then, many a poor punster has got his living by robbing Hood. Being outlawed he lived for some time in Sherwood Forest; though we afterwards meet with Hood in a Convent.  
**HOLLAR**, an Engraver who made a great deal of noise in his day. His real name was JONES.

**PARR**, a gentleman who attained an immense age, and it is said, that, during his life, Ten Sovereigns sat on the Throne; but, whether they were all there at once, or why they were put there at all, we leave to numismatists to discover, though we think that it could not, at any time, take ten sovereigns to make a crown. Parr's acquaintance with the dead languages was a speaking one, for he could converse in both Hebrew and Greek. His widow married **KING HENRY THE EIGHTH**.  
**ROSS**, a celebrated Arctic Navigator who, after endeavouring to discover the North Pole discovered that the polls of men might be attended to with more success, and accordingly established himself as a fashionable hairdresser in Piccadilly. Here he devoted himself to scientific attainments, and perfected a monster telescope, for which he was appointed mini-

ature painter to Her Majesty. His social acquirements made him highly esteemed in domestic life, and his pathetic song of "Sam Hall" was re-demanded nightly.

**THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY.**—The saints of the middle ages were fond of sprinkling holy water about. They would probably have made themselves much more agreeable if they had substituted chloride of lime.

**A MEDIUM TRUTH.**—The Truth (they say) generally lies in the medium—but an exception to this is, of course, a Rapping-Medium, who never, by any accident, raps out the Truth.

**THE  
FEMALE ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

The woman who praises another is insincere; if she really meant to praise, she would detract.  
Good temper, supported for any length of time, should warn us that a favour is about to be asked.  
The woman who goes out to dinner to eat, is lost.  
The young girl who wastes weeks over a pair of butterfly braes, only sacrifices the present out of a fond regard to the Future.  
The end of too much cold meat is mostly a broil.  
Under a long dress you have a perfect right to suspect there lies hid a large foot.  
With many women, going to church is little better than looking into a Bonnet Shop.  
In many cases, the Piano is used as an instrument of envy to drown a rival's voice.

**QUERIES TO WHICH WE PAUSE  
FOR A REPLY.**

"Thou com'st in such a question-able shape."  
What part do the Moon's horns play in the Music of the Spheres; or, are they included in the band of the Orion?  
Are not *Jurs* the best trees to protect a house from winter storms?  
Are the sewers flushed because of the hot weather?  
Is a poor man's walk through life necessarily an easy one because he meets with no cheques?  
If a cab is hired by a pretty girl who has "seen better days," is she to be considered as a reduced fare?



**INTERESTING AND VALUABLE RESULT.**

**STANZAS FOR THE SENTI-  
MENTAL.**

**ON MY REFUSING ANOSELINA A KISS UNDER THE MISLETOE.**  
NAY, fond one, shun that misletoe,  
Nor lure me 'neath its futa  
bough:  
Some other night 'twere joy to go,  
But ah! I must not, dare not  
now!  
'Tis sad, I own, to see thy face  
Thus tempt me with its giggling  
glee,  
And feel I cannot now embrace  
The opportunity—and thee.  
'Tis sad to think that jealousy's  
Sharp scissors may our true  
love sever;  
And that my coldness now may  
freeze  
Thy warm affection, love, for  
ever.  
But ah! to disappoint our bliss,  
A fatal hindrance now is stuck:  
'Tis not that I am leath to kiss,  
But, dearest, list—I dined off  
duck!

**COMPARATIVE ORNITHOLOGY.**—An old woman may be no chicken, but it does not follow that a young lady is one. Instead of being a chicken, she may be a goose.

**A NAVAL QUESTION.**—If a boatswain marries, does his wife become a boatswain's mate?

**ADVICE TO ARMY SURGEONS.**—When you are under fire—cut away.

**DEFINITION OF SPRING.**—The vegetable Shooting Season.

**LEGITIMATE SPORT.**—Those who fish for compliments deserve to get a bite.

**A MUSTARD SEED FABLE.**

**VAINGLOIOUS.**— "What a more lucky than myself!" cries the oyster opened, with a big pearl in its belly. "Zis," says the chimney-sweeper, and swallows it.

**A SEA-SIDE REFLECTION.**—There is continued novelty in the aspect of the ocean; and yet it seems strange, that salt water should be ever fresh.

**A NICE WAR.**—In the Wars of the Roses could there have been any smell of gunpowder?

**THE ORDER OF CLEANLINESS.**—"Go to Bath!"

**A PRETTY DISH TO SET BEFORE THE QUEEN.**—A Cabinet Pudding.

**THOROUGH-GOING PROTECTIONISTS.**—The Guards—and the Line; not forgetting the Blue-jackets.

**THE PERFECTION OF FORM.**—Everything Ship-shape.

**TO HIGHLAND TOURISTS.**—The best tartan to wear in wet weather is the Macintosh.

**LAW.**—It requires the permission of the Court to commence an action *in forma pauperis*, but to finish a law suit *in forma pauperis* is often a matter of course, and, therefore, no permission is required.

**COTTAGE ECONOMY.**—To have plenty of meat in the house, keep pigs; when you kill a pig you will not only have meat enough, but a spare rib.



IN JUNE, OUR FRIEND BELLEVILLE AIRS HIS FRENCH AT BOULOGNE, TO THE ADMIRATION OF DOBBINS, WHO DOESN'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE.

*Belleville.* "AREN! PARDONO MOSSOO!—ESSEY VOOS AVET-A-A-SUCH A CHOSE AS A-A-UNE POT—A-THAT IS, A-A-ENE PO TOU KNOW-DE-DE-DR BEAR'S GREASE?—COMPRENZY?—BEAR'S GREASE!"

**DOMESTIC SCIENCE.**

Said a Chemist to his wife,  
"What is Sugar, dearest life?  
That is more than you can tell me, I'll be bound."  
"Oh!" said she, "you stupid man,  
Get along!—of course I can;  
Fourpence, fivepence, sixpence halfpenny a pound."

**MISCELLANEOUS TABLES.**—*To Calculate Wages.*—Add to the sum paid in money the amount produced by perquisites, mix up the kitchen stuff with the quarter's stipend, and the result will give you the wages.

**THE USES OF ADVERSITY.**—Men are frequently like Tea—the real strength and goodness is not drawn out of them until they have been for some time in hot water.

**A HAPPY STATE.**  
"At length," said an unfortunate man who had been ruined by vexatious lawsuits, "at length I have found happiness, for I am reduced to Necessity,—and that is the only thing I know of which has no Law."

**HORTICULTURE IN THE ARMY.**—Martinetts appear to consider that the Flower of the British Army is the Stock.

**HUNTING AND FISHING.**—**COCODROY TOPPER, ESQ.**, on his bay mare, takes a plike.

**A LANDLORD'S QUESTION.**—How is it that waiters at the *Cock* are generally thin, when they are always getting Stont?

**A FEATHERED SMOKER.**—The Bullfinch, in a state of nature, does not sing much, but indulges in a short pipe.

**A GOOD SERVANT.**—A Mayor's footman must be devout. He daily attends his Worship.

**ILLUSTRATION OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.**—A teetotaler is a person who eats his toast and does not drink it.



SEA-SIDE—THE BATHING HOUR.



**STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.**

ON MY FINDING ANGELINA STOP SUDDENLY  
IN A RAPID AFTER-SUPPER POLKA AT  
MRS. TOMKINS'S BALL.

Edwin. "Maiden, why that look of sadness?  
Whence that dark o'erclouded brow?  
What hath stilled thy bounding gladness,  
Changed thy pace from fast to slow?  
Is it that by impulse sudden  
Childhood's hours thou pausest to mourn?  
Or hath thy cruel Edwin trodden  
Right upon thy favourite corn?"

"Is it that for eveninga wanted  
Some remorse thou 'gin'st to feel?  
Or hath that sham champagne we tasted  
Turned thy polka to a reel?  
Still that gloom upon each feature?  
Still that sad reproachful frown?"  
Angelina. "Can't you see, you clumsy crea-  
ture,  
All my back hair's coming down!"

**A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.**

POLITE.—"You pop first," says roasting  
chestnut on the bar to another. "No: after  
you." "By no means; after you." In the  
meantime, folks waited, and all eating was  
delayed. Let diners-out take this fact to  
heart, and pop to the mahogany without  
false ceremony.

MEDIAEVAL ART.—Everybody must have  
remarked that the figures of the mediæval  
artists are ridiculously out of drawing. Is  
this because they studied the ecclesiastical  
rather than the Lay Figure?

RUSSIA AND ROME.—Modern Rhusia is  
as ambitious as ancient Rome; but whereas  
Rome possessed conscript fathers, the con-  
scripts of Rhusia are her children.

LONGEVITY OF WOMEN.—A married  
woman ought to last longer than a single  
one, because she is husbanded.

NOTE ON LORD BYRON.—A Cockney says  
that the Isles of Greece are Spawn and  
Whale ile, which are extracted from  
Bibber.

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.—If ladies persist  
in wearing bonnets that leave their hair  
apparent to the Sun, they will find their  
crowns soon changed into tanners.



**A VERY GREAT MAN.**

"NOW, COLLINS, YOU MUST GO OUT VERY DEEP, FOR I WANT TO TAKE A 'HEADER!'"

**HINTS TO ENGLISHMEN VISITING  
PARIS.**

It will, doubtless, be your study while  
you are in France to be as much as possible  
mistaken for a Frenchman. You will  
therefore, of course, be careful not to take  
a passport, as that would immediately dis-  
pel the illusion.

Bear in mind that Continental Railways  
make no charge for extra luggage. There-  
fore, don't deprive yourself of any little  
comfort you are used to. Such as a spring  
mattress, or a shower bath, because they  
make a few more packages in travelling.

If you happen to hold a commission in  
the Popshot Fencibles, don't forget to put  
your uniform into your portmanteau, as  
you will be sure to find it handy for a  
levée or review. You will also, of course,  
take care to let your moustache grow from  
the moment of your leaving Polkestone.  
The French, you should remember, are a  
military nation, and you cannot please  
them better than by assuming an in-  
tensely martial aspect and demeanour as  
long as you are with them.

You will, of course, be careful to leave  
your card upon the EMPEROR, the morning  
after your arrival. Every Englishman is  
expected to dine with him before leaving  
Paris. His palace, the Hôtel de Ville, is  
in the Calf Market.

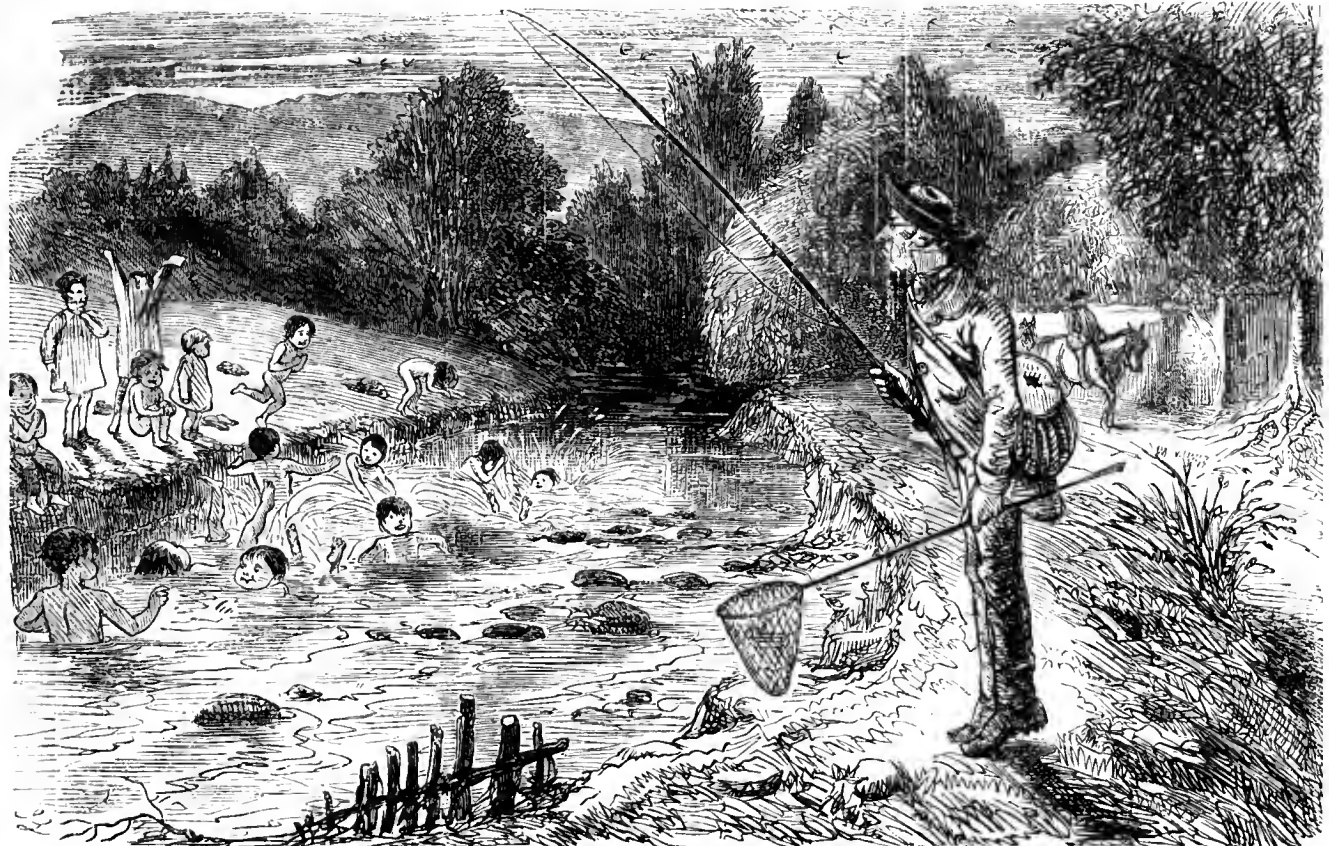
When you go to see a church or other  
public edifice, do not scruple to bring off  
a few *souvenirs* of your visit. By lagging  
a little behind your party, you may easily  
snip away a bit or two of tapestry, or  
clip off the nose or little finger of a Statue.  
The Statue, it is true, will be ruined by  
your mutilation, but what's that to you?  
In all probability you will never have the  
chance of seeing it again.

COUSINS IN COZENAGE.—It is the opinion  
of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living  
by plunder, whilst the Lawyer thinks that  
the doctor obtains his by pillage.

MILITARY MEMORANDUM.—There is a  
much greater demand, just now, for Maga-  
zines than for Reviews.

LITERARY LIVERY.—The page of the true  
Poet has no buttons.

MEAN TIME.—The period when white  
hait dinners are few, the amount of the bill  
objected to, and nothing given to the waiters,  
will be set down as mean time at Greenwich.



FLY FISHING.—MR. HACKLE ARRIVES AT HIS FAVOURITE SPOT, WHERE HE KNOWS THERE IS A GOOD TROUT.

**A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.**

**DISCONSOLATE.** — "Don't cry, my dear," said Mrs. Miff in a sudden call on Widow Spiff, who had just lost her fourth husband. "Don't cry, my love," said Mrs. Miff. "But I can't help it—I must," said Mrs. Spiff. The good soul had been disturbed while peeling onions.

**A MARRIED LOVER.** — A hen-pecked husband declared that the longer he lived the more he was smitten.

**QUESTION FOR SCHOOLMASTERS.** — If you set a boy so much Virgil for an imposition, won't he be apt to consider Virgil an impostor?

**DIETETICS.** — The Chinese Feast of Lanterns must be very light eating.

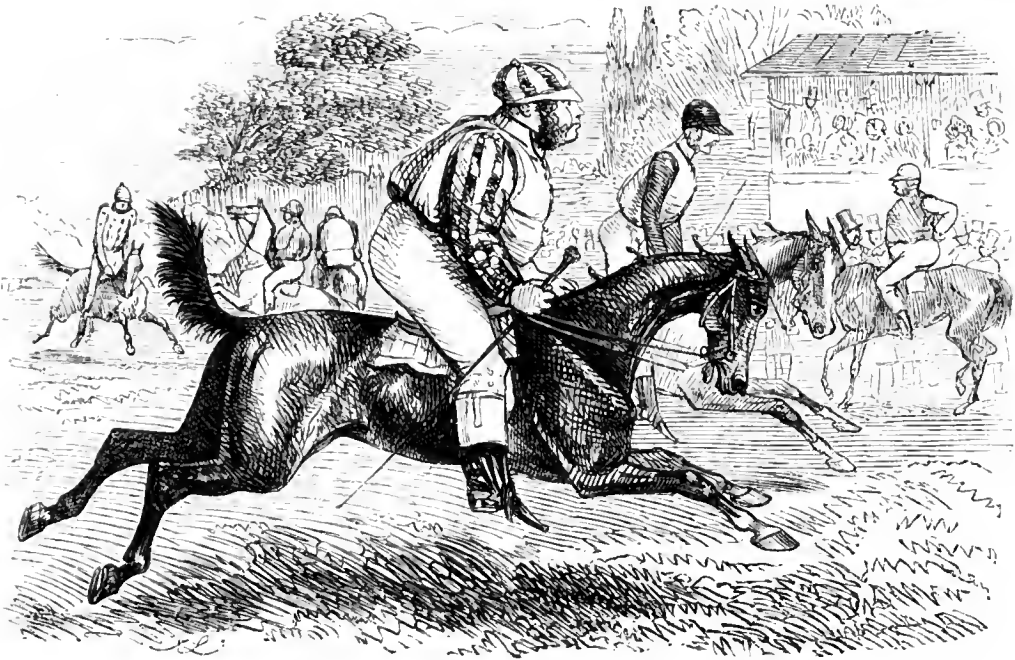
**OBSERVATION FOR A WEDDING BREAKFAST.** — A married man with a large family has remarked that the Bridal leads to the Saddle (of mutton).

**THE RUSSIAN BATH.** — This must be a cheap remedy. It appears to be simply getting into hot water.

**REFINED PHILOLOGY.** — Probably the reason why a country bumpkin is termed raw, is that he cannot be said to be well dressed.

**LITERATURE AND LIBERTY.** — If our books are bound, our Press is free.

**A MARTIAL ARISTOCRACY.** — Most members of the higher ranks, who keep Livery Servants, have smelt powder.



**COUNTRY RACES.**

GENTLEMAN RIDERS, WHO ARE SO LIKE PROFESSIONAL JOCKS, YOU CAN HARDLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE

**TO CREATE MIRTH.**

If you are at a dull dinner party, where gravity predominates, take a large piece of potato, and the moment a question is asked you, stuff it into your mouth. Then proceed to answer the question, speaking with your mouth full. By this means, you will provoke the stupidest people to laugh heartily.

**THE PALACE OF TAMPERANCE.** — The teetotallers should not complain that wine and beer are procurable at the Crystal Palace; for when the fountains of that Institution come into play, they will do more to put water in a popular light than any platform-spouting.

**PRIVILEGES OF AN ENGLISHMAN.** — An Englishman has his duties as well as his rights, and he has less of the latter to be proud of, than he has of the former to pay.

**WATER PRIVILEGE.** — Being caught in a shower of rain alone, and having it all to yourself.

**ANECDOTE OF CENTURY XIX.**

"Gramercy," quoth my Lord Palmerston, making speech to divers agriculturists, "every baby, I ween, is good." "Efackins," responded a burton wife, listening to my lord, "an ef ye would wean mine, I trow ye would change your opinion." "Whence good children are called "Dam's babbies," in those parts, thenceforth.

**MUSICAL ARCHITECTURE.** — Mythology says that Amphiion built the walls of Thebes at the sound of his lyre. This is perhaps a mistake; but there can be no difficulty in supposing that the columns were fluted.

**PECULIARITY OF THE FIG.** — Hogs are universally considered dirty animals; nevertheless, a pig likes his daily Wash.



**THE SEA-SIDE.—A CAPITAL OFFER.**

"I SAY, GRANNY! CHARLEY SUMMERS AND I ARR GOING TO TAKE LION OUT IN A BOAT FOR A SWIM—NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A SHILLING WE WILL TAKE YOU AND THE GIRLS FOR A ROW!"

**HINTS TO ENGLISHMEN VISITING PARIS.**

You may also show your independence by refusing to conform to other customs than those of the Douane. Go for instance to the Mabilie in a cricketing cap, and bonnet the door-keepers if they refuse to admit you.

Accustomed as you are in London, to regard a cab as a vehicle of abuse, you will hardly know at first how to deal with the civil *voituriers* of Paris. You may, however, take it for granted, their civility is merely a cloak for extortion, and so take your oaths with your seat as usual.

Let no idle fears of the Custom House deter you from executing whatever female commissions you have fortunately been favoured with. The *douaniers* at Folkestone and Calais are all excessively polite, and you may pass any quantity of satin shoes or Jouvin's "Six and a quarter," by simply explaining they were bought for your own wearing. Bear in mind that "England expects every man will do his duty." So don't disgrace your country by acting otherwise.

Should you ever wish to leave a theatre between the acts, you can keep your place by simply tying your handkerchief round the seat. At the Opera, however, you must be careful to leave it at the end of the performance, as the handkerchiefs so used are there the perquisites of the Government.

Should you ever find yourself in want of ready money, recollect the French equivalent for "my uncle" is *ma tante*. The British Ambassador has, however, ordered to cash all cheques that are presented to him by Englishmen between the business hours of 3 and 5, A.M.

**THE MODERN MEGATHERIUM.**—The Megatherium was a great sloth that used to eat trees. A London Alderman remarked that he was himself likewise uncommon fond of an Ash.

**EXEMPTION FROM ASSESSED TAXES.**—An Admiral pays no tax for his gig; he is, however, chargeable with a heavy duty.

**A THOUGHT BY A FOXHUNTER.**—How many persons there are who, when they meet with *spills*, make light of them.



CRYSTAL PALACE—SOME VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

**ORIGINAL REMARKS BY OUR PHILOSOPHER.**

(A very great bore by the way.)

The English weather seems to affect my accounts, for they are still very unsettled.

You may ascribe it to my credit when I say, that there is one thing that I should not wish "to go upon tick" for—and that is, *tic-douloureux*.

When I hear of "a man of sterling worth," I think that it is frequently the worth of pounds sterling that is meant.

I see so many advertisements of new-fashioned pipes and meerschaums, that I begin to think these must be the piping times of peace; or else, the aspect of the times is a mere sham.

Imprudent marriages lead to such beggary, that they not only begin, but often terminate in the Union.

I don't know what may be the letter of the Law, but its letters are £ s. d.

**A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.**

**USURERS.**—An old usurer, in his walks, found a fox in a trap: the mercy cost him nothing, so he released poor Reynard. For many days afterwards, the fox stole a goose and dropt it at the usurer's threshold. "What a good man I must be," said the usurer, who wouldn't see the fox's bite in the poultry—"how good, when heaven thus rains geese at my door-step!"

**LADIES' TOILET SOAP.**—There are no ugly women. The sex is all fair. The least beautiful of them is simply a plain creature, and the nearest to a Griffin is only not more handsome than ordinary.

**THE IRRESISTIBLES.**—The Government should levy a corps of undertakers. No enemy could possibly stand their charge.

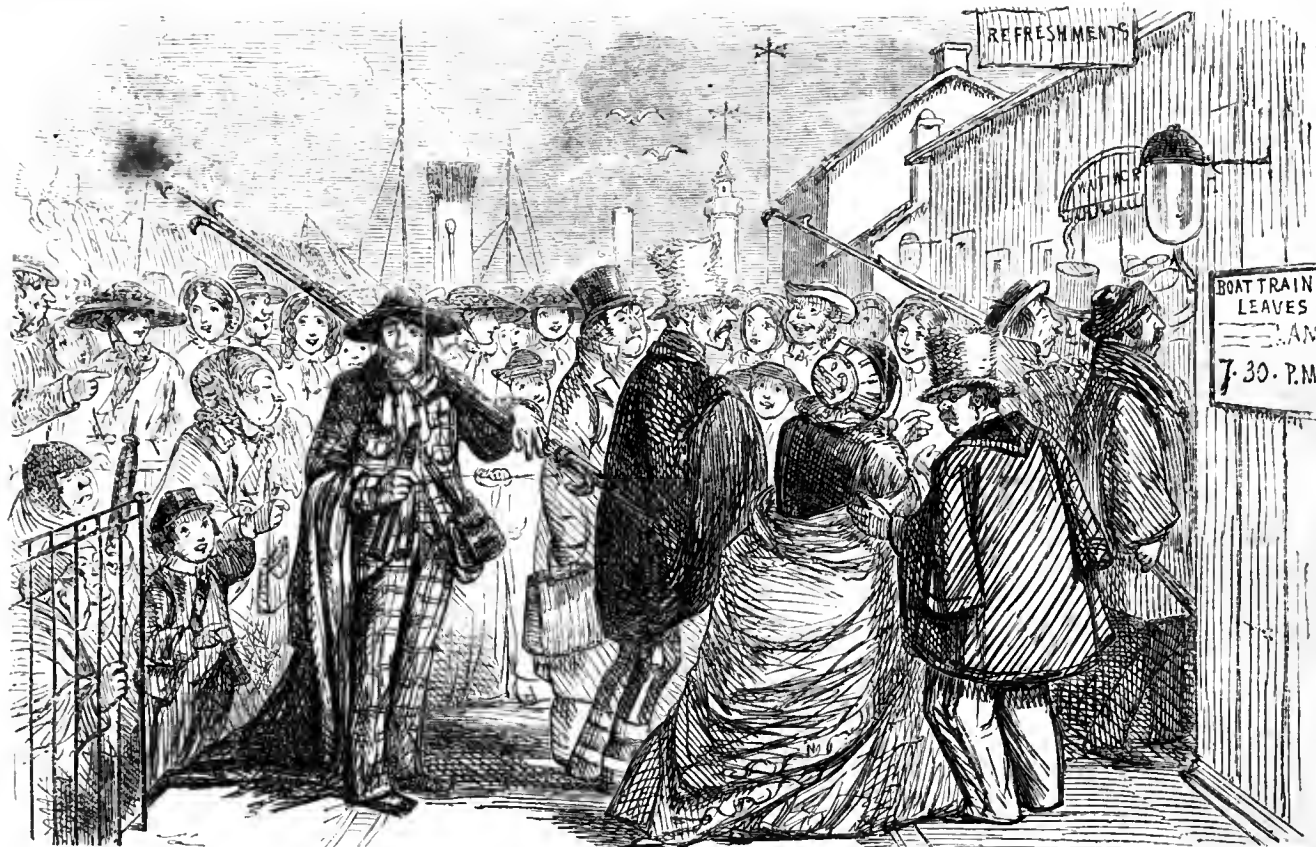
**MOCK PORT.**—This is the red wine usually drunk in this country after dinner. What a pity it is not half as much like the liquor it pretends to be, as mock-turtle is like real!

**THE MOST UNPOPULAR COMPOSITION.**—A Composition with one's Creditors.

WANTED by the Shakespeare Society. The Signet of the Swan of Avon.



A VISIT TO THE ANTEDILUVIAN REPTILES AT SYDENHAM—MASTER TOM STRONGLY OBJECTS TO HAVING HIS MIND IMPROVED.



FOLKESTONE.—ARRIVAL OF THE BOULOGNE BOAT. WIND, S.W.

**THE FEMALE ROCHEFOUCAULD.**

SOME young ladies are so artificial that, in love-making even, they use words but artificial flowers of speech.

The veil was given to flirts to hide the want of blushes.

SHAKESPEARE very wisely never wrote the "Seven Ages of Woman," for he knew well enough that woman has but one age—the Age of Youth and Beauty—that, with some, terminates as early as thirty-nine, and with others, at forty; but with the majority, never at all.

Considering the ugliness of the other sex, women needn't be so proud of their own beauty.

Let a girl be ever so young, the moment she is married she becomes a woman.

The game of fashionable life is to play hearts against diamonds.

The great value of arithmetic is to add up the number of one's lovers and dresses.

**A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.**

VIRGINAL.—"Follow me," said the honey-bird to the Indian maid, "and I'll lead you to the wild honey-comb." The maid followed, and came upon a crouching tiger, who took her at a mouthful. AMELIA let herself be coaxed to a forbidden ball, where she met that horrid Captain of the Indian Service.

TOAST FOR AN AGRICULTURAL DINNER.—May the farmers perform more operations in the Field than the Surgeons.

WAX LIGHTS AT AN HOTEL.—Elsewhere a wax candle is only stuck in a candlestick; but Hotel-keepers also stick it into the Traveller.

"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED must be endured," as the man said of his neighbour's noisy pig.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Whenever Parliament closes, its effect upon the newspapers appears to be a succession of showers of frogs and enormous gooseberries.

A RARE GAME.—It's a fact, but you very rarely see two women playing at chess together. We suppose it is because, with such a partner, there is but little amusement to either in being mated.

INTONING TOO MUCH.—A horse-chanter may be regarded as a kind of Puseyite in his way.



**DREADFUL JOKE.**

William. "THERE, AMY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THOSE FOR A PAIR OF MOUSTACHIOS?"  
 Amy. "WHY, I SHOULD SAY THAT CALLING THOSE MOUSTACHIOS WAS GIVING TO 'HAIRY NOTHING A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME.'" For Shame, AMY.)

**HINTS TO ENGLISHMEN VISITING PARIS.**

SEIZE every opportunity of leaving traces of your visit by carving your name, or at least your initials, on all the tombs and statues you can lay your hands on. In many of the churches, you will find that chisels and tuppenny nails are kept on purpose to facilitate this weakness of the English. Should you be deterred at first by any silly scruples on the score of injuring a work of art, bear in mind that it cannot but be gratifying to the feelings of a Frenchman to see his national monuments thus bear the marks of the distant pilgrimages that are made to them.

Should you ever find it necessary to enter into conversation, you will find your phrase book will remove all impediments of speech. The dialogues provide for every possible emergency, and the only danger is of their leading you into too great freedoms of speech. Should your French ever fall you for a word, you will find that you may make yourself perfectly intelligible by speaking it in English with a strong foreign accent.

When you are in Paris, don't be a Parisian: carry your exclusiveness always prominently about with you; use the national epithet upon the slightest provocation; and lose no opportunity of giving lessons in the Noble Art of Self-Defence, for you know "la Boxe" is little studied out of England, and may, therefore, be indulged in with impunity.

THE TANTALUS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.—An idle schoolboy, instead of being thrashed, was kept without his dinner, and set to learn, as an imposition, several pages of SOYER'S COOKERY BOOK.

NOTE ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.—This saint, though of a sweet temper, was remarkable for her airs.

FELICITY OF THE VULGAR TONGUE.—Uneducated persons call the aperture which admits the light a "winder." It is so when it admits a draught as well.

THE HUNTERMAN AT DINNER.—The worst rider can often get on very well with a saddle of mutton.

NOTE IN THE NURSERY.—The eyes of a baby pour rivers, when as yet there is no bridge to the nose.

A KNOWING PLANT.—The Sage.

**TO A GENT.**

BELIEVE me, if all those ridiculous charms  
Which I see on thy watchguard to-day,  
Were to-morrow locked up at the Lombard  
Arms,  
Thine uncle's advance to repay,  
Thou wouldst still look the snob, which  
this moment thou art,  
(Let thy vanity think what it will.)  
For those blazing red buttons, that shirt-  
front so smart,  
And those studs, prove thy gentleness  
still.

**A PAIR OF SOULS.**

*A Doctor's Soul.*—Gutta Percha is the  
Soul of Health.  
*A Lawyer's Soul.*—Brevity is the Soul of  
Wit.

**THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN.**—  
The World generally will be gratified to  
learn that a most interesting fact has  
lately been brought to light through the  
untiring labours of the Shakespeare Society.  
It is, that the great Dramatist was, as a  
child, very fond of play.

**FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.**—A Pew  
in a fashionable Church is a religious  
Ordinary, held every Sunday, price One  
Shilling.

**TERM-TIME IN NOVEMBER.**—All fog and  
pettifog.

**ECLIPSE IN 1855.**—MOON. Nov. 9th.  
Greatest obscuration about 9 P.M., when  
the new Lord Mayor is apparent on his  
legs. Visible in London.

**A PHILOSOPHER IN BOTANY.**—PLINY the  
Elder.

**THE MOON'S FIRST QUARTER.**—The day  
on which the Lord Mayor receives the first  
instalment of his salary.

A SOXO has always one hearty—it in-  
variably sets every one in the room talk-  
ing. There is no better one for general  
conversation than "a little music."

**CIVIC TOAST AND SENTIMENT.**—May no  
Freeman ever wear the chain, except in the  
capacity of Lord Mayor!

**TO SPORTSMEN.**—The hare is one of the  
most limid of animals; yet it always dies  
game.



**A BRILLIANT IDEA.**

*Matilda.*—“Oh, LOORVE HERE, TOMMY! S'POSE WE PLAY AT YOUR REIN' THE BIG FOOTMAN,  
AND ME AND LIZZEBUTH 'LL BE THE FINE LADIES IN THE CARRIAGE!”

**A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.**

**LEGAL.**—Two weasels found an egg.  
“Let us not fight for it,” said elder weasel,  
“but enter into partnership.” “Very good,”  
said weasel the younger. So taking the  
egg between them, each sucked the either  
end. “My children,” said REDTAPES, the  
attorney, “though you have but one client  
between you, make the most of him!”

**A FARMER'S OPINION ON CONSCIENCE-MONEY.**  
WHY-AT? Send more Income payments  
oop?  
You think I bees an Incompoop.

**THE Circle of domestic happiness is fre-  
quently comprised in that of a little Button!**  
The loss of the one in time follows the  
constant loss of the other. Man's affec-  
tions hang but too often on a thread, and  
it should be woman's watchful care that  
that thread never become broken!

**MELANCHOLY REFLECTION.**—How many  
young men, who are minutely acquainted  
with the relative proportions of the ingre-  
dients of a bowl of Punch, do not know  
how many spoonfuls of tea go to the pot!

**A COCKNEY TRUISM.**—Barbers are like  
Chameleons—they live on (h)air.

**“THERE'S THE RUB.”**—After the good  
leathering JOHN BULL has given NICOLAS  
in the Crimea, we think it is sufficiently  
proved that OLD NICKEL is not in the  
least equal to *Britannia Metal*.

**TABLES OF PRECEDENCE.**—These Tables  
are the Coffee-stalls, for coming out long  
before day-break, they may certainly be  
said to take the precedence of all other  
Tables.

The convenience of a Brother is, in not  
being able to find the carriage at an even-  
ing party, when Mamma is anxious to go  
home, and you are anxious to stop.

THAT COLT'S Revolver were invented  
by an officer of the Horse-Marines.

**HONOUR FOR HYGROPATHY.**—If a Pro-  
fessor of the Water Cure should be deemed  
worthy of Knighthood, it might be proper  
to invest him with the order of the Bath.

**MONSTER GUN.**—The CZAR is a great  
gun of six feet four inches bore.

**WORLDLY WISDOM.**—The greatest rogue  
generally contrives to get the most credit.



THE FOG IS SO VERY THICK THAT FREDERICK AND CHARLES ARE OBLIGED TO SEE CLARA AND EMILY HOME.

CONUNDRUM BY OUR BUTCHER BOY.—When may a gate be said to have adopted the moustache movement?—When it's a hairy gate, to be sure.

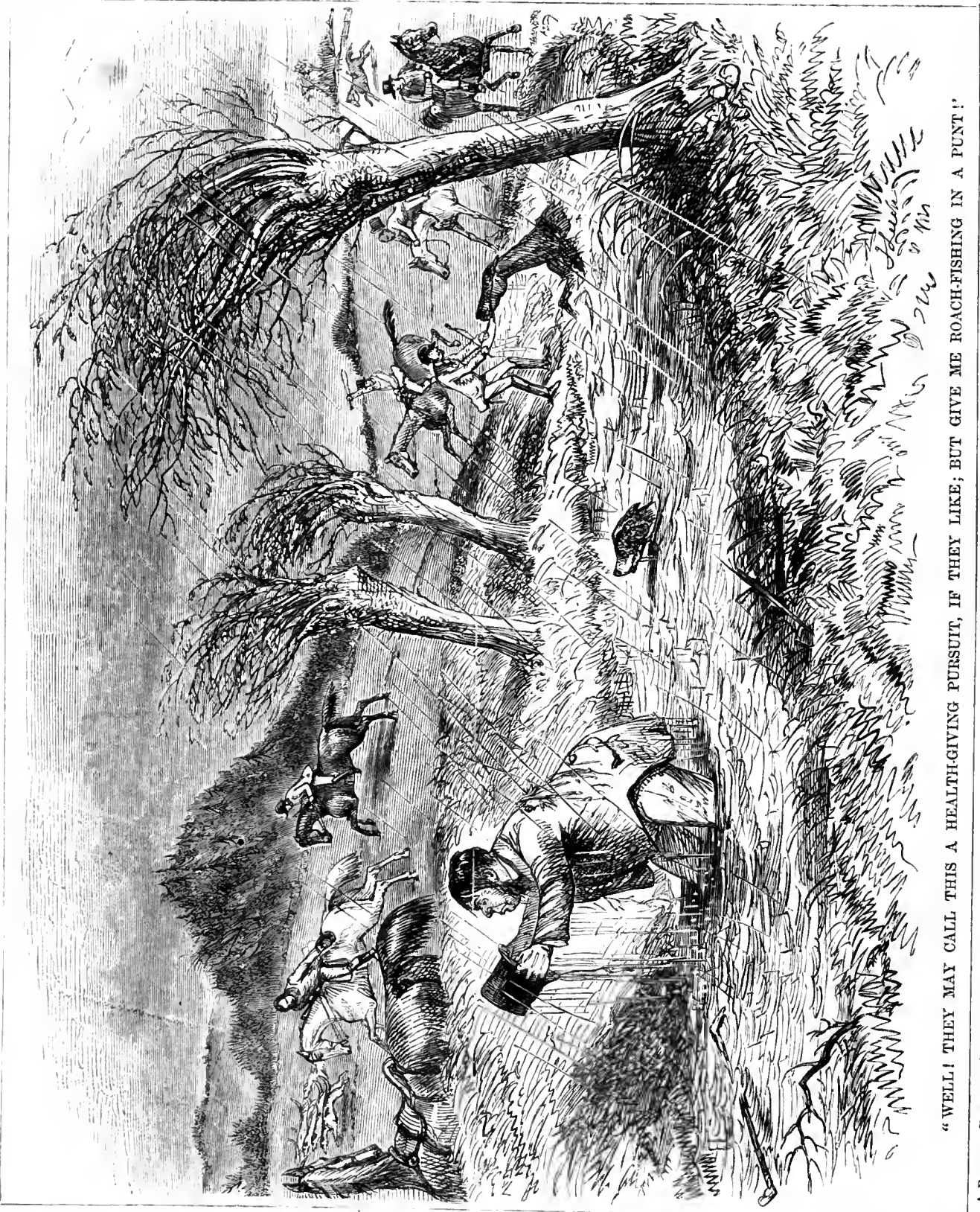
INDECLINABLE ARTICLES.—A boy will decline a substantive, an adjective, or a pronoun; but he will never decline a blow-out at the pastry-cook's.

AN INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC.—A Patent Medicine Vendor advertises pills and an ointment that will cure the worst fit of any pair of boots.

WHAT PART OF A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS CAN BEST ASSIST HER WHEN IN DISTRESS? Her stays; because they will help her at a pinch. THE WIFE-BEATING HUSBAND'S DRIFT.—Nox.

YOUR WOUNDS? HAVE TROSCOTT JR.—The defensive power of the Russian Empire is said to be greater than the offensive. Strange that it should be so, considering Russians are so dirty.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.—Don't be afraid to marry a sentimental young lady. She may be sometimes melancholy; but no matter as long as she is pensive without the ex.



“WELL! THEY MAY CALL THIS A HEALTH-GIVING PURSUIT, IF THEY LIKE; BUT GIVE ME ROACH-FISHING IN A PUNT!”

A PLEASING PARADOX.—When a young lady wishes to bring her engagement to an end, it is usually a circular termination that she signs for.

A MODEL OF A WIFE.—Mr. MAGUIRE (the Artist) says, that his wife is cleverer in the art than himself, for she can even make the teapot draw.

SURGERY AND SURGERY.—An American Surgeon, in a Memoir on Niagara, has suggested to Congress an operation for the removal of the Cataract.

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

“TIMEOUS.—Ma. EIGHTEENFIFTYFIVE went to the Stream of Time to fish. “What do you bait for?” asked old EDAX RERRY. “I’m fishing for yesterday.” “Well,” said Time, “although the stream awarms with such fry, still, yesterday’s a fish that was never caught.” MORAL.—Buy Mr. Punch’s Almanack today; for to-morrow It may be out of print; vanished with the irrevocable yesterday

THE POSITION OF THE EYES IN MAN.

A SAGACIOUS old gentleman remarks how fortunate it is that our eyes do not project like those of some animals, for if they did, what a number of boys we should see making faces at us behind our backs!

HINT TO HOUSEHOLDERS.—Honesty may be the best policy; but the next best is a policy of Assurance.

CRACKERS FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

It is not SIR DAVID WILKIE’s palette that is preserved on his statue at the National Gallery, but his *palette*. The latter is in far better taste than the former. The Dunmow Flitch of Bacon is all gammon. The person commemorated on the 5th of November is the DUKE OF GUISE. The POPE makes his best Canons at the billiard-table.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

**TUESDAY, 12th December.**—Parliament met. HER MAJESTY delivered, very gracefully, a Speech which LORD ABERDEEN had written very ungrammatically. In the evening, both Houses fought about the answer, and DERBY and DIZZY expressed their conviction that the Government had made a dreadful mull of the War. NEWCASTLE, in the Lords, stated that they had done nothing of the kind, and that if all the lint he had sent out to the Crimea were spread out on the ground it would cover thirty-six acres. SIDNEY HERBERT, in the Commons, took, by a curious coincidence, the same view of the merits of Government, and paid a very pretty compliment to MISS NIGHTINGALE. These Ministerial arguments convinced the Houses, and the address was carried.

**Wednesday.**—The Address was brought up. SIBTHORPE expressed his conviction that it would take ninety-nine foreigners to make a thorough Englishman, but did not explain the process of manufacture. PALMERSTON brought in a bill for permitting the QUEEN to send the Militia out of the Country, and declared, triumphantly, that we could have as many soldiers as we wanted, for our "reserve" was in the spirit of the Nation.

**Thursday.**—NEWCASTLE brought in a bill for permitting the QUEEN to enlist foreigners, and declared, despondingly, that we could not get soldiers at home, and must hire them abroad. DERBY thought that there was some little discrepancy between PALMERSTON's statement and NEWCASTLE's, but ABERDEEN assured him that there wasn't, and the bill was read a second time, a pleasing compromise being effected, and opposition assenting to a measure they called unconstitutional, on the Government surrendering a third of the soldiers, all of whom they had declared were essential.

ABERDEEN promised the Maynooth report early in February, and upon the news reaching the Commons, SPOONER and the Irish Orangemen began turning up their cuffs and glancing at the Brigade. LUCAS and his friends rushed out of the House, and went home to read up about everything wicked that has ever been done by a Protestant, so that there is hope for the logical and peaceful settlement of the question.

In the Commons, CARDWELL promised a bill to amend the law of partnership. He proposed that the changes should extend to political and other coalitions, in which it was very disagreeable that one partner should be able to bind the whole firm. GLADSTONE promised a measure on the Newspaper stamp, but of course had not the faintest idea when it would be ready.

**Friday.**—Votes of thanks to our forces, and those of France, were proposed in both Houses, the Government declaring that our glorious soldiers were nobly carrying out the objects for which they were despatched, and the opposition cordially agreeing that our men had behaved splendidly, and the more so, inasmuch as the Government had no object at all, and that if they had one, it was wrong, and that they had done all in their power to hinder the success of the expedition. The Votes were thus carried with the utmost unanimity and cordiality.

**Saturday.**—The Foreign Enlistment Bill reported in the Lords. ELLENBOROUGH declaring it very objectionable. But the LORD CHANCELLOR convinced the House of its propriety by stating that a much more objectionable bill was passed in 1804.

**Monday.**—ELLENBOROUGH went at it again, and compared the German princes who might lend us soldiers, to the African kings who sold their subjects as slaves. LANSLOWNE thought this rather strong, and, said that a barber out of doors would be laughed at for talking

such nonsense. Although an old whig might be supposed to speak with authority as to such a fact, DERBY was unconvinced, rebuked LANSDOWNE for levity, and advised him to copy his own uniformly serious and dignified behaviour. HARDINGE thought the bill had better pass, so it did.

GRAHAM explained how the Prussians had done him about the *Thetis*, and the evident feeling of the House was that he had no business to go about swopping HER MAJESTY'S ships for any rubbish that might be offered him.

Blunders, as usual, having been made in the vote of thanks, the names of ADMIRAL STOFFORD and others were stuck in by way of post-script, but as BRITANNIA is a lady, it must be considered specially flattering to be mentioned in the most important part of her communication.

*Tuesday.*—The Commons began their battle on the Foreign Enlistment Bill. JOHN RUSSELL, to everybody's surprise and regret, did not go back farther than the time of QUEEN ELIZABETH for arguments. BULWER LYTTON opposed the bill, objecting to beggarly hirelings, and then a number of other men on each side repeated and diluted the reasoning of the leaders, but it is useless to refer to the debate, because that had nothing to do with the result. Government told the House that unless the Bill passed they would resign, and a Dissolution would follow. This at once secured a lot of men who have a wholesome dread of their constituents, and after DIZZY had made some garbled quotations, and let off a few damp oratorical fireworks, JOHN RUSSELL praised the Government, a little more, for the truly noble way in which the war was carried on, SIBTHORPE abused him, LORD BLANDFORD made some proposition about having prayers, and the Bill was carried by a small majority.

*Wednesday.*—The Commons on the same subject, and COBDEN explained that the war was of no use, and that peace ought to be made. JOHN RUSSELL, in return, promised a great many more vigorous war-measures.

GLADSTONE promised a bill for securing the deposits made by the poor in our Savings' Banks. He made the same promise two years ago. City people, however, thought him in earnest this time, and that he wanted the money which was invested by these banks, so the Funds went down.

*Thursday.*—The Militia Bill was read a second time in the Lords, everybody, except the Government, appearing convinced that it ought not to be.

The Commons had some more speechifying upon the Enlistment Bill, but nothing was said that deserved or received the slightest public attention.

*Friday.*—Final fight on the Enlistment Bill, and BRIGHT clearly shewed that the war was wrong, first, because the Turks were not virtuous men or energetic tradespeople, and secondly, because, in fighting, people were killed. The House, more mindful of RUSSELL'S threat than BRIGHT'S logic, again affirmed the principle of the measure.

MONTEAGLE, in the Lords, moved for some financial returns, and by implication expressed a hope, that when the Budget came out MR. WILLIAM GLADSTONE would not be found to deserve the name of Deficiency Bill.

*Saturday.*—Various legislative formalities having been transacted in both Houses, the Parliamentary nuisance was abated until the 23rd of January.

## BOBADIL AGAIN.

To Mr. Punch.



SIR,—Blood might boil, aye, boil over, at the culpable and criminal neglect shown by public writers in reference to our greatest men. You know that the BOBADIL family is remarkable for its unpretending modesty and humility, and if its members are ever so fortunate as to achieve any little success, they are never the first to declare it, far less to puff one another, or to assail everybody else as an incapable blockhead, or an untrustable traitor.

“But, Sir, there are times when fever heat, calcining caution, sends the fiery embers of

patience sparkling out with vivid flashes of incarnate indignation.

“Why is a BOBADIL not despatched to take Sebastopol? If RAGLAN is ‘invisible,’ other people are not, or inaudible either.

“Yours, obediently,

“TIB’S,  
“Wednesday.”

“W. BOBADIL, Lieutenant-General.”

## SHERIFF'S OFFICERS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

THE CZAR has had recourse to a species of Foreign Enlistment, in pressing the Hebrews into his diabolical service. The Continental Correspondents of other journals inform us that the Imperial Miscreant has ordered a levy of ten in every thousand souls in the eastern half of his Empire, and that the Jews are not to be excluded from this levy. Hence the levy may consist wholly of Jews, and superficial minds may infer that, as among us, nine tailors make a man, so, in Russia to constitute one LEVY, it takes ten old-clothesmen. By forcing these Levies to enter his ranks, NICHOLAS may also be considered by intellects of the same slight order to be endeavouring to emulate the ancient fame of this country, renowned of old for its bill-men. Those who take a deeper view of things will probably regard the Autoerat's conscription of the Jews in the light of a desperate measure, to be tried, as a last resource, against those troops which he has hitherto found invincible: for certainly, if any thing could induce any British Officer to take to his heels, it might be the sight of a gentleman of the Hebrew Persuasion.

## NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE!

### PUNCH FOR 1855

SAVES fifty thousand times its cost in novels, and cures no end of things: including sleepiness, sulks, stupefaction, poverty of ideas, bad temper, spleen, nausea (after listening to the speeches of the Peace Society), dulness, depression (from a visit of the tax-collector), snobism, muffiness, and general debility of intellect, loss of literary appetite (such as is induced by a course of Railway reading), blue devils, baldness (of invention), melancholy, ennui, and congestion of the brain (as, for example, by a Parliamentary debate), nervousness in travelling, paralysis of humour, and consequent utter unfitness for society, mental indigestion and excessive vomiting—as, for instance, after an attempt at swallowing the statements of the *Invalide Russe*.

It will be found, moreover, the best mental food for invalids as well as the robust: being free from all sourness and impurity, and calculated to restore the highest jocular energy to the most enfeebled intellect. Travellers especially will find it serviceable, as it is warranted to keep in all climates, and not to lose its pungency under any circumstances: and imparting a healthy relish to breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea and supper, and every other meal, and never interfering with a liberal any more than a conservative diet.

## AWAY WITH THE BLUNDERBUSS!

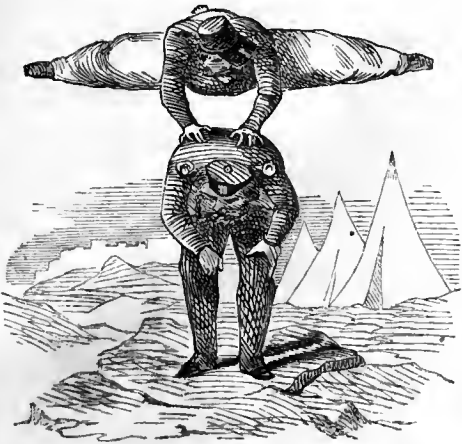
WE laugh at the idea of the wooden pistol with which some—would they were more—of the Russian soldiers are armed. The wooden pistol is a reality, thanks to the rogery of Muscovite contractors; a reality and also a sham, not a mere sham: or else we should be disposed, Hibernically speaking, to pronounce it an invention without existence: or should at least conclude it to be a species of pocket-pistol adapted to be charged only with ammunition of the raki species. However, the British dragoon is armed with a weapon about as useless as a pistol of wood. This is the carbine: with which a competent authority states that a good shot may hit a bayriek at 80 yards. If this is a more eligible arm than a wooden pistol it is so simply for the same reason that a kitchen poker would also be preferable to that toy. It can be clubbed in close encounter: otherwise the pistol of lighter material and lighter cost would be more suitable of the two to light cavalry, if not to heavy. Brown Bess will soon be quite sent about her business: which is to protect corn from sparrows—without injuring the sparrows—and Brunette Bess it is to be hoped will accompany the old woman. An English archer formerly carried as many enemies' lives as arrows at his girdle; why have not our dragoons the lives of as many Russians at their belts as there are barrels to a revolver?

### CAUTION FOR COCKNEYS.

OUR numerous metropolitan friends are respectfully entreated not to confound the foreign regiments hired to fight under our colours with those native troops who are known to them as the (H)Irish.



## THE WAR AND THE COUNTRY.



THE breath of war is an ill wind; but it blows good to the agricultural gentlemen. From certain particulars, however, mentioned by "A POOR PARSON," writing in the *Times*, it appears that this statement must be qualified. That ill wind, raised by the Demon of Russia, blows good to the agricultural gentlemen in top boots. But it does not blow much that is desirable or advantageous to those agricultural gentlemen whose boots are hobnailed, and who lament, not to say rejoice, in smock-frocks. To them it blows, at the utmost, twelve shillings a week. Away from them it blows weekly, thirteen-and-fourpence—in the case of

an average paterfamilias or proletarian—that sum representing a bushel, the necessary measure of flour alone; the price of the loaf being 9d. Earning no more than twelve shillings a week altogether, and spending as much as thirteen shillings and fourpence in bread only, it follows that the agricultural labourer has just one shilling and fourpence less than nothing, out of which to pay for rent, fire, soap, candles, and the means, in short, of satisfying any of his wants, which exceed those of a pig. How he is to carry on the War under these circumstances, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER only knows, if he does know: surely, not by paying the year's expenses out of the year's income. Honestly he can only solve the problem by a recourse to a loan: which he is not likely to find negotiable. Three courses only are open to him; courses not followed by dessert. Besides borrowing, he may beg or steal: and the former alternative not being likely to suffice, he has every temptation to adopt the latter. That course, even in its modified form of drawing on the hare and pheasant preserve fund, involves an expense to the country and the neighbourhood so very considerable, that the agriculturists of the tops may reasonably entertain the question whether, as compared with the maintenance of prisoners, the payment of sufficient hire to the inferior agriculturists is not more cheap and reasonable after the rate, and therefore much to be preferred before the rate, that is to say, the Country Rate.

## THE RUSSIAN EAGLE.

FALCO BIFRONS, *Smith*. L'AIGLE PERFIDE, *Jones*.

THIS bird has lately been attracting such attention that we feel induced to spare it a few inches of what our correspondents are continually telling us is "valuable space," (although perhaps none should know its value better than ourselves): and we are the more inclined to do so, as we believe it hitherto has been left quite unnoticed by our natural historians, for the reason, we suppose, that its character and habits are so perfectly *unnatural*.

The Russian Eagle is distinguished by such singular properties, that we are somewhat uncertain with what tribe we should class it. If it belongs to the Eagle family at all it must certainly, we think, be considered a disgrace to it. One of the chief members of that family, indeed, (we allude to that of France) has of late openly suspended the relationship: while that of America, at least shows no signs of sympathy. It is thought, moreover, that ere long the Eagles both of Austria and Prussia will alike see the policy of cutting a connection which has lately more than ever proved discreditable.

The Russian Eagle may be best described perhaps, as a nondescript creature, uniting the voracity of the vulture with the malice of the magpie, and the thievery of the raven. Its aquiline extraction is principally shown in the length of its talons, with which it clutches greedily whatever comes within its reach. Although not unfrequently it soars to higher prey, it will stoop in general to the meanest object, and is addicted especially to pouncing like a kite on the weak and the defenceless. When balked of its prey, it does not hesitate to show fight; but, in spite of its enormous size, there are many who will back a Turkey against it.

BUFFON compares the Eagle to the Lion, and contends that "strength, magnanimity, and courage" are the attributes of both. But were any buffer now to institute a parallel between the British Lion, and the Russian Eagle, he would soon find he had made a comparison to the full as "odious" as the proverb hints.

Unlike the Eagle tribe in general, the Russian Eagle takes considerable pains in feathering its nest; which it chiefly accomplishes by taking sick relations under its wings, as if for the purpose of giving them protection. When intending a swoop, it shows great cunning in disguising its intention; but like the magpie, it frequently outwits itself by over-acting, and they who watch its movements closely may soon see what it is really aiming at.

From the devotional attitude it assumes so frequently, the Russian Eagle may be strictly called a bird of pray. Indeed, the lower orders of that country have been taught to invest it with most sacred attributes, and have made it, like the Ibis, an object of veneration; and, in fact, almost of worship.

The Russian Eagle in its diet is thought to exhibit a trait of the vampire, as it is supposed chiefly to support itself by sucking the life-blood of the country which it broods over. Its propensity to fighting, also, betrays a taste for carrion, which is likewise foreign to the aquiline nature; while its frequent thievish depredations show it far exceeds the magpie in its fondness for a bone.

It may sound a little strange to apply to a bird the epithet "double-faced;" but we are justified, perhaps, in using it in this case, for the Russian Eagle, as our readers are aware, is double-headed. It may be fairly doubted, though, if two heads are, in this instance, any better than one: for the bird has lately shown such flightiness, that there is full evidence of its being cracked. As a sufficient proof of this, it still appears to plume itself upon being in full feather, when any one may see it has scarce a leg to stand upon.

The Common Eagle, ranking generally as the King of Birds, we may call the Russian, in antithesis, the Emperor.



NAVY IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

## CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

THE following Holiday Movements in every day life have been omitted from the newspapers, which have carefully chronicled the fact that "SIR SOMETHING NOBODY has a small party at Snobington" and other great truths of equal weight and significance:—

THE CLOWN at the Victoria Theatre has been entertaining a dress circle of friends during the Holidays. *Hot Collins* have been supplied to the company in the course of the evening.

POLICEMAN X. had a "party" at the Station House on Boxing Night.

RELIEVING officer, SNOGGS, has been surrounded by a very numerous circle during the holidays.

MR. BAGGS left his seat—in the office—on Saturday night, for Kentish Town, to pass the Christmas Holidays. He resumed his official duties as the clock struck nine on Tuesday morning.

MR. and MRS. BROWN and their Children are staying with MR. and MRS. GREEN and their Children. MR. and MRS. SMITH and their Children are expected to join MR. and MRS. GREEN and their Children as soon as MR. and MRS. BROWN with their Children have concluded their visit. There are no other guests staying with MR. and MRS. GREEN and their children at present.



### HOW JACK MAKES THE TURK USEFUL AT BALACLAVA.

*British Officer.* "HALLO, JACK! WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"

*Jack.* "WHY, YER HONOUR—YOU SEE RIDING'S A DEAL PLEASANTER THAN WALKING ABOUT HERE, AND WHEN THIS CHAP'S TIRED—I MOUNTS T'OTHER COVE!"

### BALLOONS FOR WARFARE.

EVERYBODY, including of course all the nobodies, would seem to have some peculiar plan for finishing off the war in a successful and expeditious manner. The last place we should look for the means of carrying on hostilities with vigour is up into the air; but nevertheless an aeronaut has "stepped in" upon the public with a suggestion that Balloons are the means required for the Siege of Sebastopol and the smashing of Cronstadt. If this theory is correct, LORD RAGLAN ought at once to be superseded by the "veteran GREEN" or the "intrepid" MRS. GRAHAM.

If sieges could be conducted against the Russians as easily as they are managed at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, if Sebastopol in the Crimea were as assailable as Gibraltar in the Kennington Road, we should not only advocate the introduction of a Balloon, but we should go farther, and demand that the General commanding-in-chief should ascend to the citadel on a tight-rope, amidst a splendid display of fireworks. Unfortunately, however, we learn from MR. STOCQUELER, at the Gallery of Illustration, that bastions and other little matters are something more than mere pasteboard—and though the War makes a very interesting Panorama, it would not answer to allow it to be treated as a mere show by those who are engaged in conducting it. We recommend our aeronauts to stick to their own element—the air—and not attempt to rush into the heat of an enemy's fire.

One of the "intrepids," who has gained a high position by his Balloon, has published a dialogue between himself and a General, who is, of course, represented as soon beating a retreat in an argument against the employment of balloons in battle. The aeronaut proposes to hover in his balloon over the enemy's position, and take observations of what is passing, but he forgets that a passing shot might happen to catch his eye in a rather disagreeable manner. The "General" in the "imaginary conversation" with the aeronaut, ventures on this suggestion, and is met by the heroic reply from the man of air, "Supposing, General, that I was shot dead in obtaining information of vast im-

portance, what would be the difference?" Of course, if it's all the same to the Aeronaut it would not signify a great deal to us, but we had rather that he should remain a living voyager in the air than drop down to the earth in the unprofitable capacity or in-capacity of a dead failure. The Aeronaut undertakes not only to observe, but to make himself the subject of observation by a series of signals, through the medium of which he proposes to point out the movements of the enemy. This is to be effected by an apparatus which, as it would of course be at the mercy of the wind, would be blown about in all directions possibly, except that which it ought to take, and thus the signals would be converted into signal failures. The Aeronaut also proposes using his Balloon for "destructive purposes," by taking up some shells, which should be "light to lift but terrible to fall," and so arranged as to avoid the fate of CAPTAIN WARNER'S invention, "whose Balloon," we are told by the Aeronaut himself, "went off in an opposite direction to what he intended."

"And by what means," asks the General, "would you let off your missiles?"

"Either by fuses," answers the Aeronaut, "a liberating trigger, or an electric communication, or by another contrivance which you must excuse me, General, for not mentioning, as I hold it a secret."

This "secret" will probably be kept to all eternity, and, at all events, until it is revealed we must be excused for refusing to call on LORD ABERDEEN to adopt Balloons for warfare, or to blow up the Commander-in-Chief literally high sky high, till he makes the air the basis of military operations.

### A Fair Case for the Sibthorpites.

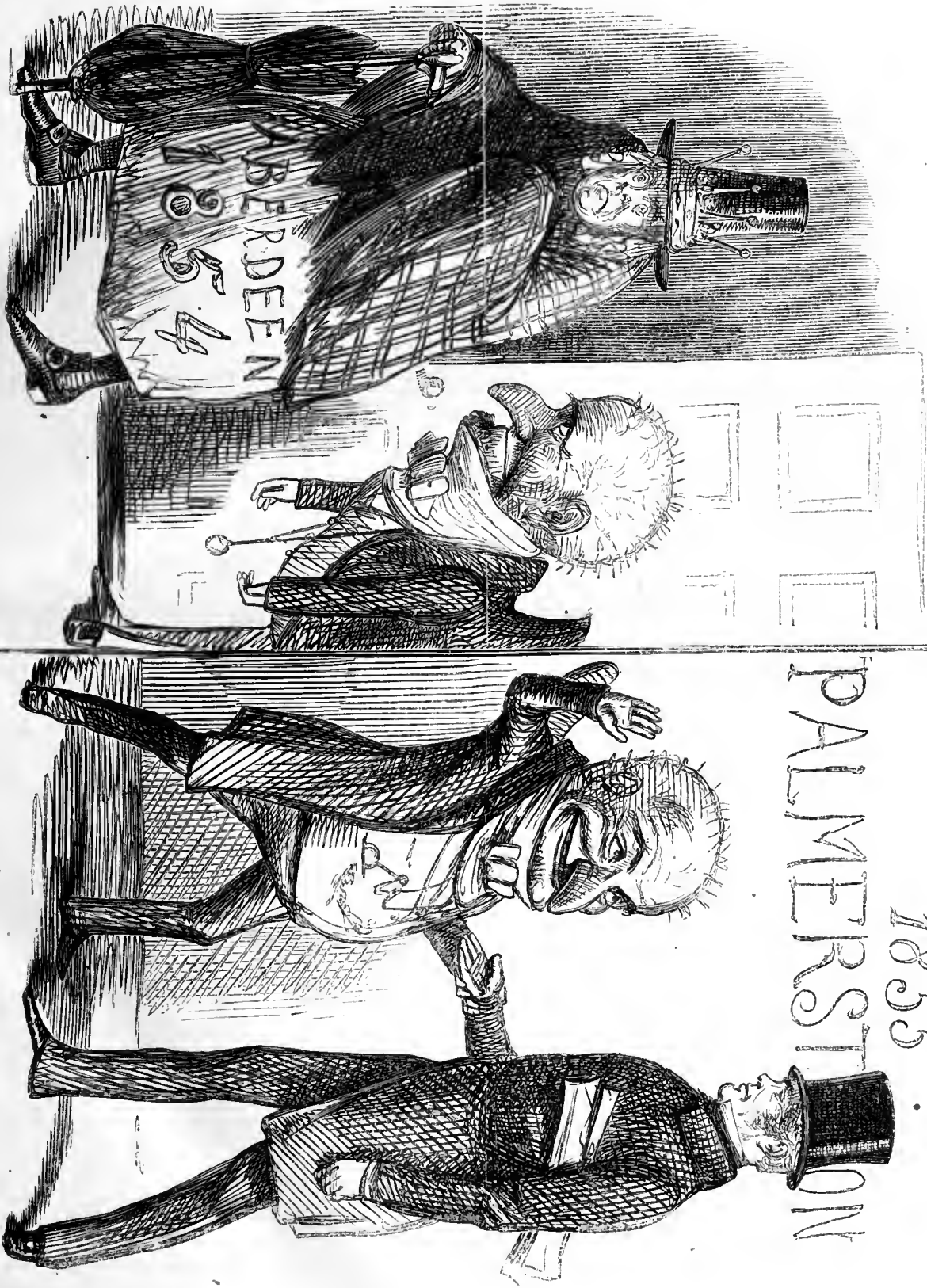
COLONEL SIR JOHN M. BURGOYNE, writing in reference to the recruiting system, declares,

"I do not believe there are a dozen recruiting parties in the whole county of Beds."

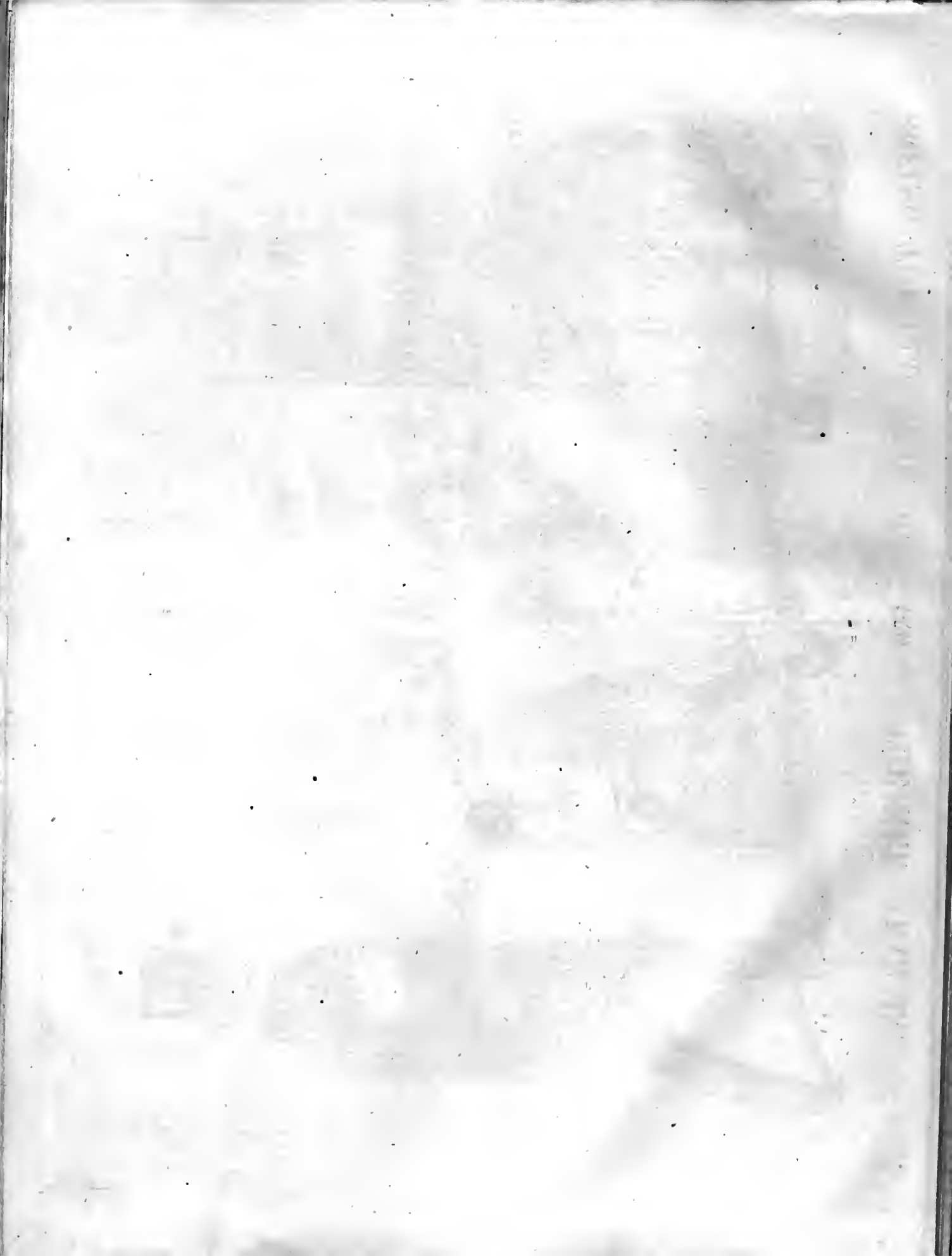
We do not ask what are the Ministers about in Beds? There, at least, they are asleep.

PALMERSTON

1855



SEEING THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN.



## FIVE MINUTES WITH A REGULAR DUSTMAN.

A DAY or two before Christmas our morning muffin was seasoned by the attic—or perhaps more properly speaking the garret—salt, wrapped up in the following Bill, which was placed side by side with our unread newspaper and our thoroughly red herring on our breakfast table.



To the Worthy Inhabitants of  
**BROMPTON.**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

We the REGULAR DUSTMEN of this Parish, in the employ of Messrs. H. & S. BIRD, make humble application to you for a CHRISTMAS BOX, which you are usually so kind as to give;—we bring our Tokens, one, a Medal of Fredericus Borussiae Rex; on the reverse, a man striking another with a club. The second, a Medal with inscription "Fredericus Magn. D. G. Rex;" on the reverse, Fama, Prudentia et Virtute. No connexion with Scavengers.

Charles Stagg, and Thomas Tunks.

CAUTION.—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 the aforesaid Token. Please not to return this Bill.

Impressed with the caution conveyed through this Bill, we determined that the "regular dustman" should not be defrauded by our heedlessly coming down with the dust in favour of some "irregular" individual, tainted not only by irregularity, but by a "connexion with scavengers." We therefore resolved to see the dustman claiming to be "my regular mine own," and we anticipated the pleasure of an interview with one whom we supposed had in some way earned the right to a medal with such a motto as "*Fama, Prudentia et Virtute*" attached to it.

On the morning of boxing-day we accordingly descended to an interview (we don't mean to imply any degradation on our part, beyond our simply going down stairs), and we at once asked the hero of a hundred dustyards to produce his medal. Our demand was willingly complied with by a veteran whose cheeks were like ashes, and whom we proceeded to sift by a few searching questions. Puzzled how a dustman could have become *decoré* in England, though we have heard of honours having been formerly showered on those whose name is Legion in France, we enquired of the honest fellow what were the services he had performed to entitle him to wear his medal. We anticipated the possibility of his having been present at the sacking of some city, whose ashes he might perhaps have aided in removing, but the only reply we could get from the modest veteran as to how he had won his medal was simply this, "I bought this 'ere medal for eighteen-pence of a Jew in Marrowbone Lane."

We returned from this interview with a consciousness that a hero is after all nothing but common dust.

**CANT IN CRYSTAL.**

THE late memorialists, who so pathetically appealed against the iniquities of Greek art as exhibited in the Crystal Palace, have not permitted Christmas to pass without making another practical appeal to the feelings of the Directors in favour of the nude condition of the statues at this inclement season of the year. We have been favoured (exclusively) with a copy of the letter of the intelligent and courteous GROVE, the Crystal Secretary, in final answer to the memorialists. It runs as follows:—

"The Crystal Palace Company, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

GENTLEMEN,—Your letter, with the various articles accompanying it, has been considered by the Directors at their meeting on Wednesday.

"The Directors desire me to inform you that, although they have the profoundest sense of the intelligence and humanity that have induced you to send articles of attire for the various statues, at present wholly nude, they cannot accept contributions that, especially at the present season, would be far better applied elsewhere.

"I am therefore directed to return the sheepskin coat forwarded for the wear of the Arcadian APOLLO; with, at the same time, the petticoat of Whitney flannel, and second-hand *visite* for the VEXUS DE MEDICIS.

"The small-clothes were found much too small for the infant HERCULES, even had the Directors seriously entertained the intention of breeching him.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your obedient Servant,

"G. GROVE, Secretary.

"P. S. Try the Crimea."

**A "BO-PEEP" WITH BUCKSTONE.**

THANK YOU, JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, Lessee of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Very good; and thank you, heartily.

We have never seen a prettier thing; one that dallies more with the innocence of childhood and youth than *Little Bo-Peep*, the sweet little Arcadian blossom that now comes so mincingly forth to render her curtesy at the lamps of Christmas. She is the *Little Bo-Peep*, whose story has opened millions of baby eyes with curiosity and wonder; a *Bo-Peep* that seems to have been fed on lilies and roses, and refreshed with a morning bath of honey-dew. A *Bo-Peep*, that with her choice prettiness takes us away, away, up into the heights of fairy-land: heights that lie nearer heaven.

And very nicely, very deliberately is the story of *Bo-Peep* done for this same real play-house; real as the money-box of the money-taker; and yet, for the time, made a message or tenement of fairy-land itself. Beautiful *Bo-Peep* has about her a charming crowd of shepherds and shepherdesses, bright and innocent as the flowers of Arcady; while her sheep have a fullness of form, and a length and delicacy of fleece, that would cause them to carry away the prize (whatever it might be) at any sheep-show in the realms of Apollo. For *Bo-Peep* herself with her sheep, go and see her, and you will own with MR. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH that she is

"A young lamb's heart amid the full-grown flock."

And, therefore, do we incontinently guard her with our sympathies and wishes when we know that *Seruncher*, *Gnasher*, *Crasher*, *Howler*, and others of like melodiously significant names are the men wolves, the very sharp lupine attorneys, with sharpest teeth, made ready for the choicest mutton: whilst who can think, without shuddering, of the dreadful uses to which the parchment of those singularly large and snowy-fleeced sheep may be inexorably perverted!

Thus does our interest rise and rise for *Bo-Peep*. Our heart dances with her; our tenderness follows her. She enters her cottage. She is about to divest herself for bed. She dons an aggravating little night-cap, shaped by Arcadian fairy, from so much moonlight, seasonably adding thereto a night-jacket of the same pure material. But little *Bo-Peep* is—

"—not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food."

Not she; and, therefore, with a sweet simplicity that touches upon the human sympathies of the beholders,—*Bo-Peep*, having once or twice melodiously sneezed, conveys to the tip of her musical little nose an unguent from the domestic taper. This done, *Bo-Peep*, with no more ado, goes fearless in her innocence to bed; and ere the cricket can chirp thrice, *Bo-Peep* is folded to sleep.

As though a rose could smelt, and be a bird again."

It is then that *Seruncher*, the wolf-captain, enters with his wolf-pack; it is then that, after a fierce struggle, *Bo-Peep* is in peril when—MISS MARY BROWN takes the place of MISS LYDIA THOMPSON, and the Pantomime begins.

But our notice terminates with *Bo-Peep*. The "Grove of Golden Laburnums" we take to be the painted dream of *Little Bo-Peep*; and it is a vision worthy of the little enchantress!

(Holiday reader, go and see her; if married and with children, take your wife and the babies; if not married, and consequently childless, send other men's babies; if you are alone in the world, and, therefore, a "blighted being," write a letter to the churchwarden, and take a few rows of the gallery for the Parish Children of St. Red Riding-Hood.)

Finally, complete in its beauty is the acted, painted history of *Little Bo-Peep*. Hard labour, making holiday for a night, may be witched with it; and leaning forward on fustian sleeves, the while the shepherds and shepherdesses, bright and glancing as humming-birds, dance before him, say—"And I, too, am in Arcadia!"

Again, thank you, MR. BUCKSTONE. The neighbourhood of the Haymarket ought in acknowledgment of your Christmas doings to present you with a testimonial plum-pudding.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL says that there is one bit of truth in the Austrian treaty, and that is at the end, where the name of the representative of England is coupled with the words "*Done at Vienna.*"

BURGLARIOUS JOCOSITY.—Q. What Bar is that which often opens, but never shuts?—A. A crow-bar.



### SYMPTOMS OF A LONG WINTER.

(YOUNG LADY FROM THE COUNTRY COMES TO CHRISTMAS WITH HER FRIENDS IN TOWN.)

POLITE RAILWAY OFFICIAL. "Now then! Claim yer Luggage, 'ere!"

YOUNG LADY, WHO IS PROVIDED AGAINST ALL EMERGENCIES. "Three Boxes, a Carpet-Bag, some Game, Packet of Music Books, and a Bough of Mistletoe. And please to be very careful with the Mistletoe."

### A PHILOSOPHIC SLASHER.

WE were lately rather amused by receiving a notice dated from the Royal Marionette Theatre, and headed

#### PHILOSOPHY!

We can understand a good deal of Philosophy being required by a manager, even of Marionettes, and we therefore perused with some curiosity the note which follows:—

"SIR,—M. COYTEUX has the honour to announce that he intends giving FOUR PUBLIC LECTURES, to which the admission will be gratuitous, upon a NEW SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY, of which he is the Author, and which overthrows all the different Systems which have hitherto been brought before the Public attention. These Lectures will be delivered in French, and be translated during their Progress into English."

We have not the pleasure of the acquaintance of M. COYTEUX, but we can perceive in him some of the elements of true Philosophy, for by making his Lectures gratuitous, he shows that he either despises lucre, or sets his Philosophy down at its true value, or acts on the conviction that Philosophy is an article without a price in the market. Various Philosophers have had various titles, such as the Peripatetic, the Epicurean, and a hundred others; but as M. COYTEUX undertakes to overthrow all other schools, and smash every blessed Sage that ever ventured to open his mouth, we have given to the Marionette Philosopher the title of "the Slasher."

We regret we were not able to be present at any one of the four turns-up between the Adelaide Gallery Pet and PLATO who might be termed on this occasion the Athenian Snob, or PALEY, whom we may be justified in alluding to as the Cambridge Chicken. We should like to have been present to have seen SOCRATES, LOCKE, HOBBS, and a few others set up as skittles for COYTEUX to bowl them all down, in fulfilment

### SAYINGS FOR CIRCULATION.

THE CZAR of Russia is our common Foe,  
A Monster Nuisance to the human race.  
This is an old and stale remark, I know:  
Alas! yes—'tis extremely common-place,  
But though that is, unhappily, the case,  
Pass it on!

This fact, to you and me that seems so trite,  
That its mere mention makes us gape and yawn,  
On many a slave's mind, like the newborn light  
Of Truth, if whispered in his ear, would dawn,  
To exterminate a Pest our swords are drawn.  
Pass it on!

A common Murderer for his crime we hang;  
A savage maniac, dealing death, cut down:  
The CZAR is but the master of a gang  
Of many bravoes: let them fear his frown:  
To you what is it that he wears a Crown?  
Pass it on!

Ah! why should brave men cut their brothers' throats  
To glorify this Fiend in human shape,  
Who on their mutual carnage safely gloats?  
Who, whilst they perish, safe from scratch or scrape,  
Grins at their misery, like a giant ape.  
Pass it on!

O fools to break each other's bones! O blind!  
O dolts to blow out one another's brains!  
What wretched simpletons are we, mankind,  
That our best blood Earth's reeking bosom stains  
Because one cruel Tyrant lives and reigns!  
Pass it on!

Yes, pass it on; this to your neighbour pass:  
One bad man's will maintains this wicked war,  
And that one is the devilish NICHOLAS.  
A word from mouth to mouth will travel far.  
Down, by the shortest method, with the CZAR!  
Pass it on!

### "The Lady of the Woods."

COLERIDGE calls—"The birch the lady of the woods."  
We learn from *The Englishwoman in Russia* (let all Englishmen and all Englishwomen consult its teeming pages) that, under the gallant sway of NICHOLAS, COLERIDGE'S "ladies of the woods" and ladies of the Court of St. Petersburg are, at times, very unceremoniously made known to one another.

of his pledge to effect an indiscriminate overthrow of "all the different systems of philosophy which have hitherto occupied the public attention." It must have been a treat to have witnessed the philosophic Slasher among the intellectual giants of every age, weight, and size, though we cannot conceive how he could have polished the whole of them off almost at one brush in four evenings. We should have thought that an hour at least would have been required for his "little affair" with LOCKE, while his onslaught on SOCRATES might have occupied a whole night as a "Set-to with the Big'un."

When we remember how many "philosophers" there are in the world just now, we wonder the Slasher does not get up a "Benefit" in Leicester Square, and exhibit his "noble art" by putting on the gloves with some of the numerous "chickens," "pets," and "snobs," who represent the various schools of native and foreign philosophy.

### Epitaph upon a Prize Pig, died from over-feeding, Christmas, 1854.

HERE rests his head upon a lump of earth  
A pig to cattle-shows and prize-lists known:  
The candle-maker only knew his worth,  
And apoplexy marked him for her own.

### Change for Spanish.

It is said that we are to have a Spanish Legion as a reinforcement for the Crimea. We propose that if such be the case, their pay should be made over to British holders of Spanish bonds. They having bled in the cause of Spain, it is only fair that they should have the price of Spanish blood in return.

## SLAVES OF THE RING.



PEOPLE have indulged in unwarrantable and untimely fears, lest civilisation, education, and other refining agencies might interfere with the preservation of that taste for manly sports, which is so essential to the maintenance of our character as Britons. At the opening of a new year, it may be pleasant to know that any such distressing anticipations are unnecessary, and that all our manly sports, from racing to ratkilling, appear, from the recognised organs of their patrons, to be pursued with vigour.

Pugilism we may especially refer to as being in a very healthy condition. Several fights took place

just before the great Christian Festival, and six or seven are "fixtures" for the present month.

We have had great pleasure in perusing the details of two of these contests. One of them, between gentlemen of the names of BARRY and NOON respectively, was an event "looked forward to by the Sporting World with unusual interest and curiosity." MR. BARRY was comparatively untried, but MR. NOON (whose conversational powers are stated to be very brilliant—he is described as that "chaffing gentleman") has fought eight battles, and has never had a black eye. The fight in question took place on Tuesday, the 19th of December. The preliminaries were performed in London. MR. BARRY, on stripping to be weighed, "looked in magnificent condition, but as his waist, was very reserved." His "broad, square shoulders and chest, gradually tapering out to his waist, were covered with knots of hard muscle which stood out in bold relief. His well turned symmetrical legs were not less indicative of his capabilities."

So much for the reserved gentleman. The chaffing gentleman had also his peculiar merits. He had been obliged to have recourse to "severe measures to bring himself down to weight" (nine stone two, if any lady reader would like the information), and every rib was visible. "He had trained at Rottingdean, and we are given to understand had to take an immense deal of work, and put the muzzle on for the last day or two. For this privation however he fully compensated as soon as the ceremony was ended, and we understand that so ferocious were his attacks upon a leg of mutton which had been provided for his dinner, that it required the aid of a Stanhope lens to discover the meat he left upon the bone. Whether this statement as to his voracity be true we cannot say." To avoid mistake, or suspicion of joke, MR. PUNCH begs to state, distinctly, from the allusions to a "muzzle," "ferocity," and "voracity," that the journal whence he takes his information is not speaking of a beast but of a man. He is "an aggravating customer, but generally liked for his excessive generosity when possessed of the means."

We shall not linger over the fight, our object being less to supply a detailed account of it, than to comfort and re-assure those who deemed that true British sports were on the decline. But it may be interesting to say that both champions came up to their work in style, and "toed the seratch" at a quarter past two. After some very pretty dodging (we condense the report, but preserve the phraseology) MR. NOON crept close, dashed out his left on the mouth of MR. BARRY, but the latter cross countered beautifully with his right on the side of MR. NOON'S wig-block. Later, MR. NOON removed the bark from the side of MR. BARRY'S snout with his nails—an accident which led to unpleasant remarks. The ruby (blood) became perceptible. MR. NOON caught MR. BARRY on the snorter, and received a nose-ender in return. MR. BARRY effected some heavy deliveries in MR. NOON'S ribs, and cross-countered him on the side of his nut. MR. BARRY let go his left on the potato-trap; and MR. NOON got on MR. BARRY'S damaged speaking-trumpet, but was countered on the right peeper. Regular ding-dong fighting. After which MR. B. got to MR. N.'S larboard goggle. Mutual fiddling followed, and ultimately the chaffing gentleman, finding his match in the reserved gentleman, declined further fighting for the time. The contest was renewed on the following Saturday, but we regret to say that the proceedings were, this time, less satisfactory. Both of the British champions, whose noble courage and glorious hardihood it was fondly hoped would set a brilliant example, made "a disgraceful exhibition of cowardice." After a blow or two, they kept aloof, and neither reproaches, threats, nor promises could make them approach. One of the seconds cried at so humiliating

a sight, and the Editor of *Bell's Life*, in an agony of shame, prints indignant denunciation of these "two cowardly girls," describes MR. NOON as "a white-feathered cock, and little more than a muff," and adds, "as for BARRY, Heaven forgive the mother that bore him." Amends, however, were made to the gluttons of manly sport on the following Tuesday, when MR. CHARLES BROOKS, in a battle of fifty rounds, gloriously defeated MR. THOMAS TYLER, and though Brooks had lost the use of his sinister optic, the game fellow still kept coming gaily up, and always forced the fighting, finishing his man off with a splendid hit in the ribs, which was the *coup de grace*. Brooks is evidently an artist of no ordinary merit.

We think we have said enough to re-assure all who trembled for the fate of one of our noblest recreations that there is no fear that civilisation and humanity have as yet done too much, or that while our humbler classes are permitted to witness such spectacles, and are taught by their immediate superiors, by tavern landlords, and sporting newspapers, to regard such scenes as displays of manliness and courage, the women of England will be less beaten, battered, kicked, and trampled on than at present. The man who, from a place of safety, delights to witness brutality, is just the man to practise it when the helplessness of his victim offers him similar advantages.

## SUNDAY FOR THE SINGLE.

"My dear Mr. Punch,

"I was so delighted to see a letter in the *Times* the other day signed 'A SINGLE MAN.' Not that I approve of any man being single: quite the reverse. I think them odious selfish wretches, and what pleased me was this one complaining that he could get no wine or grog to drink after dinner on Christmas Day, because they turned him out of his inn that he went to, the moment it was half-past two o'clock. And another, by the name of 'SECOND FLOOR,' in the next day's paper, also complained that he could find no place open for a long time when he wanted his dinner, and was very near not getting any at all. I am glad they were annoyed and put to inconvenience, both of them: the mean men. It served them right for not marrying. Don't tell me of their not having the money—they ought to get it: and then there are hundreds of thousands of young men in the same shameful position of celibacy for the same reason, which really is *not* want of means, but those nasty taverns they go to and drink their stout beer and regale upon their mutton-chops and beef-steaks. Now at least there is one day in the week, and one or two more in the year, when they are shut, just at dinner time, out of their coffee and chop houses. When 'SINGLE MAN' and 'SECOND FLOOR' were wandering about Town in the wet, hungry and miserable, I hope they reflected that if 'Single Man' had been married, and 'Second Floor' had taken a Mrs. FLOOR to himself, they might then have been sitting, after their pudding and beef, sipping their wine at the domestic hearth and a nice fire. I wish every day was Sunday as far as the Sunday Bill, to keep all those young lawyers, and medical students, and scribbling authors and writers and reporters, your Garrets as well as Second Floors, without refreshment, by stopping their Coal Holes and Dust Bins and Dicks and Joes, and Raincoats and Cheshire Cheeses. That would teach them to value the comforts of home: but there is one thing more that Parliament ought to do. Now they have closed the taverns so many hours on Sunday (just at dinner-time) they ought certainly to close the clubs too, so as to give the young men of the aristocracy a taste of single blessedness on the Sabbath, which, that they may fully enjoy it, is the fervent wish of

"Jan. 1855.

"A MOTHER."

"P.S. It is not because I have five grown up daughters at home that I write the above; but from sympathy with others."

## A School for Actors.

By the statutes of the founder of Westminster School, QUEEN ELIZABETH, it was, we are informed, decreed that an English play as well as a Latin one should be annually performed, for the improvement of the scholars as to their pronunciation and manner of speaking. If this idea had been acted properly out, considerable advantage might have accrued therefrom to the British Drama, which would not perhaps have been so frequently murdered by performers whose pronunciation is incorrect, and whose manner of speech is ridiculous.

## Between Bull, Crapaud, and the Post.

We are beginning to reap the reward of the close alliance between the people of France and ourselves. We are to write to one another at the cost of eight sous instead of twenty. What a happy man is ROWLAND HILL! In due season and throughout the civilised world, his genius will assert itself in cheap postage. France and England as a beginning exchange fourpenny letters: may they never again exchange forty-two pounders! May the paper exchanged by them always be post, and never, never cartridge!



Young Lady (reading *Crimæan Correspondence*). "I MUST TELL YOU, TOO, THAT I HAVE QUITE ABANDONED POOR BROWN BESS, AND THAT WITH MY BEAUTIFUL MINIE—"

Elder Lady (interrupting hastily). "THERE—THERE—MY DEAR, GO ON TO THE NEXT LETTER. WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT HIS BESSIES AND MINNIES—THESE SOLDIERS ARE ALL ALIKE!"

### F. S. A.

We take the following extraordinary statement from the *Athenæum*:—a statement that, we venture to say, combines within itself a greater evidence of destitution with a more dreadful hopelessness of imposture than any in scientific or literary annals yet recorded.

"The Council of the Society of Antiquaries having been apprised that several persons are in the habit of using the initials of Fellowship with that Society without the necessary qualification of being Fellows, have come to the determination to take some steps to check, if possible, the practice for the future:—pending, however, any stringent measures on the subject, the Council have at once resolved publicly to advertise the names of all offending parties that may be forwarded to them."

We trust that the Council of the Society of Antiquaries will not be too hard upon offenders who assume the initials of Fellowship without any right so to do, in merciful consideration of the modesty of those individuals who, from their discoveries, are in every way justified in appending to their names the golden letters F. S. A.; but who nevertheless bashfully refuse to do so.

ALBERT SMITH for instance, who in a former lecture discovered that "straps belonged to the dark ages of dress trousers" has never yet taken up his fellowship though invited to submit to the dignity.

MARY WEDLAKE who has for nearly a hundred years, with all the sweet pertinacity of woman, asked of dumb generations—"Do you Bruise your Oats yet?" has hitherto rejected the initials.

MR. CHARLES KEAN as the importer of the oldest translations from the East End remains undecorated. He has moreover played the *Corsican Brothers* until one brother is totally bald, and the other brother grey-headed,—and yet we never heard that he had availed himself of the smallest admiration (for which he is ever grateful) conveyed in the antiquarian letters.

The Niam-Niams, or tailed men, exhibited by DOCTOR KAHNT are—we hear—about to assume the initials; which must be thought the more selfishly preposterous, seeing that they have already appendages of their own.

A distinguished cheesemonger, elected on the strength of his oldest and bluest Stilton, has, we hear, received an intimation from the Council, that his election is not valid: not from any wanted age in the cheese, as was anticipated; but from the fact that, one of the fifty sovereigns paid by him for F. S. A., has been found a bad one,—a fact that, with all the audacity of a shopkeeper, he has ventured to deny. The man declares that the sovereign was good when he paid it; however it may have suffered since from disreputable company. He nevertheless continues to mark his cheeses with the initials of the Society, F. S. A.,—which he contemptuously renders—"Fine Aged Stilton."

Since writing the above we have heard that the Council are in possession of the names of twenty miserable offenders, all of whom have, without authority, used the F. S. A. They will be proceeded against with all the rigour of the law. The historical gridirons of Smithfield will be red again.

We stop the press to announce that, as the Society of Antiquarians have discovered all the offenders who have added to themselves without authority the F. S. A. are without exception, out-door patients, their case, it is thought, will be sufficiently dealt with if their names are sent to SIR PETER LAURIE, the Governor. They will doubtless have their heads shaved and be daily dieted according to the severity of the disease.

### BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

I AM a man who dwell alone,  
Save only that I keep a dog,  
Who eats my scraps up, orts and bone,  
So that the creature shares my prog.

I had a boiled salt round of beef  
On Monday, all to my own cheek,  
Whereon my hunger sought relief  
From day to day, for near a week,

Of cold boiled beef the daily round,  
After a while begins to tire,  
One longs for something nicely browned,  
Or steaming from the genial fire.

And then the beef was getting dry;  
But food away I never fling,  
What can be done with it? thought I:  
Bubble and Squeak, Sir!—that's the thing.

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH was not a dunce  
At least in gastronomic lore:  
Bubble and Squeak he tasted once;  
And then he ate it evermore.

The KING had oft on Turtle dined,  
As I have sometimes chanced to do,  
We both, to think I am inclined,  
The less enjoyed it of the two.

So large with what it fed on grew  
My whetted appetite's increase,  
That 'twas as much as I could do  
To leave my dog a little piece.

And even when I gave him that,  
I muttered in a doubtful mood,  
"Is this quite right now—what I'm at,  
In giving you, Sir, Christian food?"

The dish at which I've pegged away,  
So that it my interior fills,  
Would that they had it this cold day,  
The Brave on the Crimea's hills!

They in the cannon's mouth do not  
The Bubble reputation seek,  
But Glory find; their onset hot,  
Leaves to the Russians all the Squeak.

But Bubble, not of empty air,  
And Squeak that's more than idle sound,  
Soon may those gallant heroes share  
At mess on Russia's conquered ground!

### The Rose and the Mistletoe.

A REMARKABLY intelligent young botanist of our acquaintance asserts it as his firm conviction, strengthened by his public observation, not the less than by his private experience, that plants have a decided influence upon the actions of mankind in general, and of womankind, perhaps, in particular. In illustration of this axiom, he adduces with some shrewdness the indisputable fact, that many a delicate young lady who would shrink, with maiden modesty, from being kissed under the mistletoe, has yet not the slightest objection to that ceremony if it be performed under the rose.



URQUHART'S VIEWS OF PALMERSTON.



MR. URQUHART, we observe, has been getting up a sort of examination of himself in the country. A set of gentlemen, who undertake to "watch the war," have summoned MR. URQUHART before them, and, of course without the slightest hint from himself as to the nature of the questions he would wish proposed, have put him through a catechism in which as many of his crotchets as he can embody in a few hours of garrulity, are set forth for the instruction of the world. The special business of MR. URQUHART seems to be to avenge himself upon LORD PALMERSTON for some dreadful injury (of the precise nature of which we are uninformed, but we believe it has something to do with the non-appoint-

ment of MR. URQUHART to the offices of Governor General of India, Governor of the Bank, and Consul-General for the Mediterranean) by imputing to the Viscount all the crimes of the last century. We really shudder to contemplate the guilt of LORD PALMERSTON, as brought out in the URQUHART Confessions. He says that "any person who has proofs of the Viscount's guilt possesses impunity for himself, and may have office, of any kind, if he choose to accept it." We are rather inclined to believe this, though we

cannot quite understand how, if MR. URQUHART'S statement be true, he remains in his present insignificant, not to say contemptible position. However, that is a matter of small consequence—our own object is to expose the hideous turpitude of LORD PALMERSTON by explaining the spirit of the URQUHART Revelations.

- Q. You are familiar with the history of the VISCOUNT PALMERSTON?
- A. I am.
- Q. Will you do the Committee the favour of explaining the policy of that statesman, and of pointing out its evils?
- A. Don't use such feeble language, you stupid fellow. Ask precise questions.
- Q. Is LORD PALMERSTON a statesman?
- A. No, he is an utter donkey.
- Q. Is he a patriot?
- A. No, he hates England, and has sold it to Russia.
- Q. Is he a man?
- A. No, he is an old woman.
- Q. Is he an amiable, philanthropic personage?
- A. No, he is a vengeful, malignant, merciless oppressor.
- Q. Does he understand Foreign Affairs?
- A. Not in the least. I do not think that he knows the White Sea from the Black Sea.
- Q. Can he speak French?
- A. Not a word. The commonest despatch has to be translated for him by a clerk.
- Q. Has he the ear of the House of Commons?
- A. Not in the least. When he rises men either leave the House—address themselves to private conversation, or go to sleep. Whereas, when I used to rise—but never mind that. Go on to the next question.
- Q. Who burned the Houses of Parliament?
- A. LORD PALMERSTON.
- Q. Who destroyed the MARR and WILLIAMS families in Ratcliffe Highway?
- A. LORD PALMERSTON.
- Q. Who sunk the *Royal George*?
- A. LORD PALMERSTON.
- Q. Who causes all the Railway Accidents?
- A. LORD PALMERSTON.
- Q. Who told the Russians to surprise us at Inkerman?
- A. LORD PALMERSTON.

- Q. Who caused the Irish Potatoe Crop to fail?
- A. LORD PALMERSTON, availing himself of his opportunities as an Irish landowner.
- Q. Who encourages all the Italian Organ-men?
- A. LORD PALMERSTON, from his friendship for MAZZINI and the Revolutionists.
- Q. Who poisons the *Bon-bons* for Christmas parties?
- A. LORD PALMERSTON, from his hatred for the religion to which the festival belongs?
- Q. Who refused MR. URQUHART a place, on the ground that he would be "neither mentally nor ornamentally an acquisition to HER MAJESTY?"
- A. LORD PALMERSTON—no—I don't mean that. He did no such thing. Turn the Reporters out. [Catechism ends.]

A GRATEFUL RETURN.

It is proposed that the City Coal Tax should be prolonged for one more year, to enable the Corporation to purchase the vacant piece of ground near St. Paul's. We think this nothing but fair. Considering the injury that the London Smoke has been for years doing to our great Cathedral, it is only proper retribution that it should be called upon for one short twelvemonth to contribute a little to its embellishment. As our London Coals have been doing their utmost to throw into obscurity our Cathedral from the moment it was built, they cannot now complain if they are taxed for a brief period to render comparatively open and clear, that which they have been endeavouring, so effectually, to conceal and blacken. It will only be so much "Conscience-money" from the chimney-pots of London. St. Paul's has been terribly "put upon" by the London coals, and it is now high time that something should be put upon the London coals for clearing the character of St. Paul's. Let the soot they have heaped upon it be in some measure wiped away by their yielding the coucession demanded; it is only just that this return (a grate-ful return, too, since it will spring from every metropolitan hearth) should be made to a poor monument that has been blown upon for upwards of 150 years by every factory-chimney in the neighbourhood. And thus will St. Paul's rise, for the second time, like a monumental Phoenix, from the ashes of London.



THE ORIGINAL BLIGHTED BEING.

Interesting Domestic Discovery.

It was NAPOLEON, or MADAME DE STAEL, who said that "if you scratched a Russian, you would find a Tartar underneath." JONES (of Marylebone) goes further than this, for he says "that he has only got to scratch his wife, and he catches a Tartar instantly."



OUR ARTIST IN THE CRIMEA.

OBVIOUS AIDE-DE-CAMP. "There now, What's your name, you can't have a Better Spot than this for a Sketch, you see you have the entire range of the Town and Forts."

## WHAT THE COUNTRY IS COMING TO?

To COLONEL SIETHORP, M.P.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

I HOPE you read the *Press* of the 30th ult. Otherwise it will be my painful duty to inflict a dreadful shock upon you for the first time, by calling your attention to the following extract from that journal.

"The *Opinions of Turin* states from Berne, that orders have been received there for the manufacture of 20,000 wooden shoes for the English troops in the Crimea."

**WOODEN SHOES! JOHN BULL in wooden shoes!!** English soldiers to wear *wooden shoes!!!*

Suppose anybody had told us, in our young days, that the time would come when we should see the British Grenadier marching in wooden shoes! Should we not have scouted the bare suggestion as too treasonable to be mentioned?

Has it come to this? **WOODEN SHOES FOR THE ARMY!**

Like yourself, my dear COLONEL, I have every possible respect for our Allies, but not certainly, to the extent of even dreaming of putting our Foot in wooden shoes! Of course you will impeach Ministers for the glaring violation of the Constitution which they have been guilty of in introducing these alien elements into HER MAJESTY'S service. What next? Of course, if unimpeded in their traitorous measure of supplying our soldiers in the Crimea with wooden shoes, they will forthwith proceed to feed the brave fellows with frogs. The use of those reptiles for food would then soon be prescribed to the whole army, including the militia: and the first regiment of that constitutional force which would be placed on such rations would probably be that which could so readily be supplied with them from the fens of Lincolnshire. A word is enough to men like the Colonel of that regiment: who will not neglect the hint of his affectionate

PUNCH.

## A Joke to a very Pretty Tune.

SOMEBODY has just invented a new tuning-fork, for raising the pitch of pianos. We presume that the tuning-fork will fork-up, and the piano will pay for the trouble employed on it in higher notes, and thus the theory of compensation will be realised.

**GROSS GROCERY.**—The Coffee sent out to the Crimea has got the name of *Café de-lay*, in consequence of its having been so very slow in coming.

## THE EPAULET IN TURKEY.

**DECIDEDLY** the Turks are savages. Barbarians—uncivilised beings—utterly unmindful of what is due to rank and station. We incline to agree with Mr. BRIGHT that England ought to be ashamed of taking the part of such people.

What do we learn from the very latest correspondence from Constantinople? That a "painful ceremony has taken place." That two distinguished officers in the Turkish army, SULEIMAN PACHA and HALET BEY, who were found to have abandoned their posts in one of the Crimean battles, were publicly degraded. Official reprobation was pronounced upon them in the presence of thousands of spectators, their epaulets were roughly torn off by the private soldiers, and then, amid the hootings of the crowd, they were sent off in chains to undergo a seven years' penal servitude.

That is the way Turks treat officers and gentlemen who refuse or neglect to do their duty in the field. How much better it would have been for SULEIMAN and HALET had they belonged to a privileged class in a Christian island. Then LORD SULEIMAN and the HONOURABLE HALET, instead of having thus been made an example to Europe, might have refused or neglected to do their duty, but instead of being publicly censured by the authorities, of having epaulets torn off and fetters clapped on, and of being sent to seven years' imprisonment, they would have been permitted to retire from the service of their Sovereign.

Decidedly, we repeat it, the Turks are savages, and do not know how to deal with officers and gentlemen who have the misfortune to disgrace a noble army and so far as in them lies, to peril a noble cause.

## PRANKS AT THE POST OFFICE.

**CERTAINLY** if the letters of "our own" Crimean correspondents may be any way regarded as letters of credit, there seems sufficient reason for complaint of the Post Office arrangements—or perhaps we should say, more correctly, of the want of them. The mail service is so managed as to be but little serviceable, and what with tardiness of transit and mistakes in sorting, the correspondents in the camp find that a Read-letter day is but seldom marked in the calendar. Judging from the latest accounts we have audited, it would seem that the arrival of the mails had been solely guided by the laws of eccentric motion; while their departure has been suffered to take place at any time—that previously announced alone regularly excepted. In fact such has been the want of punctuality, that, inasmuch as it is always held to be the "soul" of business, we suppose it has been argued by some post-official wag that it cannot be material.

It is questionable whether in the event of an enquiry it might not turn out that the blame should chiefly fall upon authorities so high, that like the Alps, they are almost inaccessible. If, however, it be found, the matter rests with the Post Office, we think the old proverb "As stupid as a post," should in future be read "As stupid as a post-master."

## (SEWER)AGE BEFORE HONESTY.

An Epigram with a Postscript.

THREE well-paid Commissions have labour'd in vain

To improve the foul drainage of London:

What one in its wisdom thought fit to ordain,

The next has immediately undone.

But fearing lest money thus wastefully paid

For some grumbling might give us occasion,

Great skill each Commission has shown in its trade

By well draining—the purse of the nation.

P.S. From the Truth 'tis a trifling digression

To call that a Trade, which was but a *Profession*.

## Harder where there's None.

THE *Press* says that the Government has made the most difficult sacrifice, namely, the sacrifice of character. It might be retorted on the party of Mr. DISRAELI, which the *Press* is understood to represent, that though the Government find it difficult to sacrifice character, the opposition would—from absence of the material—feel such a sacrifice impossible.

## Pio Nono in Tears.

WHEN the new article was added to the creed of Poperly the other day, at Rome, his Holiness in proclaiming it, is said to have shed tears in the pulpit. We could not account for this until we also read that "Rome was intoxicated with joy."

## PUDDING-HEADED PUFFERS.



a covert attack upon its good taste and common sense, while pretending to pay a compliment. We are sure that the PRINCE OF WALES is far too intelligent to think of treating SERJEANT DAVIES as a great baby or a great glutton, who after risking his life in battle is ready to run a further risk by gormandising on that great national mixture of indigestible ingredients familiarly known as a Christmas pudding. Our loyalty urges us to place on record our utter disbelief in the absurd story, and we hope we have succeeded in shutting up those mouths which have lately been so full of the PRINCE OF WALES's plum pudding.

UBLIC rumour has asserted on some authority which we have no doubt is very bad, that the PRINCE OF WALES, after reading an account of some gallant exploit by one SERJEANT DAVIES in the Crimea, resolved on sending the hero a Christmas plum-pudding as the reward of his valour. We merely mention this absurd story for the purpose of calling upon everybody to disbelieve it. PRINCE ALBERT might as well send SIR DE LACY EVANS a slice of plum cake, to eat under the shade of his laurels, or a box of brandy-halls to suck while seated on the domestic hearth in the evening of his existence. The Royal circle ought to be protected against this stupid gossip which makes

## CHRISTMAS POST PASTIMES.

Now Christmas, with its rich repast  
Has vanished, and of New Year's Day  
The feast is over, and at last  
Is Twelfth Night's banquet passed away.

Because of having lived too well,  
The head and stomach pains attack :  
Now for the pill of calomel,  
And now, then, for the dose of black.

With bitter aloes crown the cup,  
Or salts with peppermint combine,  
Mix the grey powder, and make up  
The draught of antimonial wine.

Now gruel only, all day long,  
With toast-and-water, we must touch,  
Draw round the fire and sing a song  
Of those who ate and drank too much.

## The Experience of a Bill Discounter.

(Founded on Fact—"three months after date.")

THERE are three classes of people (says a Bill Discounter of large practice), to whom I hate lending money :

1stly. To your Women, because they have a trick of crying, and I hate tears.

2dly. To your Clergymen, because they are poor, and quote Scripture.

3rdly. To your Lawyer, because they have claws of their own, and can defend themselves.

## A GERMAN PHILOSOPHER.

HE looks on the World as no better than a round of folly, and smokes himself to death in the stupid hope of "making it all Square!"

## OUR PET PRISONER.

"DEAREST ARABELLA,

"Steyne, Brighton, Jan. 2, 1855.

"We have had such a lovely New Year's Day: never got to our beds until five in the morning; but then we had such a triumph. You know that we have been so fortunate as to secure the acquaintance (esteem, friendship, I will venture to think it) of one of the dear Russian prisoners, CAPTAIN SITCHADUCKEMOFFSKY. He has been quite the rage these two months here; and if you only saw the dear creature poik—if you only heard him play the flute—it's enough to turn one's heart into marmalade! And then to listen to one of those dear, wild, romantic Tartar airs that he pours forth like any caged nightingale—oh! it is *thrilling*—I have wept at the strain delicious tears. And then the captive has such a lovely melancholy look; then he speaks of holy Russia with such devotion that—well, when this horrid war is over, I will see St. Petersburg.

"But I haven't told you of our triumph. The Browns had made sure of the Captain; and the SIMMONSES felt equally certain of their prey. The NEWTONS looked very significantly as we parted at church,—and that bold thing JANE was heard to say—"they think they've got our SITCHADUCKEMOFFSKY to open the year with. Well, I only wish 'em many returns of the disappointment." Now what did we do, Mamma and myself,—but directly after breakfast on New Year's Day, drove to the captive's humble abode, and sat in the carriage until he could make himself visible,—when we took him home; and among us so beguiled the time that he never left our roof until half-past four in the morning. CHARLES, I am sorry to say, was scarcely civil to the Captain. But then he has a coarse soul, with no sentiments of admiration for valour in captivity. We were all charmed with his account of New Year in Russia; so much more picturesque than our cold, humdrum way. Indeed, should the Captain remain another twelvemonth with us, we have made him promise to get up the New Year's Day exactly as it is performed in the very best circles of St. Petersburg.

"How much have we been misled by the wicked inventions of those wretched people who write books about Russia! I saw the tear start to the Captain's manly eye as he beheld *The Englishwoman in Russia* (which I would have burnt) in the hand of CHARLES: who had not the decency to close the hideous volume under the very brow of SITCHADUCKEMOFFSKY. "Yes; my beloved country"—(it is thus the Captain complained in confidence to some one you know)—"thus is the holy bosom of Russia stabbed with poisoned pens!" And then,

to divert his indignation, I begged him to sing me that lovely air of *Tche krup opazky*,—or the song of the Siberian shepherd—it would melt the heart of a wolf; the heart of anything except *that* CHARLES.

"And then how accomplished is the Captain! He has presented me with a rosary of cherry-stones, with the most lovely portraits of all the Russian saints cut upon them with nothing but a tooth-pick: his sole solace when a captive in that filthy ship—though why should I say so, since it brought him here? He has also given me the most lovely fan made from a shoulder-bladebone (I think they call it), with likenesses of the EMPEROR, the EMPRESS, and all the imperial family. They are like life; and didn't the fan make a sensation at Mrs. CUMBERLY's ball! More than one person (whom I won't name) turned white and red as I flirted it; which I did more than once I can tell you.

"Do, my dear ARABELLA, read all you can about the Greek Church. It is much more beautiful than I could have thought. I am quite interested in it; but as the Captain says, to see it in its beauty I should see it in holy Russia, which—who knows?—I may yet do.

"Yours affectionately,

"MATILDA.

"P.S.—I open this to say we have been thrown into the greatest consternation by a rumour that the Captain was to be exchanged—exchanged! What could they give sufficient for him? But I have traced the report to the malice of *that* CHARLES. Odious, isn't it?"

## THE BRIGHT MANIFESTO.

THE following placard has been largely posted about the walls of Manchester:—

Because NICHOLAS has mild eyes.  
Because wheat can be purchased at Odessa at 2s. a bushel,  
Because Bibles are imported into Russia duty free.  
Because NICHOLAS subscribed to the Nelson Monument.  
Because most of the nurses in Russia are English nurses.  
Because my letter has been translated into Russian.

And lastly,  
Because the Russians are large consumers of Manchester goods.

It is for the above, and other not less substantial reasons, that I am conscientiously and disinterestedly opposed to the present War. J. B.



*Emily.* "WHY MY GOODNESS, FRANK! WHAT A DREADFUL BLACK EYE YOU HAVE! YOU ARE QUITE DISFIGURED!"

*Frank.* "H'M, HAH! THAT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE NOW, I WAS IN HOPES NO ONE WOULD HAVE PERCEIVED IT!"

[FRANK has been so unfortunate as to catch a cold in his eye from sitting in a draught at Exeter Hall—so he says.]

### RAW MATERIAL OF BARRISTERS.

THE study of the law now requires something beyond the mere eating of a series of dinners, which used to be the only qualification for an utter Barrister, who might therefore be an utter ignoramus on all legal subjects. We can see no value in the dinner-eating test, beyond, perhaps, a remote possibility that it may prepare the eater for the various digests with which the law is identified. The theory of "cramming" to pass an examination is undoubtedly of ancient date, and the Lawyers may possibly have imagined that, as according to BACON, "learning makes a full man;" a full man must be a learned man, and that it is only necessary to get the man "full" by any means in order to make him a "learned" one.

We are, however, glad to find from the prospectus of lectures for the ensuing educational term, that the "legal mind" is to be constituted of something more than the old mixture of mutton and port wine, and that the wearer of a Barrister's stuff gown is no longer to be made up like a Guy Faux, by mere stuffing.

The Reader on Constitutional Law refers his class to *Rapin*—a book quite in keeping with the objects of a legal education.

The reader on Equity proposes to give nine lectures on "Trusts in connection with Voluntary Conveyances," a topic that the mere dinner-eater would easily confound with Turnpikes—the only "trust" of which he would be aware—and exemption from toll, which would seem to belong to the subject of "voluntary conveyances."

The Reader on Civil Law proposes to treat of "Legal Fictions"—a most extensive branch of the law, which abounds in fictions of the most humorous, as well as of the gravest character. In Common Law there will be lectures on "Simple Contracts," including no doubt that very simplest contract of all, which ends in the purchase of a "hunter, the property of a nobleman going abroad," on the recommendation of the "family coachman," who has just come from abroad, and is likely to go abroad again after an early session at the Old Bailey.

### THE CZAR'S SERENADE FROM BELOW.

AIR.—"Chorus of Demons," "Robert le Diable."

YE demons and spirits whose Prince is Man's Foe,  
Ye souls who inhabit the mansions of wo,  
Cry, Honour to him that on Earth has brought war,  
Cry, all evil Angels, Hurrah for the CZAR!

Blasphemer, Destroyer, Tormentor, than him  
Our Carcase possesses no worthier limb,  
Hurrah! with the blood from the ground let us cry,  
Hurrah for the Psalm! and hurrah for the Lie!

We have risen O Tyrant, thine eyelids to close,  
In hatred and malice to bid thee repose:  
Thy head on thy pillow, CZAR NICHOLAS, lay,  
In joy for the ruin wrought by thee this day.

Abandoned, abhorred by the Children of Light,  
By day as we prompt thee, we tend thee by night;  
Thy Guardians, our watch by thy pillow we keep,  
In charge of the Wicked Ones, Wicked One, sleep,

But open thine ears to our song in thy dreams,  
Our anthem of groans, lamentations, and screams,  
Thyself with such music hast made the world ring,  
And such in our chorus hereafter shalt sing.

Thou know'st not the place thou among us hast won,  
In slumber we'll show thee what deeds thou hast done.  
Lie shattered and mangled and torn on the plain,  
In fantasy wrung as with bodily pain.

Lie freezing, thy cruelty's greatness to learn,  
Or howling for water in vain, lie and burn,  
Without a kind traitor to bring, at thy call,  
The halter that throttled thy mad Father, PAUL.

Descend in the festering grave of the dead,  
Which thy mere ambition with victims hath fed,  
Imagine it closes upon thee; and there  
Thou raisest the yell of infernal despair.

Roll, NICHOLAS, roll thy mild eyes in thy rest,  
Receiving the homage of demons unblest,  
Who cry with their Master, the Author of War,  
And all evil Angels, Hurrah for the CZAR!

### PEACE AND PLENTY AT MANCHESTER.

THERE is to be a great demonstration at Manchester in honour of the members; and, particularly, in admiration of MR. BRIGHT; who will receive a testimonial at the present hour in course of construction at Birmingham. The antiquarian reader may remember the wooden dove of REGIOMONTANUS that flew out to meet MAXIMILIAN, and having made two or three circuits around the imperial head, finally perched upon the emperor's shoulder. At the world's toy-shop (we are not permitted to name the firm) there is now constructing a sucking-dove in brass; a dove that, in imitation of the wooden pigeon, will in due season be thrown into the air to welcome JOHN BRIGHT, at length after frequent cooing, to settle upon his beaver.

There will be a tea-party, at which several of the Russian prisoners with their wives will be the honoured guests. MR. BRIGHT will, in the course of the proceedings, present to the men a dozen of cotton handkerchiefs a-piece (with the portrait of the meek-eyed NICHOLAS in the centre), wherewith they may dry the tears of captivity; whilst the women will have the choice of two gowns each from any collection of the choicest Manchester prints.

There will be Greek fire-works in the evening; the whole to conclude with the anthem of "God preserve the Emperor," MR. BRIGHT himself taking the bass solo parts. NICHOLAS (through the Greek house of TRAITORTORIUS and SPYZKI) has sent a supply of caviare for the tea-table.

### A New Name.

The *Herald* says:—

"The district registrars have daily convincing proof of the popularity of the war, as a great number of the female children born during the last three months have been by their patriotic parents, named 'Alma.'"

Complimentary this, to the spirit of the war, but unnecessary. For let the little girls be christened what they might, is it not ten to one that they would become *All Ma's* in time?



## SPADES ARE TRUMPS.

*Navy (to Ab—rd—n).* "NOW, OLD STICK-IN-THE-MUD, LET ME TRY IF I CAN GET YOU OUT OF THE MESS."



STANDARD AND

Faint text at the bottom of the page, likely a publisher's or printer's mark, including the name "STANDARD AND" and possibly "NEW YORK".

## KEY TO PRUSSIA'S POLITICS.



Another reason why his Prussian Majesty pursues his present exalted line of conduct, is, we are aware, zeal for the maintenance of arbitrary power, and anxiety to keep down a plaguy, discontented, disaffected, dangerously enlightened people, impatient of slavery. Other motives, no doubt, might be assigned for the estimable Monarch's policy, equally natural, and equally creditable, to the man and the Sovereign.

Among these there is one to which the attention of the public and the Government has not yet been directed. It is, the predilection entertained by his most elevated Majesty for a celebrated beverage which the war enables him to procure, on moderate terms, in quantities nearly sufficient for his personal consumption. Need we say that we allude to CLICQUOT'S champagne, which, during peace, was exported from France almost exclusively to Russia? FREDERICK WILLIAM now gets what we should think he never got before, as much of that wine, within a few cases, as he likes. Therefore the war is very jolly for him: and the longer it lasts the jollier he will be, and the more disposed to back the enterprise of his brother-in-law against the liberty of mankind. The earliest of our ensuing operations, therefore, must be, that of cutting off the KING OF PRUSSIA'S CLICQUOT. This can only be done by buying it all up; and a Company ought to be formed for that purpose, for it is clear that our slow and blundering Government cannot be trusted with the execution of any great measure, which, with the whole conduct of the war, had better be left to private speculation.

## "FIRST CLASS GENTLEMEN."

AN Advertisement, the other day, announced the desire of the owner of a house in Bryanstone Square, to let it as "a first class gentleman's residence." Considering that any body may be a "first class" gentleman, by the payment of eightpence for a Railway Ticket on the Greenwich line, the house must be of very elastic pretensions. There are some "first class gentlemen" we have met with in travelling, who might certainly make themselves at home in Bryanstone Square, or any where else, but whose occasional domicile is the gaol of the County. A man who talks about "first class gentlemen," deserves to get a member of the Swell Mob for his tenant.

Another advertiser invites the attention of "Members of the House of Commons" to his list of furnished Houses. We wonder he does not appeal to the Legislature in search of dwellings as "Parliamentary gents," in contradistinction to those addressed as "first class gentlemen."

## Ministerial Mocha-ry.

SOMEBODY good naturedly offered to roast coffee for the troops in the Crimea. The Lords of the Treasury rejected the offer, on the ground that "the coffee is roasted in the Naval Establishments." If this is not the fact—and the assertion is stoutly denied—we hope the Lords of the Admiralty will be well roasted in every influential newspaper.

## AN ERROR OF THE PRESS.

A CONTEMPORARY talks of "the graphic speech of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH." AS our contemporary received it by the Sub-Marine, we should rather have thought the speech was telegraphic.

## The Witlers.

SYMPTOMS of another storm are unmistakable. Again, the reappearance of the editor of the 'Tiser is to be questioned. We think this wrong; wrong upon the very justice of measures. For the editor was elected by a certain majority on the old principle, that so many hogsheads make a butt.

## THE WAR POETS.

WE notice that these gents are not coming out strong. Sad doggrel, flat common place, ambitious nonsense, compose the majority of the Poems, Ballads, Hymns, Sonnets, and other impertinences which have been called forth by the accounts of the deeds of our soldiers in the Crimea. Such verses are the nuisances which always attend great exploits. We do not, of course, allude to the works of the music-sellers' haeks. These unhappy persons must perform their tasks, and we should no more think of criticising a song written to order than of picking the Poet's pocket of it as he made his way to Soho Square. But the gents who write without being obliged to do so—who affect to feel inspiration, and who "cannot refuse their tribute to the heroes of the Alma"—are, we cannot help thinking, culpable offenders. In the hope that exposure may do good, and induce a great quantity of rubbish to be confided to the fire instead of the Editor, we print two Specimens of the War Poets.

## THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

BEHOLD the vaunting Muscovite  
Upon the Alma's side,  
And now the foemen come in sight  
Whom he hath long defied.  
The gallant sons of Albion,  
The fiery troops of France,  
Linked in a heartfelt union,  
To the attack advance.

"God Save the Queen!" shout  
England's sons,  
France cries, "Vive l'Empereur!"  
The foemen, beaten from their guns,  
No longer can endure.  
And "victory!" is now the cry,  
Across that fatal field,  
Where Gaul's and Albion's chivalry  
Have made the Russians yield.

ALFRED E. S. BLOKE.

## THE ALMA'S GLORIOUS BANK.

THE furious fight is raging  
On the dark Crimean coast  
Where freedom's war is waging  
With the tyrant's servile host.  
There the fell muskets rattle,  
There the bright sabres clank,  
As heroes rush to battle,  
On Alma's glorious bank.

The word of triumph's spoken  
The banners wave on high,  
The Russian spell is broken,  
The Muscovite must fly.  
And warm congratulations  
Are passed from rank to rank  
Of those united nations  
On Alma's glorious bank.

J. BOWBY DIGGS.

## THE ATTACHMENT OF THE FEMALE RUSSIAN BEAR TO HER YOUNG.

THE she-bear is remarkable for maternal tenderness: and an interesting illustration of that fact in Natural History is afforded in the following extract from a letter from St. Petersburg, published in the *Constitutionnel*.

"The health of the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA is very bad. Her sons, NICHOLAS and MICHAEL have, on her pressing solicitation, been recalled from the Crimea by a special order of the EMPEROR."

Even NICHOLAS himself appears to have some affection for his own cubs, though the pressing solicitation of their dam is required to bring it out. She can understand what it is to be bereaved of her young, though she may be unable to sympathise with the sorrows of the multitude of mothers whose children have been destroyed by the ravages of her brutal consort.

## Mythology for Potsdam.

A LEADING Berlin journal, quoted by the *Chronicle*, says—

"But our confidence in Prussia is unshaken, for the old god rules the new year."

The ancient divinity who ruled the last year in Russia, by ruling the ruler, appears to have been Bacchus.

## Compliments of the Season.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has given the Order of St. Stephen to LOUIS-NAPOLÉON; but it is not generally known that on the authority of the POPE and CARDINAL MAGI, who lately settled that small matter of the Immaculate Conception, the Order is set with the very stone that slew the Martyr.

## THE MINISTER OF WAR'S BRIEF.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, not having displayed the greatest vigour in his new office, it is said that instructions are shortly to be given to the Attorney-General to see what he can do in prosecuting the present war.

A HINT TO SCHOOLMASTERS.—Very often he who is strict is tricked.

## ORGANIZATION FOR THE ARMY.

To the EARL OF ABERDEEN.



MY LORD,—Your Lordship knows that, in a portion of HER MAJESTY'S East Indian dominions, it is necessary that a man should have as many menial servants as he has occasions for menial services: so that the possession of a valet who will shave him, by no means implies that of a man-servant who will clean his boots. Caste limits the barber to the employment of the razor, and forbids him to exchange it for that of the blacking-brush. Were your Lordship GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA, instead of PREMIER OF ENGLAND—and no doubt you would fill one office as ably as you do the other—you might find yourself waiting on yourself in the midst of flunkies, simply because the footman wanted for your particular exigency, happened to be out of the way.

Under this arrangement, my Lord, your Lordship will conceive that affairs in the East Indies proceed slowly. Every one for himself, and the deuce for us all, you know. Perhaps you will think that a people among whom distinctions so absurd as those of Caste subsist, must be a race of great simpletons. My lord, we are that people as well as the Hindoos, and therefore is it that we are getting on so slow in the East. We are that blockheaded people, I mean that people headed by blocks. Why have we a Commissariat Officer and a Commander-in-Chief, with functions so distinct, that 25,000 men are half-starved, because the former cannot procure for the latter the loan of a corporal's guard? Why should tents and clothing be rotting on the shores of Balaclava and Varna for several weeks for the simple reason that the head of the Ordnance department, for want of a proper understanding with the heads of other departments, has preoccupied all the transports? Why, but for the circumstance that we are a people whose rulers are logs: and their subordinates also logs, and at logger-heads? The Hindoos, indeed, are less the fools of Caste than ourselves: for though one will not do another's work, yet a Brahminical butler does not, I believe, object to make arrangements with his co-religionist, the lackey: nor do the groom and stable-boy of that persuasion refuse to put their horses together.

You my active and energetic lord, are not particularly to be blamed for this idiotic system, that is to say want of system, comprehensively called the "Rules of the Service," but which, if d-nominated the Misrule of ditto, would be better described. Neither is the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, with his administrative genius, nor MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, with his practical common-sense. The fault is that of a long series of statesmen, who never properly learned their business: but to be sure our troops in the Crimea would not have perished for want of food and shelter, if PEEL'S clerks had also served a clerkship in any considerable mercantile establishment.

Well, my lord; now the object of this letter is to propose to your lordship the annexation of a supplement to the Foreign Enlistment Bill; a clause to enable us to avail ourselves of the services of aliens to organise our troops. Let it be enacted that HER MAJESTY shall be at liberty to commission any foreigner whom she may be pleased to appoint, to undertake, in the capacity of absolute dictator, the whole arrangement of our military affairs, except that which relates to actual fighting. One reason at least you would have for anticipating no opposition to this proposal in Parliament. The expenses of carrying it into effect would be small, as doubtless there are plenty of sergeants in the French army quite capable of discharging the duties of the situation, and ready to accept it on moderate terms.

If, however, any objection should be entertained to putting the British Army under the superintendence of a foreign officer, commissioned or non, the desideratum might be supplied by recourse to native talent, which probably could be procured by application to Fox and HENDERSON, or PETO and BRASSEY, or some other eminent firm of contractors who know what organization means. Or JULIEN—who may now be regarded as a true Briton—might be engaged as Conductor of our band of heroes, in which case those very independent performers

of their respective functions, who starve our troops between them, would be taught to act rather more in concert. I have the honour to be, your Lordship's respectful admirer,

PUNCH.

## GODFATHERLY HINT.

MR. PUNCH is happy to learn from the report of the Registrars of Births, that his suggestion to the mothers of lady babies is being most extensively adopted, and that two out of three of the future sweethearts of England are christened "ALMA." He has also received a great mass of private intimations to the same effect. One happy father, from Scotland, writes, very pleasantly, to say that a young lady who will, in due course, wear one of the pretty "bonnets of bonny Dundee," is indebted to *Mr. Punch* for her name. A young mamma from Worcester is evidently almost as much pleased with the name suggested for "baby," as with that delightful infant itself. And the parents of a Maid of Kent unite in thanking *Mr. Punch* for his "affectionate hint," and hope—as he cordially joins them in doing—that "Miss ALMA will be ever mindful of her godfather." These are a few out of a great number of acknowledgments of *Mr. Punch's* kindness, and as he is unable, from the pressure of engagements connected with the war and other important matters, to reply privately to his correspondents, he begs to say to about fifty people who have made such acknowledgement, and to about five thousand who still owe it, that he receives more oysters than he knows what to do with, but that he is always open to wild-fowl.



## NO! DON'T.

"SO THEY ARE SENDING OUT BOOKS TO AMUSE THE POOR FELLOWS AT SCUTARI—AND VERY PROPER. I WILL SEND FIVE-AND-TWENTY COPIES OF MY LAST FIVE ACT TRAGEDY OF 'THE ROMAN GRANDMOTHER.'"

## POTICHOMANIA, OR MADNESS IN THE BOUDOIR.

ONE of those periodical attacks of excitement to which the female mind is liable, has lately broken out among young ladies. It exhibits itself in form of an irresistible inclination for imitating porcelain vases by a simple process, which consists in sticking painted figures, cut out of paper patterns, on the inside of glass vessels, and then painting the glass thus decorated on its inner surface. By this contrivance the patterns are made to show through the glass, whilst its intervening portions appear opaque: and the effect is that of pictorial China. Potichomania, or Potichomania, is the term by which this epidemic art is known, but it will of course soon be superseded by the more vernacular and intelligible title of Stick-Pot-Mania. Potichomania in the mean time may be defined to be a species of painting on glass in mental distemper.

INFORMATION FOR THE BAND OF HOPE.—It is quite useless to throw away diplomacy in attempting to get the KING OF PRUSSIA to pledge himself to a definite course. His Majesty will never take the pledge.



## PHOTOGRAPHY FOR CRIMINALS.



Beauties of CHARLES THE SECOND, a gallery of Criminal Court Beauties would, in the eyes of some, be regarded as a very interesting series.

We fear it is just possible that the plan might serve as an inducement to the commission of petty offences, for the having one's portrait preserved in a public institution would form a sort of celebrity that some persons would think cheaply purchased at the price of a week's imprisonment.

GOVERNOR has seriously proposed to establish a Portrait Gallery of Criminals in every prison in England, by subjecting every convicted offender to the photographic process. The idea may have some value, but we must confess that we never saw any photographic portrait yet, which did not give us the idea of a criminal; and if a man were to be hung on account of his look, there is hardly an individual that has been photographed, who might not have been fairly hanged instead of his own portrait. There is a *dictum* of the poet in favour of showing "Vice its own image," and arguments may be brought forward in support of the new scheme; but we do not see by what law the authorities will be justified in compelling a prisoner to sit to have his likeness taken. Should a collection be formed, there will be a certain amount of interest attached to it; and though not of the same kind as that which belongs to the Court

## THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT PRINCIPLE.

THE Foreign Enlistment Principle seems to be acted upon rather rigidly by Government in the distribution of its gifts and appointments. The government officials promise shortly to be a distinguished corps, into which none but foreigners will be admitted.

First of all, we have a PANIZZI, an Italian at a British Museum. It is a pity that the Museum was not an Italian one, for then an Englishman might by chance have been appointed to it.

Secondly, we have a Doctor BERTOLACCI receiving an appointment to the Duchy of Cornwall. We wonder if this "choice Italian" (whose choice we do not know), was aware that there was such a place as Cornwall, or had the slightest idea where it was, before he received his appointment.

And Thirdly, there are rumours that PRINCE ALBERT intends sending to Berlin for a certain WAAGEN, that is to stop up the way against all Englishmen at the National Gallery—the nationality being eminently proved by His Royal Highness putting a German at the head of it.

Since the fact of one's being an Englishman seems to weigh in the "balance of favour," as a heavy disqualification for an English office, why not, to prevent disappointments, write over all Government Offices,

"No English need apply."

## Old Bailey to Wit.

IF BLUE BEARD were tried now-a-days for the murder of his eight wives, it is a great judicial question whether he would not be "strongly recommended to mercy." We ourselves are positive that he would, and our conviction arises not so much "de facto," as "de Jury."

## QUESTIONABLE DELICACY.

A CONSCIENTIOUS clerk refused a valuable situation under the Electric Telegraph Company, because he did not like accepting "a post, where he was a responsible agent, with unlimited li(c)-ability."

## MEMBERS' HORSES.

AN announcement which *Mr. Punch* has read with considerable disfavour has just been made. It appears that the Horses of Members of Parliament have made (through their grooms), certain complaints of the grievous hardship to which they are subjected, by having to parade round and round Palace Yard (by the hour together, in all weathers, waiting the outcoming of the equestrian senator, who is spouting within. So, in order that a Member of Parliament may at once save his country and his horseflesh, a row of covered stalls are to be constructed close to Westminster Hall, and herein the animals are to be sheltered from the weather without, while the Speaker is exposed to the rude pelting of the pitiless storm of twaddle within.

*Mr. Punch* need not say that he is glad to hear of any provision being made for the comfort of the poor horses. That he is humanely inclined towards the inferior creation many a donkey, in and out of Parliament, can testify. Where *Punch* could have crushed he has only chastened, where he could have ruined he has only rebuked, where he could have demolished he has only demonstrated. Therefore, no one will be such an ass as to say that *Mr. Punch* is not the friend of the horse.

But, regarding this proposed measure as tending to the further prolongation of debates which are already so protracted as to be the nuisance of the age, *Mr. Punch* protests against it. Many and many a member has hitherto brought his orations to a premature end, remembering that his beautiful horses were pawing the wet mud and impatiently shaking off the rain-drops in Palace Yard. He has got off his hobby-horse to get upon his back, and has rather chosen to give the rein to his steed than to his eloquence. Time has upon many occasions been thus saved. The man who has had no mercy for a minister has had much for a hundred guinea horse, and though not afraid of being himself coughed down, has shuddered lest his animal should adopt that method of expressing a grievance. The horse-shoe has often been lucky for the Speaker and the reporters. This advantage it is now proposed to do away, and the orator, relieved from anxiety about his horse, will try to win by a length hitherto unattempted. Therefore, as among our Northern ancestors, let horses be sacrificed to obtain the peace of those whose departure is desirable.

SACRIFICE OF THE SOOTIES.—The Smoke Prevention Bill.

## WHAT'S IN THE WIND?

INGENUITY has lately been very busy in trying to solve the question, "What's in the Wind?" and the result has been a variety of plans for ventilation, the proprietors of which are puffing away in all directions, with a vigour that shows their acquaintance with at least one use of the wind, namely, the advantage of raising it. We remember once trying a ventilating apparatus, which let in such a variety of currents upon us, that it required all our skill in a perpetual game at drafts to keep out of the way of them. No sooner did we sit down with our writing apparatus before us than the whole of it was carried away by a "heavy blow," which was of course a "great discouragement." When the wind was blowing off a lee chimney, or our fire had been recently scuttled with a few coals, it was only by "slewing round to windward" and getting under the shelter of a sort of shelving shore of book-shelves that we could possibly weather the gale to which our ventilator had exposed us.

It seems, however, that the science of ventilation has taken an upward movement, and all the ill-winds that used to blow nobody good are now rendered harmless by a new process, which is being puffed with a fifty bellows' power in all the newspapers.

A long list of buildings, ventilated by the new process, has been printed for general perusal, and among others we find "the Editor's Room of a Country Newspaper." We think our country contemporary ought to give a testimonial to the inventor—somewhat in the following fashion:—

"SIR,—For some time I could get nobody to believe a word I said in my newspaper. I was at last advised to try your ventilator for my room, and I am happy to say that since I have done so, the air is quite changed, so that an air of truth now pervades every article."

We find also that Dumbarton gaol has been supplied with a ventilator, and should not be surprised at the following testimonial being signed by the prisoners.

"We, the prisoners in Dumbarton gaol had always felt the atmosphere very confined until the introduction of the new ventilator, which has so greatly improved the air, that it is now almost equal to the air of freedom."

The proprietor expresses a strong desire to get his process introduced into Courts of Justice, but here it would seem to be superfluous, for the Inventor must consider the atmosphere of Justice already pure enough, inasmuch as he would not wish to take his process there unless he felt sure of a fair trial.



FOLLOWING THE FASHION.

"Law! Juliannah, wherever ave you been and stuck your cap to?"

### RUSSIAN LIBELS ON ENGLISH NOBLEMEN.

So long as the *Journal of St. Petersburg* confined itself to mendacious reports of Russian victories, to eulogies of the virtues of its Imperial Editor, and to general misrepresentation of public events, we might despise a miserable newspaper, but we could not feel angry with the tool of a tyrant. But when disastrous defeats make it impossible even for MENSCHIKOFF to announce victories, when the praises of the Mild Eyes have been chanted in every variety of Russian melody, and when, in short, lies upon affairs of state being at a discount, the *Journal of St. Petersburg* addresses itself to damage and scandalise the private character of Englishmen, we confess to growing indignant.

We are not, as our readers know, habitually given to offer adulation to the aristocracy. But we neither do injustice to that, or any other body, nor permit it to be done without protest. And the noble behaviour of members of distinguished families, during the Crimean campaign, entitles the order to which they belong to more than ordinary respect. Consequently, when we find the honour of two noblemen assailed by the Russian libellers, we hasten to put on record our feelings on the subject.

Everybody knows that the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, at one time our Ambassador in Russia, has a son, LORD DUNKELLIN, an officer in her Majesty's army. The latter nobleman was taken prisoner in the Crimea, having we believe strayed out of bounds. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who never loses the opportunity of a clap-net, ordered the release of LORD DUNKELLIN, knowing that this specimen of Imperial mildness would have its weight with the class to which his Lordship belongs—almost over-ready to recognise the merit of any decent act performed by the wearer of a crown or a coronet. With the cunning Cossack eye to a bargain, NICK, however, did not forget to intimate that if a certain CAPTAIN KULZOWLEFF (probably a somewhat more valuable officer than young DUNKELLIN) were exchanged for CLANRICARDE, *fit*, it would be acceptable. To all this there is no objection. NICHOLAS was glad to make a sensation, LORD DUNKELLIN was glad to get away, and LORD CLANRICARDE was, no doubt, glad to have his son released. All parties were pleased. But the *Journal of St. Petersburg* has no right to manufacture such letters as the following, and to pretend that they were the composition of a couple of high-minded, high-blooded British aristocrats. The *Journal* has the audacious insolence to publish, as part of the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE'S epistle of gratitude, these words:—

"November 18, 1854.

"My FATHER,—I beg your Excellency to place at the feet of his Imperial Majesty the expression of the lively gratitude and profound emotion inspired in me by the kind and gracious recollection which his Imperial Majesty has been pleased to preserve of me. The order which the Emperor has issued in regard to my son is perfectly in harmony with the personal goodness that his Majesty formerly exhibited towards me, and which I can never forget. I have motives for thinking that no one can better comprehend than his Imperial Majesty the public duties which under unfortunate circumstances are required of us."

Such is the letter which the *Journal of St. Petersburg* prints as proceeding from an English nobleman, and which it expects the world

to believe can have been written by one of those aristocrats who, the other day, stood round their QUEEN, and listened to the spirited tones in which she alluded to the enemy of the country. While the Sovereign is summoning the true hearts of England to aid her in crushing the Imperial Miscreant, LORD CLANRICARDE, one of her peers, is represented as full of "lively gratitude" and "profound emotion" that the miscreant in question should deign to "recollect him," and is made to say that he can never forget the Cossack's "personal goodness." And he is actually shown as apologising for being obliged to have a son in the QUEEN'S army, a son who is unhappily compelled to bear arms against Nicholas. The clumsiness of the libel is no excuse for its malevolence.

It was not to be expected that the *Journal of St. Petersburg* would do things by halves, or that those who had slandered the father would not equally libel the son. The gallant young officer is also made to write his letter of folsome and abject thanks, and to say:—

"Kuluga, November 10, 1854.

"Ma. GOVERNOR,—I hope I need not, in the first place, assure your Excellency I feel moved by the act of kindness the Emperor has been graciously pleased to exhibit towards me. This magnanimity, which restores me to complete freedom, and unconditionally, is really the act of a great man, and although I shall never be in a situation to express to him my whole gratitude with words, I nevertheless pray you to have the kindness to inform the Minister of War how deeply I am moved by the nobles and magnanimous conduct of his Majesty the Emperor. My heart will never forget it."

Imagine a spirited young officer concocting such an epistle, and finding in his own release the "act of a Great Man," and one which his heart will never forget. The *Journal of St. Petersburg* has been so long in the habit of lying that its touch is coarsened, and it violates probabilities. We are glad to have the means of declaring our own conviction that the LORDS CLANRICARDE and DUNKELLIN never wrote, or could write, anything of the kind attributed to them. An action for libel against the *Journal of St. Petersburg* is impracticable, but Parliament meets in a few days, and though it is hardly worth the trouble, for no man with British feelings will believe in the authenticity of the documents, the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE might, not ungracefully, rise in his place in the House of Lords, and, on the part of himself and his son, LORD DUNKELLIN, give utterance to his indignation that their names should be attached to such servile and unworthy compositions.

### THE HIGH METTLED GUARDSMAN.

AIR—"The High Mettled Racer."

SEE the pier throng'd with gazers! The War is begun!  
The soldiers are coming—"Let 's see them!" "Run, run!"  
A thousand loud voices resound far and near,  
With the hearty "huzza" and the soul-stirring "cheer."  
While with mien like a hero—erec'ting his orest,  
Proud and pleas'd—with true courage inflaming his breast,  
With the prospect of glory, his ardour increas'd,  
The High Mettled Guardsman embarks for the East.

From the ship now turned out his way he must push,  
Through mud and through marshes, through rain, cold, and slush.  
They leave him to struggle as well as he may  
From the shore to the camp after leaving the bay.  
Sustained by the pluck that he shows in the field,  
He is sure to come through, for he never will yield;  
And though nearly worn-out, weary, hungry, and wet,  
The High Mettled Guardsman has life in him yet.

Exposed to the cold, and turned out in the mud,  
Still ready to shed for his country his blood;  
While knowing officials—the precedents trace,  
Of what are the ancient traditions of place.  
What appointments were made—in what heads will reside  
The patronage Government has to divide.  
Thus the High Mettled Guardsman, 'tis easily seen,  
The victim becomes of official routine.

At length ill and weak, working early and late,  
Bowed down by disease to a pitiful state;  
Expos'd to the wet—a continual drench,  
He feebly turns over the mud in the trench.  
And now, cold and lifeless, he silently lies  
On the soil where he hoped to win victory's prize:  
Whilst official routine on contentedly jogs,  
And the High Mettled Guardsman has gone to the dogs.

### A Protestant Miracle.

SUCH has been the effect of the war at the hearths of many English farmers, that scores of hams, suspended over the fire-place, have walked themselves off to the Crimea! Bacon has even shaken its sides in the heartiness of its sympathy.

## THE BUTT OF EUROPE.



FOLLOWING, or a similar statement, has appeared in most of the daily papers. This is taken from the *Chronicle* :—

"SHOOTING AT THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—A district court-martial assembled in the general court-martial room at Chatham barracks last week, for the trial of two privates belonging to the depot of the 99th Regiment, named J. GIBSON, and THOMAS GALLOCHER, on a charge of having fired away a quantity of their ammunition, which is deemed an offence according to the Articles of War. The particulars connected

with this breach of military discipline were somewhat singular, and were these. On Christmas day last the prisoners entered the barrack room during the time the troops were at chapel or away, and, after expending their military ardour in words, proceeded to take the barrack-room table, on which they roughly sketched a figure to represent the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, placing the table on end against the wall, the figure serving as a target. They now exhibited their intense hatred of the Autocrat by loading their muskets and firing several rounds at the imaginary figure, their military enthusiasm being only stopped by some of their comrades coming in, attracted by the reports. On examining the table, it was found to be perforated in several places, the bullets having lodged in the wall behind. The prisoners did not offer a word in their defence. The finding and sentence of the Court will not be made known till approved at the Horse Guards."

Poor fellows! We hope Head Quarters will have mercy on them: and adjudge them to the slightest possible reprimand for throwing away JOHN BULL'S powder and shot. Their act was the expression of a feeling so perfectly natural! Who does not picture to himself the horrors of the Crimea—the reeking battle-field, the gory quagmire, filth, pestilence, cold, wet, misery, hideous mutilation, inexpressible agony, mountains of slain? Having drawn this picture with the mind's pencil, what man is there that does not instantly paint another; a likeness of one cruel stubborn miscreant whose wickedness has created that Gehenna upon earth? This portrait of a Russian Gentleman having been completed, do we not all proceed, in fancy, to do that with it which the two soldiers did with their sketch in fact? Not for revenge, not out of hatred, but in mere commiseration for mankind, even for our wretched enemies themselves, do not our wishes pierce it through and through with bullets?

## ARROWS IN THE STRONG MAN'S HAND.

A POOR woman—the relieving-officer of Clerkenwell refusing her husband's prayer for medical assistance—dies in childbirth. BENNETT, the official, declares that "the poor have no right to have children." The overseer, however, MR. TUCKER, has a softer heart, and interprets the Bible a little more religiously; for having read that "blessed is he who has his quiver full of them," he sends, among other things to the poor woman's, a supply of arrow-root. MR. BENNETT'S conscience must suffer from an arrow of another sort. But then he has his consolation in his old belief, that the poor have no right to arrows, according to Holy Writ; are in no way privileged to bear the Biblical quiver.

## Writ of "Quære Adhæsit."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, having at last screwed his courage to the sticking place, the other night signified his "adhesion" to the treaty of December. But the English representative behaved very well, and, scorning to take advantage of such state of "screw," told CINCQUOT to speak about it again in the morning. The result has not reached us.

## The Czar's Nursery Rhyme.

RIDE a high horse, with sword and with cross,  
To see the red plain strewn with many a horse,  
Dead with clenched fingers and maimed in death's throes,  
He shall have carnage wherever he goes.

A STUPID PARADOX.—Truth, it is said, lies at the bottom of a well. Now, if it is Truth, how can it possibly lie?

## FRESH LIGHTS IN THE PUSEYITE CHURCH.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"Belgravia, 1855.

"Will you do me a favour? You won't refuse me, will you? for I have set my heart upon it, and you are *such* a dear good fellow, it's quite a pleasure to ask you any thing. Well, I wish you to propose that our pretty little church at Knightsbridge should be decorated with a grand Christmas-Tree every year. Wouldn't it look nice, now? We love decorations—and a Christmas-tree would be the very thing—fashionable—perfectly in season—gay—handsome—and ever so much better than the stupid holly that is stuck in vulgar bunches in the candlesticks and about the pews. It would be much more picturesque, too, wouldn't it? Of course, I mean it to be done at our *pet* of a church, *St. Paul's*. It might be decorated with the prettiest, little, tiny, coloured candles—and the candles, you know, would be in charming keeping with our Puseyite notions and feelings. They might be lighted in the evening, and then only think how beautiful the effect would be! Flowers, too, should be in abundance—and you cannot tell how fond we are of flowers, even if they are artificial. From the branches I would have hanging,—not any *bombons* or crackers, for the dear Bishop might probably object to them—but no end of pretty little Catholic crosses, either in ivory, or worked in beads—with the handsomest prayer-book-markers,—and nice little painted pictures of saints that we could stick afterwards in our albums—or else those dear, darling *statuettes* of popular preachers, (that sweet martyr, MR. BENNETT, might be one, and that poor injured saint, MR. LIDDELL, another), that you see abroad in the pretty cemetery shops, as white as sugar-plums, and which are made, I believe, in *biscuit*, that you can wash with soap and a piece of flannel. It would be nothing short of lovely, and I would, also, have some *immortelles* of the gayest colours, so as to make it a little sombre and sentimental-like. These ornaments might be raffled for after the service was over, and whilst the raffle was going on (and it should be for the benefit of the poor, so that no one would be able to say there was anything wrong in it), I would have a delightful concert being warbled all the while, to soothe one's feelings, with that heavenly duck GARDONI to thrill you with his *ecstatic* singing; and that love of an ERNST, to send you into raptures of melancholy with the plaintive sadness of his dear violin. Wouldn't it be soul-exciting? The mere thought of it sets me off dancing. *Voilà*, Punchy dear, my little notion, and if you will only put it nicely for me, so that it is done prettily next year, I can't tell you what I will not do for you. Perhaps—mind, I say *perhaps*—I will bring a piece of mistletoe with me the next time I come to see you."

[For certain gallant reasons, the signature is suppressed, but MR. PUNCH thinks there is a great deal in his fair Correspondent's suggestion that may probably be carried out at the place indicated.]

## TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BELIEVE me, if all these half useless old arms,  
Which our martinets praise to this day:  
Such as "Brown Bess" for instance, which nobody harms  
If he stand fifty paces away.  
Had these deadless weapons been changed, as they might,  
For others more certain to kill,  
Our brave troops would have found less unequal their fight,  
Nor, perchance, been in jeopardy still.

'Tis not, while in arming them cheapness alone  
Is the quality looked to, we fear,  
That the strength of our soldiers can fully be shown:  
Such economy costs us most dear.  
Then let musket and carbine, those obsolete pets,  
Be discharged, as of more show than use:  
And with Minié and Colt, ere much older he gets,  
With old Nick we may yet play the deuce!

## "And doth not a Meeting like this make Amends?"

THE Christian world will be delighted to learn that the quarrel between the Jesuits and the KING OF NAPLES has been made up! The bomb-shell flung by KING BOMBA has been turned into a big sugar-plum! It is said that his Majesty, in commemoration of the event, has presented the Jesuits with a beautiful statue of St. LOYOLA in the very purest brimstone.

## THE NAME OF GLASGOW.

THE *Glasgow Mail* says that on New Year's Day 193 cases of drunkenness were booked at the Central Police Office. But what better could be expected from Glass and Go?

NEW SHOTS FOR THE CRIMEA.

It is said that all the ermine hunters—hunters of the fox and beaver on the banks of the Awa, together with the shooters of weasels asleep—are to be sent to Sebastopol, to pick off the French frog and the English bull. No sooner was this intelligence made known to LORD ABERDEEN than, with his usual promptitude and energy, he sought the means of contending successfully with this new force of sharpshooting furriers. Immediately, recruiting-serjeants were sent into the neighbourhood of Houndsditch, the Minorics, and other Hebrew districts, to enlist all the children of Israel who deal in hare-skins. A formidable corps has already been obtained, and is so provided as, every man of them, to command an area of any distance. Every erminehunter will be duly accounted for, as being proved mortally worthy of a Jew's-eye. In consequence of the speedy embarkation of the corps, hareskins have advanced a penny each; and in the City, even Welsh rabbits have found customers at the rise of a half-penny. *This does not look like speedy peace.*

THE BLACK CHURCH.

The attention of Curates is invited to the subjoined paragraph from the *Times*:—

"A PREACHER FOR SALE.—JAMES W. MULLAN advertises in the *Louisville Courier*, 'A Negro man named JAMES HOWELL, belonging to the heir of LOUIS HOWELL, deceased,' and after giving his age, height, &c., adds, 'he has a pass to Louisville and back, dated October 14th, to return on the 18th, and a license from the Baptist Church at Simpsonville to preach.'"

From this announcement—Curates of the Church of England may learn that there are Clergymen in the world who are even greater slaves than themselves.

There is no Church Establishment of any sort in the United States; if there were one, the slave owners might net considerable sums by raising clerical slaves, and selling these ordained blackamoors to the benighted white clergy for labourers in the spiritual vineyard. This would be a great improvement on the Anglican system; for there would be no wages at all to pay such workmen; since to the axiom that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," Americanized Christianity would, of course, add, "niggers excepted."



*Stern Parient.* "I TELL YOU, SIR, I WILL NOT ALLOW IT—AND DON'T LET ME SEE ANY MORE NASTY PIPES OR TOBACCO IN THIS HOUSE."  
*Young Williams.* "BOO-HOO—AND WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO WHEN ALL THE MEN OF HIS OWN AGE SMOKE."

THE FALL OF LONDON.

THERE used to be a tune strummed on the pianos by young ladies between the very interesting ages of six and ten, the tune alluded to being entitled "*The Downfall of Paris.*" That tune being rather pretty, but quite out of date, we recommend its revival under the new name of "*The Downfall of London,*" for there is no doubt that London proper is tottering to its very base, and, in fact, as far as its Corporation is concerned, the fall has already begun by the abolition of the Toll at the entrance of the City. Reform has not only knocked at the gate, but it has rushed, broom in hand, through Temple Bar, and made a clean sweep of that indefatigable turnpike man, who was always rushing under the hoofs of horses and the wheels of waggons to collect that Toll, which was one of the remnants of that Black Mail—the Coal-Tax is another—that the City authorities have been wont to levy. The breach has been opened, the assault has been made, and now that the people can pass without a tax through Temple Bar, the City may be said to be virtually taken. Reform has gained an entrance, and the wedge being fairly introduced, we may now expect to see the widening of Chancery Lane, which has long been a standing testimony to the narrow policy of the authorities.

Beauties of the War.

THE *Gazette de Lyons* avers that an English firm has given orders for the manufacture of shawls for ladies, adorned with scenes of the war! Ladies are, without an effort, to carry Sebastopol on their shoulders, even while they turn their backs on the Russians. We hear that the EARL of ABERDEEN has written a strong letter, protesting against Odessa being taken—even in shot silk.

THE WAR IN MARYLEBONE.



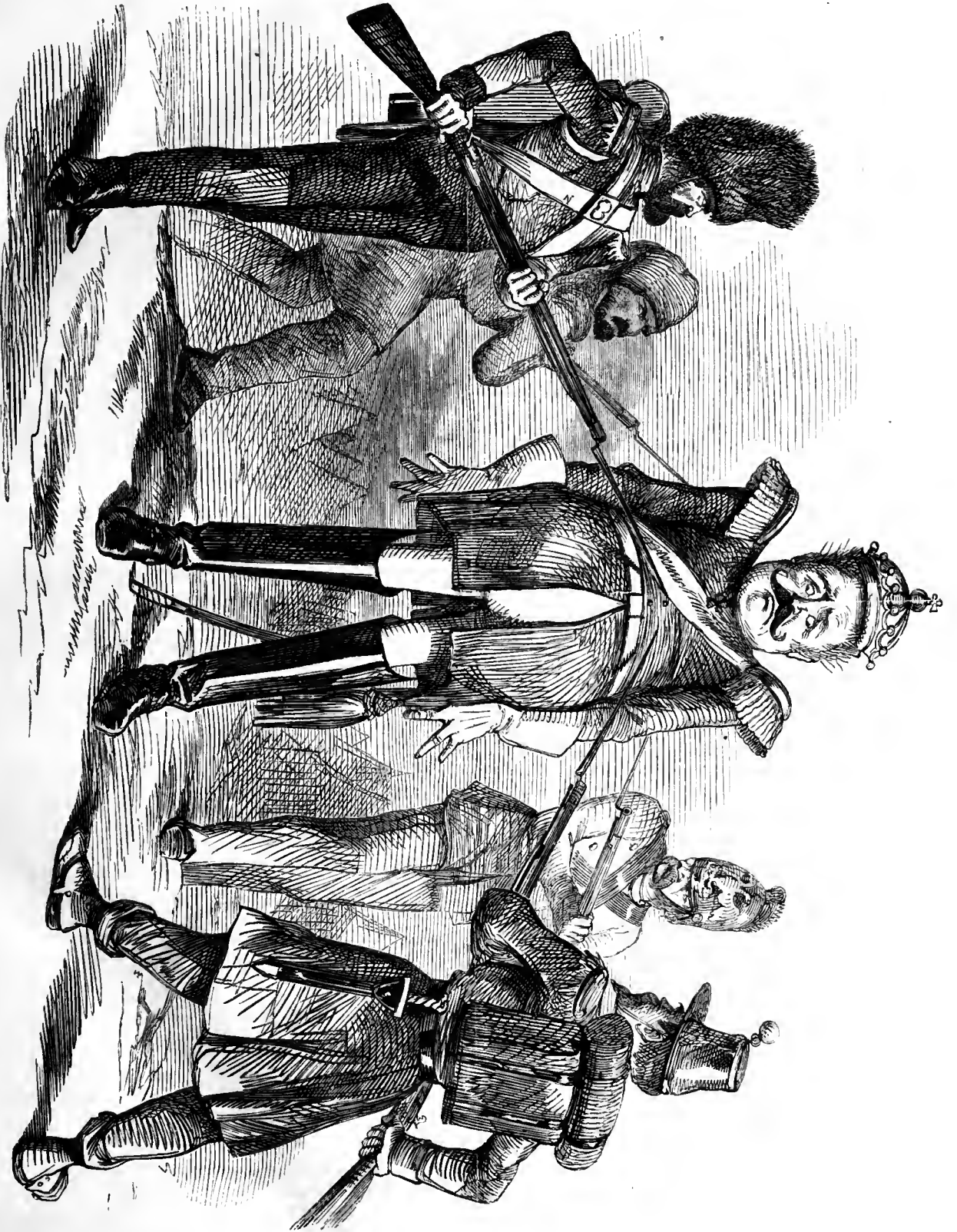
CERTAIN sages in Marylebone have prevailed upon the parochial wizards to allow the tax-gatherers to affix to the papers for parish rates another modest paper, regularly tabulated, as to the description of benefactor with the amount of benefaction given to the patriotic fund. The collector of the parish rates will, at the same time, kindly take both rates and subscriptions. Are not these wise fellows—deep students of human nature—to know that the most benevolent moment of JOHN BULL's life is the moment when he is paying taxes? He has, at that particular moment, such a flow of generosity, that he cares not how much he pays. The tax-gatherer bleeds JOHN BULL at one pocket, and JOHN, delighted at the operation, insists upon enjoying phlebotomy in the other!

Officers of the Staff.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* wishes to know "whether any one can point out the officers most qualified for staff service."

Certainly we can. The officers most qualified for staff service are those of the corps that was founded by SIR ROBERT PEEL, and of which the head-quarters are in Scotland Yard. No officers can wield their staves with better effect than these; and the best of them all for the service in question is manifestly A 1.

THE FOUR POINTS—(AND PLENTY MORE TO FOLLOW).



THE GREAT WALL AND SPECIAL TOURS TO BEHOLD



## THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS MENIALS.



WE perceive by the papers that the LORD MAYOR has just given his "first state dinner" to no less than sixty members of his Lordship's household. After leaving out the Chamberlain and the Chaplain we are puzzled to find fifty-eight upper servants to whom it would seem appropriate that a "state dinner" should be given. Including the Butler and the Housekeeper, and throwing in the Cook, we can only make up five "members of the household" with whom the King of the City might be expected in a fit of unusual condescension to sit down to a "state dinner." Even letting in all the Flunkies, and then opening the door to the Housemaids, we should scarcely get the number of guests up to twenty, and yet we are told "sixty" dined at the LORD MAYOR'S table. As the "household" must have been all present, we should like to know who "dished up," and who waited at table. Did the company assemble in the kitchen or in the dining-room? and did each flunkey take a lady "up" to dinner, or escort one "down" to the banquet? We confess ourselves rather puzzled by this bit of "Low Life Above Stairs" at the Mansion House.

As we find that "covers were laid" for sixty, we have thought it just possible that the dinner may have been sent in from a cookshop in those eightpen'orths, which are usually served in plates with a tin cover, for the accommodation of the eating-house frequenters of the community. This would have cut the Gordian knot, as to who should have done the cooking, when the Cook was herself a member of the company.

## SEASONABLE REINFORCEMENTS.

By a paragraph which is now on the contemporary circuit, or, in common phrase, "going the round of the papers," we are delighted to learn that—

"Among other consignments for the Crimea, a quantity of plum puddings have recently been shipped, together with some jars of mincemeat, and a good supply of Christmas beef. These substantial 'Compliments of the Season' are accompanied with sundry barrels of porter, which will, doubtless, serve our brave fellows as the wherewithal to drink the healths of those who have sent out to them so timely a cargo."

Very reasonable reinforcements these, we think, and eminently calculated to strengthen our position. Indeed we may consider them doubly serviceable just now, as they will serve not merely to fill the mouths they are intended for abroad, but to stop those, here at home, who have been telling the most lamentable stories of the want of provision-al arrangements for our troops.

As civilians our opinion is of little value at the Horse Guards, but we opine nevertheless that the better a man is fed the better he will fight; and it cannot be disputed by the strictest military economist, that troops on active service will have all the more activity, if they be daily strengthened with a "good supply of beef." Of course the nature of a soldier will "abhor a vacuum" as much as any other, and it is clear to any one who understands the "weight of hodies" that the lightest troops will make all the heavier charge for having individually half a plum-pudding or so inside them. The presence of the mincemeat, too, will doubtless inspire them to make it of the enemy; while without rendering them pot-valiant, the porter will contribute much to their stout-heartedness.

In fine we cannot but feel that reinforcements such as these will materially strengthen our chances of success, and while improving more than anything the condition of our troops, will certainly enable them to carry on the war to the knife—and fork.

## The Czar in Pewter.

"NEVER shall I forget his cold, pewtery look," writes POLEZHACO, the Russian Poet (ingenious reader, you of course know POLEZHACO?) of the CZAR. What next? NICHOLAS has been praised for his mild eyes—his beautiful head. And here is a poet looking in the CZAR'S face, who pronounces it to be a pewter mug!

A NEW ORDER—MILITARY AND DOMESTIC.—A new military order is about to be instituted for home-sick officers, so many of them having returned. It is to be called—The Order of the Hearth-Rug.

## A CHRISTMAS BOX.

WE have lately paid a visit to the Danube and the Pruth, which amid their various windings have found their way at last to the Adelphi, where they are causing something like a nightly overflow. It would be difficult to trace the windings of a plot which varies according to the windings of two rather eccentric rivers, set free from all other restraints than the rules of Burlesque, which are wide enough to extend to the utmost limits of extravagance.

If there is an extravagant plot, with rather extravagant humour, there is an extravagant outlay to complete the picture, or rather a series of pictures. Whatever may be said of the efficiency of the Fleet in the Baltic, there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the fleet at the Adelphi, where a sort of sea-fight takes place, by a contrivance which is one of the most novel, as it deserves to be one of the most successful of engagements. If the army wants "HEAD, HEAD, HEAD," there is assuredly no deficiency of that article in the conduct of the navy at the Adelphi, where every Man of War is managed by one of the best as well as the youngest heads that ever directed a nautical movement.

The Lords of the Admiralty might learn a lesson from the management of the Adelphi Fleet, the manœuvres of which are executed with a precision that would set the oldest Captain in the service dancing a naval hornpipe, with all the enthusiasm of that middle period of life when he has just emerged from his midship-manhood.

## A BULLET-PROOF HERO.

ENGLAND once had—alas for the past tense!—an Iron Duke. France has an Iron Captain. The *Constitutionnel* quotes the following assertion, contained in the letter of a French officer in the Crimea describing the sack of a village, under fire:—

"I saw CAPTAIN DE MARIVAULT, of the Navy, carrying away, with the greatest precaution, a window, which he protected with infinite address, with his body, against the balls."

We should like to see some of those balls, which, doubtless, must have been flattened against the iron sides of the gallant officer. Let no one, for the sake of making a vile pun, term this an ironical observation. If CAPTAIN DE MARIVAULT is not literally made of iron, he is unquestionably a man of mettle.

## WISEMAN, AN INDEX OF THE MIND.

WISEMAN—we are glad to hear that Rome agrees with him better than Golden Square—has been promoted to the post of member of the Sacred College of the Index! In other words he is to be another finger-post that points the flowery way to ignorance. He is to arraign the souls of all books, and to consign the wicked—by way of avant-couriers to the souls of the writers—to darkness! The question is, will WISEMAN be magnanimous? Remembering LORD JOHN'S famous Durham letter, by which the Doctor's red stockings were so shamefully bespattered with political ink,—will WISEMAN place LORD JOHN'S *Life of Moore* in the Index Expurgatorius? It is said he will do so; and further, still unrelenting, will add thereto his lordship's *Don Carlos*.

## NICHOLAS' CROSSES.

"The Cross (so NICHOLAS tells us in his Manifesto) is in our hearts." Considering the number of crosses NICHOLAS'S army has received in the Crimea, we can hardly be surprised if each Russian soldier has a "cross in his heart."

However, what "cross" is it, pray? Candidly speaking, we should say that the Russian in his nature was "a cross" between the Bear and the Tiger, combining the stupidity of the one with the ferocity of the other; and when we recollect the brutal atrocities committed on our disabled soldiers at Inkermann, we do not think we are guilty of any undue severity in our zoological definition.

## The King of the Third Gender.

FOR neutrality, CLOCQUOT such fame has acquired,  
And for shirking and shuffling is so much admired,  
That a by-word among schoolboys his name has become,  
And they quote him as "Omne quod exit in (h)um."

## AN EMINENT CAVALIER SEUL.

DO you know why CARDINAL WISEMAN may be supposed to be fond of dancing?—Because he is always figuring in the *Pastorale*.

THE RAILWAY AT BALAKLAVA.—A friend suggests that LORD ABERDEEN should be laid as the *first sleeper*.



THE LEARNED SERJEANT ENDEAVOURS TO GET HIS FOREIGN RECRUITS INTO SOMETHING LIKE ORDER.

*"Left! Right!! Izquierdo! Derecho!! Gauche! Droit!! Links! Rechts!!  
Homkinfi! Fokinfo!!!"*

#### A MOST DESIRABLE END.

It is the popular architectural fashion, when any great building is taken in hand, to call in PRINCE ALBERT to lay the first stone. Now, judging from the very long time that most of our public buildings take before they arrive at maturity, we think there is something wrong at the bottom of this custom, and that our charitable founders begin foolishly at the wrong end. Would it not be desirable to secure the services of our beloved Prince to lay, not the first, but the *last* stone? because the latter ceremonial, if well-advertised beforehand, might have a beneficial effect in hurrying on the works, and the chances are, that they would be finished within a reasonable time. As it is, any one anxious to wish PRINCE ALBERT a long life, could not express it more neatly than by saying:—"May your Highness live to see the completion of one half of the public buildings of which you have laid the first stone!"

#### A Crack Regiment.

It has been remarked by a desperate and atrocious buffoon, that if a light division of our home force is wanted abroad, the best troops to send will be the Cork militia.

#### A MODEL CORONER'S INQUEST.

A CORONER'S Inquest in the present day, would seem to be intended, not only to inquire into the cause of death, but into the circumstances, habits, and characters of the living. A Coroner's Jury feeling that the public appetite for scandal is somewhat sharp, and some of the jurymen having perhaps a little natural curiosity of their own to gratify, will frequently extend the scope of inquiry, so as to make it comprise, not only all matters relating to the deceased, but the private affairs of the relatives, and even of the witnesses.

At the Inquest on the person lately murdered in Foley Place, we have "an intelligent British Jurymen" asking,

*"Was your brother a holder of Dutch Stock?"*

A question which had about as much to do with the cause of death, as the inquiry whether he has ever worn a black satin stock, or, "Did he ever bake a potato in a Dutch oven?"

As reports of Inquests are, we believe, paid for by the line, we do not wonder that these irrelevancies are faithfully chronicled by the "Gentlemen of the Press," who see at least one slice of bread in every absurd interrogatory, and who may even get a bit of butter out of the epithets "intelligent," or "acute," as applied to the Jury, and "vigilant," "active," or "indefatigable," as used in reference to the beadle, the police, or the summoning officer.

We furnish a few specimen passages, as guides to reporters and jurymen engaged in assisting at Coroner's Inquests. In the following model for an opening paragraph, it will be seen that as words help to make links, and length is the test of the value of a report, we have selected a style that the Gentlemen of the Press will duly appreciate. In order, however, to consult the interest of the reader as well as that of the writer, and to save the time of the former, while contributing to fill the pocket of the latter, we have placed between parentheses the words that may be omitted in the persual of the ensuing paragraph.

"Yesterday (which our readers, by referring to the date of our paper of this day, will find to have been Tuesday, the ninth of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five), MR. WAKLEY, the (highly respected and very able) coroner for (the metropolitan county of) Middlesex (who, it will be remembered, was formerly, for some years, the talented and popular representative of the large and important borough of Finsbury, in conjunction with the liberal and amiable THOMAS DUNCOMBE, ESQUIRE, who, though at one time, it was generally feared, would have been reluctantly compelled, on account of the very indifferent state of his health, which has since been happily re-established, to relinquish the honourable seat he has so long filled,

with great credit to himself and to the perfect satisfaction of at least a very large majority of his constituents), proceeded to the Cloudesly Arms, Queen Street, John Street, to hold an inquest. He was accompanied by a (most intelligent and extremely respectable) jury (comprising some of the most active and enterprising tradesmen of the populous and flourishing borough of Marylebone, a parish which may be said to divide with St. Pancras the well-merited reputation of being, if not the most influential, at any rate the most noisy and notorious in the vast metropolis of the British Empire). The jury (which we have already described as most intelligent and respectable, and was ably presided over by MR. FUSSY FOOZLE, one of the well-known and much-beloved assistant relieving-officers of this most extensive district) having been sworn (with all the solemnity that is usual on similar occasions by the experienced clerk of the very able and highly respected coroner), the proceedings were commenced," &c. &c. &c.

We now proceed to give a few forms of questions for the use—or abuse—of Coroner's jurymen:—

You are the deceased's brother?  
Had the deceased any Spanish Stock?  
Have you any Spanish Stock?  
What is the present price of Spanish Stock?  
Was he fond of Spanish onions?  
Had he a collection of Spanish pictures?  
How did he get his living?  
How do you get your living?  
Was he in debt?  
Are you in debt?  
What is his wife's income?  
Is any of it invested in Spanish Stock?  
Had he any transactions in Irish butter?

The above questions, though they will perhaps appear impertinent to the general reader, will scarcely seem so after a perusal of the report of a recent inquest in the daily newspapers.

#### "A Novel Housebreaker."

SUCH has been the heading of a paragraph that has been running through the papers. Good gracious! We hope it is not another edition of *Jack Sheppard*.

THE MILITARY TRIPPOS.—The noses of Oxford and Cambridge have been quite put out of joint by the men who have taken honours in the Crimea.



## A SON OF THE TIMES.



WRITING to the Editor of the *Times*, a gallant gentleman says—

"Allow me to thank you, being the father of an officer in the 5th Dragoon Guards, for the great exertions you have made on behalf of the sufferings of those who are now on service in the East."

If the Editor of the *Times* is the father of an officer in the 5th Dragoon Guards, he does no more than his paternal duty in making all possible exertions for the removal of the sufferings in which his son participates; still it is but grateful on the part of that young man to return him thanks for them, and his correspondent, if his son, acts but rightly in doing so, although in the indirect form of words above quoted. But who

can thank anybody for exertions "on behalf of those sufferings," except the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who rejoices in that behalf?

## CHANCERY NOT TO BE DESPISED.

If we had not a great deal more moral courage than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals, we should be afraid to have another laugh as long as we live at the High Court of Chancery. A joke at the expense of that illustrious tribunal may, it seems, be no joke at all for anybody but the recipients of the various fees, which may form the crushing penalty of a little burst of humour. An unfortunate young gentleman excited, not long ago, the anger of the Court by attempting to pay his addresses to one of its wards: and, as Chancery allows no liberties with its young ladies, the would-be wooer was deprived of his own liberty, as a terrible example to those who allow their feelings to run away with them, and wish to entice wards in Chancery to run away with them also. The offence of the individual in question was "contempt of the Court of Chancery"—contempt of everything comprising the Court, from the mat at the door to the mace on the table. He was supposed to have figuratively "sneezed" at the whole concern, from the Chancellor downwards, and the imagination pictures him as hypothetically "taking a sight" at the trambearer and turning up his nose at the tipstaff.

We should have thought it possible for a young man to attempt to pay his addresses—however unjustifiably and impertinently—to a young lady, without its being imputed to him that he had conceived a thorough contempt for the court presided over by the highest judicial personage in the kingdom. Nevertheless, it is assumed to be a "constructive" contempt,—a "constructive" taking of a "constructive" sight, a "constructive" turning-up of a "constructive" nose, and he must of course, therefore, take the consequences of his indiscretion. The delinquent having, by some process of submission, "purged" himself of the contempt, he is called on to swallow a tremendous dose in the shape of a draft, submitted to him as a bill of costs, amounting to £260 in round numbers. This sum had been reduced by the master to £154,—a tolerable sum for a "constructive" want of respect for the administration of equity; but an application is made to compel the taxing-master to restore the bill to its original dimensions. The application was made by two learned barristers, and resisted by two other learned barristers, who had of course been regularly "instructed" by two solicitors; all of whom would be entitled to their pickings from the bone—or bones—of contention.

The consequences of a contempt of the Court of Chancery would seem to be so tremendous that we should not be surprised to find the suitors entering the building with a salaam, and saluting even the bag-bearer with obeisances. There is certainly something very awful in the idea of Chancery, and the awe that it has created is likely to be enhanced by a knowledge of the fact that it cannot be even indirectly despised at a cost of less than £260, in addition to a period of imprisonment. We beg to finish these remarks by tendering our best bow to the Court in token of that intense respect which will we trust preserve us from the audacity of ever entering for one moment its formidable precincts.

## The Czar's Compass.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has accepted the Four Points, has he? We are afraid, indeed, that he is prepared to accept nothing else. East, West, North, and South, we apprehend to be the only points which NICHOLAS thinks of accepting. Doesn't he wish he may get them?

THE

## VOLUNTEER COUNTRYMAN'S QUESTION.

BY TUMMUS.

LAST night at the Ram wi' a pipe and a pot,  
Which I hope I may take without beun a sot,  
Along wi' two 'Lishermen 'equaintance o' mine,  
They had a discourse about jinun the Line.

"I say, DAN'L MATHER," sings out SIMON WAY,  
"Bist minded at whoam wi' the ridgment to stay?  
Or into the Reglars 'oost thee volunteer,  
To fight them there Rooshans in that arc Crimeer?"

"Ah ZIMON!" says DAN'L "to tell thee my mind,  
I sartainly feels zummat that ways inclined,  
Zo much that I thinks I should purty soon goo,  
If fighting was all as I'd got to go droo."

"Ees," SIMON replied, "why, as vur as I zee,  
Tho' fightun but half o' the battle 'ood be,  
The worst's them privations a private must bear,  
'Though officers likewise comes in for their share."

Said DAN'L, "The CZAR I defies, and his works,  
And 'doan't fear the Rooshans no more than the Turks,  
What takes me aback is all that are distress,  
'Cold, wet, rags, and sickness, starvation, and mess."

"I thinks I could make up my mind not to vly,  
And goo into action to conker or die,"  
Says SIMON, "but this, howsomevever, I feels,  
'T'ood beat me if I had to goo without meals."

"Cries DAN'L, "The troops ha' bin livun, poor souls,  
Like rabbits in burrs and badgers in holes,  
And poor'drouned rats, wi' the rains and the flood,  
Whereby they got everythink stuck in the mud."

"Then, leavun the wounded in mis'ry to lay,  
Why even at Poachmouth they did, t'other day,"  
Said SIMON, "what sart of attendance and care!  
Shou'st think we'd be like for to meet wi' out there?"

"Naw, drat it, for QUEEN and for Country I'll vight,"  
Cries DAN'L, "but meak my pervisions all right,  
For bread and for byaacan dwoan't let a chap lack;  
Give un shoes to his veet, and a quat to his back."

"Of they," answered SIMON, "if I was but sure,  
The bullets and bagganets I could endure,  
Wi' but one think bezides I could stand the Crimeer;  
But if I gooes there they must gie me my beer."

## NEUTRAL BOTTOMS.

SINCE the war began there has been considerable question raised as to what are "Neutral Bottoms," and, as is usually the case, when anything unusual puzzles it, half the nation has been writing for our judgment on the subject. For several months past, our desk has been loaded with a perfect Alp of correspondence, and our opinion has been asked in all varieties of writing, from the hurried scratch of the "business man," to the easy flourish of the "constant reader." We have, however, little inclination to commit ourselves by venturing too hasty a decision in the matter, and we can therefore, only inform our correspondents for the present, that we consider the peculiar semi-gritty semi-glutinous sediment, which we discover at the bottom of our milk jug every morning, may in strictness, be regarded as a "Neutral bottom," since, as far at least as we can analyse it, we find it to be neither one thing nor another.

## Prussian Russians.

THE fête-day of NICHOLAS was, absolutely, celebrated by KING CLIQUOT at Potsdam. We are told that "such of the Prussian generals as are proprietors of Russian regiments put on the Russian uniform for the occasion." Besides this, they carried the Russian Bear in their breasts, and the ineffaceable stains of Russian gold in their hands.



CURIOUS MODE OF CONDUCTING A RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT.

## PREVENTION OF SHOPPING.

(By a man who is "very near.")

YE tradesmen of London, how much do I owe  
To some of you!—more than you probably know.  
And the debt I allude to, I'm happy to say,  
Is one which I've no obligation to pay.

I owe that agreeable species of debt,  
To the state of the pavements, so muddy and wet,  
Before your shop-windows—it saves me a lot  
Of money; and money that 's saved 's money got.

In double-soled highlows I tramp through the slush,  
While my tears are in gratitude ready to gush,  
For your kindness in baying omitted to sweep  
From the fronts of your houses the mire ankle-deep.

For oh! but for that, every day of her life,  
A shopping would go my extravagant wife,  
In muslins, merinos, silks, crapes, bombasins,  
Consuming my substance and spending my means.

She can't walk about in the mess and the squash,  
Unless she puts on "that great clumsy galoche,"  
So at home she remains, and the thoughtless desire  
For a thing that she needs not, has time to expire.

Serene and complacent your tickets I view,  
"Recherché," "Superior," "A Bargain," "Quite New,"  
"Parisian," "Distingué," "Sylphide," "Very Chaste,"  
Temptations to female profusion and waste.

Rejoicing I slip, and delighted I slide,  
To my Club from my dwelling with pleasure I glide,  
And congratulate every acquaintance I meet,  
If a family man, on the state of the street.

Then do not, pray do not, let puddle and slop  
Be cleared from the space in the front of your shop,  
Let the dirt at your threshold be still a defence,  
Saving many poor husbands enormous expense.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NEXT TO NOTHING.

It seems that there are held four times in the year some Quarter Sessions for the Borough of Southwark. These Sessions are opened with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious law;" but there is little or no business to transact, when the whole machinery of justice has been rather expensively got together. On a recent occasion, though there was a grand jury of forty-eight, and a petty jury of twenty-three, there was not a single case for trial. The swearing the coroner to his accounts was the only affair that had to be gone through: and this very trifling act was performed by what the managers in the good old days of puffing would have called "the whole strength of the company." Notwithstanding the immense disproportion between the means and the end, there was of course some official at hand to dilate on the extreme importance of keeping up a mass of idle forms, for the preservation of some precious privileges or other, which are supposed to be dear in one sense, and are certainly dear in another sense to some portion of the community.

What the forty-eight grands and twenty-three petties, who were dragged from their usual occupations to see a coroner take an oath, may have thought of the business, or rather of the no-business, before them, we can easily conceive; but we would suggest that some attempt should be made to render the matter interesting by setting the proceedings to music, and making the swearing of the coroner an affair like "The Blessing of the Potguards," or "The Oath" in *William Tell*, or any other great event in operatic history. With a jury consisting of seventy-one, each of them having more or less of a voice in the country, there might be a very efficient chorus to support the solos of the coroner or the concerted pieces between the high bailiff, the ushers, the alderman, and the other principal characters. Either the whole affair should be abolished as an idle and expensive extravaganza, or an attempt should be made to derive entertainment from that which seems to have lost all its utility.

**FLOGGING RETURNS.**—We put it to the Lords of the Admiralty to consider this question—Whether BRITANNIA Rules the Waves by help of her cat, or in spite of that nine-tailed deformity?

## THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF NICHOLAS TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THERE is some hope that peace may be concluded before the opening of the Paris Great Exhibition. In that fortunate event, NICHOLAS will no doubt become a contributor to that Exposition of the Industry of all Nations, by sending specimens of Russian manufacture. It may be presumed that these will chiefly illustrate the arts and sciences which his Imperial Majesty is now encouraging, the arts of killing and destroying, and the sciences of delusion and priestcraft. Instead of malachite vases, he will despatch coffins of the same costly material. Anatomical wax models, explanatory of army surgery, and expressive of various forms of disease and death may be expected of him. In the chemical department he will perhaps exhibit a large crystal of widows' tears, preserved by his orders; if the building is big enough to contain one as large as he will be able to send. Articles of furniture, showing the effects of bombardment, specimens of the products of conflagration amongst human dwellings, and amid stores and crops, may also be added. The cross will, of course, figure largely in the collection, and likewise of course, will be formed of cross bones; together with these sacred symbols, there will be snuff-boxes constructed of fractured skulls inlaid with rubies, and flags of the same portion of the human skeleton entire, gilt and jewelled, with emeralds and carbuncles in their sockets. The assortment will be completed, most likely, with ecclesiastical inventions, in the shape of episcopal fabrications, beautifully printed (in vermilion), and spiritual articles of a similar utility in that of raki and rum.

## Immaculate Gunpowder.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has written a great puff on the ceremony that celebrated the discovered and established fact of the Immaculate Conception. Noses, the tailor with a poet, should engage him—if purchasable—he writes so daintily of articles of dress, "silver copes," and so forth. The "happy accomplishment" of the event was declared by the "voice of the cannon," a fact that made known to the world the greatest bounce that even Rome had ever uttered. It is quite right this new flam should be published from the gate Flam-inian.

## DEPARTING GRANDEUR.



THE rumour of those changes about to be made in military attire, by stripping it, in a great measure, of lace and embroidery, has created an immense sensation among a class of officers who may be called civil—at least as regards their general demeanour towards their superiors.—The Beadles are apprehensive that a similar alteration will also be effected in their uniforms, insomuch that alarm, almost amounting to panic, prevails among that important parochial body. Ceasing to blaze in blue, gold, and scarlet, they would, it is their unanimous belief, soon forfeit all that respect and reverence with which their glory has hitherto inspired the little boys. They consider too, that in the event of peace, the facilities for foreign travel will soon be so increased, that they will be occasionally enabled, during a leave of temporary absence from their official duties, to visit the Continent, where they would wish to appear in a species of costume which would invest them with a dignity likely to command attention.

## THE UNMENTIONED BRAVE.

SONG BY A COMMANDING OFFICER.

OH! no we never mention them,  
Their names must not be heard,  
My hand Routine forbids to trace  
Of their exploits one word.  
Most glorious though their deeds may be,  
To say it I regret,  
When they expect a word from me  
They find that I forget.

You say that they are happy now,  
The bravest of the brave,  
A "special" pen recording how  
Mere Grenadiers behave.  
Of "special" pens I disapprove,  
An inconvenient set,  
Who oftentimes the veil remove,  
And print what we forget.

## The Aberdeen Bonnet.

THE *Globe* announces that it is the intention of HER MAJESTY to confer the vacant Blue Riband upon the EARL OF ABERDEEN. Of course the QUEEN means the noble GORDON to wear this favour in his bonnet: and HER MAJESTY'S subjects should second their Sovereign's intention by presenting LORD ABERDEEN with a proper bonnet, to trim with the Royal present. That, obviously, would be a bonnet of the sort denominated "coalscuttle."

## WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS AND THE STICK.

WOMAN, ordinarily so gentle to the ungentle sex is, at times—*Punch* says it with shame and sorrow—a little ungentle to her gentle sisterhood. Here is a parish servant, a small wench of fifteen, the handmaiden of one MRS. MARY CUMBER, who graced Clerkenwell police court, charged with beating the parish drudge aforesaid, one FRANCES THOMPSON. Now, there may exist a prejudice in the minds of some people of acknowledged respectability, that there is no harm whatever in beating, even with a rattan about the thickness of a man's little finger and a yard long, a parish maid-of-all work. And MRS. MARY CUMBER is very respectable; in fact, according to the report, the wife of a man of independent means. May she long make tea for him under their own fig-tree!

MRS. MARY CUMBER so chastised the girl for little household offences, that her "back and arms were covered with weals and discolorations." The drudge was moreover, even for a parish serf, over-drugged. Her enquiring mistress had further opened the girl's letters written by her sister; "letters to whom"—said the magistrate—"they were a great credit."

The girl swore that she had been beaten by the independent MRS. CUMBER about forty times. "She would strip me naked and beat me until I could not stand," swore FRANCES THOMPSON against MRS. MARY CUMBER: and further, in corroboration of the visits of the rattan, "the girl exposed her back." And the effect of such exposure? Why, we are told that "its appearance made every one shudder."

MR. TYRWHITT, the magistrate, having no doubt shuddered as deeply and as coldly as any other in court, proceeded to pass sentence upon MRS. CUMBER. The girl had been beaten forty times. Well, the magistrate "deciding that the assault arose out of a mere hasty display of temper, inflicted a fine of forty shillings." How nicely is the fine apportioned to the offence; it being exactly one shilling a beating!

The fine was immediately paid; for was not MRS. CUMBER the bone of bone and pocket-of-pocket of independent property? The lady left the court with the sweet assurance that property has, indeed, its household rights; namely, the right to beat and bruise a poor parish apprentice, if property can afford to pay twelvence for every beating laid on to the parochial naked flesh with "a rattan about the thickness of a man's finger, and about a yard long."

WANTED, A FEW SMART POLITICAL LADS, to sweep away the mess that's lying at Ministers' doors. It must be partially, if not totally, cleared away by the 23rd, at which time a good opening is wanted. Nons but those accustomed to dirty work need apply. For terms, apply to LORN AN—RD—N, Downing Street.

## CATCHING A BUMBLE.

BURGESS'S sauce with herrings may be very good, but the HON. MR. NORTON does not seem to like it. That excellent magistrate, having had occasion to make some severe remarks upon the conduct of the Relieving-officer of Newington, was visited on Thursday by a brace of the Newington Guardians, and by their Clerk, and was exposed to the impertinent criticisms of the leash of "porochials," for having done his duty in reprimanding a negligent official. The Newington Guardians have upheld their officer, refused to believe anything against him, passed a resolution in his favour, and imagined that they could carry the whole affair through with a high hand, by sending down a deputation to bully MR. NORTON. But the tables were signally turned; for, instead of submitting to their remonstrances, MR. NORTON inflicted a severe castigation upon his visitors, told the Clerk that he was entirely mistaken, informed the Guardians that they were dictated to by their officer, who had made a false statement, and added that, as for their resolution, it contained untruth, and they might take it away. So the Clerk "restored it to a leathern case, and carried it off in apparent dudgeon."

MR. *Punch* is much pleased with the issue of the affair, and with MR. NORTON'S summary and spirited way of dealing with Bumbleism. Scarcely a day passes in which some Relieving-officer or another is not charged with neglect or cruelty to the poor. In some of these cases the "porochials" support their official, in others they very properly punish him. The Newington Guardians think it proper to back an official who is stated to have refused relief to 27 applicants in one day, though many of them were in a starving state. MR. NORTON'S contemptuous dismissal of the impertinent Clerk and Guardians will probably do them good, and in explanation of MR. *Punch*'s preliminary facetiousness he will explain that the snubbed Clerk is called BURGESS, and the reprimanded official is named HERRING.

## A DIALOGUE OVERHEARD.

LOCALITY:—Corner of St. James's Street, TIME:—Sunday Afternoon.  
HOUR:—Four o'clock.

*Red Coat* (holding Nobleman's horse). I say, JACK, I can't stand it no longer. I'm blessed if I does'nt put my name up at that 'ere Carlton!  
*Crossing Sweeper*. What the juice can you want with a Club?  
*Red Coat*. Vy, stoopid, don't you know I can get Beer there all day long on a Sunday!

TWO SISTERS OF CHARITY.—The name of the Swedish Nightingale is JENNY LIND. Not a bad name for the English Nightingale in the East would be—"JENNY LINT."

## THE SPIRIT OF YANKEE JOURNALISM.

*(Distilled from an article on the War in the "New York Herald.")*

O be sure, in ciphering on the upshot of the struggle now in progress between liberty and despotic power in Europe, our bosoms warm towards the champions of freedom and justice with genuine enthusiasm. But then we are located a long chalk from the battle-ground, and we estimate the quarrel is no affair of ours. Heaven forbid that we should not sympathize with our own flesh and blood, and that we should

oblivate our relations to the great Anglo Saxon family! But we calculate that the CZAR holds out to us the right hand of fellowship, and his friendship is very valuable. We should be unworthy of our glorious American institutions if we failed to do justice to the enduring courage of that noble race from which we, ourselves, have sprung. But we expect we owe it to those selves of ours to look to the main chance in the first place. It is very true that the triumph of the Russian Emperor would be the triumph of barbarism over civilization. But we opionate it is truer that, from the supremacy of Russia, we have much to expect. Unquestionably, the war which NICHOLAS has originated is productive of human misery to a considerable amount. But it has donated us the option of establishing with him a close commercial intercourse.

We do not sympathise with the despot, no, not one morsel. But we reckon he is going to construct 2,300 miles of railway, and he will be obligated to come to us for the needful iron. Far be it from us to wish to aid and abet him in his schemes of universal domination. But we compute that he will want a steam-navy, to be even with the Britishers, and he has no timber almost but pine; which will make him a good customer for American oak, and also necessitate him to employ our industry in building him screw-steamers. The interruption of commerce, which his ambition has led to, is very lamentable to those who are ruined by it. But at the same time we realize it opens out a field to our physicians, engineers, mechanics, and manufacturers. The war destroys an awful amount of property. But it does not touch our stores. It is attended with the waste of others' treasure, but the multiplication of our own dollars. The fact is melancholy, so it is, when you come to think of it, that so many thousands and thousands of gallant men should be mutilated and perish, that their hearths should be desolate, and that their bereaved relatives should be plunged into affliction and grief. But this dark picture has a remarkable bright contrast; the CZAR'S lately annexed territory in Asia, which he is going to throw open to our trade.

The fields of battle lumbered with dying and wounded, are wicked ugly spectacles, we allow. But our view of the scrimmage is an everlasting pretty look out—the prospect of dealing with that splendid Asiatic tea-country. It is distressing to think of the unfortunate soldiers starving and dying in the Crimea of cold. But this very identical cogitation minds us of that fur-country of Kamtschatka, which, as regards the advantages of the trade we shall now exclusively enjoy with it, stumps Japan. We repeat that NICHOLAS holds out to us the right hand of fellowship, and we guess that although it may be a trifle red and moist, we can't afford to reject it. We will grasp that haud though it is crimson and dripping, and though there are the knout and chains in the left. If NICHOLAS beats the Allies, we allot the result will be European slavery, which will be a pity, but won't be any incommodity to us. It is to our interest that Russia should preserve the entirety of her empire, and drive back her opponents, and therefore, though we regard their heroic struggles with the most generous sentiment, we religiously hope the Autocrat will flog them elegant. If he does, he will flog half creation. But the other half will be safe under the star-spangled banner, and the stripes which threaten none but niggers in the United States. He will claw up a considerable some of mankind. But the glorious and eternal remainder will be the citizens of this free and enlightened republic. May the CZAR, then whip

VICTORIA and LOUIS NAPOLEON: may he hide the French and Britishers: and notwithstanding their standard is the flag of freedom, may he lick all who fight under it into immortal smash!

## A SHABBY LIBERAL UNIVERSITY.

WHILE Oxford and Cambridge are beginning to feel the influence of the liberality of the age, the new University of King's College, London, seems liable to lapse into the illiberality of a more antiquated era. The Professorship of English Literature is vacant, and is likely to remain so unless King's College in its abhorrence of a vacuum, should offer some more liberal terms than those now before us, for filling up the vacancy. In the first place, the duties are to be performed by "two single gentlemen rolled into one," for the Professor of the English Language is also to be the Lecturer on English Literature and Modern History. In looking over the printed instructions to Candidates, we perceive at once, that the Professorship of English Language must be vacant, and indeed the English Grammar of the University seems to have got completely out of repair, as we shall prove by a few specimens.

"As Professor," certain duties are assigned, and it is then stated that "as Lecturer," something must be done "under the general direction of the Professor." How a man is to put himself under his own general directions is rather a puzzle to us, and though self-control may be a practicable virtue, we cannot see how any one can so completely carry out the theory of the duality of mind as to establish a sort of duality of body, and make himself subordinate to himself in two separate characters.

The endowment of the chair is in fact *nil*, and indeed the office is a sort of eleemosynary professorship, for the "remuneration arises wholly from the Fees paid by the Students." The largest of these fees are derived from the students of the Department of Civil Service, but as these students amounted to only nine in the last term, the look out for the professor is rather a dreary one. After showing the vague and misty source of the emoluments, the Council indulges in a sanguine burst of anticipation, and ventures on the remark that—

"The appointment, it is hoped, will never be worth less than £100 per annum."

Hope has frequently told a flattering tale, but even supposing that the Professor and Lecturer should be enabled to pocket one hundred pounds, we think the occupant of the chair would scarcely find the means to supply a most frugal table.

Candidates are required to send in their testimonials just as our friend, the dustman, sends up his medal and his black-eyed dog, and his original bell, for his annual Christmas-box. The testimonials are not to be such as are suited to "any occasion that may chance to arise"—a provision that looks as if the Council felt that the Candidates must be of the class of persons who are always on the look out for anything that may turn up, and who carry their written characters about with them.

Among other liberal provisions

"The salaries are liable to a deduction of 2½ per cent., for the purpose of forming a reserve fund, to meet any excess of expenditure over income;"—

or, in other words, if the Council should get into debt, the Professors must pay for the Council's mismanagement. After reading these particulars, as to the Professorships of this liberal University, we are surprised that we do not find the outside of King's College, London, turned into a broker's shop, with a quantity of chairs constantly exposed for sale on the pavement.

## Cobden after Clicquot.

WE agree with the *Times* that the policy which MR. COBDEN recommended at Leeds is precisely that which KING CLICQUOT has been pursuing. Although we consider this policy to be unwise and contemptible, we admit that there is one thing to be said in its favour. STERNE, in *Tristram Shandy*, quotes the practice of the ancient Scythians, in their councils, of debating a question under two opposite conditions; first, in a state of intoxication, and secondly, in one of sobriety. MR. COBDEN is known to be almost a teetotaler: and certainly a policy, adopted by CLICQUOT, and approved by the Member for the West Riding, has, at least, had the advantage of a discussion equivalent to the ancient Scythian.

## Victor Emmanuel!

MR. PUNCH offers his homage to the KING OF SARDINIA, and on account of his spirited conduct in siding with the Allies against the Tyrant, begs to congratulate him on having assumed in the political edifice of Europe, a position which is that of a Brick. *Mr. Punch* will take the liberty of adding, that he also considers VICTOR EMMANUEL to be the very Trump of War.

## SUNDAY'S CRUEL FRIENDS.



UPPOSE I were Sunday, any sober-minded person, with a turn for personification, might say, "I should not thank the teetotallers and Sabbatarians. Save me from my friends: such friends as those who met at Nottingham the other Tuesday, in the Exchange Rooms, to petition Parliament for an act to close public houses during the whole of that day."

One extreme of fanaticism provokes its opposite; and no wonder that, the object of the meeting having, after violent uproar, been put in the form of a resolution,

"A man, named HURROX, has proposed, as an amendment, 'That all churches and chapels should be closed on Sunday.' The proposition was received with mingled cheers and hisses.

"The Chairman requested HURROX to withhold his amendment, but the latter persisted in its being put.

"This being done, a forest of hands was held up.

"The original resolution was then put and lost amidst cheers and confusion.

"One of the total abstiners requested the Chairman to again put the amendment, which upon being done, was carried by an immense majority."

The *Morning Post*, whence the above is extracted, proceeds to state that a regular row ensued, the gas being turned off, and "the greatest confusion prevailing." These edifying proceedings took place in the "large hall," which "was crowded to excess with working men."

The Sabbatarians really make quite an idol of Sunday, and they are endeavouring to compel the rest of the community to conform to their worship. The consequence is, as above shown, that they excite hostility to all worship whatever,

except that of BACCHUS, which they so vehemently persecute: and persecution always tends to stimulate the zeal of its victims.

That New Zealander of MR. MACAULAY'S will perhaps read in an elementary history of England a description of the idol adored by the Sabbatarians under the name of Sunday, couched, it may be in somewhat like the following terms;—

"This divinity was represented in rusty black clothes, with a stiffly starched, but dirty, white stock clasping the neck. The hair was long, lanky, and black, resembling in everything but colour a pound of candles. The whites of the eyes alone were visible, and the corners of the mouth were drawn down, the complexion was cadaverous and sallow, and the whole countenance wore an expression of sorrow and gloom. Sunday was figured with a tract in either hand, and a bottle peeping out of his coat-tail pocket to indicate that he was in the habit of indulging himself at home in the refreshment which he could not obtain during an excursion. Sunday is sometimes confounded with Genius of Spleen or Melancholy: a mistake occasioned by his atrabilious appearance, which was meant to express the results of want of air and exercise."

Such is the aspect under which the Sabbatarian Teetotallers are now depicting Sunday, and thus presenting Sunday under an ugly form to the working classes.

## On Inhospitable Thoughts In-tent.

THE *Quarterly Review* states that some of the tents sent out by our intelligent war officials for the poor soldiers in the Crimea, were old ones which had actually been used in the Peninsular War, and, of course, having rotted in store for half a century, were utterly useless. It must have been to this Ministerial feat that one of the slavering eulogists of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE referred, when alleging the other day that "the Government supplies to the troops would show better the more they were canvassed."

## THE CROSS AND THE SWORD.

Sung in character by MR. NICHOLAS.

Of the Orthodox Faith the Defender I stand,  
The Monarch of Cossack and Tartar;  
With the Cross in my heart and the Sword in my hand,  
In the style of a Saint and a Martyr.

The Cross to mankind proclaims peace and good will,  
The Sword means my zeal to convert 'em,  
No menace whatever to slaughter and kill;  
No kind of intention to hurt 'em.

(Spoken.) Oh dear, no! The weapon is simply symbolical, my Christian friends; a mystical sword; a figurative sabre; a spiritual cut-and-thrust. It only serves me to smite heresy and schism, and to prick the conscience of unbelievers. I would not use it to stab a flea, beloved, or any other troublesome little enemy of Russia. Such revenge I leave to barbarians like BENJAMIN BOWLABAS, the savage British tailor. I content myself with turning its edge against error, and opposing its point to false doctrine. For

Of the Orthodox Faith, &c.

Understand by the Cross that I'm merciful, meek,  
Benevolent, chaste, pure, and holy;  
(I couldn't sing thus with my tongue in my cheek)  
'Tis as much as to say that I'm lowly.

'Tis a sign of long-suffering, patience, and love,  
Which you know to be my disposition;  
It declares that I've set my affections above,  
And am dead to all worldly ambition.

(Spoken.) How about the sick man? To heal him, my brethren, that was my object—to heal the sick: the Christian's commission. Upon my honour! Bosh? Very true. Honour is bosh. It is all vanity. Upon my word, then: the word of a Russian gentleman. How about Sinope? A slight bleeding for the sick man, my friends; that was all. Poor fellow! It was necessary that he should lose a little blood. I hope he will recover. I trust he will. I pray that he may. I pray continually. I am always praying when I am not singing psalms. Would you like to hear *Te Deum*? I have practised that a good deal. They do say I am grand in *Non confundar*. But I fear they flatter. Yet we should not judge. Methinks I have a reasonable bass voice.

But it does not become me to glory. Pride was not made for man, Gammon? Very nice my friends—when not too fat. I could dine off it any day—that is any day but a fast day. Because, you see,

Of the Orthodox Faith, &c.

In my Sword you the symbol of justice may see  
'Tis a virtue I carefully study,  
I cannot conceive how some Sovereigns can be  
So relentless and savage and bloody.

My heart by the Cross in't is rendered so mild,  
Is so softened by tender affection,  
That offenders I treat as a parent his child  
When he gives it a little correction.

(Spoken.) Who slaughtered the Poles? Who hanged PESTAL? Who had the poor student knouted to death? Who has sacrificed more than half a million of lives in twenty-eight years? One at a time, my friends, one at a time. I wish it were in my power to answer your questions. I assure you the party is a stranger to me. Who flogged the Nuns? The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, my Christian friends, out of spite to CARDINAL WISEMAN. Who oppressed the Jews? KING JOHN; my beloved: KING JOHN of England. Who persecuted the Roman Catholics? The English QUEEN ELIZABETH also: and now you behold her successor QUEEN VICTORIA encouraging the Mahometans to torture and kill our poor persecuted brethren of the orthodox faith. I trust she will be brought to a better mind. That is why I have drawn the Sword of Faith here—bearing the Cross of forbearance and resignation in my bleeding heart. Walker? Ah, yes. WALKER is an English name. Bless him! Bless the English! We ought to bless our enemies. My heart, having what it has in it, commands me to do so: and I make the utmost endeavours, with the means I hold in my hand, to fulfil the precept; since, my Christian brethren and indulgent hearers: since, as I have before observed,

Of the Orthodox Faith the Defender I stand,  
The monarch of Cossack and Tartar,  
With the Cross in my heart and the sword in my hand.  
Don't I look like a Saint and a Martyr?

VALOUR'S REWARD.—LORD CARDIGAN has come home; and—says the *Chronicle*—now not the vilest demagogue would reproach him with the "black bottle." Very true. We forgive and forget his Lordship the black bottle, seeing how gallantly he has stood the grape.



## DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

*Old Gent.* "I SAY, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS HOLD YOUR PONY TOGETHER GOING UP HILL, AND OVER PLOUGHED LAND!"

*Young Nimrod.* "ALL RIGHT OLD COCK! DON'T YOU TEACH YOUR GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS! THERE'S MY MAN BY THE HAY-STACK WITH MY SECOND HORSE!"

## THE PRESS AND THE MINISTERS.

We hope the letter signed "H. ADDINGTON," and purporting to give notice to quit to "A Gentleman of the Press," who had been apparently engaged at a regular salary to support the Ministerial policy, we hope, we say, that this letter is a hoax on the public and a libel on the Government. We trust we are not in the hands of Statesmen who could be such fools—we cannot use a more roundabout form of speech—as to suppose, in the first place, that the press is to be bought, and in the next place, that if it could be bought it would be worth the purchase. Imagine the PREMIER entering into an arrangement with that fine old independent organ the *Manx Cat*, to give its feline support to the cause of order in the Isle of Man, at five pounds per quarter. Fancy the Treasury being in communication with that fusty old farrago of feebleness the *Somethingshire Independent*, to sell its independence for a guinea a week; or trying to check the biting of the *Flamborough British Lion* by stopping its tooth with the gold of an occasional sovereign.

We should like to catch the Minister who would dare to offer us even the most tempting douceur to moderate in the least degree one blow of our baton. If we were even offered a coronet we would "dash the hauble down," and spurn with our foot a whole pottle of strawberry leaves rather than relinquish one jot of that independence which has made us what it is not consistent with our modesty to mention.

## An Unjust Comparison.

At the meeting of Middlesex Magistrates there was a motion for expense for militia colours and musical instruments, that could not be entertained "Why not apply to the War-Office?" asked MR. WILSON. "It has been done," was the reply of the Lieutenant-Colonel, "and it is of as much use as applying to a lamp-post." An unjust comparison this; for the lamp-post has, at least a greater part of its time, a light at the head of it. No coronet extinguishes that.

## YELPING CURS.

SOME of the special pets of Clapham and Exeter Hall have been casting evangelical dirt at Miss NIGHTINGALE, and her companion labourers in the holy cause of mercy and charity. Bigotry, certainly, has not much to say in the matter; but it spits out that little with as much fury as if it were accusing Miss NIGHTINGALE of the seven deadly sins. Exeter Hall cannot find out that the lady belongs to any theological faction; but as she is a friend of Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, who is supposed to favour Puseyism, which is known to be akin to Popery, there is convincing evidence—according to the M'HOWL and O'MUGGINS' system of logic—to prove that Miss NIGHTINGALE is gone out to preach Romanism to the wounded soldiers. So she is duly denounced by the patent Christians of Clapham—the brawlers of the Hall of Exeter. We hope that in the approbation of HER SOVEREIGN, the affectionate gratitude of the army, and the regard of all true Englishmen, Miss NIGHTINGALE will be able to find some consolation for the dislike of sectarians who believe that no good deed can be done, except by a votary of M'HOWL and O'MUGGINS.

## AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

FREDERICK THE GREAT—on the weighty authority of DOCTOR JOHNSON—exercised much genius in the matter of bottles. The faculty it is said, has descended to the present KING WILLIAM, otherwise KING CLICQUOR by the grace of grape. "The true strong and sound mind"—said the gigantic SAMUEL, as reported by BOSWELL—"is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small. Now I am told the KING of PRUSSIA will say to a servaut, 'Bring me a bottle of such a wine which came in such a year; it is in such a corner of the cellar.'" The present King inherits this extraordinary gift in so far as bottles go. The Royal mind can fill a cellar, but Prussia,—nay, even an eighth of Prussia—is a world too big for it.



THE OLD GENTLEMAN (WITH THE MILD EYES)  
DRESSING FOR A MASQUERADE.



THE GENTLEMAN AND THE LADY  
WALKING IN THE PARK



## SERIOUS OBJECTIONS TO MISS NIGHTINGALE.



HERBERT as rather Lew Church—is a pretty good distinct."

THE ROBIN REDBREAST once did pious service to the Babes in the Wood. A NIGHTINGALE is performing a service yet more pious to the wounded at Scutari. Yet the piety of this NIGHTINGALE is questioned. She is condemned as not being a psalm-singing NIGHTINGALE; denounced as not up to the *Standard*: for in the journal bearing that name, a letter-writer observes that—

"The fact that MISS NIGHTINGALE is so variously reported—by some as a Roman Catholic, by others as a Unitarian, and by Mrs.

proof that her creed is not very distinct."

The creed of MISS NIGHTINGALE appears to be about as distinct, and about as indistinct, as that same creed was eighteen hundred years, odd, ago. That Creed had then not yet had the benefit of the lucid exposition of ATHANASIUS. The question had not been raised whether a real man could hold himself in his own hands in the form of a cake. No controversy had occurred similar to the GORHAM, and there is every reason to believe that the most learned of the Churchmen had never heard of "prevenient grace." There was no ARCHDEACON DENISON to educe light from smoke, nor any Court of Arches to adjudicate on his perspicuous propositions. Metaphysically that Creed was very indistinct, by all accounts.

That metaphysically indistinct Creed, however, was distinct and plain enough in certain practical points. One of these was the duty of ministering to the sick. MISS NIGHTINGALE evidently believes this: and we should not be surprised to learn that she believes every other doctrine the belief of which was declared necessary by the same authority.

Theological gentlemen who insist upon distinctness of creed, and sneer at a Christian lady for the supposed want of it, might consider whether their own creed is any clearer than that which they attribute to her; whether their ideas of faith are quite as distinct as their declarations? Perhaps were they to analyse the belief which they hold, they would find it to consist in simply believing just so much of their religion as they cannot understand, and no more. These gentlemen are generally so very "serious," that we are afraid we shall shock them by referring them to *Hamlet*, and begging them to ponder what *Laertes* says to a certain "churlish priest" about "a ministering angel." We will therefore advise them to consult a work of another inspiration than SHAKESPEARE'S, wherein something very like that saying is applied to those whose profession is so much more distinct, but whose practice is so much less faithful, than MISS NIGHTINGALE'S.

## GOVERNMENT EXAMINATION QUESTION.

*Examiner.* Your answers have been most highly satisfactory. Now Sir, one question more, and I have done with you. What countryman are you, pray?

*Candidate.* I am proud to say I am an Englishman.

*Examiner (with astonishment.)* Did you say an Englishman?

*Candidate.* Yes, Sir, an Englishman.

*Examiner.* Dear me! that alters the matter entirely. Your qualifications are undeniable—you are in every requisite, worthy to fill the important office in question—but the fact of your being an Englishman inevitably excludes you from it. I was in hopes, after the great talent you had displayed, that you were a foreigner—but, as it is, I do not see any chance for you. It is a pity, for the emoluments attached to the office exceed £2,000 a year, and I have no doubt that, but for the defect you have mentioned, I should have had to congratulate you on your election to it. I feel for your misfortune, Sir, and can only condole with you that you are not a German, or an Italian, or a Russian, even, anything but an Englishman.

[Politely bows him out.]

## EXTRAORDINARY PRESENT.

It is said that LORD ABERDEEN is to have the vacant Garter. About as fitting a present as knee-buckles to a Highlander. Seeing that the PREMIER has not a leg to stand upon, what will he do with a Garter?

TOAST FOR ALL PARTIES.—To MISS NIGHTINGALE, and all the Ladies in the Crimea—except Miss Management.

## WELL DONE, LADIES OF LEEDS!

QUITE mutely, but very nobly and practically, have the Ladies of Leeds protested against Manchester peace-work in the person of RICHARD COBDEN. (*Oh, Richard, Oh, mon roi, why hast thou abdicated?*) These gracious women have protested by the eloquent word of mouth of good works. Let the articles speak for themselves, and every article tell its own tale of womanly assiduity and womanly tenderness. The ladies, toiling in many cases from nine in the morning till eleven at night, have collected, for the Crimea,—

"1,254 linen and cotton shirts, 300 pairs woollen drawers, 2,028 pairs gloves, 276 linen sheets, 403 towels, 564 flannel shirts, half a ton old linen, 130 down pillows, 552 pocket handkerchiefs, 9 bundles lint, 8 sacks of bandages, 94 dozens Amontillado sherry, 10,000 needles, thimbles, thread, lanthorns, 5 cwt. of tow for pillows and rests, an innumerable collection of cuffs, gauntlets, mitts, caps, dressing-gowns, hair-mattresses, blankets, slings, and many other necessary articles."

When JOHN BRIGHT, in the quietude of his study, read the above, we learn—from our familiar—that the ink, with which he wrote his famous letter for the early closing of the breeches-pocket in the matter of subscriptions, turned scarlet as a soldier's coat: that the steel pen with which he put down the iron words split itself to the top with a screech, and not with a "melodious twang."

A worse matter happened to RICHARD COBDEN. He read the list, and was so possessed by the circumstances that all the above-named articles visited him at night in the horrid way of nightmare. He thought that he was suddenly enveloped in the 1,254 shirts, and made a mountain of fleecy hosiery—well nigh big as a Welch mountain—by the 300 pair of woollen drawers. At the same time his nose was pressed by invisible fingers with, singly, the 552 pocket-handkerchiefs! Needles and thread went through and through, penetrating even the shirts and drawers, and inflicting on the Member for the West Riding the most frightful stitches in the side. The ton of old linen smothered him; and he believed he was going out in darkness when, fortunately, one of the lanthorns appeared, he thought, in his head, and another in his stomach. By the first, he was compelled to observe and confess to himself that his brains were in a sad tangle; but by the second, that at least his heart was in the right place. With this, there is yet hope of RICHARD.

In the meanwhile, *Punch* shouts again and again—"Well done, ladies of Leeds."

## APOLOGY FOR LORD JOHN.

MR. COBDEN finds fault with the present as compared with the former language of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, respecting the CZAR. He quotes the following passage from a letter of LORD JOHN'S, while Foreign Minister, to SIR H. SEYMOUR, then Ambassador at St. Petersburg:—

"Upon the whole, HER MAJESTY'S Government are persuaded that no course of policy can be adopted more wise, more disinterested, more beneficial to Europe, than that which his Imperial Majesty has so long followed, and which will render his name more illustrious than that of the most famous sovereigns who have sought immortality by unprovoked conquest and ephemeral glory."

Well; we may consider this as a little politic butter; which events have turned rancid; or diplomatic gammon now rusty with sufficient cause. Or we may perhaps be permitted to regard it in the light of soft soap, which LORD JOHN having once applied to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, now very consistently gives that dirty potentate a wipe.

## Woman it is!

A WORK has been recently advertised under the title of *Woman: in Eight Chapters*. We should like to know whether the author includes Old Women in Cathedral Chapters, among the subjects of his book. We are afraid that enough is not made of the material, for woman is suggestive to our minds of a much larger variety than can be comprehended within ordinary limits, and it seems really unwarrantable to reduce Woman to such a very mean allowance as Eight Chaps. Surely we have seen Woman under at least twenty different heads—or under twenty different bonnets, which is much the same thing—during the last few years.

## Prize Poem. By an Oxford Man.

WITH martial fire when Frenchmen's bosoms glow,  
They name with fitting pride the brave ARNAUD.  
And when the parlour fire is bright and hot,  
An Englishman applauds the wise ARNOTT.

JOKE FOR THE AMERICAN JOURNALS.—What can we care for the woes of Europe when our minds are engrossed with our own dollars?

TWO SORTS OF POLICE.—The Detective—and the Defective.



DISTRESSING RESULT OF EATING TURKEY DAY AFTER DAY.

THE POOR OLD PARTY HAS COME OUT ALL OVER FEATHERS.

### BEHIND THE SCENES.

"THE DUKE OF HIGGLEDY and MR. SIDNEY PIGGLEDY transacted business at the War Department."

SCENE.—Office of the Secretary for War, Whitehall Gardens.

Present—THE DUKE OF HIGGLEDY, MR. SIDNEY PIGGLEDY, and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

*The Duke (throwing down a copy of the "Times").* It's really too bad! If they can find men abler and more willing to work, why don't they? I wish my successor joy of his berth whoever he may be.

*Mr. Sidney P.* Upon my word its enough to tempt one to throw up one's office. How is a man to do better than his best? Hampered as we are too—by a set of old—*(he checks himself.)*

*The Commander-in-Chief.* I only wish Raglan had the fellow who wrote that, in camp for a week or two—I know the DUKE made short work of it, with some of those writing fellows who came out to the Peninsula. It was just after Victoria—eh—no—let me see—Victoria was it—no—Badajoz—yes—Badajoz I think—there was a fellow came from the *Times*—that is—it was not the *Times* you know, then—but the *Public Ledger*—or the *St. James's Chronicle*—no—that's an evening paper—at any rate he was a newspaper fellow—and by the way—now I think of it—it must have been after we occupied the Lines of Torres Vedras—and I think it was PICTON—eh—PICTON? wasn't he dead then—

*The Duke (who has been fidgetting a good deal, abruptly).* But about those Spanish mules, PIGGLEDY—

*Mr. Sidney P.* No—no—not a chance of getting them. Haven't I told you that HOWDEN writes that the French have bought up everything saleable—down to the *Borricos*.

*The Duke.* That's precisely what I can't understand. What can CAPTAIN OVERALL have been about. He must have been out there by May—and he seemed an active fellow. He ought to have got the whip-hand of the French, eh—my Lord? *(To the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.)*

*The Commander-in-Chief (waking from a close examination of the time-piece over the fireplace).* Eh—bad movement that pendule of yours. Who did you say?

*The Duke (impatiently).* You remember CAPTAIN OVERALL—the man who suggested our buying up mules in Spain. Last April I sent his letter to you, with my approval minuted.

*The Commander-in-Chief (whose mind is evidently running on the time-piece).* Nobody like BARWISE—eh—OVERALL—yes—I remember—the man about the ovens—wasn't he?—or the tea, was it?

*The Duke.* No, no; the old 17th man who was with Evans in Spain.

He who volunteered to go out and buy mules—and we agreed he was to go. Don't you remember?

*The Commander-in-Chief.* Eh—well, I think—now you mention it;—but I confess I haven't a clear recollection. I suppose the letter went to the Ordnance. Eh—no—it would be the Commissariat,—mules—you know. I suppose it wasn't for ordnance transport he wanted them—obstinate brutes—I was kicked by one in Elvas.

*Mr. Sidney P. (ringing the bell).* Hadn't we better send for the letter, and see what has been done on it. *(He writes.)*

*[Seals note and rings the bell: Enter a Messenger, who takes note and exit.]*

*Commander-in-Chief.* By the way—talking of mules, there's that man at Gibraltar. He's got a lot together, 2 or 3 or 400—I don't remember exactly—and 'gad he wrote to beg we'd lose no time in shipping 'em, as he couldn't get any forage to keep the poor brutes alive.

*[Enter Second Messenger, gives despatch-box to the Duke and exit.]*

*The Duke (opening box, taking out and reading note—looks mortified).* Now, what on earth? My dear PIGGLEDY! Confound those fellows at Scutari or Balaklava—or wherever the hitch is. Here's that cargo of barley and hay we shipped at Besika Bay by the *William Harrison*, has never been landed at Balaklava.

*Mr. Sidney P.* Is it possible!

*The Duke.* Here's COMMISSARY-GENERAL FIDDLER complaining that the transport, after arriving there, with her cargo on board, was ordered off without unloading, and that somehow or other, she seems to have sailed to England, with condemned stores.

*Mr. Sidney P.* And our poor horses eating each other's tails off before Sebastopol!

*[Enter First Messenger with a mass of papers tied up in red tape which he gives to COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF and exit.]*

*Commander-in-Chief (looking nervously at the papers, and trying to stop the messenger).* Holloa—my man! Eh—What's this?

*Duke of H. (testily).* Good Heavens—don't you see? —CAPTAIN OVERALL's letter, with the draft of the correspondence on it. Why, what can all this be about? *[Reads Draft.]*

*Mr. Sidney P.* Read the last, first.

*The Duke (reads).* "January 5, 1855. Sir,—I am directed by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th of April last, which has been referred, in the regular course, to the Field-Train Department of the Ordnance Office, and by them to the Medical Departments of the Ordnance and of the War Office, and to the Commissariat Department, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF being of opinion (from the practice which appears to have hitherto prevailed, judging by the precedents in the office), that the mules which you propose to purchase, are better adapted for the conveyance of Medical or Commissariat than of Ordnance Stores, properly so called. From the correspondence between these different departments (of which see copies annexed numbered, consecutively, 1 to 32 inclusive), you will perceive that the Lords Commissioners of HER MAJESTY'S Treasury, as well as the Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, the Officer at the head of the Field-Train Department, and the Director-General of the Medical Departments, on careful consideration, are pleased to concur in the opinion of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF on this point. I am therefore to request that you will, in the first instance, address your proposition to HER MAJESTY'S Secretary of State for the War Department, in order that he may move their Lordships, who will consider the expediency of placing at the disposal of the proper authority the funds necessary to enable that authority to act upon your suggestion, should that authority, on mature consideration, be of opinion that the interests of the service will be advanced by so doing.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"J. FITZQUILL,  
"Military Secretary."

*Mr. Sidney P. (sarcastically).* Suggestion and offer made April 10, 1854: answer received January 10, 1855; and 32 letters on the subject! Nothing like a practical way of doing business!

*Commander-in-Chief.* Eh, eh! Yes! Careful fellows at my office—slow, but sure—uncommonly sure. Well—Eh—I suppose then, BOTHIERALL had better write to me, or to you, or to you, DUKE—eh? in the regular way; he ought to know the rule of the service.

*The Duke.* Why! Good gracious! Didn't PIGGLEDY tell you our Ambassador has written to say the French bought up all the mules six months ago, except a few about Ronda, which he recommends should be purchased, if possible, and brought down to Gibraltar.

*The Commander-in-Chief.* Ah, sharp fellows, the French—got 'em a deneed deal cheaper than this PETHERAL—ROTHERHAL—what's his name—would have done.

*The Duke.* While we've been bandying the man's letter from office to office—for nine months or so.

*Mr. Sidney P. (faking the fire violently).* And then these scribblers out of doors abuse us.

*The Duke.* But about the cargo of forage that has miscarried?

*Mr. Sidney P.* Write at once to the transport agent, or the harbour

master of Balaklava, or whoever it is; we must have somebody dismissed—the right man, I mean, of course, if we can get at him.

*The Duke.* Oh, no, I must refer that part of the business to the Commissariat authorities out there, before doing anything. But *en attendant*, I'll see PENGUILLIAN at once about it. They must dismiss somebody; they shall dismiss somebody; I won't stand this sort of thing any longer. It's intolerable.

[Enter Third Messenger with dispatch-box, which he hands to COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, and exit.

*Commander-in-Chief* (rummaging among the papers). Eh—I've mislaid my spectacles—you read, PIGGLEDY, will you, there's a good fellow.

*Mr. Sidney P.* (reads). Forwarded from the Ordnance Office. Signed JOB STRUGGLES (Major Quartermaster-General's Department), dated Gibraltar.

*Commander-in-Chief.* STRUGGLES! STRUGGLES—can't recall the man! What's it about—what's he doing at Gibraltar?

*Mr. Sidney P.* (reads rapidly). He informs the Master-General that, by the lucky arrival of the transport *William Harrison* with a shipload of forage from Besika Bay, which had arrived in Gibraltar—how, or why, he does not exactly know, and has been unable to ascertain—he has been able to feed and ship off the 400 mules he had collected with forage for the voyage to the Crimea.

*The Duke.* "It's an ill wind blows nobody good." That must have been the cargo that ought to have been landed at Balaklava.

*The Commander-in-Chief.* Capital joke! meant for Balaklava and comes to Gibraltar—uncommonly lucky, though, for STRUGGLES and the mules.

*The Duke.* H'm—yes—but I shall insist on the transport-agent being reprimanded.

*Mr. Sidney P.* Do. We shall get blackguarded in the *Times*, you may depend on it.

*The Duke.* Yes. (Sighs.)

[Enter Fourth Messenger, lays a damp "Globe" on the table, and exit.

*The Duke* (takes it up and reads; a slight blush appears on his ingenuous countenance). By Jove, though, that is cool!

*Mr. Sidney P.* What is it? No bad news?

*The Duke.* Listen to this.

[Reads.

"Our readers, whose minds have been poisoned by the repeated accusations of our great morning contemporary, of a total want of forethought in providing means of transport for the stores and ammunition (so necessary for the comfort and safety of our gallant army before Sebastopol, no less than for the successful prosecution of the siege operations), will be surprised to learn that among the dispatches just arrived from the Mediterranean, is one from that energetic veteran, MAJOR STRUGGLES (of the Quartermaster-General's Department at Gibraltar), announcing the successful shipment—without an accident—of 400 magnificent Spanish mules, collected by him from the mountainous country round the Rock. It may equally surprise our readers to learn that the provident care of the military authorities had despatched to Gibraltar a shipload of forage for the use of these noble and useful animals, which arrived in perfect order, on board the transport *William Harrison*, just at the time when the resources of the neighbourhood for feeding so large a number of beasts were becoming scanty.

"Such an example of nicely calculated arrangement speaks volumes for the harmonious and effective working of our different military departments; the objects of such fierce and incessant attacks from venal and unscrupulous party-writers—in sensible to any consideration higher than personal vanity or advantage, and smarting under the mortification of the well-merited contempt, which they have incurred alike from the country and the Government."

*Mr. Sidney P.* Well! that fellow earns his money, at any rate!

*Commander-in-Chief.* Eh—ah—sensible paragraph. A thing of that kind does a great deal of good out of doors, eh? Don't you think so? I say, DUKE (with a wishful glance at the pendule), you really ought to employ BARWISE for your timepieces.

[The DUKE leans his head on his hand despairingly, MR. SIDNEY P. pokes the fire with vigour, biting his lip. SCENE closes.

## ANOTHER PERVERT.

WE trust that the indignant champions who shake their fists in the columns of the *Standard* at the perverted motives of MISS NIGHTINGALE, will well note and "improve" upon the alarming fact that our British grown, British-built frigate has passed, by incorporation, into the Austrian navy, and christened the *Radetzky*. But the mischief is to come: mass was performed on the quarter-deck, and the bishop "finally gave the frigate his benediction!" A British protestant steam-frigate perverted to Austrian popish craft! After a time, the perversion will pervade the whole British fleet, and Britannia will rule the waves in a scarlet petticoat. That ever English heart-of-oak should become knee-timber at the foot of a popish bishop! Will not MR. SPOONER kindly inquire into the matter?

## The Fine Arts.

MR. WILSON PATTEN is studying the art of "Pewter-Pot-ichomanie." His principal study is to see whether he cannot efface the "Sunday Beer Bill," that was stamped upon the pewter pots last session, with a view of replacing it with some design of a less offensive character.

## THE MONKEY OF THE ALMA.



THE writer of the "Campaign in the Crimea"—the glowing, graphic pen is self-evident—in the *Quarterly* tells an odd anecdote of a Zouave. He was a serjeant, and raised the French flag on the octagon tower that crowned the height; he fell covered with wounds, bequeathing a legacy to the regiment:

"It is a curious characteristic of these brave but eccentric troops, that the Zouave had a monkey upon his shoulder, which, dying, he bequeathed to his company, and which has since shared all their dangers."

Something ought to be done for this monkey. Some tribute paid to his experience. The monkey,

having seen so much of the war, must be a practical, knowing monkey. Why not offer him a subordinate place—a humble stool—at the War-Office? His knowledge could not, at the present time, be otherwise than acceptable. Or on the other hand, and still to pay a compliment to our gallant allies, say that the Monkey be of the kind called a green monkey,—why that fact should not bar his admission to place. In fact for the War-Office, we should say the greener the monkey, the better the chance.

## THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

MR. CHARLES RIDINGS, of Manchester, at a late Beer-Act meeting, informed his hearers "that Sunday-school children were trained to watch public-houses on the Sunday." We presume that, according to the Solomons of Manchester, this is in obedience to the injunction,— "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Any way the training has already brought forth most remarkable effects. We are enabled by the kindness of persons—the trainers—too modest to allow their names to appear—to give a couple of the reports of these ingenuous, simple-minded children,—these young lambs, trained to watch the wolves of bitter beer, and the equivocating foxes of half-and-half. The experience of the children is written; and, we must say, the style and penmanship do great credit to the Sunday-school trainers of the Sabbath spies.

MATILDA PEEPWIT, of *St. Margery's*.

"Was at the Punch-Bowl—least ways at the corner—all the time I was out of school and church. Saw a good many women go into the Punch-Bowl. MRS. DAVIS, MARY TOMKINS, JULIA CLOGGS above any others. All had a look of drink when they went in, and all redder when they come out. A man asked me what I did there, when I told him I was waiting for my father. Father's been dead these three year. Thought it was MARIA SNEEP that went into the Bowl; but wasn't sure. Went in making believe to ask what was o'clock. Saw it was MARIA: she see me and stooped to speak to me. Smelt of rum, I'm sure; and—no doubt on it—is a confirmed drunkard. Which is shocking for any one that loves her neighbour as herself."

NEHEMIAH WIGGLES, of *St. Juniper's*.

"Went last Sunday after church and stood opposite the Spoon-and Nutmeg-grater. Took dinner in my pocket that, as I was bid, I might give my heart and soul to the good work. Hadn't been where I was ten minutes when I saw JEM BLOWFLY, the butcher's man, come out with his mouth *very wet*: all froth and such like. Could lay my hand upon my heart and say it was beer. JEM looked at me, but I wouldn't see him. In half-an-hour JEM comes again with a bottle. He went into the house, and come out again, with the bottle tucked in his breast, but with the neck of it looking out, like the neck of a serpent."

"Wisdom"—says the poet—"is found with children at her knees." But there is a sort of Manchester wisdom that sends forth children as spies and eavesdroppers!

## Metaphysics for Murphry.

AN Irish Mesmerist defines the prophetic clairvoyance, or second sight, said to be occasionally manifested in magnetic somnambulism, as the memory of circumstances which have not yet happened.



*First Young Lady.* "OH DEAR! HOW DULL THE OLD TOWN IS, NOW ALL THE OFFICERS ARE GONE ABROAD!"

*Second Ditto (a trifle older).* "H'M!—FOR MY PART I'M VERY GLAD THEY'RE GONE, FOR THEY WERE ALWAYS FOLLOWING ONE ABOUT!"

### THE PUBLIC WARRIOR.

THE word Private, as applied to a Soldier in the ranks, is beginning to seem inappropriate—perhaps because it so continually occurs in the papers, prefixed to each name in a long column, which is a list of the killed and wounded. Some one has said that there is a fitness in the word, as expressive of the condition of a private soldier, who is *privatus*, bereft, or deprived of almost all his rights as a citizen, and enjoyments as a man. In this sense, the soldier in the Crimea is certainly in a condition of strict privacy. But no one can be less private, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, than the common soldier, for he is seldom ever alone for more than five minutes, except when posted sentry: and then he performs a public duty. Privacy, to most people, means solitude, such as that of a library, or of a secluded mansion, embosomed in trees, and surrounded by a high wall, through which access is afforded by a pair of great solid wooden gates, with spikes on the top of them. A private gentleman may monopolize his shrubbery: but a soldier must generally share his laurels with his comrades. The so called Private Soldier, as contradistinguished from the Officer, has seldom any private property, and so far is he from being private in any way, that it would be better to call him just the reverse.

### Sworn Brothers.

DAMON (with the mild eyes) has had the Garter a long time, and now PYTHIAS is to have it. ABERDEEN cannot bear that his friend of forty years should have a distinction unshared by himself. So they are now to be linked by oath in the bonds of brotherhood, and tied together by the Blue Ribbon. One might have thought that an Englishman, at such a moment, would have refused to enter the order, unless the spurs of NICHOLAS were stricken from his proxy's heels by the cleaver of the Windsor Castle cook. But ABERDEEN evidently does not see the branding satire of the gift. Did PALMERSTON recommend it?

### A HUMBUG, AND SOMETHING MORE.—A BARNUM-bug.

### A TASTE OF ELLIOTT'S ENTIRE.

At a meeting of the Law Amendment Society the other day, a Mr. ELLIOTT (not the worthy Magistrate we hope) insisted on the necessity for "going back to the ancient pious! healthy!! and Christian!!! principle of vengeance." The principle is certainly an ancient, and may possibly be a pious one—according to some of the piety of the present day—but to call it either healthy or Christian is to show an ignorance or a misapprehension of the rules applicable to health, and of the doctrine of Christianity.

Happily in these days it is not necessary to argue the point with Mr. ELLIOTT, who will find few sympathisers with his avowedly retrogressive sentiments. If we are to punish a criminal on the principle of vengeance, we should strip every garment from the back of him who robbed us of our coat, and we should repay with interest a blow on the cheek, a mode of proceeding which would be obviously at variance with a well known precept of Christianity. We hope that the Law Amendment Society will not think of trying to amend the law by importing into it the principle of revenge, which it has been the humane policy of modern legislation to ignore as much as possible.

### Inscription for the Portrait of Lord Aberdeen, K.G.

(Founded on the Nursery Legend of Miss CARTER.)

This blessed Martyr  
Got his Garter  
In VICTORIA'S reign;  
But in disgrace  
He lost his place  
Which he'll never get again.

### A Russian Cross.

NICHOLAS, in his Manifesto, says "the Cross is in our hearts." If it is for bayonetting our wounded soldiers, we are glad of it, since it may be intended as a sign of repentance, or as a confession of guilt, for we know it is the custom abroad to erect a Cross wherever a murder has been committed.

THE DOG THAT BIT YOU.—Why is a parlour dog like KING CLICQUOT?—Because he is always getting under the table.

### A BIT OF BARNUM-ISM.



THE American papers are full of little paragraphs headed "MARIO'S ADMIRER," and containing anecdotes of the pertinacity with which a certain—or, perhaps, we ought to say a rather doubtful—lady is following MARIO wherever he goes, and giving fabulous prices for the best places to witness his performances. We can well understand that the great tenor has numerous admirers, both male and female; and we are rather surprised that it should

be found necessary to resort to any kind of "dodge" to enhance his attraction. It is not very complimentary to MARIO to be continually speaking of his "admirer" in the singular number,—a state of things with reference to a public performer, that reminds us of the manager who, seeing only one unhappy individual in the barn that served for a theatre, went forward to "dismiss" the house, and commenced with the word "SIR" his address to the audience. We are inclined to believe that the stories in circulation relative to MARIO'S admirer are mere BARNUM-ISMS, set afloat for the purpose of humbugging that most gullible of nations—the Americans.



THE THAW.

"GOT THE INFLUENZA, HAVE YER? HA! YOU SHOULD WEAR HINGYRUBBER COBOSSES AS I DOES."

## THE POLITICAL "CROSS."

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SCENE:—One of the Libraries in the House of Commons.

TIME:—Before the Meeting of the House on Tuesday.

PERSONS:—VISCOUNT JAUNTY, LORD JOHN SMALL, MR. BUCKRAM.

*Mr. Buckram (impatiently).* Now, my Lords, I want to know, once for all, whether I am to give this notice or not. Bless my soul! Why don't you make up your minds? Good gracious me! Here's three o'clock! All the world knows I dine at three. Will you give me an answer? What do you want me to do?

*Lord John.* My dear MR. BUCKRAM, will you oblige us by going into that recess, and amusing yourself for five minutes with HANSARD, or something? I want to say two words to LORD JAUNTY, and then you shall have our answer.

*Mr. Buckram (petulantly).* There's no amusement in HANSARD, or instruction either, except in my Speeches, and those I know by heart. And I shan't go into the recess, but go and stand by the fire. *[Goes.]*

*Lord John.* As you please. Now, my dear VISCOUNT, what do you think about it? Shall we bring things to an end. If we decide that he shall give the notice for a select committee, I resign directly, and then, as the French say, *à bas vient votre maison.*

*Viscount.* Do they? I didn't know. *N'importe.* Well, the question is rather one for yourself than for me.

*Lord John.* Shall I offend you if I say that I scarcely recognise your habitual clear-sightedness in that observation.

*Viscount.* Offend me, my dear fellow! The friendship I have for you can be affected by nothing, past, present, or future. But you needn't come any humbug.

*Lord John.* Well, to come to the point. We have one object—to clear out these Peelites at once.

*Viscount.* Again I say, no humbug. It is *your* object. It is not much to me whether they are cleared out immediately or not. I can wait. Nothing can prevent a smash, sooner or later, and then, without any effort on my part, I am certain of any position which I—in which I may think my humble talents can be useful to my sovereign.

*Lord John.* With whom you are such a favourite, and also with her illustrious—

*Viscount.* Never mind all that.

*Lord John.* I don't. But permit me, my dear friend, to submit to you one contingency. If the Coalition falls, in consequence of this move of mine, we look to a reconstruction, on a liberal basis.

*Viscount.* You do—I tell you I wish you would mind your pronouns.

*Lord John.* If you don't, I can't comprehend your assenting to my present course. For if LORD DERBY comes in—*(is silent—horrified at his own supposition).*

*Viscount (apparently not horrified at all).* LORD DERBY is a very clever man. I had much pleasure in acting with him when we were colleagues, and he was MR. STANLEY, and an ultra-reformer. Also he

runs very good horses, and as I myself have a liking for the turf, we should have at least two feelings in common, which is more than can be said of most couples in the present Cabinet.

*Lord John (aghast).* Do you mean that you would take office with the Tories?

*Viscount.* Would it be for the first time?

*Lord John.* Why no, not exactly. But times are changed.

*Viscount.* So are Tories. In fact there are no politics now. But *(smiling)* I am free to confess, my dear JOHN, that there *might* be insuperable difficulties in the way of my joining an administration in which DERBY, DISRAELI, and PAKINGTON were the chiefs.

*Lord John (relieved).* I should say so.

*Mr. Buckram (coming up angrily).* You said five minutes. It's ten. Am I to have an answer? I'll go home to dinner. All the world knows I hate to be kept waiting for my dinner. Now then.

*Viscount (winningly).* My dear BUCKRAM, I am sure you are not the man to let your dinner come between you and the interests of your country.

*Mr. Buckram (somewhat appeased).* Well, I don't know that I am. Anyhow, I'll wait a little longer. *[Goes back to fire.]*

*Viscount.* I would—there's a good time coming. Now, JOHN, nonsense apart, we understand one another. At least, I venture to believe that I understand you. You would like to see any re-arrangement of the Cabinet that should include all the old Whigs, with yourself at their head, and that should exclude the humble individual who addresses you from the office of Prime Minister.

*Lord John (rather awkwardly).* My dear VISCOUNT—don't put it in that way. Independently of my friendship for you, which is as intense—

*Viscount.* As mine for you, my dear fellow—we have settled all that. Go on.

*Lord John.* Well then, independently of *that*, I assure you [that I recognise your commanding talents—

*Viscount.* As we often recognise folks we don't care to bow to, eh?

*Lord John.* Pooh, pooh. But the fact is, I feel that your special genius at this moment might be so much better exercised in trampling down official conventionalities, re-organising our system of Military Administration, stimulating the country by your manly Saxon eloquence, and generally doing—

*Viscount.* First class work from a second class place. Well, I have said that I will take my chance with you. Comprehend the sacrifice, however. These fellows must fall, and I might come in either as Premier with a new coalition, or else very high with the Derbyites, and the country blessing me for the patriotism that would not let party considerations withhold my aid in the hour of need.

*Lord John.* I appreciate your self-denial most fully, my dear VISCOUNT, and I think that a few weeks will see us more firmly united than ever. That little man is very uncomfortable—shall we give him his cue.

*Viscount.* If this little man likes.

*Lord John.* Don't be rude, BUCKRAM.

*Mr. Buckram (ungraciously).* Well.

*Lord John.* Give your notice.

*Mr. Buckram.* Why couldn't you have said so an hour ago. *[Exit.]*

*Viscount.* By the way, you'll have to explain to the House—but you understand all that, ha! ha!

*Lord John.* Ha! ha! I think we have both had some practice at that work. I shall put it as damagingly as I can for the Government, and praise you enormously, not only because it's a pleasure, but because—

*Viscount.* All right. And I shall declare that I admire you beyond all measure, not only because—as aforesaid—but because the more illustrious the witness the more damaging his testimony against us. I shall just rebuke you for going 'out at such a time, because that strengthens the case—we must be very bad for you to leave us so abruptly.

*Lord John.* Just so. *(The SPEAKER is announced to be at prayers.)* Four o'clock, eh? I will be off. Adieu, Mr. Secretary of State for the Whole War Department.

*Viscount.* Adieu, Mr. Expectant Head of HER MAJESTY'S Government. *[Exeunt.]*

[PROTEST.—*Mr. Punch* is so disgusted at the uncharitable suspicions manifested by the party who could "imagine" the above "conversation" that he publishes it for the purpose of shaming, if possible, an individual who forms so unworthy an idea of British patriots, statesmen, and members of the Imperial Parliament.]

### A Mull by Professor Muller.

A LEARNED professor at Oxford (DR. MAX MULLER) is about to give a lecture on the Origin of the Alphabet. When the Alphabet has undergone the mystifying process of a lecture at one of our Universities, it will no longer be possible to say "as plain as A. B. C."

NICHOLAS WARNED.—THE CZAR is tearing the Polish Jews from their homes to fight his battles. Let him take an enemy's advice and not vex the Children of Israel. HOLOFERNES may find his JUDITH.

## OUT! JOHN? OUT! JOHN?

*A Favourite and Popular Song, as Sung at the St. Stephen's Theatre, by the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.G.*

OUT! JOHN? Out! JOHN?  
 What are you about, JOHN?  
 If I were my friend NICHOLAS,  
 I'd treat you to the knout, JOHN.  
 Going out at such a time,  
 What will people say?  
 Is it not declaring, JOHN,  
 We're all unfit to stay?  
 ROEBUCK rises, vows to pitch  
 Into DUKE and SIDNEY,  
 DRUMMOND follows, so does NORTH,  
 With others of the kidney.  
 All assert we've mull'd the war,  
 Cannons, clothes, and diet.  
 Out you go, implying, JOHN, -  
 That you can't deny it.  
 Out! JOHN? Out! JOHN?  
 What are you about, JOHN?  
 If I were my friend NICHOLAS,  
 I'd treat you to the knout, JOHN.  
 What's the mighty grievance, JOHN,  
 That makes you act so ill,  
 Was it that the Peelites

Burked your little bill?  
 The little bill of mild Reform,  
 Finality's last finish.  
 I couldn't have believed, JOHN,  
 That you were so thin-skinnish.  
 Bring it in again, JOHN,  
 Make your own condition.  
 Don't let such a trifle  
 Smash a Coalition.  
 Out! JOHN? Out! JOHN?  
 What are you about, JOHN?  
 If I were my friend NICHOLAS,  
 I'd treat you to the knout, JOHN.

Was it that you held a place  
 Lower than was fair?  
 Well, you kicked out GRANVILLE,  
 And got into his chair.  
 Was it that you hated PAM,  
 Feared his jaunty joke—  
 Well, we set him down to deal  
 With Beaks, and sewers, and smoke.  
 Didn't GLADSTONE, to oblige,  
 Yield about the Jews—

What in reason, gentle JOHN,  
 Did your friends refuse?  
 Out! JOHN? Out! JOHN?  
 What are you about, JOHN?  
 If I were my friend NICHOLAS  
 I'd treat you to the knout, JOHN.

Very much I fear, JOHN,  
 You've took and been and done it—  
 If DERBY enters for the race  
 By Easter he'll have won it.  
 Then, my fine reforming JOHN,  
 Where are all your glories—  
 Giving up the Government  
 To the horrid Toriea?  
 I was one for forty years,  
 So I ought to know 'em—  
 Come, my JOHNNY, let's shake hands,  
 And fight the Tories, blow 'em.  
 Out! JOHN? Out! JOHN?  
 What are you about JOHN?  
 Ruining my Government,  
 And, as it seems, for now, JOHN.

## WAR COMPANIES WANTED.



RAY tell us where are all the Army Contractors? Are there none of them possessed of capital and spirit enough to combine in a firm, or start a company, for the purpose of contracting with the nation to do the Army?—not as the Army is done by the Government, by which it has been so shamefully done as almost to be done for, but as the Army ought to be done by. Somebody must lead the van of military reform, and if MESSRS. PICKFORD had been employed for that purpose, we should not have had our brave soldiers before Sebastopol in a state which may be compared to that of starvation on Hampstead Heath, with shiploads of food and clothing off Hungerford Pier.

As far as the conduct of the war is concerned, it is to be feared that any Ministers we are likely to have will resemble the fountains in Trafalgar Square, which are inconsiderably ornamental, quite useless, and do nothing but spout, though the fountains only spout a little, and the members of the Cabinet will probably spout much. The operation of Governments, for many years, has mainly consisted in withstanding the demands of the nation as long as possible, and giving them ultimately a hungry effect. Fancy what a job, in every sense of the word, either ABERDEEN and Co., or DERBY and Co., would have made of the Crystal Palace. How many breaks down would have occurred by this time? and perhaps at the present moment the building would be a heap of ruins, having tumbled to pieces yesterday for the tenth time, and buried all the workmen. Private energy, evidently, is alone to be depended on for the prosecution of any great enterprise; and if this war is to be brought to a successful termination, it must be taken up by capitalists, and carried on by the agency of speculative bodies, such as a "Sebastopol Capture Company," a "Crimean Investment Association," or a "Cronstadt Reduction and St. Petersburg Occupation Society."

As Parliament must do something, it had better immediately pass an Act encouraging the formation of Joint Stock Anti-NICHOLAS Companies, with limited liability, for the purpose of doing the business of the Government by abating the Russian nuisance.

In the meanwhile, we do not demand that any heads should be brought to the block for the mismanagement that has entailed such loss and suffering on our army. Between the head and the block, in the case of the culprits, there is already too fatal a connexion. Transportation, however, we do think, is a penalty richly deserved by the guilty parties, and the proper way of inflicting it would be to send them to the Crimea, and assign them to a "Balacava Conveyance Company," to be harnessed to carts filled with provisions and clothing, or hitched on to wooden huts, and compelled to drag these loads to LORD RAGLAN'S forces up hill. This would be causing them to repair,

in their own persons, the neglect of not having provided draught horses, and then we are sure public opinion will bear us out in the remark, that those who were so stupid as to make that omission, afforded the best substitutes for the horse that could be found—next to the mule.

## "LOOK ON DISS PICTURE."

*Negro Hamlet.*

LORD CAMPBELL has been coming down with some force upon the Eastern Union Railway Company. It appears that the Directors of that Company, in order to crush certain competition, carry people from Colchester to Norwich, a distance of 60 miles, for five shillings. But on the road is a place called Diss, which is a distance of only 40 miles, but as there is no competition in the conveyance to this place, the Company charge seven shillings for taking you two thirds of the journey, the whole of which they will take you for five.

A gentleman living at Diss, takes a Norwich ticket, paying the lower sum, and as the train stops at Diss, he gets out there, and tenders his ticket. The Company cannot bear to part with him so soon, unless he will hand over the extra two shillings, and as he refuses this, they get some Colchester justices to display a little of the usual wisdom of country justices, and convict him in a penalty under an inapplicable by-law. Appeal is made from Colchester justice to the shop where a better article is to be had, and the decision of the Colchester natives is upset. LORD CAMPBELL said that the traveller had bought his ticket for Norwich, and had paid all that was demanded, and that he had a right to get out at any intermediate place where the train stopped.

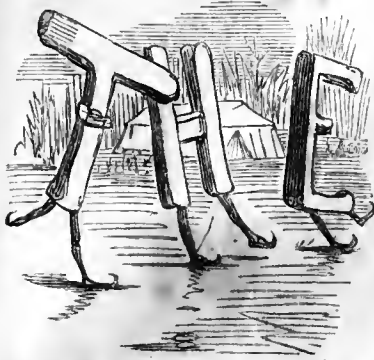
It certainly appears to *Mr. Punch* that the shabbiness of the Company, in lowering its fares in order to crush rivalry, and refusing the benefit of the selfish manoeuvre to a traveller because it is supposed he cannot help himself, is only equalled by its assurance in claiming a right to imprison an un-offending party in a railway carriage during the time it pleases the management to take in going 20 miles. He hopes other Companies will take warning by the moral lesson which, unluckily for the Eastern Union,

"By Gloomy Diss was gathered."

## OURSELVES RUSSIAN SPIES.

How much do the spies of NICHOLAS cost him in England? A very few copecks probably would exceed the figure. Why should he spend any money on spies when he gets all the information with which they could furnish him, and more, in the Parliamentary debates, and the newspapers? We make him a present of disclosures, such that, for supplying us with anything corresponding to the least important of them, he would certainly cause any subject of his own to be knouted to jelly. What a pity it is that we can't hold our tongues, and restrain our pens a little—which we might do, perhaps, if our affairs were in the hands of administrators to whom we could trust them. But it is better to cry out and let the CZAR hear us than to be quiet and go to the deuce.

## SHOCKING SHIFTS OF BARRISTERS.



OTHER day an old woman was charged with pawning the shirts of a barrister. We use the word "shirts" advisedly in the plural number, for if we are to believe the statement of the pawnbroker, the fact of a barrister having more than one shirt to his back is not always to be taken for granted. Some remark having been made on the carelessness of the pawnbroker in taking into pledge the linen of a member of the English Bar, it was urged in excuse that the barristers are always pawning their shirts, and other items of their wardrobe. We know that business has been bad in Westminster Hall, but we will not believe for one moment the monstrous assertion that the English Bar is partially

supported by advances of an avuncular character. We have reason to know that even BRIEFLESS would rather shed his last halfpenny than nobosom himself by tearing off his shirt, and placing it in the hands of a pawnbroker.

According to the unfair statement at Bow Street it would seem that the chief practice of the Bar is derived from the practice of pledging its body linen. We recommend a public meeting of the profession to hurl this calumny back at the head of anybody and everybody who dares to give it currency, and we would propose that every barrister should not only be served with notice to produce at least half-a-dozen shirts, but should also be called upon to pledge his honour that he is not in the habit of pledging his wearing apparel.

## CULINARY ENLISTMENT.

JUDGING from the letters which have recently been published, and which may, doubtless, be received as letters of credit, we should think that "good plain cooks" were never in so much demand as they are before Sebastopol just at present. For want of proper knowledge and appliances, it seems our raw recruits have been reduced to eat their rations in a similar condition, while the oldest campaigner has found it rather difficult to dress a dinner for one without making a mess of it. Indeed, one of "our own correspondents" last week, tells us:—

"I shall scarcely exaggerate, I think, in saying that with the exception of their biscuit, the men have been for weeks entirely living upon uncooked victuals. Through scarcity of fuel, and perfect ignorance of cooking, to say nothing of the absence of all culinary apparatus, the beef and pork is swallowed usually, just as it is served out, and in many cases, I have known even the coffee has been eaten, without so much as being roasted."

"Every man his own cook" has, we know, been long the rule of the Service, but we think it is high time for us to take exception to it. Its effect is simply to make many do the work of one, which, to say the least, is bad economy of labour, and indeed in culinary matters is proverbial for ill success. We own we have not placed much faith, as yet, in the Foreign Enlistment, but we believe the Service would do well to enlist a few French Cooks into it. Let M. SOYER be empowered at once to raise a Legion of them, and proceed forthwith to the Crimea with his culinary corps. We are sure our Army would be much more strengthened by getting, regularly, well-cooked food to eat, than by having any number of fresh forces sent them, to become, in short time, as they now do, weaknesses. By having their dinners well-dressed, our troops will doubtless be the better able to extend that process to the enemy, and if we really mean to carry on the "war to the knife" (and fork), we question if a better plan than this could be devised for doing so.

## A PRESENT FOR THE CRIMEA.

WE have sent out presents and hampers in profusion for our brave Army, and it is time, we think, to consider what is the best hamper we can send out to the Russian Army. If we had the packing of this hamper, we would have it to consist of—1st, the very best Commander-in-Chief, that could be found in the kingdom; 2nd, of the very best Staff, that could be selected out of our military schools; 3rd, of the very best Commissariat, that could be formed upon the French plan; and 4th, of the very best troops, that could be spared out of the country. That is the kind of hamper we should like to give the Russian Army, and we would warrant that its contents would give every Cossack, the moment they attacked it, such a jolly good bellyful, that they would never forget it as long as they lived—that is to say, if they happened to survive it at all.

## A Teetotal Waistcoat.

A TAILOR somewhere in the north is trying to tack himself on to the teetotal interest by advertising what he calls his "alliance vest," which he says is "particularly adapted for ministers and lecturers." We cannot imagine any peculiar cut in a waistcoat to adapt it to a teetotalter, and as to the quality of the article, its best recommendation would consist in its being waterproof—an attribute that the bosom of a Teetotalter would revolt against.

## WATERLOO AVENGED.

"GENERAL CANROBERT has placed at the disposal of LORD RAGLAN 10,000 capotes, for the use of the English army in the Crimea. Ten thousand British soldiers now wear the French uniform."

*Correspondence from the Camp.*

LONG we had owned them noble foes,  
Late we have owned them friends,  
Knit by the brunt of equal blows,  
Joint perils, common ends,  
At Alma's field of desperate fight,  
On Inkermann's blood-sodden height,  
Twin laurels Victory blends—  
No name so high on either side,  
But France and England share the pride.

And if at length each English heart  
With sudden shame is wrung—  
If to each cheek the blushes start,  
The curse to every tongue—  
'Tis not to France we owe the shame,  
The name we curse is no French name—  
By our own sting we're stung,  
Our own hands forged the untrusty sword,  
That now in peril fails its Lord.

To bless French aid what man was slow  
In counsel or in fray?  
Debts of the sword brave souls may owe,  
For such debts they can pay.

But oh, the shame in England's heart,  
That she should play the beggar's part,  
For pauper dole should pray—  
From France's liberal hand should crave,  
Raiment to shield her shivering brave!

And this, while proffering all her gold,  
Opening her world-wide store;  
Ready to lavish sums un'old,  
And these gone, to give more:  
The means, that they who have fought and bled  
May be well housed and clothed and fed,  
She hath given—o'er and o'er:  
But wits to plan and heads to guide  
She lacks—and what is all beside?

One memory, it hath been said,  
Ranks each French heart through,  
As of a debt that must be paid—  
The thought of Waterloo!  
Brood o'er that debt—oh France—no more:  
Wipe out at length that bloody score:  
'Tis paid—and nobly too.  
Paid by the charity that runs  
To clothe shamed England's starving sons!

Arouse,—Oh England!—rouse for shame—  
That this wrong may not be:  
Enough of spoken, written blame—  
Act, as befits the free!  
Sweep hence this impotence of deed,  
This helplessness, in direst need,  
On either side the sea:  
Or here—or there—raise up the man  
Who knows, and, knowing, WILL and CAN.

Enough of Lords in name—find out  
Him who is Lord in Act,  
Clear brains, and undistracted with doubt,  
Eyes to sift sham from fact.  
Pluck forth thy hand from red-tape gyves,  
To save thine honour, and their lives,  
With cold and hunger racked.  
Down with Routine, her modes and men—  
That England be herself again!



### WHY, INDEED ?

*Perceptive Child.* "MAMMA, DEAR! WHY DO THOSE GENTLEMEN DRESS THEMSELVES LIKE THE FUNNY LITTLE MEN IN MY NOAH'S ARK?"

### PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



That worthy man will have cause for much uneasiness between this and Easter, and though it is sought to "let him down gently" by means of a riband, it is apprehended that he will finally descend with a severe plump.

Coals will be carried to NEWCASTLE, but they will be the coals of fire which unkind persons desire to heap on their enemies' heads. The CLARENDON Press will not be able successfully to defend its patron, and whoever "blesseth the good DUKE OF ARGYLL," it will not be JOHN BULL, when he comes to the scratch. GRANVILLE, were he both GRANVILLE SHARP and GRANVILLE PENN, would not find his pen sharp enough to protect him, and that eminent lawyer, irreverently called CRANNY, will be glad to retire into himself, or any other cranny he can find.

Neither in the Nether House will there be more consolation. The Leader of the coach has bolted, and may be called the off-leader, but he is not out of the reach of the "whip," and HAYTER is no longer a lover of his policy. PALMY must not expect palmy days, unless an early Date marks his separation from helpless colleagues, and even those who are prepared to vote that black is white, hesitate when their vote is asked for GREY. *Punch* classically marked the day with a white stone when GLADSTONE came into office, and will always be ready to back that Bill, but fears that its days of grace are numbered. WOOD will be cut up, despite his good-natured smiles, and GRAHAM will have few more Read-Letter-days. SINNEY will not go to the Scaffold, nor even to Sydney Cove, but he will have to go to another cove

who thirsteth for office, and say (with the other SIDNEY) "thy necessity is greater than mine."

With these melancholy anticipations, by way of prologue, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to narrate that on *Tuesday the 23rd* the Houses met. Divers threats were held out as to the wonderful things which Members intended to do, but the solemnest warning came from the stern ROEBUCK, who announced in the Commons that on the next night but one he would arraign the Government for their mismanagement of the army in the Crimea.

One act of justice was done that night. The brave old DUKE OF RICHMOND (generally a bore) extracted from Government a promise that the heroes of the battle of Balaklava should not be denied the medal which is to be conferred upon those of Alma and Inkerman. In trembling terror, "lest he should be blamed by the military authorities," the strong-minded minister announced this concession to the popular demand. *Mr. Punch* has a notion that the next War Minister will have to make a few more concessions.

SIR BENJAMIN HALL introduced into the Commons two bills for amending the public health, and removing public nuisances. As they have the Hall-mark, it is to be hoped they will be found of sterling value.

*Wednesday.*—Nothing particular, except the reading of a letter of thanks, from LORD RAGLAN, for the complimentary vote of the House of Commons. His lordship's note was not specially grammatical, (though the SOMERSETS are not in the habit of neglecting their relatives) but what is written under canvas should not be over-canvased.

*Thursday.*—Terror and dismay. *The Globe*





## THE DIRTY DOORSTEP.

*P—lm—rst—n* (an active lad). "WELL! THIS IS THE GREATEST MESS I EVER SAW AT ANYBODY'S DOOR."

*Little Jack R—ss—ll.* "AH! I LIVED THERE ONCE—BUT I WAS OBLIGED TO LEAVE—IT WAS SUCH A VERY IRREGULAR FAMILY."



having announced LORD JOHN RUSSELL's resignation, the Legislature rushed frantically to Westminster to hear his reasons. But so awful and solemn an event was not to be prematurely explained, and an agitated universe was left in trembling uncertainty for twenty-four hours longer. This, by the way, turned out to have been LORD ABERDEEN's postponement. It was just like him. Both houses dispersed without doing further mischief.

Friday.—The portentous revelations were made. In the Lords, ABERDEEN read a letter from LORD JOHN, in which he explained that any Ministry of pluck must fight MR. ROEBUCK, but that as he, LORD JOHN, felt that the present Ministry had no defence, his conscience told him to walk. ABERDEEN added, that he was sorry to lose JOHN, but should certainly fight ROEBUCK. LORD BERNERS then made some nonsensical complaint about an Irish priestly procession, and NEWCASTLE answered, characteristically, that he was not quite sure the affair was illegal, but that if so, it would not be wise to cause the law to be obeyed. WINCHELSEA then, premising that he had been brought up virtuously, and taught to do his duty, bellowed most frightfully against the press, especially the *Times*, for publishing reports from the Crimea; and he also complained that the nation was being ruined by the immense quantities of food consumed by MR. RUSSELL, the *Times'* Correspondent at the Seat of War. NEWCASTLE said, that he had warned the papers not to tell anything which should not be told, but they never minded him one bit. He promised to cut off MR. RUSSELL's pork and biscuit, which, next day, the *Times* undertook should be paid for, though the Government owe MR. MACDONALD (another *Times'* Correspondent) money, for clothing a whole regiment, left destitute by the War Department.

In the Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, getting several rows behind his colleagues, for fear of accidents from the Peelites (who are able-bodied men), made his explanation. It was to the same effect as his letter, but he added details. It had suddenly "struck" him, while he was shaving one morning in October, that a better administration of the war was required. So he wrote to ABERDEEN, telling him, that PALMERSTON ought to be made the head of the whole war department. He explained to ABERDEEN that NEWCASTLE was a muff, but that as it would be uncivil to say so, he might be turned out on pretext of a change of official arrangements. ABERDEEN had admitted the muffship, and that had they to choose anew, NEWCASTLE would not be made War Minister, but urged that it would annoy him so much to turn him out now, that common politeness required that the war should continue to be mismanaged, and the army ruined. LORD JOHN allowed that there was much in this, and after consulting his "intimate friends," who are all highly polite men, they agreed that he must "not press the matter further." Last Saturday the Cabinet determined to do something to improve the system of war administration, but it was so incomplete and ineffectual a measure (the proposal was that an extra boy should be laid on to carry the DUKE's notes to SIDNEY HERBERT, so that the regular porter might be promoted to the putting coals on the office fires), that LORD JOHN felt it would not do. So he determined to resign. He then said that ABERDEEN was a very respectable man, that Austria was our earnest friend, so was France, as he had ascertained on his late visit (having inquired of several *garçons, a soubrette, and a limonadier* on the subject, who had all said

"Bono JOHNNY"), and above all, the old Whigs were the greatest and wisest men in the whole world, and would continue to watch over and preserve the country.

PALMERSTON then rose, swore eternal friendship for RUSSELL, which "nothing past, present, or future, should affect," and then pretended to be vexed with him for timing his resignation as he had done. Government would meet the motion—"the future depended upon its results." This his lordship's organ explains to mean that he consents to be War Minister if the Government weather the present storm.

MR. ROEBUCK then began his accusation, but was too feeble to go on with it, and SIDNEY HERBERT, in consideration, made his defence still more feeble. HENRY DRUMMOND blamed NEWCASTLE and ABERDEEN; COLONEL NORTH growled at the press; MR. MONCKTON MILNES (of course) echoed PALMERSTON; LORD GRANBY defended NICHOLAS, who, he declared, had had "no designs whatever on Turkey;" LAYARD gave it to Ministers right and left; SIR GEORGE GREY was evidently in a rage at the laudation of PALMERSTON, and also abused some of the Ministers for going out of town to shoot, instead of helping poor NEWCASTLE; WALPOLE supported ROEBUCK; and SIBTHORP asserted that fine words buttered no parsnips, and that he was anxious to hear when the QUEEN would get rid of the "loose, inefficient, weak set, called her Ministers." Some more talk, and the debate was adjourned until Monday.



THE PRUSSIAN'S SWORD.

My Sword, what ails thy splendour,  
When, Liberty's defender,  
First in the foremost line  
Of battle thou shouldst shine,  
Ha ha ?

Chagrined at heart, and hitter,  
Upon thy sullied glitter  
I cast a look of shame,  
And thou return'st the same.  
Ha ha !

With indignation parching,  
I see the Cossacks marching  
On Europe; and my sword  
Flames not to stem their horde.  
Ha ha !

Oh! is it not disgusting  
In scabbard to be rusting,  
Instead of glancing bright  
For Fatherland and Right,  
Ha ha ?

Against the Tyrant's lances  
Gleam England's sword, and France's,  
The Austrian sparkles now;  
But dull as lead art thou,  
Ha ha !

Sardinia's true steel flashes  
Of brute force, chains, and lashes,  
Raised to bear back the sway:  
'Thou sheddest not a ray,  
Ha ha !

Heaven! how my cheek is burning  
For thee, contempt thus earning!  
But thank our King; thank him,  
My Sword, that thou art dim,  
Ha ha !

Domestic ends by seeking,  
From Royal duty sneaking,  
Lack-lustre Sword, 'tis he  
Whose breath has tarnished thee,  
Ha ha !

To rob thee of thy splendour  
Soft heart and head more tender  
In that poltroon combine,  
Dishonoured Sword of mine,  
Ha ha !

A GOOD THING FOR EARLY RISING.

An excellent thing for the above desirable purpose is a good smoky chimney—a chimney that will not be cured of its evil practices. It will require, of course, constant sweeping, constant repairs, and constant alterations, and as chimney-sweeps and bricklayers generally come the first thing in the morning, and are rather clever than otherwise in making a deal of noise over their avocations, you will find it exceedingly difficult to get a wink of sleep after five or six o'clock.

The beauty, too, of a good smoky chimney is, that the more it is cured the more confirmed it usually becomes in its depraved habits, so that you may rely upon being favoured at least once or twice a week with the above strong inducements for early rising. Profit by them.

A CABINET VIRTUE.—When a Minister can stand no longer, he meets his fate with resignation.



CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

**BIG BOY.** "How do you make out *Threepence is Threeha'pence a-piece? There's a Penny for my Broom and a Penny for my Shovel—that's CAPITAL; and a Ha'penny for you and a Ha'penny for me—and that's LABOUR.*"

### AN ORDER FOR JOHN BULL.

A GENTLE lady at the chivalrous court of KING WILLIAM OF THE BOTTLE OF PRUSSIA, seeing about her so many bearers of Eagles, Black and Red, Oak-Leaves, Knots, Laurels-in-Ring, and other insignia,—observed "persons without decorations look so cold and naked—it is quite indecent." All this is very natural, because so very feminine. We question if, in the eyes of EVE, FATHER ADAM himself would not have had a more redeeming look, even after the fall, if he had instituted, as he had the best and dearest right to do, the Order of the Golden Pippin, decorating himself with, as Master of the Order, the very biggest and brightest apple.

And there can be no doubt of the profound truth that a day or two since fell, like a pearl of price, from the Prussian lady. There is a great deal of poor human nature that thinks itself in the shame of primitive nakedness if it have not at least an inch or two of riband to keep the cold away. For instance, how much nakedness is clothed by a bit of riband of geranium hue! Not merely clothed, but buttoned up to the chin, with an undercovering of warmest woollen; covered like a sheep from the throat to the toes, and only by means of that magical snip of riband that, as though it held some fairy flame within it, warms the arterial blood of the wearer, and makes his heart beat like a drum. Twitch that bit of riband from the holder, and the man would on the instant be naked as a worm. At least, so would he look in certain courtly eyes, that beholding man as first made, behold him unfinished because undecorated. It was very well for ADAM, in his character of godfather to give a name to the elephant; but surely the courtier of the court of Denmark, who carries the Elephant on his breast, or in his button-hole, is—according to the Prussian lady—far more decent than the nude sponsor.

We, mere Englishmen—of course we speak of the mob, people; the red clay ware of the world; and not of the eleet and porcelain painted—we have of late been counselled to become decent folks: to clothe our social nudity with at least an inch of riband of some sort. It is neither self-respectful, nor decent in the rigorous eyes of nations that we, moral Englishmen, should so to speak,—live and die as we came into the world,—naked. For what is the under garment of flax or cotton, what the outer covering of wool—if the soul, the divine part of the man, be left shivering and bare with not a particle

of silk to cover it? Every day the question is put to the nude and destitute—shall this nudity, this destitution continue? We have even fallen off from our illustrious and illustrated forefathers; men, who in their very rudeness, somewhat obeyed the instincts of a high nature by painting their own imaginary orders on their own bodies.

And then great events have suddenly made us aware, and we hope ashamed, of our state of nakedness. We have embraced the French people: British millions have taken Gallic millions to their arms, and the first dozen or two fraternal hugs given and received, JOHN CRAPAUD has looked with an eye of wonder—a look in a moment sweetly tempered by his characteristic delicacy—at the utter indecency of JOHN BULL. Why, he is all but stark naked; for he has not a bit of riband in any one of his twenty button-holes: not a filament of silk redeems JOHN from stark staring nakedness!

The face of BULL, on the other side, reflecting the geranium riband in the button-hole of CRAPAUD, BULL is ready to believe his new friend the very pink of chivalry, and the very best dressed gentleman. BULL never looked at geranium ribands before; or, if indeed, he saw them, it was with an uncontrollable curl of his national nose; with an ill-mannered grunt, which he can no longer utter—it has been pressed for good and all out of him—since he embraced his dear friend. It is, however, plain to BULL that a bit of riband may have "magic in the web of it:" that with only a few filaments of silk, a man, otherwise naked, may be wrapped up in measureless content.

Whereupon, JOHN BULL inclines his ears—and at full length, too—to the crowd that cries—"BULL, be decent and clothe yourself with an Order. Hit upon something that shall cover your social nudity. Be one of a multitude most multitudinous rather than of nothing notable, noted. The Cloud of Locusts.—The Legion of Ants.—The Swarm of Bees.—The Shoal of Herrings. Be of something. Sport your riband of honourable brotherhood with something, and no longer in the scandalised faces of the nations walk abroad naked. As our Prussian lady says—"it is quite indecent."

We fear, however the stiffneckedness of JOHN BULL—common JOHN BULL. We hardly know what sort of order he would take kindly to; inasmuch as we doubt whether his plain, dogged common sense can ever become sufficiently spiritualised as to care for any snip of any sort of silkworm's-work at present portable by so many decorated thousands. A Frenchman is lifted clean off his legs, and treads the air, by the very power and buoyancy inevitably bestowed upon him by that immortal bit of riband woven by Fame herself, and kissed into colour by her lips. We fear JOHN BULL is not to be raised even to tiptoe by any such beatific influence. No: the animal is too burly, too self-willed to be led in ribands.

As, however, *Mr. Punch* neither expects, nor yearns for any Order of any sort soever—being warm and cosy far beyond the help or aid of ribands—he may be allowed to express his dissatisfaction that the Eagles should be allowed to carry honour all their own way, no other bird of the air having so much as an honoured feather to fly with. Here are a couple of birds, the Black and the Red Eagle of Prussia! What are they, in fact, but jackdaws and magpies in aquiline feathers? Consider the people upon whose breasts they sprawl, and what, to the moralizing eye, are the birds other than obscene owls, nailed to the wooden bosoms of their bearers?

There was once an Order of the Swan—long since lapsed; the Swan, we presume, in its snowy whiteness not enduring the frequent touch of political hands. The Swan, having floated far down the stream of time, we might have, at least, the Order of the Goose. What bird has more sagacity; yet what bird so maligned? Alive, he gaggles for the protection of the Capitol; and dead, he bequeathes the weapons that dipped in honest ink, may still best defend it.

Now, we ask what could better mark the retirement of LORD ABERDEEN than the institution of the Order of the Goose—the Gray Goose? And this thought brings to our memory a matter that curiously illustrates the fitness of such an institution at such a time, and for such a man as our northern Premier; who—he doubtless knows the work,—will, if he consult MARTIN'S *Western Islands of Scotland*, page 283—find a curious story about a goose nest, a red coat and a sun-dial.—"The steward of St. Kilda told me that they had found a red coat in a nest, a brass sun-dial and an arrow." How curiously this incident, of some century and a half ago, illustrates the watchful sagacity of our ABERDEEN in his conduct of the present war! The red coat and the sun-dial in the nest of St. Kilda's wild goose beautifully foreshadow how scrupulously the exact time would be considered and kept by the Capitol goose of 1854-5 in the supply of red coats and arms to the men in need of them at Balaclava.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MISS NIGHTINGALE AND HER DETRACTORS.—With the latter, the practice is to make wounds—with the former, to heal them.

THE GREATEST HAMPER THE BRITISH ARMY HAS YET HAD.—THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE!—and the sooner the hamper's packed off, the better.

## THE HAY(ES) FEVER IN AUSTRALIA.



It was for some time thought that Australia was destined to escape some of our principal maladies, but after having been attacked by our measles and other minor complaints, the Colony has at last suffered under an acute form of the JENNY LIND fever, which has burst forth at the Antipodes. This evil, which by its mode of bringing crowds together in a high state of perspiration, may be compared to the sweating sickness, has been introduced among the Colonists through the medium of an alleged Irish Swan, just as the LIND fever was produced by a so called Swedish Nightingale.

The CATHERINE HAYES' fever at Sydney seems to have even exceeded in intensity the JENNY LIND fever in London, for at New South Wales we find the Chief Justice taking the chair at a meeting for a testimonial at the Chambers of the Attorney General. We wonder the business of the Supreme Court was not suspended in order that the Attorney General

might move for CATHERINE HAYES's rule to be made absolute. We should not have been surprised to hear that all writs of execution by the Sheriff had been ordered to be superseded by the execution of CATHERINE HAYES, whose Sol Fa should be paramount to every Fi Fa in the Colony.

The judicial and legal staff of New South Wales, would seem to be what is rather oddly called "purely Irish," for the Chief Justice and the Attorney General both declared themselves "proud to claim CATHERINE HAYES for a countrywoman." The official force of Sydney has evidently a good deal of Irish blood in its veins, and, indeed, to read the report of the meeting, one would think that the cry of Ireland for the Irish could never be complied with, in consequence of the idea of New South Wales for the Irish, or, at all events, the Irish for New South Wales having been realised. We cannot say much for the eloquence of the Sydney Bench, notwithstanding the testimony of the Attorney General, who said that,

"As he was obliged to leave the meeting to attend Council, he could not, he thought do better than by reading an inscription for the testimonial from the eloquent pen of the Chief Justice:—

## PRESENTED TO CATHERINE HAYES,

By the Ladies and Gentlemen of Sydney, as a *souvenir*, by which she may be enabled sometimes to recall its inhabitants to her recollection, and as a token of the personal respect entertained for her by them, and the admiration which her extraordinary vocal powers, and unsurpassed artistic talents, have inspired."

We hope our readers will properly appreciate the beauties of this "eloquent" passage, and will observe the adroitness with which the rich resources of the French language are drawn upon by the introduction of the word "*souvenir*" at an early stage of the inscription. We should look for a collection of the works of the Chief Justice of New South Wales with peculiar interest if we thought they all belonged to the class of which this inscription is a specimen.

## Strong Probability.

We fully anticipate that one more great mistake will be made in managing matters in the Crimea. We are in daily expectation of hearing that all the plum-puddings which have been sent out there for the troops, have been fired away under the idea that they were round shot.

## COOKERY FOR THE CRIMEA.

THE mess in the Crimea appears to be owing to divided responsibility, the work being distributed over a number of departments among too many cooks, who spoil the broth, and whose performances result only in a wretched hash.

## NEWS AND NUISANCE.

WE wish there were some authority to deal with those hoarse disturbers of the public and private peace, who startle our old women at their tea-tables, and drag our nursemaids to our nursery windows at nightfall by fearful shouts of "Seek-und Edition!" and shrieks of "Brilliant Victory." A few evenings ago we were raised to a pitch of high excitement by hearing "an old familiar voice," which has long been identified in our ears with "sprats," "mackerel," and "muffins," we say we were excited by hearing this well known street basso bellying out the words "Glorious Intelligence" with the same gusto as he displays when his mouth is occupied with the humble articles we have specified. We once heard of a lady whose curiosity carried her so far as to induce her to pay a shilling for the purchase of one of these "Seek-und Editions," which turned out to be an old number of a deceased weekly paper. We were about to treat the other evening with one of these noisy newsvenders, when we recognised the voice of our dustman, and declined the bargain.

## AMMUNITION FOR THE CRIMEA.

THE enormous disproportion between the number of bomb-shells thrown into Sebastopol by our besieging army, and the damage which has been done to that city, must have astonished everybody. The Russians, indeed, are said to have hauled their English prisoners on the innocence of those missiles. We think we can fully account for the inefficiency of our shells. At first we thought that treachery had stuffed them with sawdust instead of gunpowder, but now it is our opinion that blundering incapacity has caused them to be charged with that gunpowder which was intended for the troops and—the teapot.

## "REST, WARRIOR, REST!"



DEPUTATION of Aldermen and others at Folkstone has rushed with excusable haste on SIR DE LACY EVANS, to welcome the gallant soldier home; but we do not quite approve of the gift that has been presented by way of acknowledgment of his services. The good people of Folkstone have dashed at SIR DE LACY literally sword in hand;—a sword having been the gift chosen for a veteran who has just sheathed his own weapon, and has come to enjoy the Warrior's Rest on a bed of laurel, copiously supplied from a

parterre of his own cultivation. It is a well meant but a rather clumsy compliment to a hero like SIR DE LACY EVANS to suppose that a sword is to him a thing rather for ornament than for use, and as he can no longer be expected, after a life of brilliant service to take the sword again in hand, it is far from flattering to ask his acceptance of an idle appendage to a soldier's dress, after his final retirement from a soldier's duty.

If the Folkstone deputation had presented the gallant General with a magnificent sheath, in which his well used sword might henceforth repose, we should have acknowledged the taste with which the gift had been selected.

## Antiquities on the Shortest Notice.

SCENE.—A Celebrated Curiosity-Shop in Wardour Street.

Antiquarian. What's the price of that mummy?

Old Curiosity Man. That mummy, Sir,—two thousand years old—why, Sir, the very lowest we could take for that mummy, Sir, is a five pun' note.

Antiquarian. Oh, nonsense. I'll give you two pounds ten for it.

Old Curiosity Man. Very sorry, Sir, but can assure you, Sir, it never was made for the money!

## Delicate Compliment.

IN testimony to the extreme stagnation into which everything official has subsided under the influence of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE and MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, it has been determined to consolidate the War Departments of Government under one common title, "HER MAJESTY'S Stationary Office."



THE EFFECTS OF A HEARTY DINNER AFTER VISITING THE ANTEDILUVIAN DEPARTMENT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

### THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES AT ASTLEY'S.

It is satisfactory to find that the Guards have not all perished in the Crimea; but that some of them are still at home occupying the care of "the military authorities." The following advertisement lets us into the secret that our resources are not yet exhausted, and considering the official mode in which it has been customary to prepare our soldiers for a campaign, we cannot be angry at some of them being sent to the somewhat preparatory School of War referred to in the following advertisement:—

**ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.**—Great National Military Demonstration.—THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA at the LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE, Monday, January 29.—Mr. WILLIAM C. KE is happy to announce he has succeeded in prevailing on the military authorities to permit the soldiers of the Grenadier Guards to appear on this special occasion, which will enable him to present this *chef-d'œuvre* of spectacular display in all the terrible magnificence which marks its nightly triumphant career.

After the experience we have had of the official "Conduct of the War," we can only hope that the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, by an assiduous attendance at Astley's, may profit by some of the arrangements of that establishment, where at all events they have a knack of bringing everything to a glorious termination. We can scarcely be surprised, after the repeated failures we have recently seen in the heads of our

departments, that the authorities should at last have put themselves in communication with the conductors of Astley's in order to find out the secret of making the British arms always triumphant.

At Astley's the ammunition is always up in time, the bivouac is always comfortable and complete, the Commander-in-Chief is always prancing about making pretty speeches to the men, while the Russians at Astley's know their place so well that they invariably give way on the advance of the British.

We fear that some of the official managers of our war have been conducting it on Astleian ideas, without recollecting that we have not Astleian fortresses to attack, or Astleian Cossacks, with an Astleian MENSCHIKOFF to grapple with. If our War Minister has seen—and accepted—the Astleian version of the Battle of Waterloo, where the enemy gave way before a handful of supernumeraries and a gallipot full of red fire, we cannot be surprised at the present war having been carried on by our officials in the pasteboard and pastepot style which has prevailed—or rather failed—at Sebastopol.

### Case of Double Vision.

KING CHICQUOT cannot be brought to see that the points demanded by the Allies of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA are only four. He will insist that he perceives eight.

## ETIQUETTE FOR MOURNERS.

WE have had books of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen who have felt that they did not know how to behave themselves, but there is a novelty in attempting to regulate the mode of being miserable by a Book of Etiquette for Mourners, which has lately been published by one of the Mourning Establishments. The proprietors of these concerns are at liberty to trade on private grief, and to keep up a staff of melancholy looking young men and women to serve afflicted customers, but it is carrying trickery of trade a little too far to publish a book of Etiquette for Mourners.

The first chapter is devoted to the *Widow*, the depth of whose sorrow is to be marked by the depth of her crape, while a cousin is allowed to show her mitigated sorrow in barege with flounces, and an option of grey or black in her gloves, parasol, and bonnet.

There is a short chapter on "Complimentary Mourning," which requires the solemnity of at least a gray dress, but allows the spirits to revive in the parasol, which may be of "Fancy" colours. The grief which exists in the dress, but perishes in the parasol, can scarcely be said to merit the epithet of "complimentary," and indeed any grief that requires a Book of Etiquette for its direction, might as well be altogether dispensed with.

## A Word to War Ministers.

BRITANNIA, for her ARMY's frightful state,  
Exclaims aloud "Peccavi;"  
Mind that she has not next to make as great  
An outcry for her NAVY.



## TOO BAD.

Rude Boy. "Ah! HERE'S THE P'LEECE A-COMIN'. WON'T YOU CATCH IT FOR SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT!"

## MARRIAGE IN VERY MEDIOCRE LIFE.

LAST week the quiet monotony of the old Park of Whetstone—with its adjacent rookery—was disturbed by the marriage of the young and noisy HUMPHREY DE HUMPHREYS with the lovely and fascinating BLANCHE DE BLANCHISSEUSE—the last of a long line—we may almost say a long clothes line—of laundresses, who have "hung out" for some years in the neighbourhood we have mentioned. The HUMPHREYS are a family of very great antiquity. The Grandfather, familiarly known as "the Old Un," came over from his own parish at the time of the Union, of which he is now an inmate. The young woman is allied to the ancient race of MANGLES, and her family ties are among the first in-new-rope.

When it was known that the marriage was to take place, much interest was excited in every one of the Seven Dials, where both the families are much respected, and every lamp-post in the immediate neighbourhood was, at an early hour, occupied. At Little Turnstile a very gay party had assembled at the residence of the venerable and highly esteemed Turncock, the uncle of the bride, who wore his official glazed hat on the occasion.

Breakfast was served at several adjacent coffee-stalls, and though the principal catable was the ordinary loaf, imagination might have turned it into fancy bread, for "a tremendous twist of his own" was supplied by each of the company.

The room in which the company assembled was panelled with coloured deal, and hung with a tapestry composed of the washing of several families. The bridesmaids—two in number—were attired in rich prints, of a middle age, or mediæval character, for they were neither quite new, or decidedly old; and one wore a white shawl, the other a blue, thus sharing between them the colours of the willow-pattern plate—that rare old specimen of modern-antique crockery. The bride's costume was of the very richest description—indeed so "rich" as to excite the mirth of the bystanders, some of whom declared it was the richest thing of the kind they had ever witnessed.

The mother of the bride was most picturesquely attired. Her dress was also a print of the fastest colours, and the cope or cape which was also washable, was suspended from each shoulder by a terrifically large epingle with a head of the clearest *mere de perle*, which very much heightened the effect of uncommon richness.

The marriage was solemnised at the adjacent chapel, built by JONES the bricklayer, some twelve years since and in which ten boys and ten girls are instructed in the usual rudiments. The path from the Park

(of Whetstone) was covered with a layer of straw which an attached neighbourhood, occupying the same mews with the family of the bride had lavishly contributed. The procession passed under a sort of canopy of banners, for it being fortunately "drying-day," the whole washing of several families with all the costly handkerchiefs of gorgeous Indian patterns, were suspended from side to side of the avenue. The bridal party was received by the titular beadle, and the happy pair with their equally happy "parients" were loudly cheered by the assembled juveniles.

After the ceremony, the company returned to Whetstone Park, and in order that all classes might share in the festivities, a neighbouring fountain of ginger-beer had been allowed to run to the extent of six bottles, to enable the six first comers to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom.

Whetstone Park, the lodging of MRS. WASHWOMAN HUBBARD, the present wife of the bride's uncle is, *par excellence*, one of the most remarkable residences in England. What it lacks in breadth, it has in length, and what it wants in gilding, it possesses in whitewash. The interior of the room was stencilled by the late lamented EDWARDS, who died on the scaffold, or rather, who was killed by tumbling off it. From the ceiling hung a branch of mistletoe, and the floor is of deal, but the window bears away the palm, for it looks on a row of flower pots. Over the fire-place may be seen a figure of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, holding in his hand a card containing the name and address of MRS. WASHINGTON HUBBARD with her "list of prices." The room has long been in the occupation of the family at a weekly rental, under an agreement in writing, the original of which is faithfully preserved in the family pocket-book.

In the evening there was a ball at the Dog and Duck, which was only interrupted by the attendance of the sweeps, who had come to sweep the kitchen chimney. The happy pair left Whetstone Park for their seat, which had been taken expressly for them in the dress boxes at the Victoria.

## An Absurd Idea.

WE have no authority for stating, that a note has been addressed by the Manager of Astley's Amphitheatre to the Commander-in-Chief, inviting the latter to take an active part in the Military Spectacle now being performed, with a view to his profiting by being an eye witness of the conduct of the war, which is being so successfully carried on at that establishment.



Street Boy. "I SAY COOKY? THEY JUST ARE A FININ' OF 'EM ALL ROUND THE SKVARE—GIVE US A SHILLIN' AND I'LL SWEEP YOUR DOOR AFORE THE PLEECEMAN COMES."

## "THE SMASH IN THE FAMILY,"

OR, "THE VIRTUOUS FOOTMAN."

(SCENES FROM A DOMESTIC DRAMA OF SERIOUS INTEREST—AS RECENTLY PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.)

JAUNTY (a Gentleman's gentleman) . . . L-D P-LM-RST-N.  
JOHN SMALL (Groom of the Chambers) . . . L-D J-N R-SS-L.  
BRASS (a Footman) . . . MR. B-RN-L OSB-RNE.

Bailiffs, Creditors, &c.

The Action passes in the spacious mansion of LORD MAC FOOLZE, in Whitehall.

TIME:—Last week.

### SCENE I.—The Butler's Pantry.

JAUNTY and BRASS discovered over a bottle of Twenty Claret.

Brass. And so you really think, MR. JAUNTY, the fam'ly must come to grief.

Jaunty (breaking a biscuit). Case of smash, BRASS.

Brass. Well, my wages is paid.

Jaunty. And you've had a goodish place of it, while it did last.

Brass. Yes, tol-lol; in fact, between ourselves, MR. JAUNTY, I don't care 'ow soon I gits another as good, especially the winds.

Jaunty. "Wines," BRASS, not "winds."

Brass. Well, wias, then. I ain't particular. But I thought what it would come to up-stairs, considerin' how we've been a-goin' it down 'ere this two year.

Jaunty. Speak for yourself, BRASS. The steward's room ain't answerable for the servants' all.

Brass. In course not. Every man in his place—that's my motter. Though I wish you'd 'a-come among us a little freer, MR. JAUNTY. We've had werry pleasant times, I can tell you, at the second table. My songs 'as been admired, and though I say it, there ain't many chaps as can top me at a recitation or a bit of chaff. (Pours out a glass of wine.) Well, here's to our next merry meetin'.

Jaunty (sips his claret thoughtfully). H'm.

Brass (anxiously). I s'pose, though, it is a case of Queer Street?

[Pointing over his left shoulder.

Jaunty. Execution put in to-morrow, I hear.

Brass. And the governor can't settle it this time, no-how?

Jaunty. No; the creditors are tired out.

Brass. Ah, well, we've 'ad jolly times, any way. I suppose you've given warnin', MR. JAUNTY?

Jaunty. No.

Brass. No—Eh? You don't say so.

Jaunty. I means to stand by the fam'ly, for the present.

Brass. Do you, though? (Aside.) Then they can't be done for, yet.

Jaunty. You see, BRASS, I've seen a good deal of this sort of thing, and I've never fonn'd that sticking by a fam'ly in difficulties stood in a man's way to a new place—that is, when he couldn't do better.

Brass. Well—but such a desp'rate, rack-ruin, stick-at-nothin' fam'ly as this 'ere? Don't you think it'd look better if a feller was to wash his 'ands of 'em—come the virtuous dodge—afore the creditors, you know.

Jaunty. You can do as you like—I've taken their money, and eat their entrées, and drunk their wines, and I mean to see 'em through it. But I've to make up my books. You can finish the bottle.

[Exit JAUNTY, cheerfully.

Brass. Thank you, MR. JAUNTY (drinks, and reflects). Now, that's a long 'eaded chap, and knows the world. He's a coming on the attached dependant lay, he is—fcelin's for the fam'ly—and such like. P'raps I'd better come that game after all. I think I could gam-mon 'em.

Enter JOHN SMALL.

Brass. Well, MR. SMALL,

Small. Ah, BRASS! would you obleege me by stepping out for a cab, while I fetch down my boxes.

Brass. Your boxes! What, you arn't goin'. Are you?

Small. Yes.

Brass. Have you given warnin'?

Small. Under the distressing circumstances to which my Lord has been reduced—by his own imprudence, I am afraid that warning from me would be thrown away. But, in fact, I have given warning—as far back as last November. I told my Lord that if things was allowed to go on as they was a goin', I couldn't stop.

Brass. Well—but you didn't go.

Small. No. I changed my mind and stopped. But little WENOM pnts in execution to-morrow, and my regard for my own character wont allow me to be mixed up with that sort of thing. I'm a domestic man, BRASS, I've lived in steady families.

Brass. But MR. JAUNTY's a goin' to see 'em through it.

Small. MR. JAUNTY is a giddy young man, and he can do as he likes. I must consider my future prospects, and keep clear of such messes. Besides—(he pauses)

Brass. Well (curiously).

Small. Between ourselves, I can't abide the 'ouse steward—

Brass. What, MR. MERRYPEBBLES. I 'ates him: he's a serious cove—he is.

Small. It's not that I dislike seriousness. But I can't abear intrigue—and if I'd been in his shoes—

Brass. You'd a kept things straight, eh?

Small. It's not for me to boast; but I remember in my great grand-father's time, when the great LORD CHATHAM—

Brass. Oh—stow that—I don't know anythink about 'istory; take a glass of wind. [Pushes the bottle to him.

Small. I never drink. But about that cab.

Brass. I'll tell the porter to call one. [Going.

Small. By the way, BRASS, you needn't mention to any of the servants that I'm going.

Brass. All right. I'm fly. (Aside.) Don't want his boxes over-hauled, I'll bet a pound. [Exit BRASS.

Small. Yes—there's that great city man, MR. BULL, wants a Butler. He's one of my Lord's chief creditors, and if he hears that I left my Lord's because I couldn't stand the goin's on in this 'ouse, he'll think all the better o' me when I apply for the situation. JAUNTY's got an eye on it, I know, and if I can only steal a march on him—and then my character's all I have to depend on.

Re-enter BRASS.

Brass. All right! Cab's at the area-gate, and there's nobody in the front kitchen. You can slip out unbeknown.

Small. You won't peach?

Brass. Oh, honour bright! You done me a good turn when I applied for this 'ere place; and then I'm like you, I can't abear that 'ere MERRYPEBBLES—a sanctified, argufying beggar.

Small. Good-bye, BRASS. If you'll take my advice, you'll cut this too, before the row comes.

Brass. Thank you, MR. SMALL. But I've my dodge, too. Only you wait till to-morrow. But you'll want a hand with your boxes. You ain't werry strong in the back, you know.

Small. Thank you—if you would be so kind. They're outside. (Exit BRASS.) How astonished they'll be to-morrow, when they find I'm gone. The best thing is not to get into a mess. But, when you are in, the next best thing's to get quietly out of it, and leave other folks to shift for themselves.

Re-enter BRASS, with a box.

Brass. My eyes, this is a hack-breaker. (Cautiously.) I say, it ain't the plate, is it?



*Small (indignantly).* Sir! It's books—the History of England since the Peace of Utrecht.

*Brass.* Well, it's precious 'eavy. Come along. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Hall of LORD MAC FOOZLE'S mansion. Furniture in confusion. Broker's men in possession. Indignant Creditors. MR. BRASS slightly elevated.*

*Ruthless Creditor.* A pretty state of things—waste, carelessness—no accounts—no money—no nothing.

*Brass (groans).* Ah, you may say that.

*Simple-minded Creditor.* Unlimited port and sherry at the servants' table.

*Brass (groans).* Port and sherry! 'Ock and champagne, bless you!

*Simple-minded Creditor.* Is it possible!

*Brass.* Lor! The things I've seen in this family! Why, no later than last night, there was servants a drinkin' twenty claret in the butler's pantry!

*Ruthless Creditor.* And their wine account running for three years!

*Brass.* And the wine, too! Oh, the goin' on 'ere 'as been enough to blow the roof off.

*Simple-minded Creditor.* There—you see—even their own servants cry shame on 'em.

*Brass.* Ah, but I'm a man o' good principles, I am; and allays brought up virtuous (*hiccup*). My 'eart's bled, it 'as, often and often, at the riotin's, and the profane swearin', and loose singin', and such like, in the servants' all. But what's a poor young man to do?

*Simple-minded Creditor.* Ah, what indeed (*to the other Creditors*)! This is the way the aristocracy ruin the humbler classes, to whom they ought to be an example.

*Brass.* Yes—they've tried 'ard to ruin me. But they couldn't. And I washes my 'ands of 'em—now and always. And if any gent 'ere 'ad a situation for a poor young chap, as is ready to make hisself gen'rally agreeable—that is—I mean useful, and understands an 'oss, and can wait at table. I aint above a light porter's place—where there's another kept.

*Simple-minded Creditor.* I feel it would be a Christian act to help one whose principles do him so much credit. I've advertised for a young man, of pious character—

*Knowing Creditor.* Then *this* chap won't suit you. For the last time I saw him was in a very how-come-you-so state at the Cider Cellars.

*Brass.* Blowed if I ever was—

*Knowing Creditor (sternly).* Take care, MR. BRASS, I know you (*to SIMPLE-MINDED CREDITOR*), and perhaps when I tell you (*whispers to him*).

[*The eye-brows of the SIMPLE-MINDED CREDITOR keep gradually rising, MR. BRASS'S countenance falls in the same proportion.*

*Simple-minded Creditor.* Good gracious! Is it possible?

*Knowing Creditor.* So much for "the virtuous footman!"

### OUR STATUE OF MARS.

THE MARS of old time was a myth. It appears that the modern British MARS—the Commander-in-Chief—is little better. Speaking of that Genius of our country's warfare, LORD GREY is reported to have said:—

"He sits in his office at the Horse Guards, and upon him there devolves the duty of organising and superintending the British army all over the world."

Here is a notion for a statue—and the image would be about as useful as the original. For our MARS, the noble EARL further declares, is

"Shorn of a great part of his proper power and authority. He is Minister of War, with very little power over the artillery, with no authority in matters of expence, and with scarcely any as regards the provisioning, clothing, and arming of the troops."

Surely a marble MARS would answer every purpose of this one, or we might transfer his waxen effigy to the Horse Guards from TUSSAUD'S. The same report makes VISCOUNT HARDINGE himself say:—

"With reference to the duties of the Commander-in-Chief, I beg to state, that in time of war he has little to do with the army; for as soon as war breaks out, the Secretary of State for War takes upon himself the important duty of the management of the army."

Just when our MARS is in the greatest request, he has nothing to do. He sits in his own temple a mere dummy. The Commander-in-Chief is so called because he is nothing of the sort; *lucus a non*. It comes to this; that the British MARS is a superannuated veteran, and the Chief Commander of our Army is no Chief at all, nor fit to be any Chief at all, except, we may say, Chief-Pensioner of Chelsea Hospital.

### "Arrows in the Strong Man's Hand."

It is not always safe to believe what you read in the papers. Trusting to a report which appeared in the morning journals, we have done an injustice to MR. BENNETT, the relieving officer of Shoreditch; and an article under the above title, which appeared in a recent number of *Punch*, must be considered to go for nothing.

### GEORGE ROBINS REDIVIVUS.



HE genius that once shook the rostrum in Covent Garden, appears to have revived in the country town of Stokesley, whence we have just received the following burst of auctioneering eloquence. An advertisement of a sale of horses and agricultural implements, thus concludes:—

"The Auctioneers consider it would be committing a dereliction towards their worthy employer if they penned this a dry catalogue; and, also, injustice to the Public were they (without puffing) not to state that the Horses are in prime condition, good workers, with great powers; and form a useful solving link in the chain of the great Agricultural Improvement 'Problem.' The Aged Mares need no comment,

as the Brown Filly (gentle in harness) will be found on inspection to be a perfect 'model' of those noble animals. The Black Filly (gentle in harness) may in due course challenge spirited rivalry; and the day is not far distant when she will be added to the stud of Chargers now in the possession of the 'Heroes' of the 'Crimea.' Purchasers are solicited to attend this Sale. From this 'Blooming' little 'Herd' may be obtained pure blood, rich colour, fine symmetry; combined superior dairy and grazing qualities, which all patriotic farmers ought to have an 'eye' to. The Implements are what they ought to be: 'useful.' The Household Furniture is modern, in a good state of preservation, and will be found well worth the attention of purchasers."

We feel some reluctance in testing this emanation of genius by the ordinary rules of grammar and common sense, but, nevertheless, we cannot help asking a few questions. In the first place we would inquire what is the meaning of a "dry catalogue." No catalogue can be dry as long as the ink employed in penning it is wet; but, on the other hand, no catalogue, unless left in soak, can long retain its moisture.

We give up in despair any inquiry as to the horses forming "a useful solving link in the chain of the great Agricultural Improvement Problem," for we do not see how any animal can form a link, unless by a straining of orthography the Lynx itself might be said to supply the desired union. There is a rather bold defiance of Logic in the allegation that "the Aged Mares need no comment as (that is to say *because*) the Brown Filly (gentle in harness) will be found, &c." We cannot venture to contradict the prophecy as to the future destination of the "Brown Filly," but we do not as yet see any ground for the prediction, that "the day is not far distant when she will be added to the stud of chargers now in the possession of the Heroes of the Crimea." We can only hope, that if the "Filly" is of any value she may be spared the wretched fate that the Auctioneers contemplate, for it would be a mercy to walk her off at once to the Knaekers, if there were any prospect of her being destined to starve and rot as part of the "stud" at the Crimea. Perhaps the greatest puzzle of all is the announcement of the "superior dairy and grazing qualities," which the horses about to be sold are said to combine with "pure blood, rich colour and fine symmetry." As the mysterious is a source of the sublime, the poetical Auctioneer has probably made use of the passage in question as a means of ascending to the very Mont Blanc of puffery.

### ENGLAND'S CHANCE OF A MATCH.

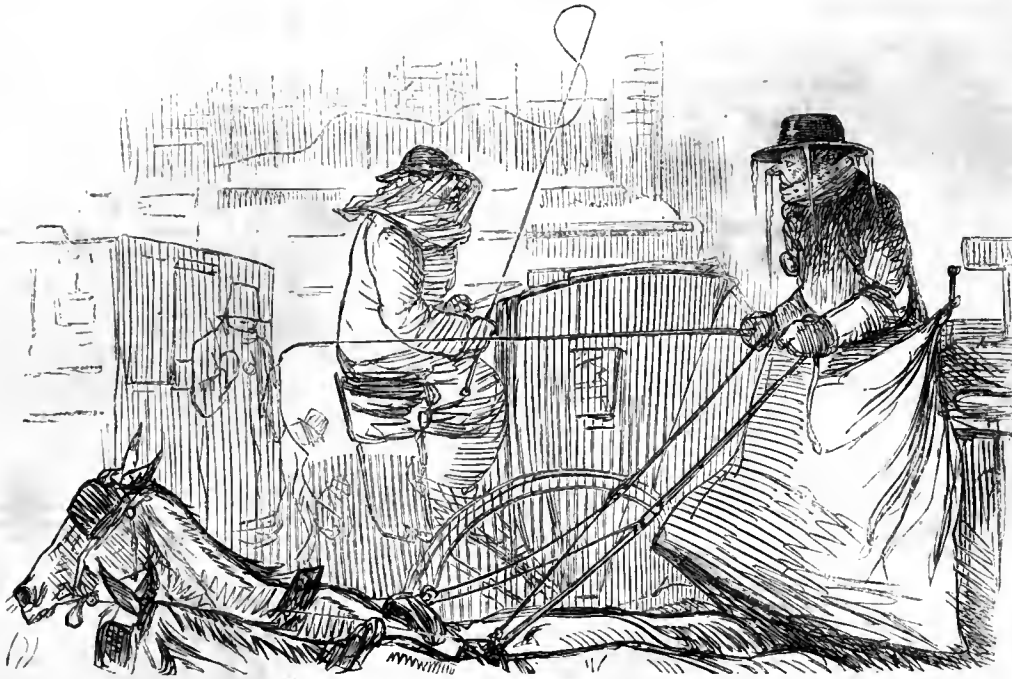
ATTENTION is sometimes due to a *canard*; for instance, to the following, extracted from the Paris news of the *Post*:—

"It was reported to-day, on the Exchange, that Russian agents had set fire to the dockyard at Woolwich. The funds fell."

Because the Baltic is frozen, and because even if it were not we should still be protected by our wooden walls, we flatter ourselves that we are safe from the Russian shot. However that may be, we are not safe from the Russian fire. It should be remembered that fire is peculiarly the Russian's element. Those who are so apt to burn their own cities merely that they may incommode an enemy, would naturally rather use every endeavour to carry fire into the enemy's country. There is no small danger of their ability to smuggle it into this. Let a sharp look out be kept by experienced eyes, such as those which flank the nose of the keenest detective. In this contest with NICHOLAS it is sometimes said, we may meet with our match. Yes: and that match may be a LUCIFER.

### A True Republican.

AN American bankrupt recently pleaded, in excuse for the insufficient way his books were kept, that he was far too fierce a democrat to condescend to the menial act of carrying anything to a Count. He was instantly discharged.



### THE WEATHER IN PICCADILLY.

*Omnibus Driver.* "BILL! JIST BREAK THIS 'ERE HICICLE ORF MY NOSE WITH YER WHIP, THAT'S A GOOD FELLER! IT TAKES BOTH MY HANDS TO KEEP THESE 'OSSSES ON THEIR LEGS."

### Berlin-Wool Gathering.

THE French have an expressive Proverb (which, we suspect, must have been invented by VOLTAIRE)—*Travailler pour le Roi de Prusse*, which means that, work as you will, you are likely to have your labour only for your pains. We are afraid that the Western Powers, in inducing FREDERICK WILLIAM to join the Alliance, have already found out the truth of this Proverb, for depend upon it their laborious diplomacy has been but so much useless work thrown away upon the KING OF PRUSSIA. When will their eyes be open to the folly, as unprofitable as it is hopeless, of persevering any longer in any such losing, mad, childish game as *Travailler pour le Roi de Prusse!*

### TIT FOR TAT.

It is true that the Russians have killed our wounded; but then we, that is our surgeons, have given theirs a good dressing.

### THE MARTYRS IN THE EAST.

Why must the maw of war be with our best and bravest fed,  
Wherefore have England's noblest men their precious blood to shed?  
Should we not find more fitting hands for slaughter's trade than they;  
Tools in that miserable work to break and cast away?

Grim famine, and the cruel cold, and wretched soaking rain,  
The life of bitter hardship, and the death of lingering pain,  
The abominable lazar-house, the mutilated limb,  
Such things, if there 's an honest man, ought they to fall on him?

Are there among us no vile hearts, that we must needs afford  
The loyal and the true to be by savage lances gored?  
Hard labour to endure, forsooth, our scoundrels we condemn,  
No harder if our soldiers toiled 'twere easy toil for them!

They who have done the country wrong should be constrained, by right,  
To suffer for their country's good: send out the rogues to fight.  
How to dispose of criminals our wisdom knoweth not:  
Send them to the Crimea: let our rubbish there be shot.

If any man should risk an arm 'tis that man who is prone  
To stretch the member forth and take the thing that's not his own;  
Of all men's legs that merit to be hazarded, the chief  
Are those that serve the highwayman, the burglar, and the thief.

Light is the base assassin's to the gallant warrior's lot,  
The happy wretch is hanged at once, not doomed alive to rot.  
Why should he die an idle death who usefully might fall  
And bridge a gap for others doomed to storm the Russian wall?

Alas! there is one fatal bar, forbidding us to save  
The just, in war by using up the villain and the knave:  
Could we but get a rascal to his duty firm to stand!  
But when the heart 's of honour void we cannot trust the hand.

Ah! surely when the soldier quits his quarters in the day,  
His sacrifice promotion waits, and permanent full pay.  
Then for his grievous wounds he gets a pension not to cease,  
In the Martyrs' noble Army, when there comes the final peace.

### VULGAR QUESTION AND VICIOUS ANSWER.

WHAT'S the Odds as long as you 're happy?—Fifty to one that it doesn't last.

### A THEATRICAL LONG RANGE.



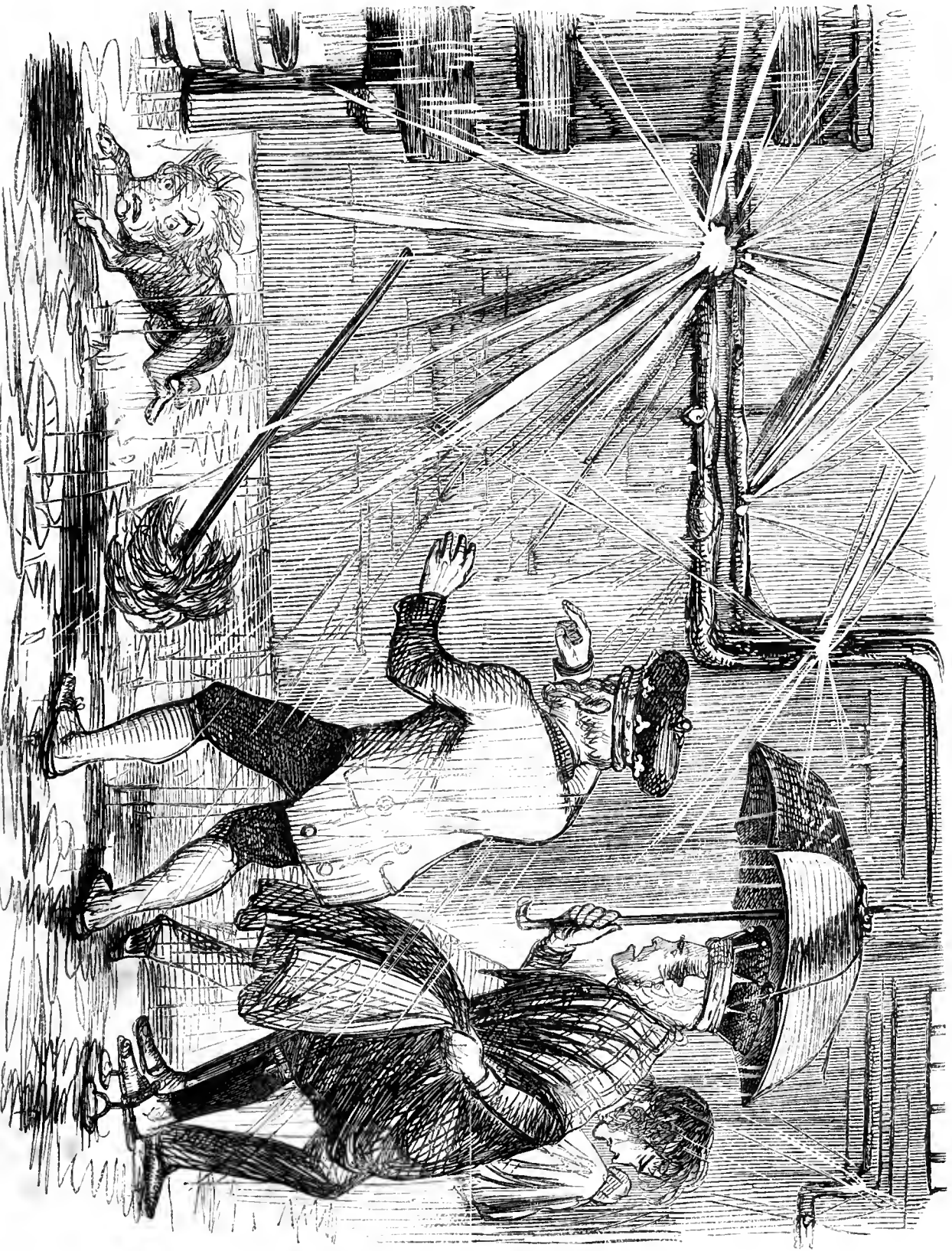
It is to be regretted that the annexed advertisement did not make its appearance before the annual publication of that popular penn'orth, familiarly known as "Nuts to Crack for Christmas." Of all the nuts that ever baffled the most determined of crackers, we never met with anything to equal the "nuts" the gentleman must be on himself who is continually inserting the following in the *Times* newspaper:—

ENGLAND and AMERICA.—MR. RANGER begs to announce that he will shortly have the honour of presenting an entirely new and original drama in two acts, written expressly for him, entitled BROTHERLY ALLIANCE; or The American in England. The character of Benjamin Franklin West (an American) by MR. RANGER.

The puzzle commences at once in the very first words, for we "challenge the world" to say what meaning can be collected from such a heading as "England and America" to the announcement that follows. Are we to imply that the relations between the two countries will be affected by the intention of MR. RANGER, to present "an entirely new and original drama, entitled Brotherly Alliance, or the American in England?" Another mysterious feature of the announcement is the absence of any *locus in quo* for the threatened presentation. Is it to take place at the advertiser's private residence, or at some theatre or concert room? After reading MR. RANGER'S announcement we literally do not know where we are to have him.

### Peto's Shield.

MR. PETO, it appears, offered his services to the late Government—which had never thought of demanding them. The Herald's Office should give him a new coat of arms, in which navvies might be quartered with spades, both proper, in the normal way. As the aid of MR. PETO was unsought, his motto might be "PETO NON PETITUS."



BURSTING OF THE MINISTERIAL PIPES.

Old Lady of the House. "DEAR! OH DEAR! WE MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED THIS CHANGE OF WEATHER, AND OUGHT TO HAVE PROVIDED FOR IT."



ODE TO BACCHUS.

(Under another Name.)



O! CLICQUOT, what a grievous weight,  
Must be the crown upon thy pate.  
Does that, if nothing else, not make  
Thy poor head very often ache?  
Surely thy lot would be more sweet,  
Wert thou from grandeur to retreat;  
And leave that golden load of care  
For one of stronger brain to wear.  
That metal diadem resign,  
For one constructed of the vine,  
With ivy and blue clusters twined,  
And let this crown thy temples bind.

Thy throne exchanging for a cask,  
Thy globe and scepter for a flask,  
And thyrsus, sit, and so bestride  
Thy steed as long as thou canst ride.

Able to keep thy seat no more,  
Recline, in slumber blest, and pour  
The rich bass music of repose  
Through thy trombone of copper nose.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, January 29.—In [the Lords, EARL GREY explained to their Lordships that the whole administration of the army was conducted on wrong principles. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE said that he had sent three officers to Paris to find out how the French managed such things. LADY—we beg pardon—LORD HARDINGE said it was a great shame to speak of the French as if they were so much cleverer than ourselves; and she would let their Lordships into a grand secret. The real reason why the French system was, perhaps, a little better than ours, as it certainly saved the soldiers' lives, and kept them housed and fed, while ours did neither, was that France had Algiers. These two speeches so completely satisfied EARL GREY that he withdrew the proposition he had made.

In the Commons the ROEBUCK battle was renewed. AUGUSTUS STAFFORD exposed the abominable mismanagement at Scutari Hospital, and a variety of gentlemen, very important in their own eyes, but rather insignificant in those of the country, delivered speeches of greater or less dullness. The author of *Pelham* let off some smart epigrams at the Government, and MR. GLADSTONE inflicted a very cutting castigation upon LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in the neatest form of Parliamentary double entendre. The author of *Vivian Grey* delivered a speech, in which hard language did duty for hard thinking, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL made an ineffectual attempt to convince the House that he had not behaved shabbily. PALMERSTON then spoke, not because he had anything to say or wanted to say anything, but because, as a leading member of the Government, it was necessary for him to wind up the debate. It would therefore be unfair to take any notice of what he said. The house took none, but soon afterwards divided, and finished off the ABERDEEN ministry, for good and all, by 305 to 148, majority 157, of whom 99 were Ministerialists. The Opposition refrained from cheering, because little bits of paper, desiring the rank and file not to make a row, were handed to them by their chiefs.

Tuesday.—People expected to hear the Ministers state that they held their places only until their successors should be appointed. But, about two hundred years ago, OLIVER CROMWELL cut off the head of CHARLES STUART. This rendered it quite impossible for the House of Lords to sit upon this Tuesday, and by a parity of reasoning, as an explanation could not be offered to the Lords, it was impossible for one to be given to the assembled Commons, who were therefore sent about their business by LORD PALMERSTON.

Wednesday.—Neither House sat. But the Members kept passing in and out of Clubs all day, exchanging significant looks, and such words as "DERBY," "QUEEN," "PALMERSTON," "NO GO," "PRINCE

ALBERT," "LANSDOWNE," "CLARENDON," "ANOTHER COALITION," &c. A great many gentlemen took immense pains to leave word exactly where they were to be found at any moment of the day, in case an energetic-looking dark man, aged about fifty-seven, or a large gray-haired, jaunty-looking man, aged about seventy-one, should be looking for them, but the precaution, though praiseworthy, proved unnecessary.

Thursday.—The Coalition announced its decease. In the Lords, ABERDEEN coolly said, that he did not wonder that the state of the army exasperated the nation, or that it naturally pounced on the Government as a victim. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, having got the QUEEN'S leave to tell secrets, gave such an exposure of LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S insincere conduct, as made their Lordships stare. He also said that he had done all he could for the army, and, in fact, often lay awake all night thinking about it. LORD DERBY stated that the QUEEN had told him that he might make a Ministry if he could, but that he couldn't. His party are in great wrath at this "hastiness" on the part of the Earl, as a number of them wanted to come into office, and to trust to the chance of keeping it. But LORD DERBY himself knew better than to come in only to be turned out, besides which, he has business of his own to attend to.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON merely told the House what everybody knew, and that SIR DE LACY EVANS was coming down next day.

Friday.—Which he did, in full uniform, and looking remarkably well. Everybody rose up as he entered, and he was tremendously cheered. The SPEAKER addressed him in a very appropriate speech, and SIR DE LACY, to everybody's astonishment, instead of confining himself to returning thanks, proceeded to pitch into that unfortunate JOHNNY RUSSELL for the "theatrical" and incorrect way in which he had described the battle of the Alma, when moving the vote of thanks. He pointed out three blunders in JOHN'S narrative of the war, one, the omitting mention of the Second Division, in speaking of the Alma; next, the omitting mention of the successful action of the 26th of October; and, thirdly, the omitting reference to the exploits of the Second Division at Inkermann, where it had to fight 20,000 men, and beat them. Some people thought that the pointing out these errors on the part of the self-sufficient ex-leader of the House was "bad taste," but Mr. Punch thinks that, to make thanks worth anything, they must be founded on information as to the service rendered, and therefore (as he told EVANS in the House) the gallant old fellow did perfectly right. PALMERSTON and WALPOLE then thanked the SPEAKER for speaking so properly, and the speech and the answer, omitting the record of RUSSELL'S omissions, were ordered to be printed. It was hoped that LORD JOHN would have come down and abused the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, but as he did not, people got away by five o'clock.

CAST OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

VARIOUS lists of the new Cabinet have been handed about, but up to the time of Mr. Punch's going to press he has not seen one which is correct, except the following, which has just been transmitted to him from Windsor Castle. He begs at once to announce that he gives in his adhesion to the new administration, on the ground that it will be a good Acting Government:—

|   |   |
|---|---|
| PREMIER . . . . .   | MR. KEBLEY.                                     |
| LORD CHANCELLOR . . . . .   | MR. BUCKSTONE.                                  |
| PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL . . . . .  | MR. WRIGHT.                                     |
| PRIVY SEAL . . . . .  | MR. ROBSON.                                     |
| HOME SECRETARY (because always at home in every-thing) . . . . .  | MR. WEBSTER.                                    |
| FOREIGN SECRETARY (from his superior French accent) . . . . .   | MR. WIGAN.                                      |
| COLONIAL SECRETARY (for no particular reason, which is why Colonial Secretaries are always appointed) . . . . . | MR. HAELEY.                                     |
| WAR SECRETARY . . . . .   | } (with simultaneous action) . MR. CHARLES KEAN |
| SECRETARY-AT-WAR . . . . .  |   |
| CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (evidently) . . . . .   | MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS.                           |
| FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY (with double hornpipe) . . . . .  | MR. T. P. COOKE.                                |
| PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF CONTROL . . . . .   | MR. WALTER LACY.                                |
| ATTORNEY GENERAL . . . . .  | MR. PAUL BEDFORD.                               |
| SOLICITOR GENERAL . . . . .   | MR. TOM MATTHEWS.                               |
| WITHOUT OFFICE . . . . .  | MR. PUNCH.                                      |

Sacrilege in the Crimea.

MENSCHIKOFF, writing to his master, declares with pious horror that the Allies did not even spare the old Church of the Chersonesus, but destroyed it, for the sake of its timber, which they wanted for fuel. This sacrilege doubtless shocked the man of mild eyes, and yet, on reflection, it should have appeared to him, but a slight impiety. To desecrate a Christian temple is nothing when you are used to it, as the CZAR ought to be by this time. How many temples of Christianity does he not desecrate daily, in causing the destruction of the bodies of Christian men?



### THE NOSE COMFORTER.

*Sensible Man (who despises conventionality).* "HAH! THE WORLD MAY SMILE, BUT IT'S VERY WARM AND COMFORTABLE."

### FOUR AND FIVE THOUSAND POUNDERS.

At a time like the present every mind ought to be fixed on one idea. That is of course the war. Our anxiety concerning that is not sufficient if it is merely intense. It ought to be frantic. The topic should be all absorbing: we have no business to think of anything else: base is the slave who pays the least attention to other affairs.

Yet here is the *Globe*, at a time when the British Public, aghast at the millions melting away in the Crimea, is naturally heedless, reckless, of all the petty little hands that are busy about its pocket, and has, or ought to have, its purse and its handkerchief abstracted in a state of abstraction: here is the *Globe*, actually inviting the notice of this pre-occupied public to a subject so trivial, so insignificant, so utterly unworthy of a moment's consideration, as a case of the alleged abuse of Church patronage. Patronage! who cares about any patronage, well bestowed or ill, but the patronage of the Army. Church! What is the Church now to us? Who is there capable of conceiving, for a moment, the existence of such a thing as the Church, to say nothing of troubling his head about its proper management or the reverse. Administration of the Church, indeed! What should we care at this crisis if MR. GORHAM were nominated to the See of Exeter, or if DR. PUSEY were made Archbishop of Canterbury?

However, the case adverted to by the *Globe*—really it is too ridiculous—the case of clerical maladministration—is thus stated. We quote it merely because the serious treatment of such an affair at this time is laughable.

"By the death of the REV. C. PERGAL, the vicarage of Ellingham, in the county of Northumberland, lately became vacant. The benefice is worth £600 a year, is situated within a few miles of Bamborough Castle, the summer residence of the trustees of the great Crewe charity, and is in the gift of the dean and chapter. On its vacancy it was, in accordance with the practice of capitular bodies, proposed by DRAN WASHINGTON, that a clergyman, who had, for a long series of years, been a minor canon, should be presented to a living. The proposition was resisted by a majority of the Chapter, who, setting aside time-honoured practice, and the reasonable proposition of their Dean, presented thereto the young and uninformed son of one of themselves."

Well, suppose they did; what then? They showed themselves clever fellows, like the unjust steward. They improved the shining hour, like

### ULTRA-CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!

HITHERTO the severest penalty known to the law of England, since the abolition of drawing and quartering, has been death by simple suspension. It now, however, seems probable that assassination will be visited with a severer punishment, and that too, without constitutional trial. The verdict of a Coroner's Jury will, at least in the County of Middlesex, be followed by instant execution. As soon as it has been delivered, the Inspector of Police in attendance will collar the prisoner. The Foreman of the Jury, acting under the Coroner's orders, will collar him on the other side. They will then pull for the possession of his body, and by so doing will tear his clothes from his back. The culprit, thus stripped, will again be seized by his two executioners, one of them grasping his right arm, and the other his left. The Inspector, with the aid of his subordinate constables, and the Foreman assisted by his brother jurors, will then tug at the unfortunate man's arms until they have torn them off; after which, taking him by the leg on either side, they will pull away his lower extremities in the same manner. If the poor wretch is not dead by this time, the belligerents will scramble for his trunk, and the stronger party will take it and bear it away, to breathe the miserable remainder of its life out at the gaol or the station-house, as victory shall determine.

BETWEEN MR. WAKLEY and INSPECTOR DARGAN, with their respective partisans, it appears that an execution, similar to the above, was very nearly taking place one day last week in front of the Middlesex Hospital. We rejoice that the scene of horror was not consummated, for the dreadful spectacle would have disgraced our civilisation, and perhaps have inflicted a fatal shock on the nerves of some of the hospital patients who may have been looking out of window. The sternest advocates for the retention of Capital Punishment will deprecate the repetition, in the nineteenth century, in the case of even the worst criminal, of the atrocities which were inflicted on RAVAILLAC and DAMIENS.

### Venal Swords.

THERE is generally felt an objection to the employment of mercenaries in our army; yet the system of obtaining commissions by purchase involves the necessity that almost all our officers must be soldiers of fortune.

the bec. They took the opportunity of war-time, as many other chapters will take it, but without opposition on the part of their deans. These are fine days for capitular bodies and all other corporations. Of course they will make the most of them. Poor prebendaries have now some chance of a few jobs; and it may be expected that they will be proportionally industrious.

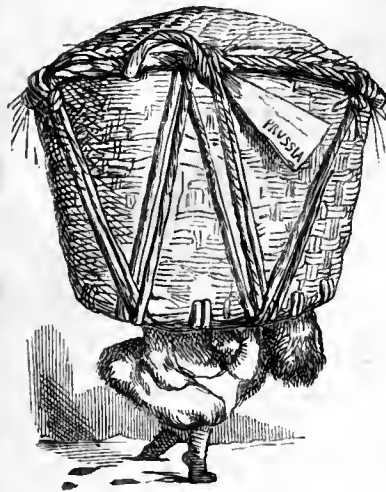
The *Globe* proceeds to mention some further particulars, which are more reasonable; for whilst, on the one hand, we are agonised by the spectacle of so much heart-rending misery, it is a relief on the other, to contemplate at least one picture of human happiness, such as the following:—

"The father of the fortunate youth is the REV. CANON THORPE, who unites in his own person:—1. The rectory of Ryton. 2. The archdeaconry of Durham. 3. A canonry of Durham Cathedral. 4. A canonry in St. David's Cathedral; and 5. The wardenship of Durham University—preferments worth between £4,000 and £5,000 a year. In addition, this divine is one of the trustees of the Crewe charities, with a share in an expenditure, unappropriated by the specific trusts of LOAN CAWSE'S will, of about £8,000 a year, and in this capacity he has already secured for his son the perpetual curacy of Blanchland, with some £200 a year, and the shooting over Blanchland Moors which belong to the Crewe trust, and are preserved at its cost for the incumbent of Blanchland."

If the lot of the private in the trenches is bitter, sweet is that of the pluralist in his pleasant places—so many of them and so rich. We lament the wretchedness of the soldier's pay; let us rejoice in the blessedness of the churchman's income. O the felicity of between four and five thousand a-year! Money is not happiness? No, you goose; neither is money turtle-soup. Not that the happiness of CANON THORPE consists in anything of that sort; but only fancy the luxury of doing good which he may, and doubtless does, indulge in with nearly £5,000 per annum. The wants of an English canon are few and simple; a little beef, a little pudding, a small quantity of port-wine, for the stomach's sake; they make but a slight hole in one thousand pounds, and there are almost four thousand remaining, with which the REVEREND MR. THORPE can delight himself in imparting bliss. Then he is also blest in a son who takes after his father, taking his £200 a year for one piece of preferment, and his £600 for another: withal bagging the game of the Blanchland moors. Thus the son is provided for already,

though the father will cut up well. He will cut up into five distinct clergymen; but this will be a matter for consideration some other day, if the war does not last as long as the world: in the meantime we are too intent on the bore of Lancaster guns to plague ourselves with that of expensive cathedral canons.

### NICHOLAS'S HAMPER.



They are informed that the following are the contents of the enormous hamper that was forwarded by the Emperor from St. Petersburg to Berlin on New Year's Day:—"Six Dozen of the best French Cognac; Six Dozen of the finest pine-apple Rum; Six Dozen of the strongest Schiedam; Two Dozen of Maraschino, the same of Curacao, and the same of the new liqueur La Chartreuse; Twenty-four Dozen of the best Clicquot Champagne; besides Thirty-six Dozen of the best double aerated Soda Water, the latter purposely fabricated in St. Petersburg for the royal use." Neither gin nor whiskey were included in

the contents of the hamper, as NICHOLAS was naturally anxious not to put anything English into his brother-in-law's head. Of course we need not state that the hamper was intended as a New Year's Gift to the KING OF PRUSSIA, and was accompanied with an autograph letter from the CZAR, in which the "hope was humbly expressed that the gift, trifling as it was, might have the effect of inducing the august Monarch of Prussia to adhere as firmly as ever to his former principles."

### COMMON THINGS FOR THE COMMISSARIAT.

It has been indelicately suggested that everybody's education should include the knowledge of common things. A little of this science would have saved the lives of many brave men in the Crimea. What a pity it is that the War Office authorities and the Commissariat should never have been taught any of it, as they evidently have not! Had they possessed the slightest knowledge of common things amongst them, would the troops in the Crimea ever have had served out to them rations so irrational as green coffee? Wheat or beans in the crude state the human grinders may deal with, the human stomach being very empty, and nothing better at hand to fill the void. But green-coffee berries for an article of food, and no means of utilizing them but jaw teeth!—What did the Commissariat and the War Office imagine that the molars would do with such materials! Wise teeth indeed it would take to dispose of diet of that sort. That this mistake may not again occur, and by way of example to matrons, housewives, and others capable of instructing Downing Street and the Horse Guards in the knowledge of the things above alluded to, a few remarks may be offered with respect to one of those things, namely, that same common thing,

#### COFFEE.

Coffee is not produced by nature in the form in which it occurs to us at the breakfast table. It is not found in a liquid state. It is a berry, that is to say, a quantity of berries, the fruit of a plant cultivated in Arabia and the West Indies, and in the Conservatory at Kew Gardens. Plenty of Coffee may be seen in every grocer's shop in London and the United Kingdom. Heaps of it are piled in the shop windows; and the berries of which these heaps of coffee consist are some of them brown and others green.

Green coffee differs from green tea. Green tea is fit to make the beverage called tea, but green coffee is not fit to make that denominated coffee. Green tea is not simply the verdure of the tea plant, unmanufactured. But green coffee is merely raw coffee; it is coffee unprepared for use. When prepared for use, coffee is brown. It is prepared for use by being roasted. The roasting is not performed with a spit, or by means of a jack. The green coffee berries are put into iron cylinders which are turned by steam engines over a fire. By this operation they are browned. The roasting of coffee is a business of itself, requiring large premises, and much labour. It might indeed, at a pinch, and after a fashion, be managed in a frying-pan. In the absence of any

frying-pan, a fire-shovel, perhaps, would serve. But without steam-engine, without cylinder, without frying-pan, without fire-shovel, it would hardly be possible to roast coffee anyhow, and without fire, certainly, coffee could be roasted nohow. Coffee, therefore, should be issued to troops ready roasted, and not green, as they are always unprovided with steam-engines and cylinders, and generally almost as badly off for frying-pans and fire-shovels.

When coffee, by the process of roasting, has been changed from green to brown, it has to undergo another operation, before it can be employed in concocting the drink which bears its name. Those Ministers and Commanding and Commissariat Officers, whose breakfast-rooms are not too highly elevated above their kitchens, may sometimes, of a morning, have remarked a rumbling sound ascending from the culinary regions. This is occasioned by the manoeuvre of grinding the coffee, which is effected with a hand-mill. Hand-mills also not abounding in armies, and coffee-grinding being essential to coffee-making, mere coffee-berries, though roasted and not green, afford the soldier a nearly insoluble problem, even when he can get enough hot water for the solution of his coffee: which is not always the case. The pestle and mortar may present a substitute for the mill, but in yielding them to a mess, the surgeon runs the risk of getting himself into a scrape. Nutmeg-graters would answer better; but where there are no nutmegs the graters must needs be few. Coffee, therefore, should be supplied to soldiers not only ready roasted, but ready ground; if issued whole, it should be accompanied with a sufficiency of graters; and if issued green, as well as whole, there should likewise be an equally liberal distribution of fire-shovels or frying-pans, as well as plenty of coke or charcoal.

Here some account of that common thing, the making of coffee, might be added; but the knowledge of this is not necessary to the authorities, who are not encamped before Sebastopol: for them it will suffice to know what are the conditions indispensable for that purpose. Let them only give the soldier the possibility of making his coffee, and the soldier will make it well enough, no doubt.

### INES DRAWN IN A CIRCLE.

BY A SHAKSPEARIAN CLOWN.

MATRIMONY is a Circus. Many noble creatures enter it, run round and round, and kick up a fine dust, but how few get properly trained and broken into it!

Lovers' vows at an evening party are but paper-hoops—held up one moment, and broken through the next.

Compliments are the blue fire that lights up life's dingy scenery.

Ministers are as difficult to keep together as the six or seven horses which are ridden by the Courier of St. Petersburg. One refractory horse will put out all the others, and floor the Conrrier; so one restive minister will disturb the rest, and throw the Premier completely on his back.

A Beauty in curl-papers is a Clown without paint.

A woman may be beaten, but she will rarely own to it—like the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who, instead of acknowledging a defeat, chants a *Te Deum* for each one.

The bread that is made of saw-dust is perhaps the driest of all.

Be considerate to all fools. Many a Clown, who tumbles in public to make you laugh aches bitterly for it, perhaps, in private.

I call Charity "lowering a difficulty—as we lower a scarf in the circle—when you see a person hasn't the strength to leap over it."

The true aim of satire should be, like that of our guns—making a good report, but wounding no one.

Small talk is the chaff that leads a young lady from Flat to Flat, in the same way that a horse is led across the stage by a sieve of fictitious oats.

Perseverance is failing nineteen times, and succeeding the twentieth—but when you do succeed, good gracious me! how the applause does come down!

The Stage has two sides, like its "banners,"—the one brilliant, and the other dull,—and the public judges of it by seeing only the brilliant side.

I have observed many tumbles through life, but I have invariably noticed that it is the man who mounts the high horse, that receives the least pity when he falls.

Genius, like the mantle of GRIMALDI, is claimed by every fool, but possessed by scarcely one!

The only Ring in which the whip should not be used is the wedding-ring; whenever it is used, you may put it down as a badly managed circle, that is a disgrace to the Ring!

Life may be compared to one of the golden goblets that flash at our banquet upon the stage; it looks very splendid, and you fancy it is full of the most intoxicating draughts, but put it to your lips, and you will find there is nothing in it!—nothing but hollowness, mockery, and disappointment!!!



### HOW DISAGREEABLE THE BOYS ARE.

Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY! THERE'S THE HELEPHANT FROM THE S'LOGICAL GARDINGS GOING A SKATING!"

### A TERRIBLE BLOW FOR JUSTICE.

JUSTICE has lately received a terrible blow in the very Hall of Westminster. The following extract from a report of the proceedings in the Court of Exchequer will explain our meaning:—

#### "INCONVENIENCE OF THE COURT.

"In the course of the day, notwithstanding the want of public interest in the above case, the limited space in the Court was crammed with auditors. The consequence was that the Court became insufferably close—so much so as at times to produce an occasional sensation of approaching suffocation. At length MR. BARON PLATT ordered one of the Ushers of the Court to open a window. This order was no sooner carried into execution than down poured a stream of cold air. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, MR. QUAIN, one of the counsel engaged in the cause, requested the Usher to close the window, when he was informed that the admission of fresh air had been ordered by the learned Judge. Of course the learned Counsel, in this state of things, felt himself bound to submit to the sacrifice of his own personal comfort to the convenience of the learned Baron, and the window remained open. Much further time however was not permitted to elapse for the continuance of the evil, for a complaint was made by the Jury that they were suffering much inconvenience from the draught of wind that reached them from the window in question.

"MR. BARON PLATT.—Gentlemen, this is a horrible Court, I ordered the window to be opened in order that we might all might be relieved as far as possible from the dreadfully oppressive sensation which was produced by its closeness; but, as it is inconvenient to you, it shall be again closed.

"The window was thereupon shut, and the exertion of struggling against annoying stench and threatened suffocation once more commenced."

Justice may well be not only blind with influenza, but deaf with a cold, and dumb with hoarseness, if the Judge is compelled to play the part of a weathercock, exposed to all the winds that blow in upon him from every point of the compass. It is right that justice should be administered with open doors, but it surely should not be exposed to the inconvenience of open windows.

If there exists "an ill wind that blows nobody good," it must be the wind that poured into the Court to the inconvenience of the Bench, the Bar, and the Jury. The thorough draft was very nearly the cause of a breeze between the Judge and the Counsel, for the former had ordered the Usher to open a window, which the latter desired should be closed, and at length the open question was decided by the Jury,

### "OFFICIAL ROUTINE."

(A New Song to an Old Tune, as sung in the War Office.)

Airs.—"The Ivy Green."

Oh a dainty growth is Official Routine,  
That crawleth o'er systems old:  
With red-tape tendrils clasping keen,  
And choking where they fold!  
What stores have rotted, what ships decayed,  
To pleasure his dainty whim!  
How he fettereth hand, and blindeth head,  
So terrible and so trim!  
For knaves and fools a sheltering screen,  
Oh a glorious growth is Official Routine.

He worketh his way, with men and things,  
Alike by land and sea;  
And the weaker his root, the tighter he clings  
By the *vis inertiae*.  
You may see him trailing along the ground,  
O'er an army's new-made graves;  
Or barring their way that stand around  
To save wrecked stores from waves.  
At Balaklava all serene—  
A flourishing growth is Official Routine!

Let men and ministers have their day,  
And be as they had not been,  
Official Routine still holdeth sway,  
In its mingled gray and green.  
The brave old creeper, in these our days,  
Still fattens, as in the past,  
And the noblest host a nation could raise,  
Hath fallen, its prey at last!  
Creeping still where life has been—  
A terrible plant is Official Routine!

#### Glory at the Fireside.

"TALK of the bar of public opinion"—cried young FITZBLANKFEATHER who had been exchanged, and was at home, with his legs on the family hob—"talk of the bar of public opinion: fiddle-de-dee for such a bar! Give me the bars of the fireplace!"

who declared that they could no longer sit to be so undeservedly blown upon. The shutting of the window led to a struggle between Suitors, Witnesses, Counsel, and Spectators, all of whom were anxious to get out of what had been suddenly turned into a close tribunal.

### OLD CLO' AND THE ARMY.

BIGOTRY alone would deprive any person of his political rights on account of his religious opinions. But the necessities of war are stern, and these, unfortunately, demand a certain present exception to the general rule of toleration which would admit the Jews into all places, and spheres of action, which are open to the people at large. *The Morning Post*, in describing the embarkation of the 18th Royal Irish, at Portsmouth, for the Crimea, after mentioning certain irregularities in the conduct of the men, thus proceeds:—

"Other disgraceful results were, however, displayed this morning. On receiving their winter boots, some of the 18th, fancying that they would be of no further use to them, readily sold those they ordinarily wore for a mere trifle to some Jewish dealers, who were not slow in suggesting the traffic, and who never ought to have been allowed in the dockyard or on board the ship."

Admit a duly elected Jewish gentleman to the House of Commons, by all means; but exclude all not equally well authorised gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion from the dockyards, and the QUEEN'S ships. A too fastidious liberality must not induce us to expose our soldiers to the temptation of selling their clothes and their kit,—for the want of which they will by-and-by rot—to ABRAHAMS, ISAACS, and JACOBS. Let the officials who guard the access to the men-of-war and the dockyards, be directed to keep a sharp look out for all suspicious noses.

#### CLICQUOT'S MEASURE.

CLICQUOT has the credit of possessing some capacity. So has a quart bottle. How many quarts will CLICQUOT hold? There is something in CLICQUOT, doubtless; but it is not solid.





Navy. "Ah, BILL! IT SHOWS THE FORWARD MARCH OF THE AGE. FUST, THE BRUTE FORCE, SUCH AS 'IM; AND THEN THE LIKES OF US TO DO IT SCIENTIFIC, AND SHOW THE MIGHT OF INTELLECT."

SCUTARI.

AMID the clouds of grief and wrath,  
That o'er the heart of England brood,  
One bright star holds its blessed path,  
Unswerving, unsubdued.

A steady radiance: breathing balm  
To throbbing limb, and wand'ring brain;  
Investing death with hallowed calm,  
Taking the sting from pain.

Through miles of pallets, thickly laid  
With sickness in its foulest guise,  
And pain, in forms to have dismayed,  
Man's science-hardened eyes.

A woman, fragile, pale, and tall,  
Upon her saintly work doth move.  
Fair or not fair, who knows? But all  
Follow her face with love.

Lady—thy very name so sweet,  
Speaks of full songs through darkness heard,  
And fancy findeth likeness meet  
Between thee and the bird,

Whose music cheers the glooming wold,  
As thy low voice the anguish dim,  
That through these sad rooms lieth cold  
On brain and heart and limb.

God guard thee, noble woman; still  
Wear the saint's glory round thy brow,  
Let bigots call thee as they will,  
What Christ preached, doest thou.

Superiority of British Labour,

As a proof that the English are quicker 'and better workmen than the French, we may mention the fact, that whereas it will take three Frenchmen a week to write a farce, one Englishman will translate it in a day.

THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

WHEN the history of the present crisis comes to be written, we trust that its proper position will be given to that very remarkable chapter described by the Court Newsmen as the "Chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Garter." With the country in a state of painful anxiety for want of a Government, and the remains of the army perishing in the Crimea, the tragic interest of the scene is suddenly broken in upon by a chapter which seems to belong rather to a Comic history than to a serious record of the events that are keeping the whole nation in a state of the most painful anxiety. When the weightiest business is being left undone for want of the men to do it, and when the absence of men is attributed to the enervating influence of idle form and senseless ceremony, there seems to be a dash of mockery in the burlesque, for we cannot conscientiously call it anything else, that was enacted the other day at Windsor.

We exempt from censure the principal performer, who is compelled, by position, to take a part in a pageantry got up for the purpose of gratifying the silly pride of those who, having failed in statesmanship, hope to hide their failure in the gaudy frippery of gold lace, and the other flimsy external of their "order." Garters and bits of ribbon are the highest of all the distinctions which our aristocracy can attain, and such rewards are perhaps well worthy of the spirit of man-millinery and red-tapeism which prevails in our highest official circles. The sort of merit that is sometimes rewarded by the Garter may be inferred from the fact that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA enjoys the distinction which his friend LORD ABERDEEN has just received, and when we look at these two Garters, we see at once that there is a precious pair of them.

We will suppose the Garter, or, by way of variety, a gold Hat-Band, to be the summit of ambition in every other branch of the public service, and we will give an outline of the Investiture of MR. SUPERINTENDENT EVERGREEN on his retirement, or rather his dismissal—for it must be the latter to make it a case in point—from the police force. Taking the report from the *Court Circular* as a model, the following would be the description of the ceremony we have taken the liberty of imagining:—

The Commissioner held a Chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Gold Hat-Band this afternoon at the Station.

The Jolly Night's Companions having been robed in their capes of dark oilskin, and wearing their clean collars, were by order of the Commissioner called over by Garter, Inspector of Legs in the lobby when several answered.

In attendance were the Cabmen of the Order, the Watermen of the Order, and the Conductor of the Order, who wore their chains and badges.

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, *Mr. Punch*, was in attendance with one of his blackest rods, which had been kept in pickle expressly for the occasion.

The Commissioner was conducted to the Hat-Band room, in which the Chapter was held, by the Upper Steward and the Under Butler. The Commissioner wore the cape of the order, and a collar rather out of order.

By command of the Commissioner the Jolly Night's Companions were conducted to the Hat-Band room by the Grand Cross Conductor; Charing Cross Conductor being on the right, and King's Cross Conductor on the left of the Commissioner.

The Jolly Night's Companions then took their seats according to their seniority.

The Watermen of the Order signified to the Chaps constituting the Chapter, the Commissioner's pleasure that the vacant Hat-Band should be appropriately filled up by an equally vacant head, and as none but a Jolly Night's Companion could be elected, MR. SUPERINTENDENT EVERGREEN was introduced by Garter, Inspector of Legs, and the Truncheon having been handed to the Commissioner, he was pleased to intimate his desire to make a night of it with MR. EX-SUPERINTENDENT EVERGREEN, who shook the Commissioner's hand, and retired.

The Jolly Night's Companions proceeded to the election, and the suffrages were collected by the Conductor—on the fare principle—and by him were presented to the Commissioner, who commanded the Conductor to declare that the Right and Left Honourable GEORGEY PORGEY EVERGREEN had been duly elected to the Most Noble Order of the Gold Lace Hat-Band.

By the Commissioner's Command the Ex-Superintendent was received at the door by the two youngest Chaps of the Chapter, and was conducted between them—one dragging him by one arm and the other by the other—to the Commissioner, preceded by Hat-Band bearing the buckle and other ensigus of the Order on a red velvet pincushion, and by Black Rod—just out of pickle, in the hands of *Mr. Punch*. The

Ex-Superintendent stooped near the Commissioner, and held his head down while the Commissioner buckled the Hat-Band on the Ex-Superintendent's Hat, the Waterman pronouncing the usual admonition to be ready to "buckle to" on all occasions.

The Ex-Superintendent again shook the Commissioner's hand, and having been congratulated by all the other Chaps of the Chapter retired.

The Mistress of the Wardrobe, the Lady's Maid in Waiting, and the following flunkies of the Household were in attendance.—The Steward, the Groom of the Horse, the two or three Sad Sticks at Waiting who had been engaged as writers, a Gentleman Usher of State, and a Blackguard Usher (from a neighbouring school) in a disgraceful state.

## AGRICULTURE IN THE SUBURBS.



We wish some great agricultural authority would enlighten us on the causes which create the enormous difference in the price of bread within and just around the metropolis. We should really like to be informed how it is that a four pound loaf can be sold in the Borough for eightpence, in Chelsea for ninepence, and in Brompton for tenpence, while in Kensington it is not to be produced—or at all events sold—for less than tenpence-halfpenny. Is the Borough a better corn-growing district? Is the soil of Southwark more fertile? Is the air of Bermondsey more balmy than that of the other localities, where bread is sold at exorbitant prices?

It would be a great boon to the cultural commission were to be appointed to inquire into the causes of these enormous differences in the prices of bread, which are quite beyond our comprehension; for though we admit that Kensington is not a corn-growing district, we believe that Southwark is equally destitute of food producing facilities.

Perhaps the investigation might comprise the subject of the causes that operate to keep bread at the same price, notwithstanding a fall in the cost of flour. Perhaps importation may be prohibited at the gates of Kensington, or possibly the Kensington farmers—if such a body should happen to exist somewhere in the back streets of the town—may be protected by a heavy duty. Whatever may be the cause, we are all familiar with the effect, which makes bread differ some twenty per cent. in price at places within three or four miles of each other. If there is no prohibition on importation, we should recommend some baker from the East to charter a cart two or three times a week for the West, where any amount of bread at a fair price would be eagerly purchased by the inhabitants.

### A Coming Speech by a Gallant Colonel.

"SIR,—I rise to observe that the least said is the soonest mended. With respect to the detestable doctrines of Mr. BRIGHT, why, it is well known that what is one man's Quaker is another man's poison. If two blacks made a white there wouldn't be so many *Uncle Toms* on the Treasury Bench. Brag was a good dog, but he thought Do was a better. It was cauld kail at Aberdeen; because as he (the Colonel) had said before, fine words buttered no parsnips, which proved to the confusion of the lot of rubbish just shot out, that with respect to the war, you could not bar the door of the country with a boiled carrot!"

### A New Family Time-Piece.

(Adapted for Kitchens, Servants' Halls, Larders, &c.)

China, according to the missionary M. HUC, it seems to be the first to tell the time by looking at the eyes of the cat; and we have that in England, also, the mistress of an establishment, by occasionally into the kitchen, and watching a little the descent to tell "What's o'clock?" the cat, would be all the better enat

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, February 5th.*—In the Lords, poor LORD ABERDEEN was obliged to get up, and with as amiable a face as he could assume (it would be cruel to be critical under the circumstances), to announce that the man who had branded him with the title of Antiquated Imbecility, had been sent for by HER MAJESTY, and made Premier of England. Their Lordships, who, with all their shortcomings, are kindly and humane gentlemen, instantly, and with the greatest commiseration, proposed to adjourn, in order not to detain LORD ABERDEEN at such a period of affliction. They received the Fisheries Bill and immediately hooked it.

In the Commons, Ex-President of the Council LORD JOHN RUSSELL made a variety of complaints touching the castigation he had received from the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. He declared he had never known that the Duke had offered to resign, and added that LORD ABERDEEN had behaved very rudely to himself in not telling him about it. Also he let out that (contrary to all his declarations for the last year) he had not considered ABERDEEN "by any means a vigorous and determined supporter of the war." It is as well to know this, because it is another illustration of the habitual sincerity of our rulers. The Duke would have done, he said, had ABERDEEN been energetic and warlike. He then went into some details, about which nobody cares, and admitted that his not resigning when he first discovered that the war was being mismanaged was an "error." He apologised for going out when he did, by saying, modestly, that had he stayed in, and so saved the Ministry against his conscience, his feelings would have been very painful. He then said that the QUEEN would have allowed him to make a Ministry, and that he tried, and found that people would not act with him. Finally, he expressed sorrow for the omissions for which GENERAL EVANS had attacked him, but remarked that LORD RAGLAN had done justice to the Second Division, with which rather curious excuse for his own *laches*, LORD JOHN RUSSELL finished himself off, and then MR. GLADSTONE rose and argued, at some length, that great part of LORD JOHN'S statement was erroneous, and that the rest was inconvenient.

*Tuesday.*—LORD ST. LEONARDS presented to his fellow peers a bill for the better protection of purchasers from judgments, but omitted to explain that it was not intended to protect them from the consequences of want of judgment, or to poke a hole in contracts whereby pigs in pokes are conveyed. A purchaser is to be bound by any registry of judgment made within five years of his purchase, and if he makes a foolish purchase such binding is to be considered calf.

In the Commons, a MR. BENTINCK, of all men in the world, took upon himself to think that the country ought not to be without a Government, as if he himself had not voted in the majority that turned the last out, or as if anybody cared for what he thought. SIR CHARLES WOOD desired him to hold his tongue. MR. WHITESIDE, the Irish lawyer (who is supposed to share with MR. ROBSON, of the Olympic, the power of putting himself into a violent rage at the shortest notice, and on the smallest provocation), gave an Irish echo of BENTINCK. MR. SCOTT astonished the House by saying rather a sensible thing, namely, that the country had gone on for a week without a Government as well as for two years with one, and MUNTZ was equally rational in observing, that the people were kept waiting while two or three aristocratic families were settling their differences. Poor MR. MALINS, who is an opposition barrister, and who has for a long time been talking about everything, at mereless length, (*Mr. Punch* need not mention why Parliamentary barristers do such things), complained that his party had no voice in the Government. MR. MALINS must talk a little more—LORD DERBY not being yet in a position to appoint law-officers of the Crown. MR. ROEBUCK explained that he fully intended to have his Committee on the War, but wished to have the best men in the House, and as some of these might be about to take office, he must wait and see whom he could get. SIR GEORGE GNEY (now the Home Secretary), announced that the veteran Bottle-holder was at last going to enter the ring on his own account, and that preliminaries were being adjusted.

*Wednesday.*—MR. WHIPPER-IN HAYTER moved new writs for Tiverton, and South Wilts, PALMERSTON and SIDNEY HERBERT having to go through the form of re-election. LORD PALMERSTON has addressed his constituency in a warlike epistle, and they have sent up "their compliments and he'll do, and needn't trouble himself to come down." MR. GLADSTONE, still, *Mr. Punch* is happy to say, Chancellor of the Exchequer, took a quiet million and odd on account of the estimates, and next day another and more odd, altogether £2,800,000, but *Mr. Punch* apologises for alluding to such a trifle. He also robbed MR. JOSEPH HUME of a phrase, the latter having once (it is said) observed that honourable members might laugh, but he was speaking *seriatim*. MR. GLADSTONE promised that the Navy Estimates should be so discussed. There was a good deal of complaint about the mismanagement of the war, but as MR. GLADSTONE and SIR CHARLES WOOD made it a particular request that members would drop the subject,—they did.

*Thursday.*—EARL GRANVILLE, the new President of the Council,

and Government leader in the Lords, made a spirited little speech on reporting himself to their lordships, and declared that the paramount object for Parliament and Government was the vigorous and active prosecution of the war. *Mr. Punch*, who was sitting on the steps of the throne, observed condescendingly, "Bravo! GRANNY," and upon LORD CRANWORTH looking round indignantly, was pleased to add, "I didn't say CRANNY." (*Shouts of Laughter.*)

LORD DERBY, encouraged by the good nature of the House, trespassed upon it most awfully by a long statement as to why the Conservatives had not brought in a motion of censure, and why he could not make a Government, and so forth. The points of his speech were these: 1st, That as the opposition muster only 250 men in the Commons, they are not a majority, and therefore can't keep office. Here he might as well have stopped, as his other explanations savoured of the nineteen reasons why the Governor did not fire a salute, the first being that he had no guns. However, he alleged, 2ndly, That if he had taken office LORD ELLENBOROUGH would have joined him. 3rdly, That SIR BULWER LYTTON would have done the same, notwithstanding MR. PAUL CLIFFORD's irreverent references to the above lord. 4thly, That LORD PALMERSTON was a very popular man. 5thly, That he had called upon LORD PALMERSTON, and offered to make a new Coalition with his lordship, GLADSTONE, and SIDNEY HERBERT, and promised that DISRAELI should be done out of the leadership of the Commons, (to which, if the Tories came in, he has an equitable and almost a legal title) if PALMERSTON would join. 6thly, That LORD PALMERSTON was very polite to him. 7thly, That LORD PALMERSTON agreed with him on certain points on which no two sensible men differ. 8thly, That LORD PALMERSTON and the other two gentlemen wrote to him that they really could not coalesce. 9thly, That in his opinion the Conservative party should not rashly and prematurely undertake the Government of the country. The rest of his speech was an apology to his own men for not ramming them into office against the feeling of the country which would have marched them out again in double quick time.

LORD LANSDOWNE said that he had advised the QUEEN to send in succession for DERBY, RUSSELL, and PALMERSTON. He also, very politely, entreated "that noble institution, the Public Press," to be cautious, at the present crisis.

LORD MALMESBURY next got up, and showed his extreme fitness for the office for which he is so eager, by prolonged and dreary blundering over one of the simplest matters in the world. *Mr. Punch*, and some other, and inferior journalists, have long argued that the aristocratic system of the army is an exceedingly bad one. Dull LORD MALMESBURY supposed that the complaint, instead of referring to the rank, wealth, and influence generally, which place the army in the hands of the upper classes, meant that nearly all the officers were sons, or nephews, or cousins of peers, and the stupid man had been getting an Army List, and a Peerage, and counting on his fingers, to disprove the supposed charge. As it was, he showed a great array of aristocratic names in the list, and *Mr. Punch* would be heartily glad of it (for the young nobility are very gallant fellows), if the owners of those names had made their way upwards by sheer merit, and that BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON could do the same. MALMESBURY also complimented the press by showing that it never stooped to his capacity. LORD PANMURE, the new War Minister, then made his initiatory speech, and promised to be valiant, as became an ex-officer of the 79th Highlanders, and also to employ nobody except those who merited employment. Their Lordships then adjourned for a week.

In the Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, as a private member, brought in an Education Bill. Some members spoke of the condition of the army, and LORD JOHN proceeded to educate them rather severely. He declared that we had 28,000 men in the Crimea, though there were only 12,000 rank and file actually on duty. GLADSTONE had ventured on a similar statement. There is evident juggling with phrases and figures, but the subject is too solemn to be treated as *Mr. Punch* treats most Parliamentary nonsense. LORD JOHN then talked of the attacks of "a ribald press," but it would be unkind to an unfortunate little man, whose political character has been so miserably tarnished of late, to be hard upon him while smarting under complicated humiliation.

*Friday.*—ADMIRAL BERKELEY explained that all that SIR CHARLES NAPIER had said at the Mansion House dinner was untrue, and that his old friend was a most indiscreet old man, which was probably the reason why he had been appointed to command the noblest fleet that ever left England.

The House adjourned for a week, to re-assemble when Tiverton has re-elected PALMERSTON, the People's Premier.

#### A Violin's Joke.

Now that we have got rid of the Scotch Fiddle, we hope we shall not have to complain of any more hitches in the Government. That a Scotch premier should have exhibited a reluctance to carry on the War with spirit, or at all events to come vigorously to the scratch, is rather remarkable.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.



R. SLAP, a retired Clown, on whom the mantle of GRIMALDI fell some years ago, contemplates the reading of *Mother Goose* and some other celebrated pantomimes. It is understood that Hungerford Hall will be taken for the occasion, and an orchestra will be engaged to accompany the vocal portions of the entertainment, which will include *Hot Coddins* and *Tippitycitchet*. The score of the former has been long in the hands of an eminent maestro for revision, and *Tippitycitchet* will be produced with a double brass band, strengthened by six additional ophi-

cleides. If the reading of *Mother Goose* should answer the expectations that have been formed by the retired Clown, he will probably read the Drury Lane Pantomime, *Jack and Jill*, when the run is over.

#### "CURIOSITIES OF LONDON."

"MR. PUNCH,

"I am a citizen of the United States, located here in your bit of a metropolis, with no letters of introduction, which I don't need, for haven't I my own card, and here it is, which I send in by any serf in livery—(*Uncle Toms* in plush and powder I guess)—wherever I may determine to drop a call—

JONATHAN HICCORNYUT

MANKIND ARE MY BROTHERS,

AND MY HOME IS THE WORLD.

"Well, wishing to know everything—and to take no time in doing it—about your bit of a metropolis, I yesterday bought a spick-span-new book, just out, called *Curiosities of London*, by JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. I'm bound to say it, the book is a good meaty book; thick and streaky with fat and lean, like a wedge of bacon,—but there's no use in hiding the fact; the book doesn't do what's right towards the United States.—And here it is.

"The Aztecs are American citizens. The citizen who brought 'em to England for the edification of the Britishers is—as he told me himself—under a bail-bond to the PRESIDENT at Washington, to the amount of one million of dollars, to return the critters to the soil of Colombia. Well, MR. TIMBS doesn't say a word about 'em in his new book, which I consider is an insult to the stars and stripes. But that's nothing to what's to follow. There's MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN—she's American property, too, and of the right grit. Well, there isn't a letter of her name in MR. TIMBS's work, more than of the Aztecs. Now, is this the right thing to heaven-born American genius? When we supply the greatest curiosities to London, is it 'cutting the right line, and never minding into whose faces the chips fly' (as that sweet, honey-mou'd virgin, FANNY FERN, declares)—not to say a word about 'em in a book that should brim over with 'em?

"Still, *Mr. Punch*, I am no friend of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—however good a customer he might be to us—and I've no wish to be hard upon MR. TIMBS. All I want of him, then, is this. Let him in his second edition do the right thing, and among his *Curiosities in London*, give a proper place to the Aztecs and MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S *Romeo*. For ain't they all *Curiosities*, tho' which is the bigger it is not my determination to say. All I want is, justice to Colombia, and am yours,

"JONATHAN HICCORNYUT."



"WELL, JACK! HERE'S GOOD NEWS FROM HOME. WE'RE TO HAVE A MEDAL."

"THAT'S VERY KIND. MAYBE ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL HAVE A COAT TO STICK IT ON?"

### THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

THE Manager of a certain Theatre Royal has lately been considerably embarrassed by a division in the Company, which has led to the throwing up of their parts by several of the principal characters in the grand annual spectacle, which is got up at an enormous expense for the amusement of the public.

The Company had for some time been working rather uncomfortably together, when MR. JOHN FUSSELL, the "low man" of the establishment, who from the constant opportunity of doing the leading business in his line had become a favourite, wrote to the Stage-Manager, saying, in consequence of a party having been made up for the purpose of "damning" a farce, in which he, FUSSELL, would have to take a part, he should throw up his situation and retire from the company. The Stage-Manager called the company together, when it was determined to risk the intended opposition, and the farce was played. The character of FUSSELL being "read" by another performer. FUSSELL himself did all he could to assist the opposition in an indirect way, by declaring he had always objected to the distribution of the parts, and the whole piece was such a dead failure, that the Stage-Manager on the next morning resigned his functions.

A new Manager was now to be found, or rather to be looked for, and MR. DARBY, who had hitherto represented the "country boys," a line of business that has become nearly extinct, was asked to undertake the office. DARBY immediately proceeded to the light comedy man of the concern—the bustling and energetic POMICESTONE, who having the knack of smoothing over any difficulties, and making almost anything go down with the public, is perhaps the most popular of "HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS"—as the actors are allowed to call themselves. POMICESTONE in his usual off-hand and good-humoured way, expressed himself ready to act anything or everything so as the part happened to be the principal one in the piece, but as DARBY would probably be insisting on revivals of old worn out rubbish, for the sake of the "country boys," there would be no chance of there being anything to suit him, POMICESTONE, in the pieces produced under a DARBY management.

This scheme having failed, the "low man" was invited to accept the situation of Manager, and as he is supposed to believe that he can act

the principal part in everything, and was once accused of wishing to do the nautical business, nobody was surprised at his undertaking to get a company together, though everybody was astonished at his being requested to do so. On his visiting two or three of his brother actors, he soon found that no one would join his company, and even the Treasurer refused to have anything to do with a concern which he knew would be a failure.

In this emergency the popular POMICESTONE, who, though he has been many years on the stage, has still more dash and energy about him than some of the younger actors, was asked to assume the management. He at once accepted the task, not without a knowledge of the petty jealousies among the performers, but with a determination to do without those who attached any absurd and unreasonable terms to the offer of their services. It is supposed that his intentions are to go on as well as he can to the end of the season with his present company, and to weed it of some of the second old men, who are all wanting to do leading business, and to get rid of as many as he can of the mere walking gentlemen.

The grand *coup* of the present season, upon which all the resources of the establishment will be employed, is the Grand Historical Drama of the *War with Russia*, which is to replace the miserable and expensive spectacle that has long been presented to the public under the title of the *Siege of Sebastopol*. Various minor novelties will be brought forward, but there is no truth in the rumour that the manager will endeavour to secure the well-known "brass-band," though it is believed that they are always open to an engagement.

It is expected that the public will warmly patronise the new management; and if any attempt is made to disturb the performance by some of those who have been dismissed from the company, or by any of their friends and adherents, it is to be hoped that the authorities will know how to act with them. It is a common trick for some unprincipled parties to get up a row in the house for the purpose of raising a cry of "Turn him out!" but the Manager is prepared to deal with this dirty manœuvre in a mode in which he will be supported by that British public on which he delights to throw himself.



NOW FOR IT!

A Set-to between "Pam, the Downing Street Pet," and "The Russian Spider."



A fight between "Fam, the Bowing Street Tot," and "The Russian Spider."

## PROGRESS IN WAXWORKS.



that, demands the scientific. People now go to the Baker Street Waxworks, not to gape with morbid interest at COURVOISIER and DANIEL GOON, but for the purpose of studying the lineaments of those villains, with a view to proper precaution against gentlemen of similar aspect. This being the case, we hope and trust that fidelity has been observed in rendering the features and expression of GREENACRE, the CZAR NICHOLAS, and the other gentry of their condition. Neither the writer of this, nor any of his readers, would like to have a resemblance discovered between themselves and RUSH by any would-be LAVATER of their acquaintance, who had been pursuing his researches in the Chamber of Comparative Physiognomy.

## UN-MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

NOTHING can exceed the stupid monotony of the announcements which during the great crisis of the country's affairs were daily and hourly appearing in the London newspapers. The following is a specimen of the sort of thing to which the public had to look for amusement or information, when every moment was of importance to the fate of the Empire.

LORD NOODLE called this morning on the EARL OF DOODLE, after which he proceeded to the house of VISCOUNT COODLE, where he was joined by the MARQUIS OF FOODLE.

In the course of the afternoon the attendance of the EARL OF DOODLE was commanded at Buckingham Palace. Immediately on quitting HER MAJESTY the EARL OF DOODLE proceeded to the residence of the HONOURABLE SPOONEY MOONEY, with whom he remained in consultation twenty minutes.

LORD JOHN FUSSELL was called upon by nobody in the course of the day, and in the afternoon went out to call on somebody, who was not at home to the noble Lord, who returned home to dinner.

Later in the day the HONOURABLE NIMINY PIMINY received a communication from VISCOUNT COODLE, with which he hastened to the residence of the DUKE OF NAMBY, whom he found in consultation with the MARQUIS OF PAMBY.

Still later in the afternoon the QUEEN, having granted a second interview to the EARL OF DOODLE sent for LORD NOODLE, who proceeded at once from the Palace, after a few minutes consultation with HER MAJESTY, to the residence of the MARQUIS OF FOODLE.

SIR JAMES TODDLES was visited in the course of the day by the EARL OF NODDLES, who was immediately afterwards joined by the HONOURABLE ARTHUR FADDLES, when they all proceeded to the house of the MARQUIS OF DADDLES, where they remained some time in consultation.

In the evening the HONOURABLE NIMINY PIMINY had another interview with the DUKE OF NAMBY, which lasted only a few minutes.

Should any other important movement take place, we shall publish another edition.

## HANOVERIAN ROYALTY IN DANGER.

In the Foreign Correspondence of a Literary Journal, we read that at the Royal Palace of Hanover, "a *duo* between ROGER (the tenor) and VIVIER (the horn-player) is said to have produced so powerful an impression, that the Court was suspended for some time."

We have heard of marvellous effects having been produced by music, but the suspension of the Court of Hanover by a *duo* between the voice and the horn, is a phenomenon which there seems to be no mode of accounting for. We should like to know the extent of the suspension of the Court, whether it amounted to the temporary abdication of the King, or was limited to a momentary resignation of the Ministers of State, and the Officers of the Household. Did the Court suffer under a species of asphyxia, or was its suspension manifested by a sudden forgetfulness of all the usual forms, and a throwing overboard of etiquette, in order that Royalty and its attendants might together give way to a sort of enthusiastic abandon of rapturous ecstasy? We are happy to hear that the suspension of the Court was only "for a time," and that Hanoverian Royalty had sufficient force to revive after the blow—the death-blow—it had experienced from the horn of the illustrious VIVIER.

## BALAKLAVA.

WHAT master hand shall set on the right path  
These our blind guides, that wander to and fro?  
What pen shall write the nation's helpless wrath?  
What cry shall speak its woe?

That noble army, that so stirred our pride—  
So stout, so well-equipped, so trim arrayed—  
Melts like a snow-wreath from a warm hill-side,  
And we can give no 'aid!

That starving army haunts us night and day;  
Clouding our gladness, deepening our care;  
By our warm hearths—"Alas, no fire have they!"  
Snow falls—" 'tis falling there!"

We strive to chase the phantom: still it bides;  
Stretches gaunt hands between us and our meat;  
In our warm beds, lies freezing at our sides:  
Trips up our dancing feet.

"Why hauntest thou *us*, grim spectre? 'Twas not we  
Who brought thee to this miserable end.  
As flowed thy blood for us, our gold for thee  
We, without stint, did spend.

"All art we had, all industry, all skill,  
To feed and clothe, and lodge thee, was bestowed."  
Thns from the blue lips, agonised and shrill,  
The spectre's answer flowed:

"My blood is on your heads! My blood, not spilt  
As soldiers' blood should be, upon the field,  
Oh! that I had but fallen, hilt to hilt,  
Like Spartan on his shield!

"A soldier, I had met the soldier's death,  
Nor grudged the life so for my country given.  
But thus, like beasts, not men, to yield man's breath,  
Uncared for, over-driven—

"Rotting in our own filth, like many hounds,  
Cramped, frost and hunger-bitten to the bones,  
Wrestling with death 'mid smells, and sights, and sounds  
That turn kind hearts to stones.

"To die for very lack of clothes and food,  
Of shelter, bedding, medicine, and fire;  
While six miles off lay, piled up many a rood,  
All we did so require!

"This guilt lies at your door. You wear no crown—  
But what is She who wears it unto *you*?  
You raise up ministers and pluck them down;  
What *you* will, they must do.

"If they put leadership in baby hands,  
'Tis that *you* wink, or slumber, or approve;  
If, like an iron wall, Routine still stands;  
*You* will, and it must move?

"If Aristocracy's cold shadow fall  
Across the soldier's path, to you is given  
The might to rend away that ancient pall,  
And let in light of Heaven!

"I was the People's soldier. In their name  
I stood against the CZAR in battle's hour,  
If I, not he, be baffled, rest the shame  
With *you*, that have the power!"

## Toleration has a Limit.

WE have been, are, and we trust we always shall be, advocates of toleration. Existing circumstances are peculiarly calculated to unite all Englishmen in the maintenance of this great principle. Let Nonconformist divines abound, if they please, in every city, town, and hamlet, throughout the kingdom. But shall we be accused of illiberality if we express a wish that there may be no Dissenting Ministers in Downing Street?

## Cobden Beatifies Bright.

MR. COBDEN told the Manchester people that their Member was the bravest man in Parliament. There never was so valiant a dove; so courageous a lamb! NAPOLEON said of MURAT, that "he was as brave as his sword." In like way it may be said of JOHN BRIGHT, he is as bold as his beaver.



### ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

"MARTHA, WAST 'E DONE WI' THE MILK?"

"GEEN IT TO THE SHILD."

"DANG THE SHILD, THEE SHOULD HA' GEEN IT TO TH' BULL PUP!"

### JANET PRIDE.

GENTLE reader, if you belong to, yet linger among a fast-disappearing species, called the play-goer, go—leaving all other matters—go straightway to the Adelphi, and see and hear *Janet Pride*. It is not often that the ill-used British public has offered to it a drama of so much bone and muscle, and such a big, beating heart in it. Shall we tell you the story of *Janet Pride*? No, gentle public, we shall not. That you shall have acted before you; that you shall learn from the players themselves, and not from the disenchanting quill—as it would be on such occasion—of *Punch*. We think that the "learned gentlemen" who, in the newspapers, hot from the playhouse, sit themselves down, and industriously tell a plot like the plot of *Janet Pride* to the breakfasting world, do a great wrong to that eccentric section of the public—infatuated human creatures!—that still haunts the theatres. Shall we tell the untimely end of that moral ragamuffin, *Richard Pride*, that picturesque tatterdemalion, as limned by WEBSTER, who could represent anything, from *Macbeth* to a reel in a hottle—we are sure he could dance a reel in a hottle?—no; not a word of it. Shall we go through the story, the ups and downs, of the two *Janets Pride*, *Janet* the mother, and *Janet* the daughter, as both acted by MADAME CELESTE? Certainly not. Therefore the plot of the drama remains for us untouched. We would as soon think of winding off a spider's web, whereto the plot much assimilates, in its seeming complexity, but in the simplicity and co-dependence of all its lines.

*Richard Pride*, in the person of WEBSTER, will surely be recompensed by a testimonial from the teetotallers. Glorious GEORGE CRUIKSHANK will make the design of a tea-urn, in gilt silver, to be presented to the WEBSTER aforesaid, on the Adelphi stage in the bosom of his sympathetic and admiring company (the apple-women, the aproned Dryads, looking timidly on from the wings). We already see the classic face of GEORGE, and hear his clear and streaming speech; for *Janet Pride* is, in fact, a temperance play, without the cant of temperance. Pure lymph, and no leaden spouting of a pump.

### INVALUABLE HINTS TO NURSES AND NURSEMAIDS.

If the darlings make a noise,  
And a word or two don't stop 'em,  
Pinch them if they 're girls, if boys,  
Make no more ado but "whop" 'em.

Should the little dears resist,  
When in suds too hot you dip 'em,  
In their faces shake your fist,  
If they dare to squall, then whip 'em.

When you comb their tangled hair,  
Never mind their kicks and bawling,  
You don't feel it, tug and tear,  
If they 're cheeky, send 'em sprawling.

And should Missus rush up stairs,  
Frighten'd by the horrid rumpus,  
Say, you never saw such bears,  
Thus to treat their poor nurse BUMPUS.

Then, when Madam's gone away,  
If with vengeance you are foaming,  
Just to shew who's Missus, ch'?,  
Give the cubs another combing.

If for three weeks by ber cot,  
Watching that cross peevish MINNIE  
Not a wink of sleep you 've got,  
Stand it longer—you 're a nanny.

All my eye the doctor's stuff,  
You 've a dodge worth two on 't, may he,  
Poppy syrup's cheap enough,  
BUMP must sleep as well as baby.

And if MINNIE's little hearse  
Weeping neighbours soon set eyes on,  
Who'll suppose, with such a nurse,  
MINNIE died of taking pison?

### Education for the Army.

WE are in a position to announce that arrangements have been made with His Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, for the admission of all those Generals of the British army, whose faculties are not impaired by age, as students at the *Ecole Polytechnique*.

*Richard* is the victim of brandy: the man becoming a worm in a bottle. But there is none of the sounding of the brass, nothing of the tinkling of the cymbal in the story. If the evil come from the brandy cask, there is no *Mawworm* nasally to drone from the tub. "Tell me, tell me every night of my crime," says *Richard Pride* to his loving, withering *Janet*, "it is better to fall to sleep with a mouth full of tears, than a brain full of brandy."

*Richard Pride*, fallen from a condition of trust and repute, has forged in England, and fled to Paris. And here we first see him—(we do not reveal the plot, nevertheless)—in all the dogged desperation of drink. With most forceful truth does WEBSTER give the yielding, melting remorse, with the recurring vice—brandy coiling about his nature like a snake. The desolate house of *Richard Pride*—the runaway, brandy-soddened forger—tells a terrible story. Most terrible, but with a sweet, deep pathetic beauty in the picture, is poor, patient *Janet*; the pale monument—uncomplaining, too, as monumental stone—of her husband's guilt. MADAME CELESTE reveals all this with affecting truthfulness; there are no stage spasms; no foot-light feelings in the matter; but all the sadness is rendered with the deep quietude of patient, household suffering. Her self-sacrifice when compelled to give her child to the Foundling—she recoils with horror from the opened shutter, suddenly opening, and to her as mortally threatening as the jaws of wild beast—the intense agony of the moment cutting the heart-strings, and levelling her dead upon the snow, was given with a reality that touched the heart of the audience into tears. *Janet Pride* is stricken dead, and suddenly *Richard*, glaring at the corpse of his wife, is in the grasp of justice.

And now we see *Richard* in the hush of Australia. His leg is freed from the convict's log, and he opens a firm with *Black Jack*, for robbery, and any other casualty arising therefrom. (Let us, in our way, give praise to PAUL BEDFORD: his felony was very real; he was hard and rugged; the mere image of a man, roughly carved from a gibbet-tree.) Was it not her gracious Majesty who ordered AMBURGH to be painted among the dominated lions? Surely a like patronage is



due to WEBSTER'S *Richard Pride*, in his skins. Never have we seen a more picturesque stage portrait. Like *Robinson Crusoe*, it goes far to make youth in love with wildness and the wild freedom of solitude. The bush bit is an admirable portion of the play; coming, in its scenic beauty, in capital contrast and relief between the working-day prose life of Paris and stony-hearted London.

For in London we next behold *Richard Pride*, accredited—we will not say how—as *Serjeant Gray*, with an apoeryphal daughter, whom he calls his own, and a real, blood daughter, whom he knows not, and whom, by his rascality and intemperance—for the serpent brandy, with its fascinating beams and subtle tongue completes the half-resolved purpose—he brings an innocent victim, a poor penned lamb for the sacrifice, to the Old Bailey bar. What awaits him, the doomed father, there, we shall not reveal. (For further particulars apply to BENJAMIN WEBSTER, ESQ., any evening at the Adelphi Theatre, between the hours of seven and half-past ten; though good manners will, in preference, suggest seven exactly.)

We have never seen WEBSTER in a finer, more artistic light, than as *Richard Pride*. Muddled with drink, agonised by remorse, scorched by the fires of brandy, he is in every phase a consummate actor. He has the true art of so blending his feelings that like prismatic colours they harmoniously melt into one another. A dauber, like CHARLES KEAN, if he have various emotions to pourtray, gives them to you in hard, square, positive bits, like the patches of a *Harlequin's* suit. CARLO NON DOLCE paints a sign-post *Louis XI*, "with entertainment for man and beast." WEBSTER'S *Richard* has, in certain aspects, all

the delicacy of the most finished miniature, with the dash of the "savage ROSA." KEELEY'S *Dicky Trotter* is a thing to be painted by WEBSTER, R.A., the RAPHAEL and MICHAEL ANGELO of boys and bumpkins. The watchmaker's apprentice who cannot, and never will, learn to make a watch, has nevertheless a heart that goes upon the biggest and brightest diamond, and very delightfully does he—to the laughter and tears of all who hear and behold him—show its movements. KEELEY unconsciously reveals to you human nature, as he would show you the works of a chronometer; and pleased and charmed you are with the harmony and truthfulness of the seeming mystery. MR. SELBY has a long vista before him of old men's wigs. When, forty years hence, he may probably think it seemly to acknowledge the Departure of Youth—so beautifully described by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES—SELBY may then surrender up his remains to the portraiture of old men, to his own profit and the advantage of play-goers. His *Bernard* the old Swiss watchmaker, was charmingly simple and affecting; at times, too, gamesome, and withal, national as a French poodle. We have already spoken of *Janet Pride*, the mother; *Janet Pride*, the daughter, is worthy of the moral beauty of her parent. The passion was profound, and therefore quiet.

"For it is with feelings, as with waters,  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb."

Gentle reader, we are sure that we shall be repaid by your thanks, if we induce you to take your early way to the Adelphi to see *Janet Pride*.

## OUR BRAVE FELLOWS AT HOME.



HERE is no doubt but, as a nation, we may congratulate ourselves on possessing a large share of at least that important military quality, personal courage. A gratifying testimonial to our merit in this respect was recorded the other day by the *Times* in an account of the weather and the parks. The ice in St. James's Park, owing to the thaw, having become extremely unsafe;

"Shortly before noon yesterday 800 or 1,000 persons, in spite of all the warnings given by the Humane Society's Iccemen, insisted on venturing upon the Ornamental Waters in the enclosure. Every attempt was made by the ice men, under MR. PARSONS, who has charge of this park, to compel them to get off, but without avail, until at length the park became obscured by one of the most dense fogs that has visited London for some time, especially at this period of the year."

Then came on a heavy shower, which, ultimately "cleared the park of those who were thus risking their lives." Had the shower consisted of Minié balls, our heroes would have kept their ground; they would have stood, or fallen, under any fire: they retired only in consequence of being under water; a position calculated to damp the most ardent valour. The same daring spirit was evinced in the other parks. For example:

"On the Serpentine, Hyde Park, the ice was only four inches thick, and very dangerous. About 1,000 ventured upon the ice, and could only be compelled to get off, by the dense fog that set in, making it difficult for them to see the points marked dangerous, or for the Society's men to see them if they broke through the ice into the water."

There was no Sebastopol to reward, with glory or with plunder, the hardihood with which these gallant fellows courted death. No medal was there; no clasp, star, ribbon, whereof the chance might balance that of being drowned; no order, except, perhaps, the Humane Society's Order of the Bath. To cite another instance of this, wonderful intrepidity:—

"The Regent's Park had a great number of skaters and sliders upon the ice on the Ornamental Water, which was in an extremely dangerous condition, and which was only cleared by the fog and the storm of rain which followed."

It was on a Sunday that these characteristic displays of British courage occurred. Whether they were in any measure prompted by the hope of a glass of grog at the Receiving House in the event of immersion, may be questioned. Thanks to wise and considerate legislation, the taverns were all closed, and not a thimbleful of brandy was to be had by the public at large, notwithstanding the raw mist, and the chill which the weather might have struck to many a marrow. Is it possible that some of the adventurous skaters entertained a desperate idea of drinking MR. WILSON PATTEN'S health at the Humane Society's expense?

That the day in question was Sunday, is notable on another account. That festival is the only weekly holiday of the commercial and industrious classes. A large proportion of the courageous multitudes upon the ice consisted of the young shopmen of the metropolis, maintaining the traditional credit of the London 'prentices. They offered themselves as martyrs to an early closing movement, in cutting out figures of 8 on unsafe ice: for that movement might have brought their existences to an early close.

"Death or Victory" is regarded as a sufficiently heroic motto. It is transcended by that of our bold skaters; which is "Neck or Nothing." This implies no consideration for the risk of Neck; which perhaps a philosopher might be disposed to term inconsiderate valour, or valour arising from want of consideration.

## ELIZABETH BROWN.

### A Riddle for Horse Guards.

DID never you hear of ELIZABETH BROWN?  
To her old back she hasn't a rag of a gown,  
And she goes without petticoats, stays, or a smock,  
Yet ELIZABETH'S figure would few people shock.

ELIZABETH BROWN, when she first saw the light,  
Had not become BROWN—she at that time was BRIGHT—  
But Manchester's Member, who sports the broad brim,  
Disowns her as any relation to him.

ELIZABETH BROWN is a soldier's old wife,  
An encumbrance to him and the plague of his life,  
She's awkward and clumsy, and all gone to rust,  
A useless old crone, whom the soldier can't trust.

ELIZABETH BROWN is in such a bad state,  
She seldom, if ever, contrives to go straight,  
So the soldier desires to be rid of her charms,  
Dismissing ELIZABETH BROWN from his arms.

ELIZABETH BROWN may the law that's in force  
For the army, outright from the soldier divorce;  
And leave the poor fellow at freedom to wed,  
His faithful and true little MINIE instead!

### Ex Nihilo nihil fit—or unfit.

So few cases are now brought before the Judges at Westminster Hall, that inaction has taken the place of action, and for want of something to move, there is nothing to set the Court in motion. The other day one of the learned Judges announced that as the remanets were exhausted, he should on the next day begin with the new paper. We presume his Lordship meant the News-paper, which seemed to be the only matter that the Court had before it.

CONTENTMENT.—It is always best to put up with the first loss—as, for instance, when a person loses his hair.

## MR. SPOONBILL'S EXPERIENCES IN THE ART OF SKATING.—PART I.



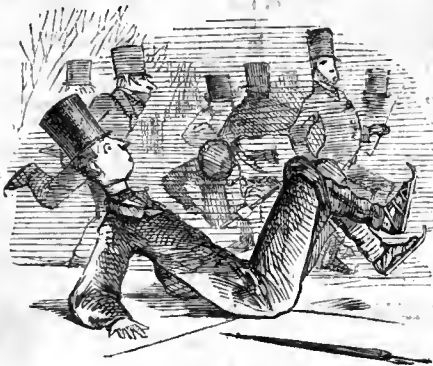
HAVING PURCHASED HIS SKATES, MR. SPOONBILL TAKES A WALK IN THE PARK TO SEE IF THE ICE BEARS.



BEING SATISFACTORILY CONVINCED UPON THAT POINT, HE ADDRESSES HIMSELF TO A "VULGAR MAN," WHO PUTS HIM TO EXECRATING TORTURE;



AND BY WHOM (FEELING BATHING INSECURE UPON HIS LEGS) HE IS SAFELY CONDUCTED TO A "GOOD BIT FICE."



MR. SPOONBILL IMMEDIATELY GOES THROUGH A VARIETY OF ECCENTRIC MOVEMENTS.

## A GOOD HEARTLESS JOKE.

WE have long since ceased to be surprised at anything, or we might possibly have been startled for a moment by a perusal of the following advertisement cut from a morning newspaper:—

**WANTED, A LADY'S MAID.**—(No Clergyman's Wife need apply.)

Some may consider this "a joke," but if it has been so intended, it is rather a bitter joke, and a bitter bad one also. Clergymen's wives of the poorer class are sufficiently exposed to the insolence of the pride of purse, without this further handle being afforded to those who would rank the curate a little below the butler, and place the curate's wife on a par with the housemaid.

There may be a dash of humour in the idea by which this advertisement was dictated, but there is in it something beyond a dash of insult to the persons whom it heartlessly informs they "need not apply" for the situation of a servant. We hope the day is not very far distant when it will cease to be in the power of upstart wealth to take into its pay those who are in every respect but money, its own superiors. In the mean time we can but protest against the bad taste of making a joke at the expense of poor clergymen's wives—supposing the advertisement to be a jest—or if it is seriously intended, we content ourselves with expressing our supreme contempt for the ill-bred arrogance which has dictated it.

## For the Next Military Dictionary.

**PRIVATE**, Noun Substantive. A Common Soldier. 1st derivation. *Privatio* (Lat.), from the abominable hardships and want of necessaries he endures.—*Newcastle*. 2nd derivation. *Privatus* (Lat.), from the secrecy in which his gallant deeds are kept, while those of his officers are proclaimed in despatches.—*Raglan*.

## CANDIDATES FOR A ROPE.

OUGHT that fellow to have been hanged the other day? ought RUSH, ought MR. and MRS. MANNING? Certainly not. Criminals whose villainy exceeds theirs by many degrees, escape the gallows; or rather, run no risk of it. In the Naval and Military intelligence of the *Times*, it was lately mentioned that—

"A letter received in Liverpool from an officer now in the Crimea states that on unloading the cargoes of hosiery, it was found that a large number of the woollen drawers intended for the troops were useless, as they had been made for boys between seven and ten years of age."

Suppose this to have been a case of deliberate fraud, that fraud to have been brought home to some rascal, and that rascal to be standing in the dock to receive sentence. Would the Judge put on the black cap, and would the directions of his lordship in reference to the convict be carried out by MR. CALCRAFT? Yet what does the crime amount to but murder, not only wilful but wholesale? To send the soldiers in the Crimea clothing unfit to wear, is murder as much as it would be to send them putrid fleshpots, or to season their preserved meat with arsenic. It is not only murder, and wholesale murder, but it is murder double blackened by treason to the state, and if any man can present an edifying spectacle to his fellow-men when suspended by the neck, it is that one who is guilty of murder so wholly enormous.

It is possible that the substitution of boys' clothes for men's may have been simply the result of gross negligence, which would reduce the offence to aggravated manslaughter, and the punishment due to the wretched offender to transportation for life.

A "POISSON D'AVRIL."—A great piscatorial gourmand, being called upon to translate the French proverb, "*Tout ce qui brille n'est pas doré*," replied, without the slightest hesitation, that it clearly meant, "Your Brill is not so good as a John Dory."

## TRIBUTE TO KING CLICQUOT.

We are informed "in strict confidence," which however the interest of our readers impels us to violate, that a Medal has been lately struck for presentation to the KING OF PRUSSIA, commemorative of the distinguished part which he has taken in the present struggle. A deputation of the Temperance Society is, we understand, already on its way to Berlin, entrusted, appropriately, with the task of presentation, and prepared in consequence to make a somewhat lengthened stay, having instructions to defer the ceremony until they find his Majesty in a soher moment.

We have been favoured through our public position with a private view of the die with which the Medal has been struck, and we will proceed for the benefit of less favoured persons shortly to describe it. On one side is the representation of a Turk and Russian fighting: with a Prussian soldier standing by with his hands in his pockets, and having his attention directed by a merchant to the increase of trade that has resulted from the non-interference. The Medal bears on this side the inscription (in German) "Neutrality is the best Policy." On the reverse the vacillation of the Sovereign is depicted by a weathercock in the form of a corkscrew, standing on a pedestal shaped like a champagne bottle, and encircled with the motto—"Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Prussia, bibe."



## IMPROVEMENT OF THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.

THERE were two designs exhibited by MR. T. ALLOM, the architect, for building upon, and thereby architecturally beautifying the banks of the Thames. We, poor English, have no stomach or no pocket for the work; but it is gratifying to learn from the *Chronicle* that MR. T. ALLOM's beautiful views will be sent to the Paris Exhibition:—

"From the style of architecture, the Parisians will perceive that it is not impracticable to embellish the margin of our noble river with a palatial grandeur approaching that of the Italian and other continental cities, and also purifying the stream, not only without obstructing, but actually facilitating the commerce of the City."

LOUIS NAPOLEON will assuredly leave behind him "his mark" in stone and granite edifices of great beauty and splendour. As we can do nothing of the sort ourselves, suppose we humbly petition the French Emperor, to leave for awhile the Seine, and to come over and take pity of Old Father Thames.

## Officers up to their Business.

IN GENERAL WOLFE's favourite song, soldiers are described as men "whose business is to die." That may he; but it does not follow that it is advisable to select for Generals those officers who have so far got on in the business of dying as to have one foot in the grave.

ARMY GLOSSARY.—EXPEDITION. A military undertaking on a large and expensive scale: deriving its name, *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, from not being expedited.

## POLITICAL ZOOLOGY: THE RED-TAPEWORM.

TENIA OFFICIALIS.—The Red-Tapeworm. This is one of the *entozoa* which infest the body-politic, and is perhaps the most pernicious of them all. It is very remarkable for its form, which is rigidly observed in all its types; not equally so for its size; as it is a small creature. The Red-Tapeworm is singularly flat; and its motions are very slow, inasmuch that a superficial observer might suppose it devoid of life: whereas its tenacity of existence is wonderful. Although it certainly does move, in its own way, it can scarcely be said to be capable of progression: for it continually crawls in a circle of routine: thus it never advances, and as it cannot advance, so neither does it suffer any thing connected with it to get on; and the amount of impediment which it offers to all forward tendency is truly awful.

The Red-Tapeworm is characterized by a strong attachment to place, and where it once lodges there it sticks, with prodigious adhesiveness. Certain special localities are more peculiarly troubled with this description of vermin. In Downing Street and the neighbourhood it especially abounds, and it constitutes an inveterate nuisance at Somerset House. It swarms in every department of the State, committing great ravages: above all in the Horse Guards: where it has eaten into the very heart of the British Army. At the Admiralty it abounds in an equal degree, corrupting and preying upon the Navy as extensively as on the land forces.

Like most creatures of low organization, the Red-Tapeworm admits of being cut up almost indefinitely without being apparently the worse for the operation; its separate portions wriggling themselves together again, and uniting, in a short time, as if nothing had happened. The process has over and over again been performed by various journalists; but the Red-Tapeworm has hitherto survived the severest slashing.

The symptoms produced by the Red-Tapeworm are an alarming weakness and wasting away, attended with confusion, and impairment of faculties and functions in that department which it occupies, and which becomes, in the end, hopelessly prostrated by paralysis, and sinks into collapse. The emaciation and atrophy of the troops before Sebastopol have been clearly traced to the agency of the *Tenia Officialis*.

Possessing a rudimentary nervous system, the Red-Tapeworm exhibits an almost total absence of energy, and in sensibility it might be regarded as quite deficient, if it did not evince a certain irritability when submitted to examination. This, however, if not entirely automatic, must be referred to the merest instinct of self preservation, and animal solicitude for the satisfaction of hunger and thirst. Although the preservation of the frame which it inhabits, and whence it derives its nourishment, is essential to its own, it never betrays any uneasiness on that account, and it is as lively as it can be when that frame is so debilitated and disorganised as to be in manifest danger of perishing.

The Red-Tapeworm includes the family of PEEL-ites, which are distinguished by a membranous or superficial investment somewhat resembling Peel. It has preyed so long on the vitals of the Constitution, that it has corroded them to a fearful extent, and the necessity of getting rid of it cannot be too strongly impressed on the State Physician. For this purpose a specific has been discovered, which is earnestly recommended to the notice of DR. PALMERSTON. It is a popular but efficacious remedy, which has been successfully employed in private practice: a vermifuge contained in the bag or capsule which is vulgarly termed the Sack.

## THE ADMIRALTY IN ITS CHILDHOOD.

IT is with the greatest astonishment we observe that an admiral has just been appointed of the age of 54! We have heard for many years past that the service was going to the dogs; but we little expected that within our lietime it would have gone to worse than dogs—to puppies; and what do you call a British admiral, under the age of 60, but an arrant young puppy, that is only fit to float paper boats in the Serpentine? We have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when mere boys, who have never known what the gout is, and can venture on deck probably without the aid of a crutch, are given the command of a fleet, and this, too, when we have admirals on the list of the matured ages of 70, 80, and 90—steady-going, experienced men, who can neither see, hear, talk, nor walk! It is reducing our naval supremacy to little better than child's play; and we tremble for the honour of our country when it is put, as thoughtlessly as if it were a toy, into the hands of striplings, that but a few years back would have been thought complete babies.

## Notice of Motion.

First of April.—COLONEL SIRTHORP to move for a Committee of enquiry into the present dead lock of affairs in the East, and to ascertain upon what, if any, terms MESSRS. CUUBB or HOBBS would undertake to pick it.



## EARLY GENIUS.

"Bless 'is little 'art, he takes to it as natural as hanythink."

## PEEL ON THE PAVEMENT.\*

## AN IMAGINARY QUINTETT.

*The Apartment of LORD GABERDINE. He is discovered in a Scotch dressing-gown, Gordon plaid, and walking up and down in great discomposure.*

*Gaberdine.* Expelled! Turned out! Censured! And my place immediately taken by my hateful rival, who has fixed upon me the name of Imbecile, and who goes into office pledged to injure, to the utmost of his power, my friend of forty years, the EMPEROR MALACHITE. JAUNTY in office. Ha! ha! What does the ridiculous old man mean, at his time of life, by assuming such duties. I—yes—but I am another kind of person. Temperate and virtuous, I am hale and hearty, and my intellect is in full vigour—whereas he—but what boots talking?

*Enter OLDCASTLE.*

*Olde.* Much. I talked remarkably well on retiring, and I flatter myself that I rather took the change out of JOHNNY FUSSEL. Also I assured my hearers that I lay awake at nights thinking—

*Gab.* There—there, man. I heard you. But what is to be done?

*Olde.* Done?

*Gab.* Done, man. Though you did nothing in the War Office you might do something now. Are we not to avenge our defeat?

*Olde.* How can we?

*Gab.* I never saw sicean a helpless creature.—Ha! Here come the officials—ha! ha!

*Enter FIDDLEFADSTONE and KIDNEY SHERBET.*

*Fiddle.* How do you do, GABERDINE? OLDCASTLE, I hope that you can sleep at night now. KIDNEY says that having nothing but a few trumpety Colonies to mind, he feels quite relieved. I am just where I was, of course.

*Gab.* Not quite, we're told. Something has reached us about a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER who refused to ask for a Loan, and about a PREMIER who insisted on being master in his own Cabinet.

*Fiddle (angrily).* You have not got the right story at all. Besides, it was the wish of a certain exalted—however, that's all nothing. I shall do what, under the circumstances—and circumstances change every day—is good for the country.

*Gab.* With a wry face, though.

*Fiddle.* *Laeso doloris remedium inimici dolor.* He has been obliged to give up SHAFESBURY.

*Sherbet.* Yes, I think we have thrown over the Evangelical. None of your Exeter Hall men for me.

*Olde.* Well, I don't know. SHAFESBURY is a single-minded fellow, full of energy and zeal, and one who has done good things in his time.

And he has the confidence of a very large and powerful class—the religious world. If I were making a Cabinet, I would have him.

*Sherbet.* His theological views are so wrong—and then he consorts with schismatics. But if he is so valuable as you say, why PALMERSTON is the more to be pitied—poor man—for losing his services.

[All laugh.]

*Gab.* Yes, that's the way to look at it. One to us, *Sherbet.* Another, and a better one. We've driven the Nineveh Bull out of our China-shop.

*Gab.* You don't mean that? Has he given up LAYARD? *Sherbet.* Not given him up, but we have managed another man into the place PAM meant for him.

*Gab.* Bravo, and yet people undervalue your talents, my Puseyites. Why, man, that's a splendid coup.

*Fiddle.* LAYARD would have been a nuisance, for he is a man of undoubted talent, great courage, and much force of will. He would have been somebody in the Cabinet, and PALMERSTON would have made him a right-hand man, especially when FOX MAULE—PANMURE I mean—was laid up. Everything is much better as it is. The man we have put into the place won't give much trouble. Who do you think it is?

*Gab.* Bless me, I can't guess. *Sherbet.* Think of the most unlikely man to be acceptable to the people who complain of routine and red-tape.

*Gab.* O, I don't know—CARDWELL? *Fiddle.* No, no—and by the way, I've something to say about that gentleman. He has obtained his own consent to take a certain place. If a crash comes, don't be surprised to see him PALMERSTON'S Chancellor of the Exchequer.

*Gab.* I always thought him one of us. *Fiddle.* He has got some notions about the country requiring a larger policy than that which answered in peace time, and, in fact, he is ambitious.

*Sherbet.* And as he understands figures as well as you do—*Fiddle.* How should you know? No such thing.

*Sherbet.* At least he speaks very well. *Fiddle.* Matter of opinion. But we were talking of LAYARD'S place. You have not guessed, GABERDINE. Do you give it up?

*Gab.* Yes—out with it.

*Fiddle.* FRED PEEL.

*Gab.* Come—come. You won't make me believe that. FRED PEEL! As you say, red-tape and routine with a vengeance. Why, of all the fellows who believe that the world would be all right if every letter that is written were duly endorsed, filed, and indexed, FRED PEEL is the head. I have heard that he binds up his old *Bradshaws*. By Jove, the public will stand a good deal if they stand that. How incensed PALMERSTON must be.

*Sherbet.* We put the screw on.

*Gab.* Well, I will say it does you credit. If anything could paralyze the department, you've done it. PAM will get very little reputation out of his new Home Office.

*Fiddle.* I'm bound to say, however, that sometimes the screw won't work. At Windsor for instance.

*Gab.* But what a man to put up! *Fiddle.* You should have seen HAYWHIP when he was told to move the writ, or else that CHARTERIS should do it!

*Gab.* ELCHO, you mean.

*Fiddle.* How tenacious these new Knights are of giving everybody his title. Yes. But PALMERSTON wouldn't stand it. We thought we should have slipped HOPE in. But the old lion was roused, and RICARDO sits for Windsor.

*Gab.* Don't know him. *Non mi RICARDO.*

*Fiddle.* Every way the better man—honestly speaking—only one grudges PALMERSTON a bit. However in keeping out SHAFESBURY and LAYARD, and putting in PEEL, I think the account is pretty well balanced.

*Gab.* And the loan business is forgiven?

*Fiddle.* Forgiven on my own part, of course, as becomes a Christian—whether it may be for the advantage of my country that I should hereafter inflict chastisement, on public grounds, depends upon circumstances.

*Gab.* Well, gentlemen, I must dress, so I won't detain you, but I make you all and each my compliments, and I tell you what, my boys,—if you continue to strew peel on the pavement before PAM'S door with the same assiduity, who knows but you may succeed in tripping him up.

*Enter MR. PUNCH.*

*Mr. Punch (in an awful voice).* BUT SUPPOSE THE BEADLE CATCHES YOU!

[They hurry off in extreme trepidation.]

## The Navvies' Baronet.

MR. PETO, being about to make a Balaklava railway, has been made a baronet. The navvies, therefore, may in the fulness of their pride, hail their master as not only a baronet, but as a wheelbarrowet.

## LORD MALMESBURY ON THE ARISTOCRAT.



THE EARL OF MALMESBURY is reported—in answer to the allegation of the *Times* that the constitution of the army is too aristocratic—to have said—

“At the present moment I am under a difficulty, which is, to understand what the journal in question means by the word ‘Aristocratic.’ At the beginning of the French Revolution, under the Reign of Terror, every man was an aristocrat who wore a pair of breeches (*laughter*); a little time afterwards the term was only applied to those who were decently dressed . . . what, then, does the *Times* mean by the term? Does it mean, when it speaks of the aristocracy, to refer to the Peerage, and to the sons and brothers of Peers? That is the common conception of the term . . . I take leave to suppose, then, that the *Times* means by the aristocracy the Peerage—their sons and their brothers.”

LORD MALMESBURY takes a leave which we should think the *Times* would not grant him. MR. FITZHUGH, whose family “came in with the CONQUEROR,” MR. BARNESDALE, whose ancestors arrived with HENGST and Horsa, and MR. JENKYNs AP-RICE, the descendant of CADWALLADER, through whom his origin is

derived in a right line from SHEM, would probably not only think themselves, but also be considered by the authorities of the *Heralds’ College* to be, though related to no nobleman, aristocrats far superior in quality to the HONOURABLE MR. CUTLET, son of LORD HORSESHAIK, the law Peer, and grandson of MR. CUTLET, the butcher: great grandfather unknown. Aristocracy must have a beginning, like everything else; but the more remote its origin, the more it is illustrious. The honourable CUTLET is the mushroom of yesterday’s mushroom, that sprung out of the fat-tub; FITZHUGH is the lichen of lichens, which have encrusted the erag, since we know not when.

Certainly a man begins to be an aristocrat by becoming a nobleman; but Aristocracy has other beginnings. A family which has simply subsisted on the labour of other people for several generations, is aristocratic; would be recognised as such in an eminent degree, by every M. C. at any County Ball. Now it may be considered that the first aristocrat of this kind of family is the first person in it who began to be idle. But a prosperous tailor may do that any day: notwithstanding which he is not, merely on that account, recognised as a Member of the Aristocracy.

The tailor’s son, however, by wielding the sword ‘instead’ of the goose, or by employing himself with red tape in the place of list, may acquire a title; and thus become an aristocrat as well as the said CUTLET, son of the butcher aforesaid. He may even become something of an aristocrat without getting the title, and without doing anything more than living on his income in a certain fashion. His son, the original tailor’s grandson, by pursuing the same course may acquire an acknowledged position in the Aristocracy; and take rank as a ‘swell.’

It is not every kind of idle life, though, which is aristocratic; for a man, without being an aristocrat, may be a pauper or a rogue.

We would submit to the consideration of LORD MALMESBURY the following definition of the term “aristocrat.” An aristocrat is a person who behaves as such, and on whose character, as such, there is no stigma. The only stigma on the aristocratic character is trade, or a servile occupation, or near relationship to a tradesman or working man. Crime, or affinity to a criminal is none; when one of the old French noblesse picked a pocket, he did not therefore cease to be an aristocrat; neither would a British lord whose father should be hanged. Aristocracy, then, essentially consists in behaviour: what is the behaviour which constitutes the aristocrat? It is not doing good: any snob may feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick: perform every duty towards his neighbour but that of deporting himself, and speaking, with propriety. The spirit of Aristocracy is a sense of superiority to the industrious classes expressed in the conduct and bearing. The aristocratic body consists of persons who sympathise with and encourage one another in this feeling and deportment. They regard the bulk of the nation with contempt as a race of shopkeepers; and the bulk of the nation accepts the contempt, and repays it by adulation.

## “A Blow for the Deaf ‘un:.”

“As deaf as a post” is a saying which will acquire new force from our recent experience of some of our officials, and indeed it may be added that “the higher the post, the deafier the occupant.”

## IMPROVEMENTS FOR THE ARMY.

It would be a good thing, perhaps, if the subjoined advertisements were extensively posted and placarded about the Town and Country:—

**WANTED.**—A few decrepit, spiritless old men, to command HER MAJESTY’S troops. Any superannuated General Officer, whose faculties are impaired, and who is as infirm in body as he is feeble in mind, has now an opportunity of earning glory and distinction together with pay. A title and the order of G.C.B., will be the sure reward of incompetency and failure. Apply to SERJEANT HARDINGE, the Chequers, near the Horse Guards.

**TO THE HEADS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY,** about to be employed in ACTIVE SERVICE.—Crutches, Trusses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Ear-Trumpets, and all other Comforts and Conveniences for Old Age, in every Variety. A New Description of Teeth, Wigs, and Artificial Hair. Remedies and Specifics for Gout and Rheumatism; the celebrated Asthmatic Candy; the Lack-of-Wit-Supplier, the Weak-Brains-Invigorator, and the Thick-Amber-and-Plum-Tree-Gum Diluent. All these, and various other articles, important to SUFFERERS, who, on account of their YEARS and INFIRMITIES, have been appointed to important commands in the MILITARY and NAVAL SERVICES, to be had at the Depot of Mr. Punch, 85, Fleet Street.

A suggestion may be offered to those benevolent patriots who are supplying comforts to our soldiers. Among the articles of clothing most desirable for the men, and officers at large, may be mentioned, Boots. These, however, will not be so much required by the General Officers, as, in consequence of swelling of the feet from a complaint common to old gentlemen, they will not be able to get them on; and with a view to suit that complaint, the benevolent patriots had better send out plenty of flannel.

## DANCES OF DEATH.

“SEBASTOPOL” quadrilles continue to be advertised. It is true that a siege involves an interchange of balls; nevertheless it has no conceivable relation to dancing. The composers of dance-music have taken an odd fancy to naming their tunes after scenes of misery and carnage, unless they do this not in a fanciful but in a philosophical spirit, with a view to make light of the horrors of war, and to represent them as all fiddlestick. In the Sebastopol quadrilles we presume that “Chassez” refers to the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and that “Croisez” is to be understood as an order to cross bayonets, whilst “Down the middle” suggests a feat of swordsmanship. When the Sebastopol quadrilles have been danced, the next set should be “Pop Goes the Rifle.”

## “There they go up, up, up.”

OUR friend, the musical critic of the *Times*, in speaking of the Concert of the New Philharmonic Society, says “the chorus gave MENDELSSOHN’S part song, ‘O hills! O vales!’ with smoothness.” This must be a mistake, for how “hills” and “vales” can be given with smoothness is quite beyond our comprehension. The “hills” should have been “conscientiously rendered” by very high tenors, and the “vales” ought to have been represented by deep hollow basses. Instead of smoothness having been the characteristic of the song of Hills and Vales, the piece should have been marked by abrupt alternations of high and low, or musical ups and downs.

## The Spirit of Russian Prophecy.

It is said that PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, in a letter to the CZAR last autumn, predicted that he would easily be able to “throw the Allies into the sea,” within a very few hours of their landing. As, however, more than five months have elapsed already without our seeing a fulfilment of this prophecy, we cannot resist thinking that the spirit in which it was uttered must have been very considerably above proof: enabling the speaker as it did to estimate his capabilities at so far more than double.

## The Old Soldier.

SOME writers too hastily congratulate the nation that we have now no Colonels in cradles. True, we have no such officers of veritable infancy, but if our army Colonels are none of them children in arms, most of our Generals are in their second childhood.

## ORANGE-AID FOR THE FLEET.

A DESPATCH from SIR EDMUND LYONS says “the men are well supplied with oranges.” We understand that the seamen have humanely divided some of the oranges with the Russian prisoners; thus showing that the British, at all events, know when to give quarter.

## A Distinction without a Difference.

THE following appears to be the distinction between two Admirals who have not achieved much distinction of any other kind—NAPIER was expected to do something, and didn’t do it; DUNDAS was expected to do nothing, and did it.



*Young Lady (whose birthday it is).* "OH, YES! I HAVE HAD A GREAT NUMBER OF NICE PRESENTS: BUT I WONDER WHO SENT ME THIS BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET?"

*Handsome Party (with moustaches, presence of mind, and great expression of eye).* "AND CAN'T YOU GUESS?" (*Sighs deeply.*)

[N.B. POOR BINKS, who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet from Covent Garden, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety.]

### LADIES AT THE BAR!

It is a nice question to be resolved by the ladies of America,—What they propose to leave to the benighted men? Already, ladies practice as physicians in the United States. Very soon we may expect that they will woman the navy. All, however, in good time; they are getting on meanwhile, for we read in the *Baltimore Sun* the new fact that "Mrs. EMMA R. COE was registered in the District Court on Friday, and will enter upon the study of law with W. S. PIERCE, Esq." The *Buffalo Democracy*, with most graceful self-denying gallantry, hails the advent of the feminine gender to the practice of the American bar, crying with exulting voice—

"This is what we want, female lawyers, for there are many delicate circumstances which woman can only confide to her own sex, and besides, the presence of ladies may civilise the bar, and lead lawyers to deal tenderly with witnesses on cross examination. So, success to COE AND CO."

No doubt, when the lady barrister opposes the man barrister; but when my learned sister is met by another learned sister, will the tenderness be excessive? As for the "delicate circumstances which woman can only confide to her own sex," will the lady employing a lady barrister, possess her with the whole of the case as "private and confidential?" And if so, of what account can it be turned in evidence? We have unbounded admiration, profoundest devotion to the gentle sex; but we do fear that few ladies will be found to give briefs to learned sisters. The female sex have, we know, when in the performance of the arduous duties of shopping, an almost instinctive repugnance to "being served by women." We may lament the fact; but the fact will remain. Therefore, as women will not be served their barèges and mohairs by MARY THOMAS, but rather by JOHN THOMAS, so we incline to believe they will rather prefer to buy their law of a W. S. PIERCE, Esq., than of even Mrs. EMMA R. COE. What, however, if the custom of female practice at the bar should cross the Atlantic, and become naturalised in the Queen's Bench and Pleas?

Imagine the influence on the jury by a fascinating Barristeress in a silk gown! When POPE wrote the line—

"And beauty draws us with a single hair,"

little did he think that that hair might be horse-hair! By the way, in default of a wig, will Mrs. COE be allowed to plead "in a front?"

### "PRAYERS IN OUR PRESENT TROUBLE."

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD begs of his clergymen to offer up the above-titled orisons—Prayers in Our Present Troubles. They are published, he writes, by MR. J. H. PARKER. Our friend, episcopal and saponaceous SAMUEL, has not forwarded a copy; but may Mr. PUNCH be allowed to ask of him whether in these Prayers, is any prayer against the rapacity of aristocratic churchmen. Reverend Lords and Right Honourables, according to the *Times*, having within these six months pounced down upon four fat livings? It is thus the reverend offshoots of the House of Lords are watered with the oil of the land. "Oh, ye rich ones in scarlet"—cried an old French divine—"could I put ye in a wine-press, the blood of the poor would be squeezed from your garments!"

### Our Octogenarians.

THE chief command in Ireland has been bestowed on LORD SEATON, a veteran of eighty, who must be very ambitious of dying with "harness on his back," or he would never consent to be saddled with heavy responsibilities at this very late period of his existence. Looking at the mode in which appointments are given to the veriest veterans, we should come to the conclusion that it is necessary for a candidate to be eighty, in order to reach the height of official be-eighty-tude. (The very gloomy nature of this joke is accounted for by the melancholy circumstance out of which it has arisen.)

What is the next article  
My Lady?  
Well, I think I should like  
a nice Majority for his  
little Brother.

Oh! I thank you I should  
like it very much - but  
I cannot afford it.

YES! THIS IS  
THE SHOP! -  
SALE OF PROMOTIONS  
READY MONEY  
ONLY



# SHOPPING!





## WOMAN WEIGHED IN THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

THE Queen's Bench and the Common Pleas did last week in their several Courts show to a most thinking and, withal, most commercial people, how nicely—as though the article was gold-dust—the worth of woman is weighed in the scales of British justice. The wife of the free-born Briton is his property. Imagine the bride in all the lustre of her bridal attire, in all the delicacy and, it may be added, in all the fragility. Is she not like one of those lovely oriental vases, all flowers without, and breathing otto of roses? Well, the bridegroom is the happy possessor of one of these vessels. A malicious or mischievous fellow flaws it—breaks it. The owner of the china brings his action against the evil-doer, and the offence proved, the value of the broken china is assessed to its owner. And is it not, right and just that it should be so?

A man's heart is flawed; for the wife that dwelt there has been wickedly, maliciously taken thence. From that hour that human heart is of no more worth than a cracked domestic teapot. The man, with all the determination of a bold Briton, sues for damages for the heart broken, and the woman—the household fairy that dwelt there—spirited away. A jury of bold Britons weigh the worth of the woman in the shop-keeping scales of justice, and estimate her worth at so many pounds. Is not this beautifully commercial? Nevertheless, we think we can even suggest an improvement of the trading custom.

Why, since the offence is purely of the commercial kind; why, since the compensation is, at least in the law-courts, purely material, why should not the scales of justice be devoted to a still more just, still more equitable duty of balance? Would it not be equally wise, equally moral with our present way of affording so much money for the loss of a wife—(MR. HOPE consents to take the small sum of £200 of COURT AGUADO for MRS. HOPE)—to weigh, not the peace of mind of the husband in the balance, but the person of the wife herself?

Let the woman herself be weighed, and—of course the price would vary according to the rank and breeding of the weighed one—be paid for according to pounds avoirdupois. Thus, the lightness of the woman would be judged according to her density. We feel strengthened in the good sense, in the morality (according to law courts) of the suggestion. Is not a wife "flesh of flesh and bone of bone" of her husband? Well, let her be, in *propria persona*—with allowed millinery drawbacks—weighed in the scales of justice; and the price previously fixed at avoirdupois rate, the price be paid to her late owner.

We are in no fear that, with this custom duly introduced and sanctioned, the lines of beauty would be made to describe too wide a curve. We know that in Morocco, maidens are only deemed by those about to marry, proportionably eligible as they are disproportionably fat. Hence, it is written of Tunisian mothers that, in their natural care to obtain good husbands for their daughters, they will cram the doves like turkeys; standing over them with a hambou, the while they compel the maidens to eat, and eat, and still to eat of *kous-kous*, a most fattening compost of curds, and honey, and corn; that has as ready an effect upon maidens of Morocco, as oil-cake has upon short-horns of Hereford. We know this. Still we know that we are free, civilised, moral Britons; and do therefore disdain to dream of the possible introduction of *kous-kous* into May-Fair or Belgravia. Our English laws of divorce must again and again be debated; and we do think so long as the loss of the wife of a man's bosom is to be paid for, even as one of his most domestic chattels maliciously broken—we do think that our suggestion of weighing a woman and paying for her, according to avoirdupois, and not according to any moral standard, is a great commercial improvement on our present system.

In the case, however, of "HOPE v. AGUADO," the plaintiff did not want money for money's sake. He only wanted the filthy lucre, as so much yellow dirt, so much fuller's-earth, wherewith he might—by the after grace of the House of Lords—take out the stains of his marriage lines. He could get a divorce, if he got a verdict of decent nominal amount; and upon this understanding the court was merciful to the sinful defendant, and thought—"in pursuance of an arrangement previously entered into"—that £200 damages would suffice. We may now leave MR. HOPE on his way to the Lords; where, having the money necessary to pay for the operation, he will have his marriage manacle for ever cut in twain. All future peace attend him!

We now come to "BROUGH v. WOODMATCH," disposed of the same day in the Common Pleas. We will not linger upon it, for the story is too terrible. BROUGH obtains a verdict, the damages to be assessed by MR. SERGEANT CHANNELL. But can the unhappy, outraged BROUGH obtain a severance from the marriage chain that still holds him to a horrid creature in Bedlam? No: he must go to the grave with that chain still corroding him. And wherefore? Why, broken-hearted, poor man, he is too poor to pay the fees in the House of Lords.

Nevertheless, English justice with sedatest face declares from the Bench that in merry, equitable England—"There is only one law for the rich and for the poor." Any way there are two separate churches, two distinct marriage services. In the church of St. JAMES there is

divorce, for St. GILES life-long bondage. How long is this one-sided law for the rich and the poor to continue?

One suggestion to law; or if law be deaf, to common sense. Might not the verdict for the plaintiff be at the same time, the verdict of divorce?

## THE PARKS AND THE PARK KEEPERS.



or the less admiring the splendid uniforms of the individuals acting as Park Keepers of the Metropolitan Parks, we cannot help regretting that the useful is not blended with the ornamental in the persons of those functionaries. During the prevalence of snow, efforts were made to remove it from all public footways, except from those footways which the public had especially the right to call their own, and accordingly the road from the Horse Guards to Hyde Park Corner was about as bad as the road from Bala-klava to the Camp before Sebastopol. Of course it

could not be expected that those magnificent creatures in green and gold, who hold the office of Park Keeper, could take a shovel or a broom in hand to clear a footway for passengers; but it is a pity that some one was not employed to prevent people from having to either walk up to the knees in snow, or cut trenches for themselves to get from one side of the Park to the other.

We should like to know whether it was routine and red-tape that prevented the removal of the snow in the Parks, and whether the scavenger was referred from one department to another before he could get to work.

A few energetic crossing-sweepers would have rapidly effected a clearance of the pathways, which for some days were either impassable or dangerous, while the Park Keepers were discussing the prospects of the war, as we overheard two of them doing in company with a Policeman, who was entering into a description of the "sort of man that's wanted in the Crimea."

We should like to see a copy of the instructions given to the Park Keepers, whose duties, as far as we have seen, would seem to consist in walking together in couples, and discussing the topics of the day, varied by an occasional charge on some very little boys, who may be playing at some harmless game. We have seen some prodigies of activity performed occasionally by a Park Keeper, under the influence of a sort of paidophobia, or aversion to boyhood.

We have sometimes seen children while playing quite at a distance from the public footpaths, suddenly routed by the incursion of a barbarian Beadle, who has savagely put the whole party to the cane, and returned after his achievement, to renew, with his colleague, the chat in which he had been engaged. We must confess we think the functionary in question would have been better employed in sweeping the snow from the footpaths, than he occasionally is in sweeping off the children from the grass, of which there is not a great deal within the reach of these erratic juveniles.

## A "DRAGON'S" SHARE.

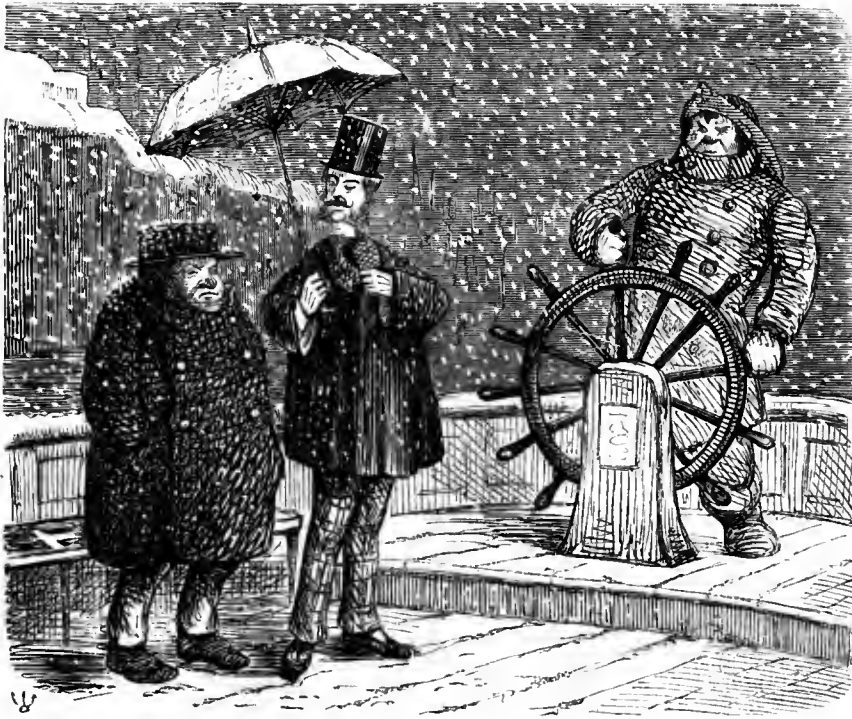
In the gazetted division of salvage-money due to the crew of the *Dragon* for the salvage of the *Gilmour*, merchant ship, the first and the last shares are as follow:—

Captain . . . £5 12s. 7½d. Tenth Class . . . £0 11s. 6½d.

In this way does the *Dragon* captain share the golden pippins. He bolts eighty-five pounds' worth of golden apples himself, and leaves eleven shillings' worth of pips to the defrauded powder-monkey. It is an old sea-proverb that "monkey's allowance is more kicks than half-pence," and CAPTAIN DRAGON most draconously illustrates the truth thereof.

## It Speaks for Itself.

It is said of LORD PANMURE, the new War Minister, that in consequence of his being liable to periodical attacks of the gout, there are times when he cannot be spoken to for three weeks. Perhaps this may be looked on as one of his chief qualifications for his post at the present moment; for if a War Minister cannot be spoken to for three weeks all chance of having awkward questions put to him will be avoided.



[A distant relative having come up to see London, Captain Flasher treats him to a panoramic view of the Great Metropolis from the bosom of "Old Father Thames." The weather is not exactly what it should be for a water-party; but the trip has this advantage, that the gallant Captain is not likely to meet anybody that knows him.]

## LOVE SONG IN HIGH LIFE.

(Suggested by a Narrative in a Fashionable Contemporary.)

I'LL lead thee, Beauty's Queen,  
To the Alta', mine to be,  
Oua union now has been  
Too long on the tapis!

A 'm suah a shall be chawm'd—  
At St. Jauge's, Hanova' Squaw,  
Shall the nuptials be pasawm'd  
With un-u-su-al éclat.

We've a Bishop, with a Dean,  
To assist in pwopp' style:  
And the intawesting scene  
Will pwesent a gwand coup d'œil.

A wobe, that fawm divine,  
Of gros de Naples, shall gwace:  
Where auwange flaws combine  
With costly Bwussels lace.

The apwon, swcetest lav'  
The bodice and sleeves as well,  
Shall an elegant twimming have  
Of the same matériel.

When the sæwred wites arc aw'  
We'll dash, *ma fiancée*,  
To the house of yaw Papaw,  
And partake the *déjeuner*.

Then, leaving vewy soon,  
In our twavelling chaise we'll go  
To spend the honey-moon  
At the noble Awl's *chateau*.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Friday, February 16th.—A Government having been made, Parliament assembled to have a look at it, and to make pertinent and impertinent observations on its appearance, preparatory to testing its working capabilities.

In the Lords, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY presented a petition from certain tee-totallers, praying that Brewing might be prohibited in the United Kingdom. He did not state whether the petitioners were in or out of Bedlam, but Mr. Punch trusts that the names of the unfortunate creatures have been obtained from the clerk of the House by the Idiots' Friend Society.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH made some sensible observations, and LORD PANMURE some agreeable promises, in reference to the recognition of the merit of our private soldiers, and as to promotions; and the War Minister stated that LORD RAGLAN and SIR E. LYONS had been desired to do something which it would appear has never yet occurred to them as desirable, namely, to get the harbour of Balaklava into something like order. LORD CAMPBELL wanted to know why LORD CARDIGAN had not been thanked by that House as SIR DE LACY EVANS had been by the Commons, to which LORD CRANNY replied that there was no precedent for thanking any lord who was not a commander-in-chief. LORD BROUGHAM thought that to make a precedent, and thank LORD CARDIGAN verbally, would be an insult to people who had been thanked in writing. LORD CAMPBELL, of course, contradicted LORD BROUGHAM'S view, and there the matter ended.

In the Commons, the Bottle-holder made his first appearance in the character of PREMIER, and had a good "reception." MR. RICARDO, the new Member who was returned by one half of the Government, for Windsor, took his seat, but he was not introduced by MR. GLADSTONE and MR. S. HERBERT. The Speaker read a letter from SIR EDMUND LYONS thanking the House for thanking the Fleet, but the bitter sarcasm with which SIR EDMUND concluded was really almost too severe. He said that "the blessing of education had enabled the seamen and marines to appreciate, better than their predecessors, the value of the opinion of Parliament." ADMIRAL BRUAT, on the part of the French sailors, also accepted the vote of thanks "*comme une precieuse récompense de leurs services*," and a precious recompense he would indeed think it, if he had heard the way in which the vote was proposed.

MR. BROTHERTON then did some private legislation at the top of his speed, and lots of petitions were presented, most of them intrinsically foolish; and all foolish, if regarded practically.

SINTHORP asked BETHELL whether, notwithstanding the Bribery Act, he might not be permitted to relieve poor electors, and the SOLICITOR GENERAL discreetly replied that the law was not intended to put down charity.

The PREMIER then made his maiden speech: explained how he came to take office, and how LORD DERBY had proposed to him to make a Tory Coalition. LORD PALMERSTON said he immediately consulted LORD LANSDOWNE, "whose opinions would guide him in every public transaction of his life," and LORD LANSDOWNE had told him that the DERBY dodge would not "do." So now the Opposition organs will of course open upon the venerable L. The PREMIER proceeded to puff all his colleagues—the wise CLARENDON, the firm PANMURE, the talented GLADSTONE, the able GRAHAM, and then he proceeded to the real difficulty before him, namely, MR. ROEBUCK'S motion.

PAM'S ingenuity in dealing with the question was remarkable, nor was his boldness by any means at fault. He likened the Commons to the rebels who assembled under WAT TYLER, and to whom, when that individual had been murdered by WALWORTH (Mayor), KING RICHARD THE SECOND said, "Do you want a leader. I will be your leader." The Commons, by a tremendous majority, had decided that they would enquire into the misdoings of the late Government. But a new Government, composed of the same men, had been made, and this Government proposed to enquire into the misdoings of their predecessors. They would ask themselves all sorts of questions, and cross-examine themselves in the crosslest manner. In fact, Government would be KING RICHARD, and lead the Commons. PAM pretended to think that nothing could be more satisfactory than this device, and then promised a variety of reforms in our war system, and commissions to enquire into everything. He mentioned that an army of scavengers was to be sent out to the Crimea, and as complaints had been made that our Indian resources were not employed, he should obtain Adjutants for this army from Calcutta, or from MR. MITCHELL of the Zoological Gardens. He congratulated the country upon LORD JOHN RUSSELL being sent to Vienna, but said that if JOHN could not make honourable peace, he, PAM, would make vigorous war.

MR. DISRAELI affected to vindicate LORD DERBY for having attempted a Coalition, and enunciated the startling fact and prediction that LORD PALMERSTON had made a Government, but whether it were a strong one or not, time would show. He thought MR. ROEBUCK'S Committee ought to be appointed, and he should support the decision of the House, but should be happy, if he did not succeed in destroying the Government by such support, to lend it any aid in his power. RICH then

made a poor speech; ROEBUCK said he should stick to his motion; MUNTZ thought LORD PALMERSTON was doing all in his power; TOM DUNCOMBE thought and said that LORD PANMURE was decidedly a worse man than the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE; HORSMAN was for enquiry; so was EDWARD BALL (the one with the groaning voice); PHINN put in his fin on behalf of Government, and after some more talk of no great mark, the subject dropped.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM alluded to SIR CHARLES NAPIER's Mansion House philippic, declared that everything SIR CHARLES had said was false, but that "a half-pay officer" might be allowed to say what he liked, and though SIR CHARLES had declared himself a hero, he, SIR JAMES was not going to make him a martyr. He then requested a trifle of money for navy expenses—two millions more than he wanted last year, and about ten millions in all. The House did not think that any fuss should be made about such a trifle, and after some desultory conversation, told him to take the money, and went home.

### LEGAL STUDIES AT CAMBRIDGE.



we are sure he would carry off the prize. We are convinced that our friend GUPPY, of *Bleak House* notoriety, if he were only qualified to compete, would be the successful candidate.

OR the encouragement of legal studies, PRINCE ALBERT has very properly offered a Gold Medal, but we cannot anticipate the production of anything much better than a mere smatterer from the scheme proposed by the Syndicate. The books recommended to be read, with a view to the examination, are such as any attorney's articled clerk would have at his finger's ends, or on the tip of his tongue, or at the point of his lips, or on any other part of him, which he

uses for the purpose of displaying his learning. Besides the customary mixture of GIBBON, GROTIUS, and DE LOLME, the Syndicate recommends STORY (the old STORY of course), BLACKSTONE (a new edition if there is one), and that very useful little manual with which every magistrate and magistrates' clerk in England is familiar, called JERVIS'S *Acts* (ARCHBOLD'S edition). If this course of study will entitle a Cambridge student to a gold medal, there is not an Attorney on the Roll who ought not to be *decoré* with a metallic badge.

If a moderately sharp common law clerk might only be permitted to enter the lists against the Cambridge men,

### HINTS TO POTICHOMANIACS.

BY A FASHIONABLE ENTHUSIAST.

THE Lady, who devotes all her time to potichomaniacing, may be said to be of that bold, careless nature, that she would probably stick at nothing.

It is as well not to leave your Dragons, and Mandarins, and Flowers lying littered ready-pasted about the room. I knew a poor dear of an Italian greyhound, who, by rolling itself amongst the pictorial seraps, came out, to the great horror of its spinsterial mistress, a most ridiculous object, for it was daubed all over, from its head to its tail, with Chinese monstrosities and Dutch tulips.

To such a mania is this pursuit carried in some households, that I could point to the house in Torrington Square, where all the jann and prescrve pots have been potichomaniac. Even the servants' beer-glasses present a rich Etrusean and Pompeian appearance.

The case of the mischievous little boy, who got hold of his mamma's large opera-glass, and stuck curious little figures on the glasses inside, regularly potichomaniacing it in fact, must still be fresh in the recollection of every one.

It is advisable, after you have been "messing" with the different liquids to wipe your fingers. It is very embarrassing to find your hand fastened in the large fat digits of a stupid gawky boy, who has just dropped in to pay you a visit. You try to get your hand away, and the vain young puppy, fancying you have some motive in leaving it there, goes on squeezing it tenderly. I don't know of anything so awkward. In general, it may be said that potichomania is favourable to table-cloth makers and carpet warehousemen.

However the art of Potichomania may be in a small measure, productive of domestic economy. Young ladies, who do not scruple *de se salir les doigts* with all sorts of dirty messes and colours, and who even take a positive pleasure in so doing, cannot object now to lend their fair fingers occasionally to the manufacture of a

pic, or a pudding. I am sure of the two pursuits the latter is much the cleaner, to say nothing of the reward for one's trouble that one has afterwards in eating it.

### THE HOUSE OF INTERESTS.

Of what is the House of Commons made?  
Of Members for Land and Members for Trade,  
Of Members for Cotton and Timber, and Ships,  
And Members for Stocks, and Shares, and Scrips.

The House has Members for Foundries and Mines,  
And Members for sundry Railway Lines,  
And Members for Sugar, and Tea, and Spice,  
And Members for Pepper, and Paddy, and Rice.

The House of Commons is not without  
Members for Ale, and Beer, and Stout:  
And Members for Whisky and Members for Gin  
The House of Commons there are within.

There are Members for Church, both High and Low,  
And Members for Meeting-house also.  
And, gentlemen whom the House could spare,  
The POPE OF ROME has his Members there.

And there are Members—too large a lot—  
For the venal rogue and the drunken sot,  
Members returned, through *L. S. D.*,  
For Sovereign Alley, by *W. B.*

Now, being constituted so,  
The House of Commons has fallen low,  
For Genius and commanding Mind,  
As in the time of need we find.

It has plenty of mouths to talk and prate:  
But where are the heads to rule a state?  
They'll preach and prose till all is blue,  
But which of them knows the thing to do?

The Hour has come, but not the Man,  
Find him inform us where we can!  
Where we cannot 'tis very plain;  
In the House of Commons we seek in vain.

### CURIOSITIES OF LONDON.

WE make MR. TIMBS a present of the following "Curiosities." He is perfectly at liberty to make use of them in the next edition of his interesting book:—

- A good cigar bought at a Betting Shop.
- A playbill that spoke the truth.
- A fresh-laid egg that was less than a month old.
- A statue that was an ornament to the metropolis.
- A glass of London porter that had not been doctored.
- A shilling that had been refused by a box-keeper for a seat at the theatre.
- A quiet street without an organ.
- An omnibus that was not going to start directly.
- A bargain, bought at an "Awful Failure" shop, that did not turn out a do.
- A policeman with spectacles; a blue-coat boy on horseback; a chimney-sweep with an umbrella; a quaker with a bull-dog; a fountain that was not supremely ridiculous; a Leicester Square foreigner that looked happy; a Belgravian JEAMES in a hurry; a bishop carrying a baby; or a beadle in a balloon.
- And lastly, a paving-stone of solid gold, the sauc as the streets of London are proverbially paved with.

### The Russian Army of Martyrs.

WE learn that the Russian priests in the Russian armies always receive orders of the commanding officer as to "the points they are to treat in their sermons and religious instructions" of the men. The priest attends every morning to take measure of the commander's mind. Thus, a Russian general may give his order for a sermon as the commercial gent. gives *his* order for brandy-and-water. "Hot and strong, and plenty of it." Before the onslaught at Inkermann, *raki* was served out *with* the sermons: we know not whether there was "soda water the day after."

## MR. SPOONBILL'S EXPERIENCES IN THE ART OF SKATING.—PART II.



MR. SPOONBILL BEGINS TO THINK THAT SKATING IS "EASY ENOUGH WHEN YOU'VE ONCE GOT YOUR FEET WARM."



BUT COMING SUDDENLY UPON A TREACHEROUS SLIDE—



HE IS COMPELLED TO CONFESS HIMSELF A GOOD DEAL SHAKEN IN THAT BELIEF.



BLINDED WITH ENTHUSIASM, "AGAIN HE URGES ON HIS WILFUL CAREER."



AND TAKES THE CONSEQUENCES, AND A COLD BATH.



SUDDEN AND AWFUL DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. SPOONBILL

## A FIRE BRIGADE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

A PARAGRAPH appeared the other day in the newspapers, strikingly exemplifying the irregular, untechnical, unofficial way in which municipal business is transacted in contrast with affairs within the province of Government:—

"FIRE.—Last evening a mounted express arrived at the fire-stations of the London Brigade, stating that the Brixton prison, now used as the female convict department, was on fire. Mr. BRAINWOOD, the superintendent, ordered a number of his engines to proceed with all possible expedition to the spot, which was done, and Mr. CONNORTON also started with the West of England engine, and upon the arrival of the fireman they found the fire was confined by the chapel, and had been caused by the hot air flue which caused the flooring and the joistings to become ignited."

Now, if a house on fire were dealt with on the same orderly and methodical principles as the War, there would have been none of this undignified hurly. The Governor of the Brixton prison would have sent a Turnkey to the Parish Clerk, in the first instance, to report the fire, and make a request for the parish engine. The Parish Clerk would have said that the engine did not belong to his department, and would have referred him to the Beadle. The applicant would then have proceeded to the Beadle's residence, and perhaps not have found him at home, but after some time, have succeeded in discovering him at a publichouse. The Beadle would have delegated the custody of the keys of the engine-house to the Sexton. On applying to the Sexton, the messenger would have been met with a refusal to deliver up the keys, except on the authority of a written order from the Beadle: he would, therefore, have returned to the Beadle to procure the necessary document, which that functionary would have declined to furnish him with, until warranted in so doing by a demand under the hand of the Governor of the prison. Bending back his steps to head-quarters for this purpose, the Turnkey would have been some time in getting at his superior officer, who would have withdrawn himself from the scene of the conflagration. Having ultimately sought him out, and procured the requisition in writing, he would have reverted once more to the Beadle, who would have objected

to execute the Governor's order on account of some informality in its signature. This having been rectified after another journey to and fro, the Beadle would at last have given the required cheque on the Sexton, which the Turnkey would have lost on his way, and consequently have had to betake himself yet once again to the Beadle. The proper authorization for the Sexton to deliver the keys having been at length obtained, the engines would have been found out of gear and useless. This fact having acquired publicity, some of the neighbours would perhaps have ridden off to the fire-station, whilst others would have attempted to put out the fire with buckets, and the reporter would probably have had to record a very different catastrophe from the following:—

"The inmates and strangers, with the aid of a good supply of water, succeeded in getting the fire extinguished."

It thus appears that MESSRS. BRAIDWOOD and CONNORTON arrived at the fire too soon; whereas they might have arrived too late. The fire-brigades should be officered by older and slower men than Mr. BRAIDWOOD and Mr. CONNORTON, unless we wish the organisation of those bodies to form an odious comparison with that of the Army. And then we should be enabled, in a few years, to redeem the metropolis from the disgrace of narrow streets and mean architecture, because the devouring element would soon indulge its appetite to an extent which would afford an opportunity of rebuilding London.

## Mistake in Military Matters.

THE words Rank and File are now of frequent occurrence in the newspapers. Perhaps they are open to misconstruction. Civilians may naturally suppose Rank to mean command in the army, and File the old file, or fogy, promoted thereto.

THE HEIGHT OF EGOTISM.—The *Standard* talking of the *Morning Herald* as "our respected contemporary."



## NOBLE ANIMAL FOOD.

M. GEOFFROY SAINT-HILAIRE, Professor at the Museum of Natural History at Paris, has, we see, just delivered two lectures recommending the use of horseflesh for food. The ancient Germans and Scandinavians, the nomadic tribes of Northern Asia, and the modern Danes, were adduced by the Professor as examples of thriving horse-eaters. To these perhaps he might have added London Medical Students, and other young men who sometimes regale themselves at eating-houses on what they imagine to be hashed venison. Besides the ancient Teutonic race, he might also have cited the Small Germans of the present time, as affording, together with saveloys and other sausages, an illustration of the consumption of horseflesh, though hardly, perhaps, of its wholesomeness. It may be remarked that the staple meat of England has hitherto been beef, but that if M. SAINT-HILAIRE'S views should be adopted in this country, the staple will become stable. A fat Horse-Show will probably also be established at the Horse Bazaar. Races will be entered for the plate after a new fashion, and the Derby and other stakes will acquire a new significance and spelling. Meanwhile, give us beef; but when we cannot get that or any other butcher's meat, we may then be tempted to seek another form of animal food in stead.

## Service.

It has been remarked that certain aristocratic officers, absent upon leave from the Crimea, have notwithstanding shown a great devotion to the service. We mean—the dinner service.

## CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN WALKING TO EVENING PARTIES.

DON'T FORGET TO TAKE OFF YOUR GOLOSHES AND TURN DOWN YOUR TROUSERS BEFORE ENTERING THE ROOM.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, February 19th.*—LORD PALMERSTON told the Commons that it had been necessary to recal LORD LUCAN for quarrelling with LORD RAGLAN. Before the House went into the Army Estimates, MR. LAYARD delivered a speech containing some excessively unpalatable home-truths, explaining to the Commons that the mishaps of the war arose from the mismanagement of the authorities, and the vicious system of army promotion, and adding a strong but friendly warning to the aristocracy. It would be egotism in *Mr. Punch* did he applaud sentiments which MR. LAYARD must have studied, in their best form, in the pages of this immortal work, but *Mr. Punch* has no objection to say that the earnest eloquence of the Member for Nineveh did justice to his theme. LORD PALMERSTON, being obliged to say something in reply, pretended to think that MR. LAYARD had attacked the aristocracy, and thereupon his Lordship gave a spirited sketch of LORD CARDIGAN'S charge at Balaklava, in satisfactory proof that an old dowager, with money and influence, ought to be able to buy her hobblechoys into the most responsible positions in the British army. The argument was worthy of hearers who did not instantly laugh it down.

The House went into the Army Estimates; 193,595 men were voted, and seven millions of money to pay them. The PREMIER said that the Foreign Enlistment Act had failed, the delicate feelings of the Continentals who had intended to sell us their swords, having been so shocked by *Mr. Punch's* caricatures, and the language of our debates and papers, that they could not think of carrying out the bargain. This is another specimen of the rubbish held good enough for Parliament, as if we did not know that questions of international politics had really prevented the levy.

*Tuesday.*—LORD ELLENBOROUGH said that we could not raise enough soldiers without coercion, and recommended that pleasant process. The War Minister said that we could.

In the Commons, MR. J. G. PHILLIMORE brought in a bill for appointing Public Prosecutors. Of course the Law Advisers of the Crown said that it would not do, as they always say when a private member tries to effect a desirable reform. The rest of the night was taken up with a quantity of talk about the trade we used to have, and it seems still have, with Russia. All that came of it was fresh evidence that our intelligent authorities had blundered the hockade with the same neatness they have convinced in blundering most other things, but there were promises of amendment.

*Wednesday.*—In the Commons, SIR BENJAMIN HALL'S Nuisances and Health Bills were pushed on. A deputation, consisting of *Mr. Punch*, intends to wait on SIR BENJAMIN, to ascertain whether Parliamentary debates can be brought under the powers to be conferred by the first of these bills. The only reason for doubting it is that the bills are limited to England and Wales, whereas a few Scotch and all the Irish members assist in creating the above-mentioned nuisance.

*Thursday.*—In the Lords EARL GRANVILLE announced that Government had advised the QUEEN to appoint "a day of humiliation" in reference to the War. This is most proper, if the humiliation be accompanied by renewed and earnest efforts for the future—else it is audacious hypocrisy. Which day that mails come in from the Crimea is not a day of humiliation?

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON was happy to announce that JOHN BULL was on the best possible terms with BROTHER JONATHAN. He mainly attributed this to the good offices of a person whom our inveterate modesty again prevents our naming, and whose graceful and good-natured way of castigating the faults of both parties, and knocking their two heads together whenever they hinted at quarrels, has chiefly conducted to the tranquillity of two worlds.

LORD PALMERSTON then said that the three Peelites, GLADSTONE, GRAHAM, and HERBERT, had thrown up their situations, and as they required until next evening to concoct a string of plausible excuses for so doing, the House had better adjourn.

After MR. DISRAELI had managed, without laughing, to say that he was very sorry to hear such a sad thing, the House did adjourn.

*Friday.* The three made their excuses. GRAHAM said that when he was asked to join the Ministry he was "in bed;" that he only hawled out to know whether it was all right about foreign policy, and as PALMERSTON shouted upstairs, "Why, of course," he pulled the clothes over his head and thought no more about the matter. But, as PALMERSTON would not resist the inquiry into the misdoings of the late government in the Crimea, he, SIR JAMES, could not stay in with him. SIDNEY HERBERT said something of the same kind, and GLADSTONE repeated it at great length, but only one of his remarks is worth notice. He declared his conviction that if the house could vote by ballot, the ROEBUCK Committee would be thrown over. That is the RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM GLADSTONE'S estimate of our senators. They will do what the people demand, because the people's eyes are upon them, but if they could secretly oppose the demand, and stultify themselves as a body, they would like to do so. Now nobody will call MR. GLADSTONE a vulgar declaimer against the higher classes, but what bitterer



"OH! HERE'S A JOLLY SLEDGE."

### ABERDEEN AND HUMILIATION.

LORD ABERDEEN has no objection to the appointment of a day of Humiliation for our defeats and disgraces in the war. How very good of him! When the prayers of a Kew congregation were requested for a certain sick man, it is on record that the old DUKE of CAMBRIDGE confidentially observed to himself and all about him, "no objection—no objection." But what will LORD ABERDEEN do to show a pious, instructed nation that, as far as humiliation goes, his heart is in the good work? Will he wear a suit of sackcloth? Or better, will he wear a court suit in his parish church, altogether heedless of the thermometer,—a court snit of Russian towelling; with, of course the rewardful blue riband about his patriotic bosom, the garter around his knightly leg? No; we would not have our late beloved Premier so attired. We love a Lord; we love him—like England, with "all his faults," we love him still. And with good reason. For when the hour arrives that the heart of the bold Briton fails, instinctively, to go upon its knees at the sight of the *Peerage*—that day England is doomed as a nation. The hour when we—the national mob—cease to consider ourselves the political property of, say, some dozen families—that hour will ring the knell of Great Britain. The British Lion will be of no more account than a dead dog in the highway; hardly worth the skinning.

Therefore, however the country may be humiliated, let there be no outward humiliation for LORD ABERDEEN, and the like of him. But this small acknowledgment in his heart we must suggest; and we do it the more readily, inasmuch in that we believe it will be most readily complied with by his Lordship. Whenever the day of Humiliation shall be appointed, there will, of course, be a gathering at the church doors in aid of the sufferers by the war. Now what we suggest is, that the EARL of ABERDEEN takes with him the amount of the salary he has received as Prime Minister; and, as a penitential offering, that he there and then lays the cheque for the few thousands of pounds humbly and devoutly in the plate. This small act of reparation his Lordship will be only too happy—unless we much mistake him—to comply with.

"My objection was not to a day of Humiliation, but to the appointment of a prayer for *common use*." Thus spake LORD ABERDEEN in the House of Lords; and he had good reason for his objection to a prayer for common use: seeing that when his term of Premiership would end and determine, there would be the less necessity for a continued prayer against the causes of humiliation. The Noble Lord, however, is most ready to join in a special purpose of prayer, and this readiness reminds us of the old joke-book piety of the *Mawworm* greengrocer. *Mawworm* speaks from his back-parlour to the errand-boy in the shop.

### LORD JOHN'S TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

COLONEL SIBTHORP has expressed a hope that as the country will have to pay LORD JOHN RUSSELL's travelling expenses to Vienna, the expenses in question "will not be heavy." While we concur in the gallant Colonel's hope, we trust that LORD JOHN will not feel himself bound to do the thing shabbily; to cut down the waiters at the hotels; to squabble about the price of his room, and to go to a second or third-rate *restaurant* for his dinner. We should be sorry to hear that his Lordship had been seen carrying his carpet-bag from the rail to the hotel, or walking down to the boat to save the cost of the 'bus, rather than add to the demand he will have to make on the public purse for the expenses of his journey.

We must appeal to COLONEL SIBTHORP's regard for the national character, and entreat him not to ask questions which will give foreigners the idea of our national stinginess. We hope we shall not find the Notice paper crowded with such questions as "Whether LORD JOHN RUSSELL was instructed to procure a through ticket to Paris?" or, "Whether any hints were given to the Noble Lord as to the charge for wax-lights at the hotels on the Continent?"

CASE OF EXTREME DESTITUTION.—The EMPEROR NICHOLAS has a cold, and he is reduced to such awful extremes, that he has not a candle even that he can tallow his Imperial nose with!

*Mawworm.* Have you sanded the sugar?

*Boy.* Yes.

*Mawworm.* Have you mixed the sloe-leaves with the tea?

*Boy.* Yes.

*Mawworm.* Have you watered the small beer?

*Boy.* Yes.

*Mawworm.* Then shut up the shop, and come in to prayers.

How well, how faithfully Lord Aberdeen, as Minister, follows the doings of the greengrocer! His lordship thus questions his subordinate colleagues.

*Minister.* Have you neglected the Ordnance?

*Red Tape.* Yes.

*Minister.* Have you also taken little heed of bedding for the sick, and medicine for the wounded?

*Red Tape.* Yes.

*Minister.* Have you let the Commissariat do as it likes, so that, as a matter of course, it has failed to do anything?

*Red Tape.* Yes.

*Minister.* And is the British army, therefore, almost annihilated?

*Red Tape.* Yes.

*Minister.* And therefore do the Russians rejoice over us and the French pity us?

*Red Tape.* Yes, yes.

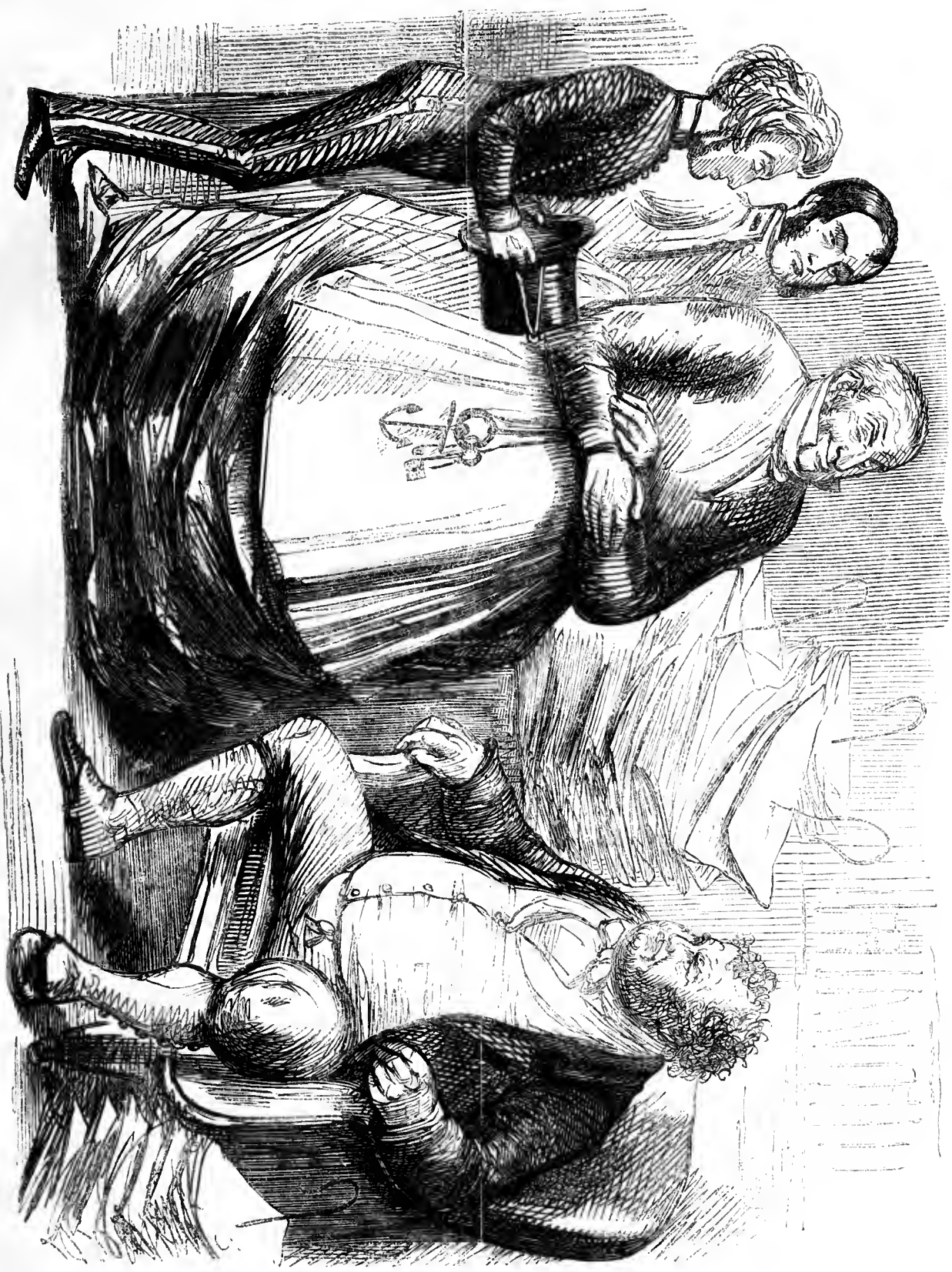
*Minister.* Well, then, all that is left us to do, is to knock our heads on the earth, and to supplicate Heaven to avert from us all further miseries. Let coaches be called for the cabinet; and we will all go and celebrate a day of Humiliation. We have humbled the country to the dust; and the best we can do is to celebrate the Humiliation.

### The Wounded at Windsor.

It is said that when it was conveyed to the wounded soldiers that the QUEEN commanded their presence in the Grand Hall of Buckingham Palace, the men showed great evidence of painful excitement. This feeling, however, immediately abated when they were assured that they would not meet there the late Secretary of War, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

### Advertisement for the Admiralty.

WANTED ASSISTANT SURGEONS.—Upwards of 60 VACANCIES in Commissioned SHIPS and NAVAL HOSPITALS remain to be filled. The pay is not large, but every facility for professional improvement will be given in the COCK-PIR, and the ASSISTANT SURGEON on board a Man-of-War will be treated in every respect as one of the MIDSHIPMEN.



MR. BULL WANTS TO KNOW "THE REASON WHY,"

Mrs. James Graham (a Housekeeper), "REALLY, SIR, THIS 'INQUIRY' IS SO VERY 'INCONVENIENT' THAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO LEAVE AT ONCE."



PHOTO BY G. S. S.



FROZEN-OUT LAWYERS.



Fear the continuance of cold weather would have left nothing for the lawyers to do, but to hoist their wigs on the top of broomsticks, and perambulate the streets as poor frozen out barristers.

A scene that happened last week at the Court of Common Pleas in London, before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS and a shivering jury, was suggestive rather of the Arctic Regions than of a British Tribunal, though it must be confessed that the idea of a Court of Just-ice was very painfully realised. Soon after the sitting of the Court, it was found that a ventilating apparatus, which had been set up at some expense, refused to make itself a "chase in action," for it would not work, and accordingly no warm air was admitted. Upon this discovery being made the following scene was enacted, according to the reports in the papers of the twenty-second:

"MR. SERJEANT BYLES said he had already been out to complain, for it was so cold that the bar were really in a dangerous position.

"A jurymen asserted that his feet were like ice.

"His Lordship said he had complained to the City architect, and had received a letter from him to say that the ventilation had now been made absolutely perfect; but it appeared that the stoves had been made so perfect that they could not be lighted. He must really adjourn the court, for the temperature was so low that it was positively dangerous. He was obliged to sit with his hands in his pockets to keep his fingers warm. The neglect was scandalous, but he would undertake to say that if the Aldermen were dining anywhere they would take care to have the place warm enough.

"The court-keeper, on being sent for a second time, thought that if the gas were lighted, it would produce some warmth; and he accordingly lighted the gas, which was kept burning during the remainder of the day."

It will be seen from the above extract that the Court was positively shivered to pieces; for in consequence of the cold it was for a time broken up. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE had, it seems, been sitting with his hands in his pockets; but the lawyers, though they had all no doubt got their hands in the pockets of their clients, were unable to keep themselves warm. We are quite of the same opinion with his Lordship as to the probability that "if the Aldermen were dining anywhere, they would take care to have the place warm enough," and indeed we only wonder that the CHIEF JUSTICE was able to speak with as much coolness as he did on a subject with respect to which the warmest condemnation would have been justified. If even the Judge, who has the benefit of the judicial ermine, could not endure the low temperature, what must have been the feelings of poor DUNUP in his threadbare stuff gown and well worn paletot beneath?

A PEELITE EDUCATION!

THE *Post* tells us what were the requirements for the Peelites (poor fellows!)—

"In them were to be centred high education, cultivated intellect, sharp training in the ways of the world, together with profound veneration for the ways of the Church. They were to throw the shield of their protection over the sanctities of the past—they were to stride forth with undaunted men to grapple with all coming difficulties of the future."

To have an eye for business, and a knee for the church—to carry your shield behind you to protect the past—and a nose before you to smell at the future. Who wonders that poor GLADSTONE (with others) has failed; and who—that has a heart—does not sympathise with the failure?

Aristocracy Defined.

ON additional and more profound reflection on the subject of Aristocracy, we have arrived at the following definition of that term, which we apprehend is as near the mark as possible:—

*Aristocracy.* A class of persons who despise the Public, and are venerated by the Public for that reason.

A Difference.

(Most respectfully pointed out.)

ABROAD, the Sovereign goes from the Palace to the different hospitals to inspect the Invalids.

At home, the Invalids are brought up from the hospitals to the Palace, to be inspected by the Sovereign.

A FIELD MARSHAL FOR THE CHURCH MILITANT.

(To the Houses of Lords and Commons.)

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

IN the House whose members, my Lords, call yours "another place," never mentioning it directly to each other's "cars polite;" in your House, Gentlemen; COLONEL KNOX is reported to have said in the debate on the Army Estimates:—

"The whole of the observations of the honourable Member for Lambeth resolved themselves into a tirade against PRINCE ALBERT. Now, really, the honourable gentleman should learn his lesson a little better, for he had made a gross mistake. The honourable Member had asked why his Royal Highness should be allowed £2,200 a year when other Colonels were allowed only £1,100. If the honourable gentleman would look at the number of battalions commanded by his Royal Highness, he would find that the increase was a perfectly just one, and that he had no right to make the remarks he had against that distinguished personage."

Surely, my Lords and Gentlemen, the gallant COLONEL defends the illustrious PRINCE on another than the right ground. Not the command of battalions, but the maintenance of the Prince-Consortship, is the proper plea for his ROYAL HIGHNESS'S £2,200 annuity—and who is he that expects PRINCE ALBERT to do his dignity for his clothes and his victuals, and a few shillings a week? But is it not your Lordships' opinion, and yours, Gentlemen, that it would be better to give the PRINCE £2,200 stipend for what he does, than for what he cannot do; for value received, in preference to value irreceivable? His ROYAL HIGHNESS cannot discharge the functions of a COLONEL—a chief of warriors. You will not permit him to go to the wars, very properly. Of course it would never do to have the husband of our QUEEN returning from the field of glory in a cask of rum, or curtailed, by the loss of an arm or a leg, of his fair proportions. He, doubtless, would be too glad to go, and be instrumental in scattering the enemies of his August Lady. But you won't let him. Allow me, then, my Lords and Gentlemen, to suggest to you that you have made him a dummy Field-Marshal—a Twelfth-Cake mounted officer: you might as well set him on a hobby in uniform, with a tin sword. And who do you think would feel comfortable in such a position? A ribald jester, perhaps: a buffoon, a zany, a fellow who does not mind what he wears, or how ridiculous he looks. I think I know one who would ride a cock-horse complacently enough in trappings more ludicrous, because more incongruous than motley and a fool's cap, if you would give him £2,200 per annum. That personage might not mind prancing away as a non-combatant COLONEL. But though I might not object to this kind of horsemanship, on those terms, I am certain, my Lords and Gentlemen, it cannot be a pleasant exercise for PRINCE ALBERT.

THE PRINCE, your Lordships and your Honours, wants real work to do. He has endeavoured to distinguish himself in the Army, according to his ability, within the scope which you allowed him. He has been active in the capacity of a clothing Colonel: but that is a tailor's and a hatter's business, and the genius of his ROYAL HIGHNESS is above that of the goose. He succeeded a great deal better in the wholesale concern of Industry in Hyde Park.

If, my Lords and Gentlemen, PRINCE ALBERT has any leisure which you consider that he might employ with emolument to himself and profit to the nation, supply him with the possibility of devoting it to those purposes. Give him that to do which he is able to perform.—Now, how do you know that he would not be willing to enter the Church? His ROYAL HIGHNESS can deliver good discourses from the chair—why not from the pulpit? He cannot fight—he might preach as well as anybody. The Church, of course, is the most exalted of all professions; the PRINCE might shortly become one of its most exalted members; a Bishop. He is prevented from leading a charge; there would be nothing to prevent him delivering one. In due time he might be preferred to the Metropolitan See. What an admirable arrangement!—the spiritual and temporal heads of the Church united. The ARCHBISHOP-CONSORT would be a famous title for the Consort of the DEFENDER OF THE FAITH. What an excellent precedent would thus be created: and how economical! The CONSORT would gain in income considerably, whilst the country would save much by this fusion of the Princely position with the Episcopal office—would, so to speak, kill two birds with one stone. Let me then, my Lords and Gentlemen, advise you to adopt—with the consent of the illustrious party—such measures as shall ultimately tend to relieve his ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT of his pseudo-military appointment, and constitute him ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

I have the honour to be,  
My Lords and Gentlemen,  
Your most obedient, and most humble Servant,

Feb. 1855, 85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.

Caution for the King of Prussia.

O FREDERICK WILLIAM! mind your P's and Q's; Or Prussia, through her King, the P will lose.



### FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

#### AN ATTEMPT AT CONVERTING THE NATIVES.

*Assiduous Young Curate.* "WELL THEN, I DO HOPE I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING BOTH OF YOU NEXT SUNDAY!"

*Miner.* "OI! THEE MAY'ST COAM IF 'E WULL. WE FOIGHT ON THE CROFT, AND OLD JOE TANNER BRINGS TH' BEER."

### LORD RAGLAN'S WEATHER ALMANACKS.

THE Despatches from the Seat of War remind us rather forcibly—though forcibly is a strong word for that which is the very essence of feebleness—of the productions which occasionally appear in the *Times* under the head of the Weather. We have now before us a Despatch dated February 6, which opens thus:—

"MY LORD DUKE,—I mentioned to your Grace on Saturday that the weather had broken."

If he had mentioned it on Saturday, what necessity was there to mention it again; but the truth is, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF appears to have nothing else to talk about. Having once got on to his favourite, indeed his only topic, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF proceeds to add that "the frost was very severe on that night;" and he then goes on to indicate the condition of his thermometer, which he says "was down at 13°," and he concludes the paragraph by intimating that "the wind was very high and piercingly cold." If his Lordship ultimately pursues the enemy as vigorously as he pursues the topic of the weather, he will be sure to follow up any advantage that may present itself. He goes on thus graphically—

"Sunday was rather milder, and yesterday was finer. To-day the glass has fallen and there is every appearance of rain."

These particulars must greatly interest the public, who are looking with intense anxiety to every scrap of information that arrives from the Crimea. In selecting the weather as the subject of his Despatches, LORD RAGLAN probably feels that he is adapting his style to the taste of his countrymen, who are always talking about the weather when they have nothing else to talk about.

### Admiralty Intelligence.

THE *Sir James Graham*, Government bark, has gone adrift.

That great big Buoy, *Bernal Osborne*, in the roads of Office, off the Opposition benches, close to Jocular Point, and between the two quicksands of Vanity and Self Sufficiency, has not in the least shifted during the recent tempestuous changes, but still remains fixed in the same strong position. The Buoy's head, even in the stormiest weather, keeps beautifully above water.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LEGAL STUDENTS.—Better far to make a pursuit of the Law, than allow the Law to make a pursuit of you!

### A DIFFICULT MESSAGE TO DELIVER.

If people underrate the labour of legislation, it is perfectly certain that they are not aware of the tremendous difficulty and trouble attending the exchange of a simple message between the Chancellor and the Speaker.

If LORD CRANWORTH, in his private capacity, wanted to tell Mr. LEFEVRE that he had looked over some document and altered a word or two, and that it would do very well, he would probably say so on one side of a sheet of note paper. Or he would send his Secretary, who would knock at LORD C's door, be shown into the library, make a bow to the Chancellor, deliver his message, say that it was thawing, but still cold, or as the case might be, and go away.

But if the LORD CHANCELLOR, Speaker of the House of Lords, wishes to tell Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, Speaker of the House of Commons, that the Lords have agreed to certain amendments in the Bill for the Better Protection of Godfathers and Godmothers against Supposititious Titles of Infants to Silver Mugs, or any other stupendous piece of legislation, the thing is not to be done so easily. The operation is a long and complex one.

Into the House of Commons cometh a portly personage, entitled a Master in Chancery. He is clothed in a red gown, and wears a wig. Does he walk up to the Speaker's table and say what he has to say? Mr. *Punch* would like to catch him at it. In two minutes he would be in custody, with a terrific amount of fees due to his captor, the Serjeant at Arms, who sits in that chair in full black dress, and with a sword by his side. He knows better, and slides into a seat under the gallery, waiting until his red gown shall be noticed, for little Masters should be seen and not heard.

In due time, so as not to seem hurried, the Speaker allows his eye to fall upon the Serjeant at Arms.

The Serjeant arises and advances to the table, making three bows at intervals, as he approaches the same. He humbly submits to the Speaker that there is a message from the Lords.

Upon the table, and resting on two brackets, intended to prevent members from shoving it off when they come fussing up and grabbing furiously at one of the volumes of *Hansard* as if it were *Punch*, or something else necessary to their existence—lies The Mace. It is a huge, thick, silver-gilt staff with an enormous cauliflower head, and it is said to be the actual article which a gentleman who abandoned the brewing profession, and became an eminent Protectionist, once called "That Bauble," and desired certain soldiers to "take away." The Speaker indicates to the Serjeant that he will lend it him for a little while, but he must bring it back.

The Serjeant in Black takes it up reverently in his arms, like a baby, and, walking backwards, and bowing at three intervals, as before, retreats from the presence.

The Master in Red is awaiting him at the other end of the House. The place is called "below the bar," and no Speaker can be elected who is not short-sighted, as he cannot by the Constitution see anything beyond a line on the floor at the other end of a good sized room. Here the Red and the Black form in line, two abreast, and the Black holds the Mace close to the head of the other, ready to smite him down upon the cocoanut matting, if he should begin to violate Magna Charta, or anything of that sort.

They approach, bow simultaneously three times, halting to do it, and the Master, under the stern surveillance of the Serjeant, delivers to the Speaker the little message in question.

But an assembly like the House of Commons is not going to take messages from a Master in Chancery. Certainly not. As soon as the Speaker has received the confidential message, he gets up and repeats it to the House.

Then, with great state, the Master and the Serjeant retire, walking

backwards, and this is the ticklish part of the whole proceeding. For the long red robe of the Master endangers his heels, and the betting is even that he is tripped up in his retrograde path, and exhibited in an unseemly attitude to the legislature of the nation. Whereas the manly legs of the Serjeant-at-Arms are unincumbered, save by the sword, which he wears very skilfully. But the Master usually escapes, and with the mace presented at his ear, bows his three bows, and gets off. If he *did* go down, it would be perhaps asking too much of human nature to expect the Serjeant, armed with such a weapon, to forego the giving him a "wunner," after the fashion of Harlequin with Clown, in such quarter as might afford amplest mark for castigation.

The Master is gone. But there is more to do yet. The Speaker is unhappy till he gets back the Bauble. The Serjeant returns alone—three more bows, and the precious relique is again on its bracket—three more bows—and the Serjeant is again in his easy chair. In all (errors excepted), this makes eight promenades and two dozen bows to one message.

After this explanation *Mr. Punch* hopes that no person will talk lightly of the difficulties of legislation.



▶ A BIT OF SERIOUS PANTOMIME.—A MESSAGE FROM THE LORDS.

### NO MORE BARE LEGS.

THE *Northern Ensign* quotes a Highland serjeant, a native of Ross-shire, serving in the East, who speaks in language of enthusiastic joy of an order from the Horse Guards, giving every kilted soldier a pair of warm tartan trousers. Nothing has given him "greater pleasure," the serjeant assures the friend to whom he is writing. He hopes that the order will "prove the death-blow to the kilt," and that the impossibility, now that the old kilts are done, of making new ones in the spring, will "seal the doom of the philabeg in the army for ever."

Of course, the kilt is worn by *Rob Roy MacGregor*, and *Roderick Dhu*; also by *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and the other theatres; likewise by sundry gents masquerading under the auspices of JULIEN, or some one of the female aristocracy. It is worn, too, by bagpipe-players in the middle of the streets, and by chieftains, real or sham, marching on the pavement at the head of clans of street boys. But the thermometer in all these cases stands at a comfortable degree. It is moreover worn by artists' models when deer-stalking in the studio—and perhaps by real sportsmen on the actual heather of Scotland, the weather being very warm. But if it won't do for Highlanders in the Crimea in winter-time, how could they ever have worn it, save during the dog-days, in their native mountains, so much farther North? Pooh! the kilt is a humbug. We believe that the only Highlanders, except soldiers, who habitually wear the kilt are those that stand at the doors of the tobaccoists' shops. The kilt is a suitable enough garment to dance in at Holland Park, or elsewhere, and is perhaps more becoming to a male dancer than gauze skirts would be; but as to soldiers supposed to be on actual service, unless in hot climates, it is fit for none but

such as form the camp in the *Revolt of the Harem*. Bonnets may be well enough for Highland troops; but don't dress the men also in petticoats.

### BROWN AND JONES.

"LORD PALMERSTON said that MR. LAYARD had indulged in what he must be permitted to call vulgar declamation against the aristocracy. Talk to him of the aristocracy! Why in the charge at Balaklava, LORD CARDIGAN (loud cheers), &c. &c."

Debate, Monday, Feb. 19th.

VULGAR? How sad! But then he spoke  
Of vulgar, low, and common things,  
Such as with gay WAT TYLER joke,  
A Viscount to oblivion flings.  
Of common honour, common sense,  
Of common soldiers' wasted bones—  
And bored the Commons with defence  
Of common folks like BROWN and JONES.

He talked of armies doomed to die  
Through dull officials' want of thought,  
Your Lordship stated in reply,  
How nobly CARDIGAN had fought.  
That "points" of yours but rarely miss  
A docile House of Commons owns,  
But really logie such as this  
Would hardly do for BROWN and JONES.

Such audience as your Lordship finds  
Accept and cheer each jaunty flash,  
But vulgar and plebeian minds  
Regard it as evasive trash.  
'Twill hardly teach us to forget  
Who caused sad Balaklava's groans;  
And there's another matter yet  
That will occur to BROWN and JONES:

Three Lords were mixed in that affair,  
LUCAN and RAGLAN blundered, both,  
The third, who showed a hero there,  
Did their joint bidding, greatly loath.  
Two Lords were blunderers out of three,  
(One bee between a brace of drones),  
A chance of better odds you'd see  
In taking SMITH, and BROWN, and JONES.

But not at Lords he aimed his shot—  
You ne'er mistook what he was at:  
You talk some folly, but you're not  
Quite such a MALMESBURY as that.  
He spoke (unhappily he's young,  
And has to learn convention's tones),  
The words you'd hear from every tongue,  
If Lords could mix with BROWNS and JONES.

He cursed our great State Lottery scheme,  
Whose prizes fall to Wealth and Rank,  
While Merit wakes from patriot dream  
To find he draws a hopeless blank.  
He hanned the System, where Routine  
Jobs, shuffles, bullies, shirks, postpones,  
Until its clumsy working's seen  
By those vulgarians, BROWN and JONES.

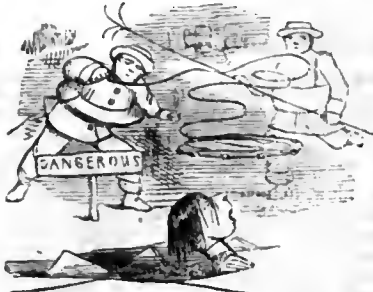
He told you, (*Punch* has said the same)  
JOHN BULL at many a fault will wink,  
But ruined armies, sullied name,  
And crushing taxes make him—think.  
A vulgar hint—yet those who prize  
Honours whose fountains are but thrones,  
Should take it, lest, in coarser guise  
It come, some day, from BROWN and JONES.

### ▲ Fact of the Frost.

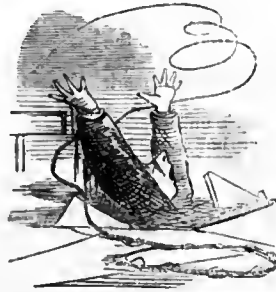
A METROPOLITAN gentleman, standing on Hammersmith Bridge, the other evening, and watching the closely packed "hummocks" of ice as they floated down the river, remarked that then, for the first time, he thoroughly appreciated CAMPBELL'S lines:—

"And dark as Winter was the flow  
Of Ice a (*Iser*) rollin' rapidly!"

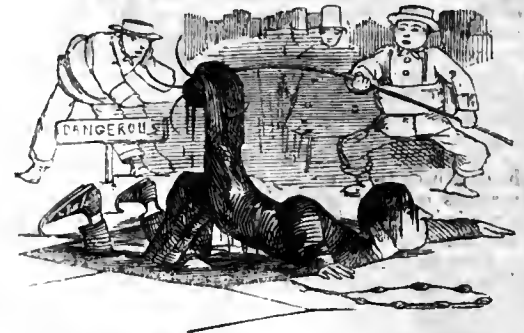
## MR. SPOONBILL'S EXPERIENCES IN THE ART OF SKATING.—PART III.



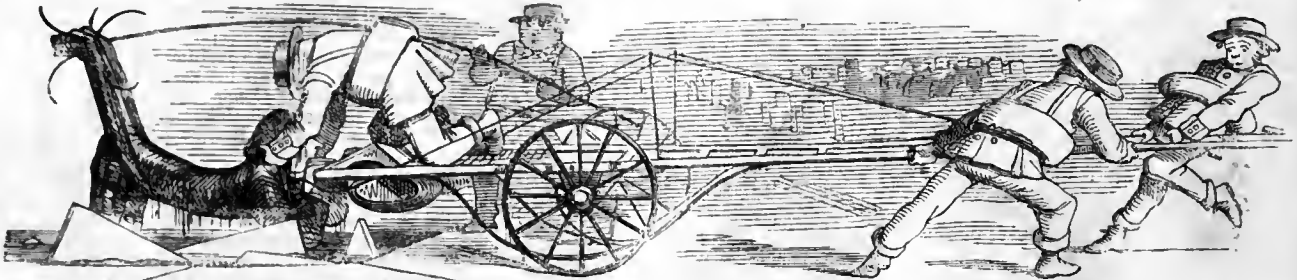
MR. SPOONBILL, AS HE APPEARED ON REGAINING THE SLOOP.



HOW HE TRIED TO CATCH A ROPE—AND DIDN'T;



AND HOW HE ADOPTED THE RECOMMENDATION TO "KEEP HIMSELF QUIET."



TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE "BREAKER LADDER," AND RESCUE OF MR. SPOONBILL.



AFTER IMBIBING CERTAIN HOT BEVERAGES, HE BEGINS TO FEEL PSETTY COMFORTABLE;



AND MAKES THE BEST OF HIS WAY HOME.



THIS SHOWS THE CHREBFUL MANNER IN WHICH MR. SPOONBILL ENDED HIS FIRST (AND LAST) DAY'S SKATING.

## THE COST OF A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

We always regarded the female tongue as a rather formidable weapon; but we had no idea that it could do so much mischief as it seems to have perpetrated in the hands, or rather in the mouth of one CHARLOTTE JONES of Merthyr-Tydvil, who is, it seems, confined in Cardiff Gaol, for having indulged rather too freely her woman's privilege of speech. She is alleged to have done what nearly every member of her sex is constantly doing; that is to say, she made one of her neighbours the subject of a "few words." These words, or alleged words, having been brought to the ears of the Consistory Court, she is ordered to retract them, though she says she never uttered them. But as calumny cannot even be withdrawn without the payment of fees, she is called upon to discharge a little account of between seven and eight pounds which she has run up in the County Court of Llandaff. Her husband, being a labourer at fifteen shillings

a week, is unable to meet the little liability his wife's tongue has incurred; and she is pronounced guilty of "Contempt" of the Court in question, because she does not happen to have seven or eight pounds about her to pay its demand.

She is accordingly consigned to a prison at Cardiff; and it appears that nobody has the power to get her out again; for neither the Bishop of the diocese, nor the Home Secretary can give her any relief. She therefore gets Mr. BRIGHT to present a petition to the Commons; and upon his remarking that "such a state of things was scandalous to the country," there arose cries of "hear! hear!" and a "laugh."

We can only hope that the "laugh" was hysterical; for we cannot conceive it possible that any legislator can see food for laughter in the existence of "a state of things" which is admitted to be "scandalous to the country." Indeed we do not precisely see the joke; and we have come to the resolution that the "laugh" was no less unworthy of the wag than of the patriot.

## AN UNMISTAKABLE VOICE IN EUROPE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—PRUSSIA.



Thus writes our own Correspondent :—

Berlin, March 2nd, 1855.

I dined with the King yesterday. His Majesty has been much irritated by the following statement, which has appeared in one of your contemporaries :—

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL goes to Berlin to ascertain, if possible, the real meaning of the KING OF PRUSSIA."

After dinner, FREDERICK-WILLIAM complained to me on the subject of this paragraph. He dwelt with much emphasis on the words, "if possible," as being peculiarly offensive. In directing his remarks on those objectionable expressions to myself, the monarch did me the honour to use the English language, as when talking to our countrymen, it is his custom to use it always in the afternoon. His Majesty was pleased to say :—

"If possible! Why if possible? Whoss LORD JOHN RUSSELL come Berlinfor tashtain mymeanig if possible? Youunstan mymeanig wellenough! You fi no difficulty in unstan mymean—ic! Now do y'olefella? Veywellzhen! Whatshey if possible for? Shif I coo'n shpeakplain? Douishpeakplain? No instinkness in my prunciation—izher? You 'stinguish ev word I shay. Donu? Wellzhen, if possible 's 'bsurd. 'Fpossible 'sh erroneous. 'Fpossible's a gratuitous assumsh'n—'fpossible is. I won't have if possible. Share's no 'sh thing 's if possibility. Nev' lem me hear that obs'vation anymore!—and pashdecanter: and aff zhat, if possible, we'll smooigar."

At a later period of the evening his Majesty reverted to the topic of these unpleasant words, which evidently, to use a phrase current among your lower orders, stick in the royal gizzard. On this last occasion the King was so overcome that he cried, and his utterance was choked to such a degree as to deprive me of the ability to present you with a report of his observations.

## HOW TO TREAT OUR CONVICTS.

We don't know what to do with our criminals! Don't we? We should rather imagine that we did though, now.

Instead of shutting them up cozily in model prisons here at home, have them shipped off abroad to an unhealthy climate, and just at the most inclement season. Land them without a change of clothing, and keep them daily to hard labour in a swamp, without allowing them the time or means to dry their clothes. Feed them with raw pork and unroasted coffee-berries, and let them sleep (for some three hours of the four-and-twenty) in tents which are completely pervious to wet, and where the thermometer is nightly much below freezing point. In the event of their sickening, or sinking from fatigue, take care to deny them proper medical attendance; and let them once a-week or so have individually a good sound whipping—without which, indeed, it will be seen that they would only have been undergoing that which our brave fellows have for weeks been suffering in the camp before Sebastopol.

## THE EVILS OF THE ARMY.

SOME people deny that there is too much of the aristocratic element in the Army, and yet it is certain that military abuses are all rank.

## Joseph Hume.

Not yet three years have past, since England bore  
Her greatest captain to his last long home,  
Under the shadowy cathedral-dome,  
Where NELSON slept before.

With wail of martial brass, and muffled drum,  
And warrior-mourners, went the warrior dead,  
While the great city bowed a reverent head,  
And peopled streets were dumb.

Another ancient soldier's course is run,  
Whose warfare, if on less conspicuous fields,  
Not less an honourable record yields,  
Of victories hard won.

One who from boy-hood upwards waged a fight:  
At first, with poverty and low estate;  
Winning each step at sword-point against fate;  
Scaling height after height,

To fortune's platform—where most sit them down,  
As if who conquer that, have conquered all;  
And may thenceforth to rest or pastime fall,  
Seeking no loftier crown.

Not thus thought he: fortune and leisure gained,  
He girded up his loins for sterner strife,  
And on the battle-plain of public life,  
Flung himself, armed and trained.

For two-and-forty years he kept that field;  
Unskilful oft; rough always; but with breast  
Broad to the foe; nor ever 'vailed his crest,  
Let who would bid him yield.

Not caring who might praise him, who might blame,  
He held with those who battled for the right  
With many weapons, and in hottest fight,  
He kept unsullied fame.

Though many called him sordid, making war  
Alike on small abuses, as on great,  
He cared not: early at his post, and late,  
Bravely the brunt he bore.

In Church or State what victory o'er wrong  
Have our days witnessed, but the name of HUME,  
Writ sturdily and square, finds honoured room,  
The conquerors' names among?

Many more dexterous in fence of speech;  
Less subtle or less brilliant few have been;  
But on the watch what sentinel more keen?  
Who bolder on the breach?

Happy! he lived to see these times fulfil  
Most of the conquests, which through all defeats  
He ne'er despaired of: his were no quick heats,  
Followed by sudden chill.

Happy! he lived down enmity: old foes  
Were proud to call him friend: that gnarled stock,  
Whose growth and prime knew but the tempests' shock,  
Was sun-lit at life's close.

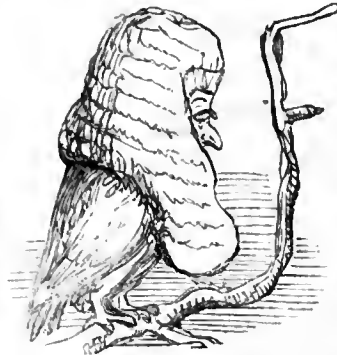
Hail and farewell! I, that have oft made mirth  
Of what in him was narrow, quaint, or rude,  
With no irreverent feeling now intrude,—  
But, honouring his worth,

Lay this unworthy wreath upon the tomb,  
Which, for respect of those to come, in words  
As plain and simple as his life, records  
The name of JOSEPH HUME.

## The Spirit of the War.

It is generally believed, we think, that MENSCHIKOFF will find it difficult to bring up any fresh troops until the arrival of the Spring. For ourselves, however, without waiting for the Spring, we think we may safely jump to the conclusion, that if Inkermann may be regarded as a precedent, PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF will find no difficulty in bringing up fresh men, so long as there is plenty of raki in Sebastopol.

## THE LEGAL WEATHER AND THE LAW COURTS.



or several days the barristers amused themselves with sliding in and out of the Court of Chancery. In one of the passages of the Court some juniors enjoyed the exercise of back-sliding, but no accident occurred.

In the Queen's Bench a few suitors ventured on the floor of the Court, which was exceedingly slippery and dangerous.

The sport of litigation was indulged in by great numbers with comparative safety in the County Courts, where, in the event of any one falling in, it was not likely they would have been much out of their depth.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

February 26, Monday. THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, on presenting some Temperance Petitions, had the daring to state to the House of Lords, that Scotchmen, as a body, were becoming more sober. It is thought that His Grace will never venture into Scotland again, on account of the indignation he has excited by a declaration which implies that at some time or other the Model Nation has fallen short of the absolute perfection of virtue and morality, a statement notoriously the reverse of fact. The Presbyterian hierarchy is said to be framing a commination against the slanderer, to be said or sung between the eleventh and twelfth tumblers of whiskey today on the night of the 21st instant.

LORD WESTMEATH delivered himself of a great puff of ADMIRAL DUNDAS, and said that he ought to be made First Lord of the Admiralty; but the Government did not seem to see it in that light, and manifested their excessively low estimate of the Admiral, by preferring even SIR CHARLES WOOD to him. A very sensible Law Reform measure was introduced, for giving Justices at Petty Sessions jurisdiction in petty matters, instead of making "the stealing of an old shoe, value one penny," (as LORD CAMPBELL said was now the law) the subject of a State Trial. The new bill gives summary Petty Sessions jurisdiction wherever a delinquent pleads guilty, having been wicked up to the amount of a pound only. Guinea crimes are punishable as before; so if one buys an Opera Stall on the faith of getting MOZART, and one gets VERDI, one must prosecute the Manager at the Quarter Sessions.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON said a few graceful words in honour of the memory of one with whom his lordship, through a long course of office, has fought many a battle—JOSEPH HUME. His Lordship also announced that LORD JOHN RUSSELL, with his usual dantlessness, had undertaken double work; with one hand he will settle the Vienna Congress, and with the other, administer our Fifty Colonies. The ambidexterity of some folks is surprising. MR. LINDSAY risked a most extraordinary statement, and one which he certainly should not have put forth. He declared that having recently visited France, he had called upon the Minister of War, and that this official actually evinced a most accurate knowledge of all that was going on in his department. SIDNEY HERBERT, with an indignation that did honour to his head and heart, declared his utter unbelief in the possibility of such a thing, but MR. LINDSAY adhered to his statement with singular obstinacy. The House went into the discussion of the Army Estimates, and MR. LAYARD illustrated the exquisite general information possessed by our military authorities by affirming, that forage for the horses in the Crimea being wanted, LORD RAGLAN had sent home for it, although it was to be procured at a distance of three days' sailing. COLONEL KNOX made some observations on the proposed Order of Merit, and urged that it ought to include double pay and double pension to the private soldiers. This may be all very well. But it is not impossible that *Mr. Punch* may have a word with some of the advocates of the present system of promotion. They evidently rather favour this Order of Merit scheme, and would willingly extend its advantages, in the hope that it will be accepted as a substitute for a larger scheme for facilitating promotion from the ranks. When the humbler classes are called upon to listen to a proposal which they deem inadequate or irrational, they are in the habit of signifying combined dissent and contempt by a reference to those West Indian or native condiments usually placed upon the hospitable board in aid of the attraction of cold meats. In a Parliamentary sense, and with a strict abstinence from vulgarity, *Mr. Punch* might also remark to COLONEL KNOX and his friends—"Pickles."

Tuesday. This evening the Commons, and on Thursday evening the Lords, were occupied with the case of the RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS

FRANCIS KENNEDY. This gentleman was unlucky enough to have SIR JOHN SHELLEY for his advocate in the lower House, and the sort of shaking which MR. GLADSTONE, a little excited, was likely to give that unhappy Bart., may easily be imagined. MR. KENNEDY is an official whom MR. GLADSTONE rather summarily dismissed, and declares that he was personally justified in doing so. There is nothing against MR. KENNEDY's moral character, but the Right Honourable was obstreperous. LORD PALMERSTON brought out a curious fact, in answer to MR. SPOONER, who has such a monomania on the subject of Maynooth, that he is always waking up in the night and bawling out "Report," to the great discouragement of his household. It seems that one of the Catholic Members of the Committee was foolish enough to lend some of the evidence to DR. PAUL CULLEN, the Irish Popish Ecclesiastic, who promised to return it, but bolted with it to Rome, crying out, like an artful schoolboy who has sold his playfellow, "I didn't say when." And this Roman Catholic "dodge" appears to have delayed the Report.

Wednesday. The Commons were occupied on a very laudable measure, introduced by LORD BLANDFORD, with a view to making a portion of the revenues of Deans and Chapters applicable to the real purposes of the Church of England. Even the *Standard* approves the object of the bill, so nobody need be frightened. Wonderful times we live in, brethren of *Mr. Punch*. The *Standard* is advocating Church Reform, and the *Herald* animadverting with great severity upon the preponderance of the aristocratic element in the Cabinet. One of these days we shall have the *Advertiser* denouncing beer.

Thursday. LORD GODERICH, in the Commons, brought up the question of Army Promotion. The value of the service done by his Lordship in causing the subject to be fully debated, atones for any want of due consideration as to the form in which he put it. That nearly three hundred members would listen to such a subject for six hours on a non-Government night, is a sign of the times. Two years ago LORD GODERICH would have been infallibly "counted out." Nor was the division any triumph for the exclusionists; for in a house full of officers of one kind and another, the claim of the private was postponed only by 158 to 114. SIR DE LACY EVANS spoke out manfully; and the old and experienced soldier bore invaluable testimony to the vices of the present system of promotion, which he said "wore out" the meritorious man who had no influence to procure his rise.

Friday. MR. ROEBUCK's Committee having desired that their investigation should be "secret," that ridiculous proposal was made to the House. It was no fault of *Mr. Punch*, who told his colleagues, on taking his seat, that the enquiry should not be secret, for that he would himself take notes, *de die in diem*, and send them to Printing House Square and Shoe Lane. However, finding that they were bent upon the absurdity, he went round to GRAHAM, and gave him the hint, which SIR JAMES made good use of. SIR JAMES said outright, that the press would have the proceedings, and as the nation happened to think that it had some little interest in the enquiry, the House had better consider the probable results of a collision. So the foolish idea of secrecy was scouted, as it deserved to be.

In the Lords, the Foreign Secretary, and in the Commons, the PREMIER, made the announcement of the solemn tidings that the wickedest man in Europe had been suddenly summoned to the Judgment.

## "LEAVE WELL ALONE."

THE martial sage of Lincoln of course delivered himself of one of his apothegms on LORD GODERICH's motion for the abolition of promotion by purchase in the army. The sagacious Colonel observed, that after a due consideration of the present relative position of privates and officers, it was, in his impartial opinion, better to leave "well alone." This, it must be owned, is an old saying; but like an old piece of family plate, it comes out burnished up under the patronage of the Colonel. In how many cases the words might serve as the most fitting epitaph for the private soldier.

To the Memory

OF

JOHN BROWN,

PRIVATE OF THE 25TH LIGHT OLD BROOMS.

HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN TWENTY ACTIONS;

AND AS A SOLDIER

ACTED WELL IN BATTLE, IN CAMP, AND IN THE BARRACK.

IN REWARD OF THESE VIRTUES,

A GRATEFUL COUNTRY

"LET WELL ALONE."

AN OBVIOUS ALTERNATIVE.—It is quite clear that either Sebastopol or the Generals of the Allied Armies, must very soon get the sack.

WHO ARE THE PARTIES WHO WRITE TO THE PAPERS?



WRITING to the Papers is a great fact, though the writers have usually the smallest fact in the world—and very often none at all—to write about. Unintroduced, and decidedly unsolicited, the world has a most uncivilised custom of rushing into an editor's room, calling upon him to leave off saving the nation, or smashing Russia, or selecting a Cabinet, and take up the case of some uncouth beadle, uninformed marquis, or unbearable actor, at the shortest notice. The flood of volunteered paper which hebdomadally sets in upon some journals is perfectly awful. If correspondents would only send the same quantity, without any correspondence upon

it, a most beneficial effect upon the market would be produced. It is a notorious fact that the enormous fortune which the humble official, or, as she herself would say, the charwoman, who clears out editorial rooms, makes out of such contributions (by arrangement with cheesciongers), renders it impossible for *Punch*, the *Times*, and some other leading journals, to keep the same servant more than a few weeks. *Mr. Punch* is always meeting some new old dowager in aristocratic society—she smiles most graciously upon him, very likely cheats him at cards—for his great mind will be absent, and thinking of ex-ministers when it should be remembering what knaves are out—and at the close of the game, observes, clutching his forfeited sovereigns, "You don't remember me, *Mr. P.*," and then he looks again, and the royal memory serves him. It is either *Mrs. BAGGINS*, or *Mrs. SLANK*, or *Mrs. CHOWDY*, or *Mrs. GUTCH*, or somebody else in the infinite series of old women who have been enriched by sweeping out his office.

Who are the people that, without being obliged to do so, inflict upon editors, and sometimes upon the public, the contributions that make up this weighty mass of trumpety tribulation, tiny criticisms and cavil, unhappy jocularity, and egregious absurdity? Nobody can tell. For though editors demand cards, not necessarily for publication, but as guarantee of good faith, what more do you know of a man when you have read in copper-plate that his name is *MR. OWLEY PIGGLES SPOON*, 14, Little Crescentia Terrace, Hippopotamus Road, Hoxton, than you did before? Assuredly, nothing. The volunteer scribes are "unknown as unknowing."

*Mr. Punch* had some thoughts of offering a reward for the best living specimen of the creature who thus assails editors, the person bringing it contracting to take it away again as soon as it had been looked at. "Who ever saw a dead donkey?" asks a classic author. Who ever saw a live Party who writes to the Papers? Comparative anatomy might help the searchers for either article to a common result.

The Best Boots for Shooting.

"MR. PUNCH,—Sir, You recollect FOOTE's celebrated story, which concluded by stating that 'the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.' Pray, Sir, can you inform me whether the boots of the parties alluded to were what are called 'Ammunition Boots?'"

"I am, Sir, very respectfully, yours,

"A YOUNG MAN WHO IS ANXIOUS TO IMPROVE HIS MIND."  
*Pumpington, Athenæum, March, 1855.*

The Truth about the Green Coffee.

THE excuses put forth for supplying the troops in the East with Green Coffee are all fudge. The real cause of that piece of absurdity was this. It was considered that a sound principle was embodied in the celebrated line of *DR. JOHNSON* :—

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;"

and accordingly the Government, being obliged to reinforce the Army with raw recruits, considered that they had better supply it also with raw coffee.

THE "LIGHT BOBS."

THE private soldier gets but 4d. out of his 1s. a day, the remainder of his pay being "stopped" for various items. A civilian would not deserve to be laughed at for supposing the "Light Bobs" of military phraseology are soldiers' fourpenny bits.

THE HERNE BAY POLICEMAN.

THIS individual, who combines in his own person the offices of Superintendent, Inspector, Serjeant, and ordinary Man, who may exclaim, in the language of despotism, *Le police c'est moi*, has been made the subject of a manifesto, which we give at full length, that the travelling public may know the powers of him who fields at Herne Bay an undivided truncheon. This oilskin autocrat has no one to dispute with him the possession of that cape which descended on his shoulders when he first assumed the purple—or dark-blue—which is the colour of his uniform. The following is the manifesto alluded to :—

HERNE BAY.

NOTICE.

The following duties of the Policeman have been dictated by the Commissioners.

"After Twelve o'clock to be in his uniform daily, to inspect the Town generally, from 1st of November to 1st of May, to have the entire direction of the roads subject to the orders of the Board; and in the event of his needing instruction or assistance in any matter not actually assigned by the Board to apply to the Clerk, who has a discretionary power. The Policeman is not to be bound to attend to the commands or directions of any individual Commissioner, he is strictly enjoined to enforce all the usual police regulations in respect to the Town generally, to prevent the assembling of idle persons at the corners of the streets and elsewhere, and to enforce the regulations according to the notice, in reference to snow and other accumulations being swept from the fronts of houses; to remove all dogs that are a public nuisance, to attend to the summary removal of pigstyes, dung-heaps, and other filth and stray cattle, and to proceed before a magistrate when necessary; he is positively ordered to carry out his duties as regulated by the local act, without respect to persons. The Commissioners being determined upon the usages of the above regulations, the Policeman on his part neglecting in duty as directed herein, will incur the penalty of dismissal."

BY ORDER OF COMMISSIONERS,

W. WATSON, Clerk.

It will be seen from this notice that Herne Bay has placed itself at the foot of her Policeman, and has been satisfied to surrender her liberties as the price of her tranquillity. It is true that there is an allusion to "the Board," as a sort of higher authority or Viceroy over the Policeman; but the Board of Herne Bay exists only in the mythology of that brick-and-mortar wilderness. Should any individual venture to assert himself as a member of the Board, the Policeman is to hurl defiance at his teeth, if he dares to show them, for the Herne Bay Czar is distinctly told that he is "not to attend to the commands or directions of any individual Commissioner." The powers handed over to this truncheoned functionary are such as to laugh the British Constitution to scorn, and to grin at Magna Charta through the Policeman's collar. He is to "prevent the assemblage of idle persons at the corners of the streets," and indeed he is to exceed all the bounds of constituted authority; for he is to disperse mobs without reading the riot act. His powers over the brute creation are no less extensive than those he is to exercise over his fellow man, for he is "to remove all dogs that are a public nuisance," and he is to come down like an avalanche on all pigstyes. He is to start with all the alacrity of the huntsman after "stray cattle;" and then, as if to unite the boundless powers of the autocrat with the insolence of the haughtiest of despots, he is to go about with scorn perpetually in his eye, for all "respect to persons" is strictly prohibited. It is true that there is a power of dismissal nominally reserved, but we warn Herne Bay that she has acted the part of *Frankenstein*, and created a *Monster* in the shape of a Policeman, that will not be easily dealt with when it begins to feel its power.

Terms of Law and War.

IN law you may have assault without battery, but you cannot have battery without assault. The reverse is the case in war, as instanced in the Crimea, where batteries have been playing, and little more than playing, for nearly six months, whereas no assault has been as yet attempted.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

THE reports in the *Lancet* on the adulteration of food show that organised structures can be detected in the finest powders by means of the microscope; but we defy *DR. HASSALL* to detect any trace of organisation in the British Army.

UPS AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND.

THOUGH our Government has made rather a mess of our Army, we may still look with pride at our Navy; and we have no right to continue in the dumps, when we see what a fleet we have in the Downs.



SCENE.—DRAWING-ROOM.

Enter HORRID BOY.

*Horrid Boy (capering about).* "OH, LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN! I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT CLARA STUFFS HER HAIR OUT WITH. THEY'RE WHISKERS LIKE YOURS!" [Sensation.]

## JUSTICE FOR THE DOCTOR!

THE medical students of St. Bartholomew's Hospital have shown a degree of pluck of a far higher nature than that which is sometimes exhibited by candidates for the Apothecaries' diploma. A letter in the *Times* states that at a numerous meeting of those gentlemen, held at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, the following resolutions were carried, among others:—

"That this meeting views with deep regret the want of sufficient medical aid in the Naval service; that in the opinion of this meeting, such want is owing to the present Admiralty regulations, so unjust to the assistant-surgeons, and so derogatory to the medical profession.  
"Though unwilling to throw any obstacle in the way of supplying that deficiency, this meeting resolves not to accept employment under the Admiralty while such regulations continue in force."

Is this the time for medical men to stand upon their dignity? Now, when the enemies of our country, &c.; when our brave defenders, &c. Yes, this is just the time; there is no time for asserting their just claims like the present, when the Government cannot do without them, and must either do them justice or do without them. And as doing them justice is so very easy, whilst to do without them is so very difficult, it is to be hoped that the former alternative will be preferred to the latter.

Hospital surgeons are invited to relinquish their private practices and proceed on temporary service to the Crimea, with temporary pay, and a small gratuity on the expiration of that service, to help towards their maintenance pending the recovery of their position at home. As if the practice of a surgeon were as easily recoverable as a greengrocer's business, and rather less valuable! How deeply engrained, what a fixed idea in the official mind it is that medical men are snobs, in the aristocratic sense of the word snob; that is, tradesmen in a small way! The compensation proposed for loss of practice, would about suffice the surgeon for the purchase of a set of instruments to begin the world anew with. Had Government, by the way, to purchase the instruments itself, it would probably include amongst them a case of razors; for aristocracy still, to all appearance, associates the surgeon with the barber. Justice for the Doctor! The country sympathises with those who bleed for it; nor will it refuse its sympathy to those who blister for it also.

## Pio Nono's Thunder.

THE Legislature of Sardinia is engaged in the discussion of a project so ineffably monstrous and wicked as a Bill for the adjustment of Convents to the exigencies of the State. For this awful and appalling national crime his HOLINESS THE POPE only threatens to lay the whole nation under an interdict. And yet there are narrow-minded ridiculous bigots among us who are geese enough to think that it would be impolitic to allow the POPE'S hierarchy in this country to "develop" their system.

## "MY LORDS ARE NOT AWARE."

A CLERK in public pay,  
Who understands Red Tape,  
Should know the formal way . .  
From question to escape;  
His answer needs no care,  
'Tis pat as A. B. C.;  
"My Lords are not aware,"  
And "I have the honour to be."

Strong magic words are those,  
His Chiefs in place to screen;  
Inquiry's grounds suppose  
The grounds of coffee green,  
Crimean army fare:  
This brief reply gives he;  
"My Lords are not aware,"  
And "I have the honour to be."

It cannot be denied,  
The fact has made some noise,  
Our soldiers were supplied  
With underclothes for boys—  
The want of system there  
These words from blame will free:  
"My Lords are not aware,"  
And "I have the honour to be."

If shot and shell were packed  
Above, and drugs below,  
No matter; though the fact  
Undoubtedly was so.  
Their Lordships, you declare,  
At least, were not at sea;  
"My Lords are not aware,"  
And "I have the honour to be."

That hay is horses' feed,  
Is to their Lordships known;  
That hay our horses need,  
Their Lordships cannot own.  
Say, then, to all who dare,  
Of forage, lack to see,  
"My Lords are not aware,"  
And "I have the honour to be."

Our gallant soldiers die  
Like sheep, consumed with rot,  
Some meddler asks you why?  
Of course, my Lords know not.  
You write—and you might swear,  
Of truth with some degree,  
"My Lords are not aware,"  
And "I have the honour to be."

"My Lords," there is no doubt,  
Are not aware of much;  
Could we not do without  
Their Lordships, being such?  
JOHN BULL "my Lords" might spare:  
That's plain to you and me;  
"My Lords are not aware,"  
But we "have the honour to be."

## Stultification of the Forces.

WHAT is the value received for the purchase money of a Commission? A scarlet and gold laced coat, the chance of being shot, and the interest of the sum: which might be more profitably invested. It might be presumed that men who so employ their capital must belong to the class of those whose money and selves are soon parted: and the only wonder is that, except in the Engineers and the Artillery, every British Officer is not a fool.

## DISTRESSING INTELLIGENCE.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS is no more. May we find that—

*His rñ was Bear!*





## “GENERAL FÉVRIER” TURNED TRAITOR.

“RUSSIA HAS TWO GENERALS IN WHOM SHE CAN CONFIDE—GENERALS JANVIER AND FÉVRIER.”—*Speech of the late Emperor of Russia.*



GENERAL INVESTIGATION

THE APOLLO SIMS INSURANCE.



GENTLEMAN of a most speculative turn of mind, for the better protection of the public, proposes to establish an Insurance Society, to be called "The Apollo Sims Insurance; capital illimitable." We think the name, at least, admirably chosen: it contains at once a compliment and a signification to a first-rate but—(we suppose it is the fault of our capricious climate)—very variable tenor. Last week St. Martin's Hall was crowded to hear APOLLO SIMS REEVES;

and again PHŒBUS was "suddenly" indisposed. The object of the society denominated the "Apollo Sims" is to insure to persons who have taken concert or opera tickets, compensation in the event of sudden colds, catarrhs, measles, &c., &c., attacking the vocalists advertised to warble, but suddenly disabled. Of course the rate of insurance will vary according to the risk shown by the names of certain special performers. Thus, we never remember MADAME NOVELLO with a cold. We should as soon expect to find a sky-lark troubled by the thrush. Hence, tickets to the concert in which the distinguished, and most musical, and most punctual lady should be advertised, would require but the very smallest premium for the very highest rate of insurance. But rates of course must differ in a very great degree; and therefore we think the name of the "Apollo Sims" very happily chosen. We wish every success to the institution.

DAME DURDEN DILUTED.

A Catch.

To be sung at all Cabinet Councils.

DAME ABBY kept five serving-men to carry each Bill and Sham, She also kept those serving-men to harry the jaunty PAM. There was JIM, and NED, and BILL, and DUKE, and SID (what was he for?)

And ABBY was a nice old girl to manage a Rooshian war.

|     |   |          |   |  |
|-----|---|----------|---|--|
| But | {<br>GRAHAM . . . .<br>CARDWELL . . . .<br>GLADSTONE . . . .<br>NEWCASTLE . . . .<br>HERBERT . . . .<br>} | puffed { | . . . .<br>. . . .<br>. . . .<br>. . . .<br>. . . . | NEWCASTLE,<br>HERBERT,<br>CARDWELL,<br>GLADSTONE,<br>GRAHAM, |
|-----|---|----------|---|--|

And they all puffed AB as a nice old girl to manage a Rooshian war.

But PALMY kept five serving men all ready to have a shine, He also kept a spicy rod in pickle in ROEBUCK-brine: There was JACK, and GEORGE, and CHARLES, and CORN., and WOOD, (what was he for?)

And PALMY was the right old boy to manage a Rooshian war.

|    |  |          |   |  |
|----|--|----------|---|--|
| So | {<br>RUSSELL . . . .<br>GREY . . . .<br>VILLIERS . . . .<br>LEWIS . . . .<br>WOOD . . . .<br>} | kicked { | . . . .<br>. . . .<br>. . . .<br>. . . .<br>. . . . | NEWCASTLE,<br>HERBERT,<br>CARDWELL,<br>GLADSTONE,<br>GRAHAM, |
|----|--|----------|---|--|

And we'll hope that PAM's the right old boy to manage the Rooshian war.

Timely Epitaph

FOR

NICHOLAS, LATE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

THE NEW CHIEF.—SOYER may be a good cook; but somebody else is wanted to mend the mess in the Crimea.

MILITARY ARISTOCRACY.—The common soldier is the red-herring, and the officer is the bloater.

A WORD TO MR. LAYARD.

RESPECTED SIR,

THIS will never do. In the aromatic, flowery meads of Mesopotamia, you may be quite at home: you may delight in the fullness of your sagacity in a Nineveh mound: you may know all the political subtleties of a Sheikh—but you really know nothing of the means by which men rise to fame and fortune in the public service. You had better take ship for the East, and again betake yourself to the "ship of the desert," the old, Biblical camel—unless, indeed, you amend the simplicity of your ways, and become commonly astute among the official sons of men.

We have a great respect for you: we thank you, spiritually, when we look upon your bulls: bulls, that in any other country—(but here we prefer golden calves)—would have been as animals drawing you in a car of triumph—but here it is otherwise; we are a practical, hard-headed and soft-hearted, and soft-headed and hard-hearted people. We wish to speak plainly to you, MR. LAYARD; and we tell you that you have presumptuously flown in the face of office. Having refused so many places, where do you think at last you will go to? You speak of having "the right men in the right places!" What! Would you have the world come to an end? How much wiser are certain words episcopal! "The world seems to me" says a certain old bishop—"as a board pierced with square holes and round holes: and in the square holes are the round pegs, and in the round holes the square ones." Such is, indeed, the board and pegs of Cabinet work. Look at MR. FREDERICK PEEL—that very smooth, round peg. How patly he is fixed in the military square of the Secretaryship of War. And very properly too. For he has been brought up with a proper sense of official unfitness, and would put his squareness into any roundness—his round into any square. The thing to be thought of is a place; no matter whether the place be circular or a place of equal angles.

And what—MR. LAYARD—is your simplicity? You refuse the Ordinance because you understand nothing of the Ordinance Department. How very foolish! Had you accepted the appointment, you had nothing to do but to go and dine at Woolwich—having just walked through the arsenal—then to bed, and the next morning you would have come upon the world, a he-MINERVA. The very hairs of your head would have been turned to *cheveux-de-frize*, and you would have let your official words drop distinctly, weightily as single bullets.

The Colonies were offered you, but you knew nothing of them. Therefore the Colonies you also refused. Surely you have not forgotten your *Robinson Crusoe*? If so, another perusal of that charming work, with a dip or two into DAMPIER or CAPTAIN COOK, would have been quite sufficient for all official purposes. No: with preposterous obstinacy you stickle for work, and only such work that you understand; and the result is—you do not get it. Of course not. Why should you? Roundpeg stands in square holes; and consequently Squarepeg stands out.

Good MR. LAYARD, be warned and instructed. Take any office; fitness comes after it. Even as the milk flows to the mouth of the baby, so does knowledge flow from office. Be assured of it, in this motherly way does the State suckle her youngest—and sometimes oldest Ministers.

Your friend and well-wisher,

PUNCH.

THE NEW PARISIAN HORSE ETABLE-ISSEMENT.

Started recently on the GEOFFROY ST. HILARIOUS principles.

Gentleman (examining the Horse-Card). Here, Waiter, what have you got for dinner?

Waiter. There's some capital Horse-tail Soup, Sir.

Gentleman. No—never mind the soups; what joints have you?

Waiter. There's a fine saddle, Sir, of Shetland Pony, in very good cut—there's a beautiful haunch of a two-year old, Sir, that's only just up—and there is, also, *tête d'Etalon en tortue*, and a very tender filly *piqué à la Epéron*, besides *Cotelettes de Chevaux de Poste en papillottes*, and some capital *Pieds de Cabhorse aux truffes*.

Gentleman. Well then, bring me some of the latter—and Waiter, mind and tell the Cook to take the nails out.

Louis Napoleon for the Crimea.

THE *Morning Post* gives, perhaps the first authority for the truth of the Emperor's visit to Sebastopol. The *Post's* Correspondent meets one of the imperial scullions, who says—"Sir, I have this day packed up the jam and the preserves!" Mystery of marmalade and currant-jelly, what can it be? The *Post's* Correspondent cries—"The jam and—" "Hush," cries the turnspit. "Hush! it is for our voyage to the Crimea!" We may find dead CESAR's dust in a bung-hole, says SHAKESPEARE. "You may discover"—infers the *Post*—"the living CESAR's politics in a jam-pot!"



Misanthropic Old Barbel. "Confound those fellows over head, one can't get a wink of sleep for them."

### A WAR CONJUROR.

A MOST extraordinary event took place—an event quite, or almost, supernatural—in LORD GODERICH'S debate on army promotions. MR. FREDERICK PEEL, Secretary-at-War—as a child he cut his teeth on a musket cartridge and took his porridge out of a bomb-shell, so he ought to know something of war—MR. PEEL rose to reply; going as doggedly and as resolutely as LORD GODERICH, as though he was walking up to a cannon. For a time, MR. PEEL was listened to and looked at with great attention; but in two or three minutes a strange phenomenon awakened the curiosity and deepened the interest of the House.

Our readers must, in their time, have seen a country conjuror who, at a given moment, will proceed to pull yards, and yards, and many many yards of riband from his mouth, as though his stomach held nothing but a large reel which gave the riband off at the will of the wizard. The like phenomenon occurred in the case of MR. FREDERICK PEEL; only instead of riband, he did nothing but pull from the internal man yards and yards of red tape. It was calculated by the Member for Lambeth that, at the close of MR. PEEL'S speech, he had uttered length of tape enough to reach from where he stood to Downing Street, taking the whole circuit of the offices and back again to the speaker. Could the red tape have been convertible into red serge, it was the opinion of a distinguished clothing-colonel in the House, that the Secretary-at-War had talked enough to put coats upon the backs of a whole regiment.

### Divorce by Purchase.

IMMEDIATELY following the debate on Army Promotion by hard cash, MR. BOWYER moved for leave to bring in a bill to abolish Crim. Con. Damages, and to make the offence of conjugal falsehood a misdemeanour. The commercial spirit of the country animating hon. members, scouted the idea; and, as a certain canine creature withdraws his tail, so was poor MR. BOWYER compelled to withdraw his motion. Thus, the law remains double to the rich and the poor. The poor, under no circumstance of infidelity, are to be promoted to single blessedness; whereas the rich may continue to obtain the freedom of divorce by purchase.

### "HUMILIATION WITH SOME REASON.

HUMILIATION, in a personal sense, is a necessity for all frail mortals. The reasons why are facts of consciousness. But the shortcomings, and the excesses, of a nation, are not facts of which the individual is conscious. The appointment, therefore, of a day of national humiliation on the part of Government, should be accompanied by an intimation of the grounds on which the nation is invited to humble itself. Humiliation, if sincere, is an internal act as well as an outward ceremony. If the latter is unattended by the former, humiliation is a farce.

It is the more imperative on Government to indicate the national offences which, in its judgment, require the national humiliation, because this is a point on which there may exist some difference of opinion.

A day of humiliation was solemnized last April. It has been followed by glory and by disasters. To the next such day may succeed disasters without glory. In April no official view of the particulars demanding humiliation was promulgated. The omission should be supplied this March.

Government will perhaps tell us whether or not it thinks that we ought to humble ourselves for an idolatry of rank and wealth, which has induced us to put our trust in incompetent rulers. Peradventure it will declare of what national acts, performed of late years, it considers that we ought to be ashamed. In that case it may answer the following, among other questions:—

Did we commit a wrong in destroying the fleet of our present allies, the Turks, at Navarino? Was the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill a national crime, as Exeter Hall believes, or was it an imperfect act of national justice, as it is held to be by the Irish Brigade? So of the Maynooth Endowment on the one hand, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Act on the other. The Chinese opium war; our wars in India: were they unjust or just? Was the Reform Bill an injury to the aristocracy; the Repeal of the Corn Laws an iniquity towards the Landed Interest? Did the Legislature evil in resisting O'CONNELL'S demand for the Repeal of the Union? Is the Poor Law based on a reverent recognition of the laws which govern the Universe, or on the sordid principles of an unmerciful and false philosophy? Are we to consider Political Economy altogether as national wisdom or national selfishness? And has the nation been so perfectly represented that the acts

of the Legislature and the Executive have been its own? Are our social habits, our manners and customs, condemned by Government? Is the opera, are theatres wrong, as some contend? Are evening parties and polkas also wrong? Is the Turf wrong, and ought we to renounce the Derby? Are our public dinners, and especially the LORD MAYOR'S, all wrong—national gluttony? Are silks and satins wrong, feathers and jewels wrong, carriages and powdered footmen wrong? Is national humiliation due on account of these things, and are we seriously to resolve on giving them up?

On the last Humiliation Day, we think, it was preached in divers pulpits, that we were, as a nation, too intent on money-getting. Are we to acknowledge this error, and amend it? If so, is the Government prepared with, or has it in contemplation, measures calculated to check our commercial activity, and diminish the national wealth and the revenue—of course to the sacrifice of Ministerial salaries? To be sure it may contemplate such measures without intending them: but that is another affair.

A day of national humiliation, our national faults unacknowledged, will be simply a day of national postures, national grimaces, and national cant. This sort of humiliation might have been practised with some consistency, if to no purpose, before the Golden Calf, the Hawk and the Ibis, DIANA of the Ephesians, or the statue of JUPITER AMMON. In the year of grace 1855, it is an anachronism.

If Government cannot detail the delinquencies for which it asks the people to unite with it in humiliation, it has but one course to take in order to save the humiliation from being a sham. It should allege, as the best proof of the necessity for humiliation, its very inability to point the wherefore out. It should refer to this inability as an evidence of the loss of moral sense; as an illustration that we (as represented by itself) are, with all our "denominations," and "persuasions," a people without a code to square their actions by. It should proclaim that we (so regarded) are a public that does not know, because it has for a considerable time not cared to know, the truth; so that it has now come to be incapable of discerning right from wrong: which is a very intelligible cause for humiliation.

In the meanwhile, be it just observed that humiliation is one thing as a spiritual discipline, and another thing as a means to a material end. Some people are too apt to think that humiliation in the mud can be substituted for the application of the shoulder to the wheel.

## DAGON.

SMITTEN—as by lightning—smitten  
Down, amid his armed array;  
With the fiery scroll scarce written  
Bidding myriads to the fray;  
There—but yesterday defying  
Europe's banners, linked and flying  
For her freedom—see him lying—  
Earth's Colossus—earth's own clay.  
But no triumph-shout be given,  
Knee to earth and eye to heaven!  
God hath judged the day.

Ark of Freedom! Lightly spoken  
Vows to thee vain kings have said,  
Many an oath thy priests have broken,  
Many a fight thy guards have fled:  
But thine ancient Consecration,  
Sealed so oft by stern libation,  
Lifeblood of a struggling nation,  
In thy foeman's doom is read.  
Still, O Ark! the hand that gave thee  
Strikes, in peril's hour, to save thee—  
There lies DAGON—dead!

## ARMY PROMOTION A "WOMAN'S QUESTION."

"MR. PUNCH,

"I ADDRESS you as the grand-daughter, the daughter, the sister, the wife, and the mother of soldiers. Red cloth has been in my family, I believe, since the battle of Ramilies. Well, *Mr. Punch*, as usual with all really social questions—though the fact is never so much as thought of by mere men, for what do they know about it? promotion in the army is altogether a woman's question.

"Sir, my revered mother, the late MRS. COLONEL MACBULLET, has again and again told me that, from the moment the army was allowed to become a mere mob of nobodies—or worse than nobodies—picked out of the ranks for what is called merit—as if there were any merit without blood, *Mr. Punch*, and when I say blood, you know what I mean; I mean blood, and not—as my dear mother used to say, red puddle—directly the sacred right of property is interfered with—and how can property show itself more sacred, than by purchasing a superiority over what are called our fellow-creatures—there is an end of the British Army. They may all ground arms and unfix bayonets. But no, *Mr. Punch*, whilst the British army number among its gallant officers affectionate and devoted husbands—men who listen to reason; men who, at bedtime *must* listen to it, whether they will or not—the private soldiers taken from the plough and the flail, and I don't know what else you call it, will not be allowed—whatever they may do when they have exchanged the smockfrock—(I am an old campaigner, and never mince matters)—for the red-coat,—to leave the ranks and give themselves vulgar airs of officers. Don't talk to me about courage—mere courage; you want, Sir, polish! and how is that to be expected from the clods of the earth, from the drawers of wood and the hewers of water?

"As I say, I'm an old campaigner, and I tell you that we women—the wives of gallant officers by purchase—have set our backs against the question, and we will not permit the army that we adorn to be vulgarised and made a mob of. When I speak of the army, of course I mean the officers. It is all very well to talk about promoting the private men for acts of gallantry—(not that I wouldn't reward 'em, but that can be done with money, of more use to them at the canteen than a commission)—but the great point of the question is entirely left out; these men to be promoted from the ranks would be, at least many of 'em, married men! Now, is it to be borne, that their wives are to be promoted from the ranks too? Who is to associate with them—who is to meet them at mess? The whole idea is revolutionary and preposterous.

"I will give you an instance, *Mr. Punch*, in the case of my dear mother, MRS. COLONEL MACBULLET. She was with my gallant father, then CAPTAIN MACBULLET, of the gallant Crossbone Rangers. One of the private fellows did a dashing thing, defeated a column, or brought away some guns, or something of that sort. His name I remember—as my dear mother told me—was SMITH; JOHN SMITH. Well, JOHN SMITH was made an ensign. He had the assurance to bring his wife, MRS. JOHN SMITH to the mess-table; and this very woman called for porter, and ate peas with her knife! My mother,

with three other officers' wives, immediately rose from the table, and never again sat down. More than that, as my mother used to say—'I never let your poor father rest, up or in bed, until he had sold out—clean out—of the Crossbones; and my spirited example was followed by all the other wives who were ladies. The Crossbones—such a crack regiment'—my dear mother would say with a sigh—'never held up their heads afterwards.'

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, the spirit that animated my revered parent beats in the bosom of

"Your occasional Admirer,

"MATILDA FITZHOWITZER.

"Granddaughter, daughter, sister, wife, and mother of Soldiers."

"P.S. I open my letter, having just read that beautiful speech made by LORD LOVAINE in gallant defence of the sacred right of purchase. How beautifully he marks the difference between the vulgarity and rank and file, and rank and high breeding! I think his Lordship should receive a testimonial on the part of the Wives and Officers. His Lordship is no longer a soldier—(though he once served in the Grenadiers in the Parks with great distinction)—so it is no use to present him with a sword. But it appears to me a pretty thought to present him as a testimonial with a silver gilt fruit-knife; that he may think of a grateful sisterhood in arms when he cuts the sunny side of the peach that has ripened out of 'the cold shade.'"

## POTICHOMANIA.

PATHOLOGICALLY TREATED BY DR. PUNCH.



N his capacity of mental physician to the State, *Dr. Punch* has been called upon for his report on this new mania, with a view to devising proper means to check it. The madness being one to which the female mind alone is subject, *Dr. Punch* has had a delicate duty to perform, and if need were he could point to some bushels of *billets-doux* which he has received from fair maniacs tempting him to swerve from it.

The origin of *Potichomania* *Dr. Punch* considers doubtful, although there certainly is a nominal reason for believing it to be French. It is considered generally to proceed from a determination of folly to the head, which for the time becomes completely turned in consequence. The form in which it manifests

itself may be described as a weak propensity among young ladies to transmogrify good glass into bad porcelain, by painting it in what may be defined as mental distemper. One of the chief symptoms which attend its outbreak is the (allegedly) accidental smashing of as many elaret jugs and wine decanters as come within the patient's reach, in order that she may get the fractured pieces for experiments. This not unnaturally leads to some restraint, in the form most commonly of a stoppage of her pocket money, by which the *Potichomaniac* may be pinched into her senses.

As the complaint is attended with a total deafness to reason, *Dr. Punch* is somewhat doubtful what treatment to prescribe for it. The best thing he can suggest is a course of wholesome ridicule, by which the patient may be gradually laughed out of her insanity. And as the mania springs chiefly from a want of employment, *Dr. Punch* would further recommend a sufficient dose of useful needlework, daily, to prevent it.

## The Soles of the Heroes.

THE pay of our brave soldiers in the Crimea ought certainly to be increased, if for no other reason, yet for this, that all the booty they have as yet taken has consisted of Russian boots. Nevertheless, many of those poor gallant fellows are going barefoot: so that the Russians, dead or alive, have not leathered them.

"THE COLD SHADE OF THE ARISTOCRACY."—The shade in which even a lieutenant may stand at sixty.

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER THE LONG FROST.



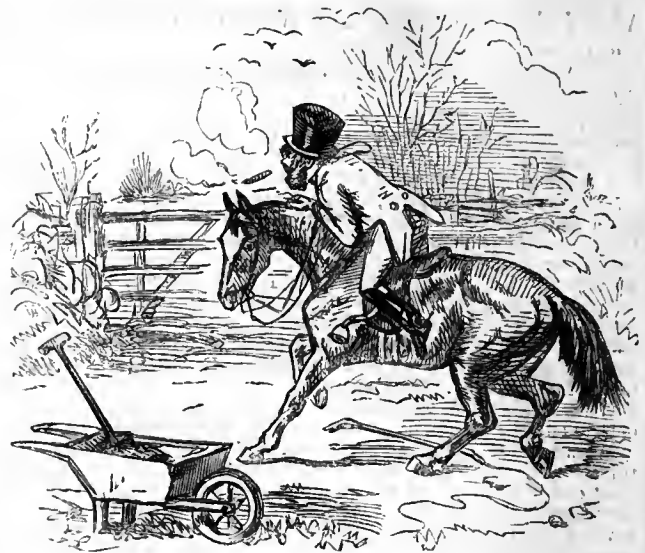
Groom. "YOU'LL FIND THE MARE IN RARE FETTER, SIR. SHE'S UNCOMMON FRESH TO BE SURE."



SO FRESH, THAT SHE WON'T LET T. N. MOUNT FOR EVER SO LONG; AND WHEN SHE DOES



ALLOW HIM, PUTS UP HER BACK IN THE MOST OMINOUS MANNER.



SHE SHIES AT A WHEELBARROW—A THING SHE NEVER DID BEFORE. (T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP.) AFTER SOME



TROUBLE IN OPENING A GATE, HE GETS UPON A NICE PIECE OF TURF. (T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP AGAIN, BY THE BYE.) THE MARE ENJOYS HERSELF AMAZINGLY.

## THE LOVES OF THE SECOND COLUMN.



PEOPLE send strange advertisements to the Second Column of the *Times*, and on Thursday, March 8th, there are two which neutralise each other, for they consist of the sentiment and the smash, the bane and the antidote. The first advertisement is all poetry, the second mere prose; and the two, proceeding as they apparently do from an attached couple, present an instance of the meeting of extremes, or the harmony of contrasts. The first is from a female, who exclaims passionately, but briefly,

J'EN TE VOIS PAS, ET  
je suis désolée.

And we have scarcely had time to be touched by this bit of melancholy tenderness, when we are stirred up into our usual matter-of-fact state of mind by the advertisement beneath, which prosaically says,

DO NOT be DÉSOÉE. I hope to have soon the pleasure of seeing you. Why don't you write to me? I long to hear how you are. I am very well.

It is clear from this that absence does not much affect the second advertiser, whose rude state of health, bluntly indicated by the words, "I am very well," must give a shock to the more sensitive nerves of poor DÉSOÉE, who is tartly told not to be DÉSOÉE, and is sharply taken to task for not writing. It must be extremely disheartening to poor DÉSOÉE to be pulled short up in this unsentimental manner, and to find that absence agrees so thoroughly with the loved one, that the latter is "very well" notwithstanding all that has happened.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*March 5th, Monday.* A few of the Lords so far forgot themselves as to waste a portion of their valuable time in listening to some observations by LORD MONTEAGLE on the subject of Education in India. A startling revelation, however, repaid them. The QUEEN and VERNON SMITH have one hundred millions of subjects in Asia, and, out of these, one man, DR. CHUCKERBUTTY (of whom *Mr. Punch* begs to make "honourable mention"), has been able to force the barriers of our exclusive system, and attain the exalted dignity of an Assistant Surgeon.

In the Commons, MR. RICH (whom MR. HENRY DRUMMOND once likened to a little pig that squeaked because it was unable to procure "natural diet"), urged the necessity of educating the officers of our army. MR. FREDERICK PEEL made a very red-tape reply, saying that he hoped MR. RICH "would be satisfied with the Government admitting the importance of the question." This mild advance towards reform did satisfy MR. RICH and the House, and they dropped the matter, their amiable forbearance being rewarded by some bits of historical information from MR. J. PHILLIMORE, who objected to education being regarded as necessary to officers, for nearly all NAPOLEON'S Marshals were illiterate, MARLBOROUGH could not spell, and SAXE could not write his name. This logic was improved upon by LORD PALMERSTON, who said that it was easier to find a great statesman than a man fit to command armies. England is unlucky in having of late years been able to find neither, but perhaps she did not look in the right place.

The Ordnance Estimates were considered. The amount asked was larger than ever before, namely, £1,406,833. *Mr. Punch* only mentions it, that his young friend ALEXANDER THE SECOND may see what a precious bill is running up against him. Some things worth noting came out in the discussion. MR. MUNTZ bearded the Government in the most daring manner, stating, in connection with gun-making, that they knew nothing of business, and listened to dreamy mechanics who wanted a job. And he told a story which certainly does not greatly elevate one's estimate of the business habits of the Executive. A gun-making firm had been lately written to by the Ordnance, severely reprimanded for non-fulfilment of their contract, required to explain their conduct, and threatened with penalties. The answer of the firm was that the con-

tract had been fulfilled, and the work done and delivered a month before the time agreed upon. Then SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, who has some little acquaintance with Public Works, and is not altogether without repute for punctuality in completing his engagements, eulogised some more Government wisdom. We are going to have a great camp at Aldershot, and vast preparations are being made for its establishment. SIR JOSEPH stated, first, that it would be utterly impossible to complete the works in time, unless a large increase were made on the estimate; and secondly, that all England could not supply one half of the particular timber the wisdom of Government had selected. Then MR. NEWGATE, some of whose constituents are in the gun trade, offered other illustrations with similar bearing, and said that Government threw in the way of the manufacture every impediment which stupidity and the want of business habits could suggest. For a wonder, MR. DE NEWGATE did not connect the question with that of Protestantism, or attribute the bad shooting of our muskets to the use of Roman Catholic gunpowder. Somebody else said that the coats supplied to the army were bad, and somebody else that the hoots were bad, and then MR. HERBERT (not SIDNEY, but the clever one), stated that such care had been taken to supply clothes and arms to a certain regiment of Irish Militia, that the sentinels had to mount guard in a blanket and with a shillalah. MR. MONSELL, in defence against all this, said that Government was *not* stupid, and always tried to do their best; and then ALEXANDER II. was duly made debtor in the above million and a half.

*Tuesday.* LORD LUCAN brought his case before the Lords. Touching the matter of the Balaklava cavalry charge, MR. ALFRED TENNYSON has condensed the fact into four words—"Some one had blundered." All things considered, the LAUREATE, in revising his poem may write "*dele* 'some one' and *lege* LUCAN." The BISHOP OF EXETER, LORD LYNDBURST, LORD CRANWORTH, and others, then had a debate as to whether the law for putting down Popish Processions was available for the purpose it was intended to answer. The Bishop and the Tory, wishing to put down something of the kind, of course thought the law would do; the CHANCELLOR, whose colleagues do not want to interfere in such a matter, of course thought it would not.

In the Commons, MR. CRAWFURD, displeased with the appointment of MR. EDWIN JAMES to the Recordship of Brighton, tried to rake up a very old, and very lame election story against him, but a more signal mull was never made. Not only would the House have nothing to do with poor CRAWFURD'S grievance, but they decided that no mention of such rubbish should be entered on their records. MR. MACKINNON proposed the establishment of Equity Tribunals, after the French fashion for the decision of every day questions, without the necessity of law, but was at once snubbed and snuffed out by SIR GEORGE GREY, who supposes himself to have settled the matter by declaring that such tribunals are not wanted in England, and are unsuitable to our habits. *Mr. Punch* will bet that this day ten years, these or analogous tribunals will be sitting in London. Then MR. APSLEY PELLATT, who is the sort of member expressly made to be counted out, fulfilled his destiny, while pumping up a speech on Burial Grounds.

*Wednesday.* Nothing particular, except that Government caused the rejection of a bill, purporting to be a law-reform, and were naturally charged by its indignant promoter with evading their duties.

*Thursday.* LORD ORKNEY complained to the Lords that our subaltern officers had been the subject of depreciatory remarks, while the fact was that they were underpaid for their work, which they did admirably. The War Minister denied the depreciation.

In the Commons, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was asked what was going to be done about the Newspaper Stamp. SIR CORNWALL LEWIS replied, that he really had not had time to understand so difficult a subject. [If he will call at 85, Fleet Street, *Mr. Punch*, or in his absence, one of the office-boys, will explain it to SIR CORNWALL in three minutes.] A curious spectacle then occupied the House. MR. MALINS, an opposition barrister, who loses no opportunity of talking himself into notice, brought on the case of NAPIER *versus* GRAHAM, in a very long speech. This, however, would have been nothing unusual. It is the custom of Parliamentary barristers, on both sides, to get up cases, in order to show to those who may have office to give away, what able men are about them. Such speeches are Barristers' Advertisements, and ought to be charged for by the newspapers that insert them, and put under the head of "Want Places." But MR. MALINS, the Conservative, was actually "instructed" by SIR CHARLES NAPIER the Radical, and SIR CHARLES furnished him with documents, and from under the Speaker's gallery supplied printed extracts from these to the Members. Some of these documents were secret and confidential papers addressed by the Admiralty to the Ex-Admiral, and their production was most improper, and may prove to have been dangerous to the interests of the country. The whole display was most indecent, and SIR JAMES GRAHAM, though excessively severe and sarcastic upon lawyer and client, did not use language too strong for the occasion. The merits of the case are not now the question, but "noisy NAPIER" was charged by SIR JAMES GRAHAM with having been "turbulent and insubordinate," and it was explained that the late Government thought that Swaborg ought to

have been attacked, whereas the valiant CHARLES thought it was safer to do nothing of the kind.

Friday. LORD ST. LEONARDS brought up the Ticket of Leave System, and exposed its wretched working. The Government admitted that it really was a subject they ought to know something about, and promised to make some inquiries. LORD DERRY begged to know how the Fifty Colonies were to be managed while LORD JOHN RUSSELL was away. Though it was very well for SIR GEORGE GREY to say that he would just see to these little matters, having only a Home Secretary's work to do, SIR GEORGE himself was *not* very well, and, in short, the Colonies ought to be looked after. The Government said that LORD JOHN would come home at Easter.

The Commons discussed items of war estimates, and finished off pleasantly with Irish Lunatics, about whom there was a slight row, the Irish members justly saying that the question was far too comprehensive to be disposed of in a hurry. However, their pardonable egotism gave way to LORD PALMERSTON'S persuasion.



## A MONUMENT TO JOSEPH HUME.

LET us not in the crash and smother of war forget the man to whom we owe so much, in what he has saved us. "JOSEPH HUME," said LORD RAGLAN once upon a time, shaking his head at the ominous syllables, and wishing to imply thereby that JOSEPH'S array of figures continually menaced and oppressed the efficiency of the English army. In this way would the soldier Lord try to put the red tape about the political neck of the arithmetical statesman. But JOSEPH had too well learned the rightful dues of an army to neglect them. It is proposed that the people should erect a statue to JOSEPH HUME; a statue bought by popular pennies. Could all the pennies he has saved us—we say nought of what he would have saved us, had he prospered in half of his divisions—be piled one upon another, who shall say they would not overtop Mont Blanc, even granting to it the additional altitude of a statue of ALBERT himself?

However, as this is impossible, let the people give as many pennies as they may, that they may, in a manner, do double homage to the memory of JOSEPH HUME. The Government have upon its hands tons of useless, unsightly bronze, which the people, we doubt not, would be willing to purchase at a fair market price, that the metal might be duly melted into a statue, of the people's Watcher of the People's purse. We will name merely two statues,—the statue of the DUKE OF YORK, as high in the clouds as he still remains deep in debt; and the statue of GEORGE THE FOURTH, whose memory is now of no more value and account than one of his old wigs. These two statues, bought and paid for by the people, would,—when run together—make a fine colossal statue of JOSEPH HUME. There would, moreover, be a fitness in the adaptation of such old, despised metal, to such a new and edifying service. For consider it. How valiantly did JOSEPH HUME fight against the old Tory corruption that granted thousands per annum to the DUKE OF YORK, for making his monthly visit to Windsor, to report officially, and of course filially, on the health of GEORGE THE THIRD, the King and Father! In those days, such attempts of JOSEPH HUME were considered as nothing less than penny-wise disaffection and pound-foolish treason. JOSEPH HUME was little other than a rebel against the second son of the Lord's anointed; and now he is lauded as the saviour of the moneys of his country. Would not the YORK bronze be very fitting metal liquidated and hardened into at least half of JOSEPH HUME?

Next, how many were the amendments, the forlorn hope divisions led by plain JOSEPH against Sybarite GEORGE? Why JOSEPH'S hand was ever tracing writings on the walls of Buckingham Palace; on the walls of the Pavilion of the Brighton BEL-HAZZAR—writing those terrible letters: letters fateful, prophetic as the three witches, the letters—*L. S. D.* But in those days JOSEPH HUME was voted the vulgar disturber of the peace of the first gentleman of Europe. And now, where and what is the memory of the gentleman aforesaid? It is at the best dormant in old and ugly metal.

## THE MYSTERIOUS SNOW-MARKS.

EXTRAORDINARY marks in the snow—when the snow lay the thickest—were observable for a long continuous distance not far from the BISHOP OF EXETER'S Palace, in Devonshire. Some folks, with awful looks, avowed the foot-prints had a certain cloven shape; whilst others, the stronger minded, suggested that, perhaps the Bishop or EXETER had himself been walking in his sleep. Science, however, has resolved the mystery, to the great satisfaction of the household of Bishopstowe. PROFESSOR OWEN, having examined the foot-prints, declares them to be the autograph of—nothing worse than a badger! Whether the badger was on his way to visit a church-mouse, even PROFESSOR OWEN cannot decide.

## Our Russian Prisoners.

RUSSIAN prisoners at Lewes have a pound of meat daily, the Sussex Artillery three-quarters of a pound. We further hear that on the fast-day, the prisoners will be regaled at the private expense of the EARL OF ABERDEEN with the old national fare of roast beef and plum-pudding. MESSRS. BRIGHT and STURGE have sent in a few bear hams for the banquet.

## The Reading of the Will.

IF the EARL OF ABERDEEN will attend the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, on the First of April, to hear the Reading of the Will of the late EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, it is very probable that the Noble Earl may hear something to his advantage.

POKINFUNKOFF, Chamberlain.

By Electric Telegraph.

Let MR. WILLIAMS, therefore, move that the Government be empowered to sell the Duke and the King at so much a pound—(if YORK only gets a penny per pound, it will be much more than he has paid)—and let the two bronze spendthrifts be duly melted into one honest man and true patriot. We hold the Duke and King so cheap that we are content to take them for a single "JOE."

## A GOVERNMENT'S FAST.

A PROCLAMATION, BY PUNCH.

Whereas, a Proclamation has been issued at the recommendation of the late Government, appointing a Day of National Fast and Humiliation on account of the calamities which have befallen our Army in the Crimea, as if those calamities were owing to a supernatural cause, instead of being the natural consequences of mismanagement and incapacity on the part of the said Government and its subordinates; and the Observance of such Fast Day will inflict on the majority of the Labouring Population the Loss of a day's Earnings; whereby the Government aforesaid will punish them, their wives, and families, for its own Misdeeds, and sacrifice the Wages of the Workpeople for its own Stupidity, whilst the members of it, the aforesaid Government, and all other persons of Independent Property, or in official employment, individuals of the Classes called Superior, will sustain no loss or damage whatever through the said Fast Day's Observance, which will thereby be rendered a cruel imposition, and an impious mockery: Now, we, by and with the advice of our Council, in deliberation assembled, do hereby, with a view to prevent so great a wickedness, ordain and decree that each and every member of the late Government aforesaid, and all and sundry other Persons concerned in the Mismanagement of the War, and exhorting, persuading, or assenting to the Appointment of the aforesaid Fast Day, shall, on that Day, set apart and contribute, severally and respectively, one entire day's Income, and as much more as in their conscience they shall deem due, in aid of the National Patriotic Fund for the Relief of the Soldiers' Widows and Orphans: to the end that the Fast and Humiliation, on their behalf, shall be a Truth and Reality, and not a Pretence, a Hypocrisy, and a Sham.

Given at our Court in St. Bride's, Fleet Street, this 15th day of March, 1855.

Along Live Sir. Punch.

THE TRUTH WITHOUT BEING AXED FOR IT.—PETER THE GREAT is said to have "ruled by the hatchet," and NICHOLAS may be said to have ruled by throwing it; for it was by the enormous imposition he practised over the minds of his people that his great power was acquired.



## MIRACLES WANTED.



in order to be transported over it, demand a series of Miracles—Spades, pickaxes, and crow-bars, that are good for nothing, and will not stand use, cannot be made good for anything, and serviceable without Miracles.

Miracles are requisite to cook the victuals of soldiers who do not understand cookery, and have no cooks.

Where baggage waggons, bāt-horses, and a transport-system, do not exist, Miracles alone can be expected to call them into existence.

As Miracles are needful to open the eyes of the born blind, so by Miracles only can intelligence be imparted to the born fool, whether Commissary, or other officer: and if chaos exists at Balaklava or elsewhere, none but miraculous agency can reduce it to order in default of the presiding mind of some man of business.

## THE SALE OF CLERICAL COMMISSIONS.

THE Church is superior in its organisation to the Army. The Ecclesiastical system of purchase is carried out in a more thoroughly commercial spirit than the military, inasmuch that capitalists, or others, may speculate in advowsons and next presentations precisely as in shares and stocks. Indeed, this may be called a sort of speculation in white stocks. The case of SIMPSON v. LAIB, in a late number of Law Reports, illustrates this advantage which the clerical profession has over the military. Here we have an action on a contract for the sale of an advowson, brought by a respectable firm in St. Swithun's Lane, who regularly deal in that description of article, just as any neighbouring merchant or broker carries on his business. The Plaintiff, the son of a Clergyman, and as LORD CAMPBELL said, no doubt truly, a most honourable gentleman, appears as a speculator in a cure of souls transaction, involving ingenious management and clever calculation on human life, by which, if successful, it seems that he would have netted £2,000. And why not? The Church Market is market-overt; why should not anybody walk into it and job, just as, if so minded, he would dabble in the Funds? There are the Bishops in the House of Lords to put a stop to the scandal, if it is such. Meanwhile, though some Christians might object to this sort of traffic, it would be admirably suited to Members of the Hebrew persuasion.

However, in the purchase-system, the Church should go the whole hog. There should be a Church Exchange; and the daily papers, under the head of "Tithe Market and Glebe Intelligence," should be in a position to record all kinds of clerical negotiations, conducted on the principles of Free Trade. We know that Curates are done at a very low figure: and why should not Bishops, Deans, and Prebendaries be also quoted? It would be interesting to read the prices current of Rectories and Vicarages, so that we might learn what parsons are above par. Under an "Ecclesiastical Trade Report" the state of the Cloth Market might be given, and we might be informed that mitres are lively or spiritless, shovel hats flat or looking up, and so on. Why should not a benefice be bought at once, as well as discounted by the purchase of an advowson or of a next presentation? So let us have a Church Exchange built in the pre-medieval style of architecture; and in the centre of the court thereof let there be erected a statue of SIMON MAGUS.

BOOKKEEPING BY LADIES.—As a rule, we think that women generally are fonder of borrowing books than of lending them. We say nothing about returning them, for who ever did a lady a kindness without meeting invariably with a good return?

## THE PEACE POLICEMAN.

If I met a ruffian who showed fight,  
Dost thou think I'd truncheon him? No, like  
BRIGHT,  
I'd give him my hand, and say, "Don't smite,  
But come along, silly!"

This morn I saw that violent man,  
That savage wretch, TIM SULLIVAN,  
His wife, poor thing, he kicked and beat,  
And stamped upon her in the street.  
He punched her head, he blacked her eyes,  
He struck her in the mouth likewise,  
My pity then began to rise,  
And I said, TIM!

If I met, &c.

As TIM went on to break the peace,  
And all the neighbours cried "Police!"  
I said, "Forbear to beat thy mate,  
And come before the Magistrate;  
His Worship I will tell of thee,  
And inform him of thy ferocity:  
Thou must its impropriety see.  
Now, I say, TIM!"

If I met, &c.

Forthwith TIM kicked me up the Court,  
Which seemed to cause a deal of sport,  
He rent my coat, he tore my cape,  
He knocked my nose quite out of shape;  
I let him, patient and resigned,  
Maltreat me till he thrashed me blind,  
For the Quakers and I are quite of one mind.  
They'd have said, like me, TIM!

If I met, &c.

Says TIM, says he, as he hit me hard,  
"Your dirty laws I disregard,  
I'll bate ye out of your blackguard life!  
What mustn't I larrup my own wedded wife?"  
He lieked me till his means did cease:  
What do you think of a Police  
Based on the principles of Peace,  
That would say, TIM!

If I met, &c.

## GREEN GESE.

THE olive branch is green, but the Peace Society, of which it may be considered the emblem, is greener. A memorial of that well-meaning but verdant body, addressed to LORD PALMERSTON, concludes with the following request:—

"Your memorialists, therefore, being deeply anxious to avert that further loss of life which would result from an attempt on either side to achieve a decisive military advantage by operations at Sebastopol, would humbly but earnestly pray that HER MAJESTY'S Plenipotentiary to the Congress of Vienna may, with the least possible delay, be instructed to employ his instant and best efforts to secure, by an armistice, a suspension of hostilities pending negotiations."

An armistice, just now, how very timely! Don't strike while the iron is hot; let it cool first; wait till the Russians have got over Eupatoria and the death of NICHOLAS. Don't take Time by the forelock: let him fly. An armistice; by all means. How jolly for the garrison in Sebastopol; who of course would make a holiday of it, and not work away during the interval in strengthening their position with all their means! We have been accustomed to consider the members of the Peace Society as doves; but we now perceive that the majority of them are birds of a very different feather; birds whose feathers are written with; birds in season at Michaelmas; birds whose stuffing is sage and onions, and whose sauce is apple.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE!—LORD JOHN RUSSELL arrived at Vienna almost at the same time that the Princess, the Emperor's baby, came into the world. "Welcome little Strangers!"

## MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER THE LONG FROST.



ARRIVED AT THE MEET, LITTLE TOM NODDY THINKS HE WILL HAVE A QUIET WEEED; BUT, AT THIS MOMENT,



THE HOUNDS MOVE FOR THE COVER, AND THE MARE BECOMES FULL OF PLAY AGAIN.



HAVING PICKED HIMSELF UP, TOGETHER WITH HIS WHIP AND CIGAR, T. N. JOGS ON WITH THE REST OF THE FIELD. AS THEY PASS BY SOME TURNIPS, TO THE DELIGHT OF EVERYBODY, A FOX GETS UP. THE MARE, WHO HAD BECOME ALMOST STEADY, IS AGAIN EXCITED, AND BUSHES WILDLY AHEAD, AMIDST THE

EXECRATIONS OF THE HUNT, AND LOUD CRIES OF "HOLD HARD!" WHICH T. N. MISTAKES FOR ANXIETY ON HIS ACCOUNT; AND, GRASPING THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE WITH BOTH HANDS, ABANDONS HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, WHICH, CONSIDERING THERE IS A FLIGHT OF HURDLES BEFORE HIM, ARE NOT VERY FAVOURABLE.



THE YOUNG CZAR COMING INTO HIS PROPERTY.



## "UNDER CONSIDERATION."

A Tragi-Comedy in Three Acts.

## ACT I.—"THE WAITING-ROOM."

SCENE.—*The Waiting-Room of a Public Office, not a hundred miles from Whitehall. The apartment is solidly, but by no means cheerfully furnished, with an oak table, six oak chairs—their leather-covered cushions much worn, and their backs painfully straight,—and an uneasy settle—formerly a seat in the old House of Commons, but now enjoying a dignified retirement: the floor is covered with oil-cloth of a rectangular pattern, and chilly colour: the fire is low and sulky, from excessive poking: the walls are ornamented with a map of Europe, date 1814, much fly-blown, and a Stationers' sheet Almanack: over the fire-place, clock with a repulsive expression of countenance, and an irritable tone of tick: on the table a Post-Office Directory of 1849: a pad, much bescribbled, and with every sign of a confirmed habit of drinking ink: three pens a good deal gnawed about the feather, and hopelessly split up in the quill: a paper-case with three half-sheets of paper, and an inkstand. Through the door is a view of the passage and Messengers' room beyond, with Messengers reposing. A busy traffic in newspapers is carried on throughout the scene, and luncheon trays are perpetually arriving full and going empty away.*

THE SCENE opens and discovers PERSEVERING MAN, with a bad grievance of twenty years' standing, GIFTED IRISHMAN, with strong claims and ditto brogue, and MONOMANIACAL INVENTOR, with a universally unacknowledged substitute for the steam-engine. THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE stands firm before the fire. The GIFTED IRISHMAN is writing at the table, and the MONOMANIACAL INVENTOR is drawing diagrams with his finger on a window-pane.

*Gifted Irishman (folding a note).* That's the last I'll find him, anny-way (advancing to fireplace and accosting MAN WITH GRIEVANCE). Foiné morning, Sir, but sharrup. I think I had the pleasure of seeing you here yestherday, Sir—?

*Man with Grievance.* Probably Sir—I spend most of my mornings here.

*Gifted Irishman.* Well—I've had tin days of it here and over the way, and its tired I'm getting. But I'll be all right to-day I'm thinking.

*Man with Grievance.* Ten days—why I've been here pretty regularly this twenty years.

*Gifted Irishman.* Have ye now? Might I ask what you was waiting for?

*Man with Grievance (calmly).* Justice, Sir. I said I'd have it, when they refused me compensation or parliamentary inquiry in 1832, and I'm a man of my word, I mean to have it—compensation or inquiry.

*Gifted Irishman.* Sure I'd go in for the compensation: bother the inquiry.

*Man with Grievance.* The inquiry will bother them yet. However, since this ministry came in I have hopes. My case is under consideration.

*Gifted Irishman.* So's my testimonials.

*Monomaniacal Inventor.* And so is my galvanic propeller, gentlemen (smiling fatuously), at last—here's the letter (pulls out long and very dirty envelope marked "On Her Majesty's Service"), I've brought my diagrams—and, if they can't understand them, I've asked the Under Secretary to come down and see the model. It's in a loft, at No. 3, Brittles's Rents, Avenue Road, Pleasant Place, Holloway (eagerly fumbling for a card). If you'd like to call and see it, Gentlemen—it don't work yet—but it only wants—

*Man with Grievance (testily turning to poke the fire).* Humph!

[GIFTED IRISHMAN becomes suddenly absorbed in the Directory.

*Enter MESSENGER, all start eagerly.*

*Messenger (looking at card).* MR. BLISTER?

*Man with Grievance (hastily dropping the poker and seizing his hat).* That's me—BLISTER, M.D.—Now then, my man (moving out).

*Messenger (impatiently).* MR. BUFFER's compliments, and if it was private business he's got a deputation, and if it's public business you'd better put it in writing and it will be considered.

*Man with Grievance (bitterly).* Is it's public! Just you tell MR. BUFFER, MR. BLISTER's compliments and it's his claim to compensation or inquiry, and it has been put into writing fifty times (bugs out an aged portfolio swollen to an enormous size by papers), and it's been under consideration ever since you were a little boy, Sir, and I want justice, and I mean to come here till I get it, and I can wait—tell him I can wait—I'm in no hurry—I can wait! (He stings himself into a chair and smashes a pen), D—me, I'm used to waiting! I like it! By JOVE, I like it!

[Smashes another pen and grinds his teeth. MESSENGER, who has listened calmly, turns to go.

*Gifted Irishman (catching him by the arm and thrusting a note into his hand).* I say, my man, you'll take this to MR. BUFFER, wid my card (gives a very yellow card, with several directions scored out), and say, it's me was mentioned in that letter from the O'Dowd, the Member for Blarney—he'll know, and he saw MISTHER HAYTER about it, yesterday.

*Monomaniacal Inventor.* I say, I'm the galvanic propeller (bugging out his official letter)—and if you'd say they acknowledged it, and it's under consideration, and I'm ready to explain everything, if he can only give me an hour of serious attention—mind—say serious, please.

*Messenger (pleasantly, as he edges to the door).* One at a time, gents. Now then, (to GAUNT STRANGER, who enters). This way, Sir. What was it, Sir?

*Gaunt Stranger.* Jest tote in that case one of ye.

[SECOND MESSENGER brings in oblong mahogany-box.

Now clear out smart, and give your boss my card, and say I've to be at the Ordnance Office at two, and I han't time to wait. There: up stakes—vamose—there.

*Messenger (overcome with the straightforward energy of the GAUNT STRANGER).* Well, to be sure!

*Gaunt Stranger (looking fixedly at him).* Waal, air you a-goin', or must I?

*Messenger (oozing out of the room).* Certainly, Sir—if you'll take a seat, Sir—immediately, Sir.

[Exit MESSENGER, the others look on in admiration.

*Gaunt Stranger (complacently).* Waal, gentlemen—good morning—(to MAN WITH GRIEVANCE)—How do you do, Sir? Guess those critters ain't up to pace—(to GIFTED IRISHMAN)—We're go a-head, Sir, we air. (Warming his hands at the fire). Almighty bad grate that; all draught, and no radiating power. Guess you'll come to close stoves soon, if this weather holds on.

*Man with Grievance.* From America, I think, Sir?

*Gaunt Stranger.* Yes, Sir—came out last Cunard boat, Sir—twelve days' run, Sir. Brought a notion of mine here (pointing to box). Like to offer it to the old Country first, Sir. Yes, Sir—(looking at clock)—ten minutes slow, Sir, that clock thar. All your clocks air slow here, I guess.

*Monomaniacal Inventor (who has been sniffing about the box).* It ain't a propeller, Sir, is it?

*Gaunt Stranger.* Waal, I reckon it's a sorter propeller—a warlike engine, gentlemen. (Rapidly unlocks box). The American Breech-loading Carbine. We use it in the field—(as he speaks he brings out the weapon, screws, unscrews, demonstrates, dismounts, remounts, snaps, slaps, takes to pieces, puts together again, replaces the weapon, and locks the box, talking rapidly, coherently, and clearly all the while)—but may be adapted to any rifle for service or sport. You bring down the trigger-guard so—which displaces the nipple-piece and breech, and exposes the chamber so; insert cartridge, bring up trigger-guard, sharp edge of breech-piece nips off the cartridge end and primes nipple so—will fire twenty shots a minute. You observe the primer, carries from twelve to thirty caps, inside the nipple—keeps caps dry, you see, —two regiments of our dragoons had 'em last Texan war—no ramrod, you see; loads with butt up or down, in or out of the boot—no need to bite cartridge—simple jint and pin, you see, Gentlemen, any armourer could mend that. It's been tried at Hythe; they fired 120 shots without cleanin' or 'ilin' or any thing. COLONEL FLINT, C.B., he put it through the ice into the caual, and it went off at the third cap. The Colonel promised to report—that's a week since—so I s'pose the Colonel ought to've reported before this. I'm to see the Master-General to-day, but they told me to bring it here first; so I've brought it, Gentlemen. But I don't kalkilate to wait long. If they can make up their minds this morning, right out, they can have it; and I'll start a factory that will turn out four thousand a week. But if they don't, I kalkilate to try LOUIS NAPOLEON, or maybe the CZAR, or some other European Potentate. I've made my arrangements. I can't stand the everlasting waiting that goes on in this old Country of yourn, Gentlemen. I can't really, Sir—yes, Sir—it ain't what we're used to, Sir, over the water, Sir, 'tain't really—no how—there's that fellow—

*Re-enter MESSENGER.*

*Messenger.* MAJOR —?

*Gaunt Stranger (rushing to the door).* Yas—that's me—all right—

*Messenger (struggling for utterance).* No, I was to say—

*Gaunt Stranger.* He'd see me—I know—

*Messenger.* No—no—that your arm was under—

*Gaunt Stranger.* Under eight pounds weight—seven pound seven exact. Go ahead (whips up his box). Good day, Gentlemen—Now then—Up hook.

[Exit rapidly, pushing out the bewildered MESSENGER. All gaze at each other and draw long breaths.

*Man with Grievance.* That's an energetic man. But he'd never have waited for his rights as long as I've done.

*Gifted Irishman.* By the powers, but its too bad. Here's meself,

with two cousins magistrates, and connected with the O'Dowd, and mentioned to HAYTER, and can't git spaking to a dirty Undther Secretary, and there's that Yankee pushes himself in—

*Monomaniacal Inventor.* Ah—you see his nerves are a sort of galvanic propeller. Its just the same principle as my machine, Gentlemen—if you'd only let me show you—

*Enter MESSENGER, pushed in by WATERPROOFER with rug. STOVE-MAKER with patent stove, and PRESERVED-MEATMAN with canisters. All talking at once.*

*Bewildered Messenger.* One at a time, Gents, for goodness sake. This ain't a tap-room: now for goodness sake (*coo'ringly*), if you'd only just sit down for a little.

*Man with Grievance (bitterly),* Here's chairs, Gentlemen, and a fire, and hooks, and writing paper. Do sit down and make yourselves comfortable.

*Waterproofer.* But this is the fourth office they've sent me to since Tuesday, and I can't see anybody.

*Messenger.* If you'll put it in writing—

*Waterproofer (suddenly unrolling an eight foot rug).* Confound it, how can I put that in writing?

*Messenger.* You should send in a specimen, Sir, and it would be considered.

*Waterproofer.* Considered! Why it's six months since I was told it was "under consideration."

*Stovemaker (philosophically).* Oh bless you! there's three boards been a sittin' on my stove this two years.

*Man with Grievance (to himself).* I hope it was lighted.

*Messenger (much disgusted).* Well, I suppose Gov'ment is to be allowed to sit on things. You can't expect Gov'ment to make up its mind all of a hurry as other people does; can you now?

*Preserved-meatman (with resignation).* Well, there's one comfort, my meats is all the better for waitin. They've had six cans of my soup and bouilli at the Admiralty this five year—under consideration all the time—and I'll be bound is as fresh as the day it was sealed—I'll be bound it is.

*Man with Grievance.* Ha, ha, ha! That's it, Gentlemen—that's the way we do it, in this free country—everything's "under consideration," Gentlemen. There's my case, for instance, (*taking out his portfolio*), ever since 1852.

*Gifted Irishman.* And my tistimonials.

*Monomaniacal Inventor.* And my galvanic propeller.

*Waterproofer.* And my rugs.

*Stovemaker.* And my stoves.

*Preserved-meatman.* And my soup and bouilli.

*Man with Grievance.* And do you really suppose, Gentlemen, with so much under consideration that government can find time to do anything?

*Re-enter GAUNT STRANGER.*

*Gaunt Stranger.* Waal Gentlemen—good day—I left my hat here—It's all right—I've squared my business.

*Man with Grievance.* What, you ain't under consideration, then?

*Gaunt Stranger.* Waal, sir, I reckon the Lord upstairs told me I was, but I said, as a citizen of the United States I could not stand being under anything—and they might lump it or leave it—slick and straight—now or never—up or down—and as he didn't seem to know which cend he was a settin' on, I vamosed—and I'm off to Paris by the express to-night—guess LOUIS NAPOLEON's the man for my money. You're like your clocks in this cussed old country—too slow, a darned sight. Good day, Gentlemen.

[*Exit, like a rocket: the Waiters upon Government remain UNDER CONSIDERATION.*]

## LADIES! ATTENTION, PLEASE.

VARIETY of letters from the same number of husbands, are now before *Mr. Punch*, all in a greater or less state of outrageousness. Their wives have been buying bargains, and have, of course, been cheated.

There are two or three sets of swindlers upon which these furious heads of families call *Mr. Punch's* waked wrath. But the majority of the victims howl because the money left to pay for their coals, or for the assessed taxes, has gone in rubbish purporting to be shawls, mantles, and dresses. This trash has been surreptitiously purchased by some silly ladies who have been deluded by lying and puffing circulars (craftily posted so as to reach households at hours when the marital eye is away, and on law papers, or bill books) in which it is stated that intrinsically valuable and usually costly articles are to be had, "for a few days," at something under half the legitimate price. The particular lie offered as a reason why



the silly lady must instantly rush and buy, varies—sometimes "Enlargement of Premises"—sometimes "Bankruptcy"—sometimes "Glut of the market"—sometimes "Dissolution of Partnership," but there is always some such lie, and as the silly lady has not her husband at hand to tell her that the advertisers are swindlers, and that a good article, of habitual use in London, will always fetch its value, the silly lady takes the coal or tax money, and the omnibus, visits the swindle-shop, and returns in glory. An elder matron, for a respectable trader in the neighbourhood, to whom the cheap thing is triumphantly shewn, or perhaps the husband himself (for it is quite odd how some men have picked up knowledge about such things), immediately apprises the silly lady that she has been "done," and then comes a scene—perhaps tears—perhaps a regular quarrel. In most cases, let us hope, the husband, like a superior being, only smiles, explains what *Mr. Punch* has here explained, and exacts a promise from his wife never to go buying bargains again without him.

Still, if he speaks a little severely, the silly lady has really no right to complain. She may be no judge of goods, but she has a conscience, and must know that if anything is obtained much below its value, somebody is being wronged and cheated. She went to the swindle-shop in the hope of getting an unfair advantage, and the knaves have been too many for her

silliness. We hope that her husband will not scold her—"she wanted to look her best," and "do him credit," and "she knows how hard money is to earn"—yes, M'm—*Mr. Punch* has heard all that before, but is indulgent. But if she is scolded, *Mr. Punch* enjoins her this penance—to listen silently—to kiss her husband, to promise him never to read another swindle-circular—and to go away and get him the nicest supper she can think of. If this penance is too severe, she may leave out the kissing, but not the supper.

## THRASHING BY STEAM.

WE were much pleased by reading in the *Times* that at a recent meeting of the Sprotborough Farmers' Club, held at the Cropley Arms, Sprotborough, near Doncaster, there was a discussion on "the best method of thrashing grain." This was an agreeable change of conversation in reference to the subject of thrashing. All questions about thrashing have for the last twelvemonths resolved themselves into one—how to thrash the Russians. A fixed steam-engine was determined by the meeting to be the best thrashing machine for a farm of above 300 acres. For thrashing the enemy on a large scale a steam-engine might likewise be preferable to any other: and we should like to know whether that steam gun, with which *Mr. PERKINS* engages to throw a ton of iron five miles, would practically answer the purpose of such a thrashing machine.

## Shipping News.

THEY write from Marseilles that the "*City of Manchester*," a magnificent English steamer has arrived to receive horses and mules for the East." The *City of Manchester* itself might well spare a few other animals that, though on two legs, do bear a certain affinity to the quadrupeds above-named.

A MONSTER IN HUMAN FORM.—*YOUNG SMELL-FUNGUS* (of the Albany) calls matrimony "making ninety-nine lovely creatures unhappy to make one ungrateful."



### A REGULAR OLD-FASHIONED MARCH WIND.

*Old Gentleman is forcibly reminded of the days of his Youth, as he cannot recollect having been actually stopped by the Wind since he was quite a Child.*

### A DIRTY TRICK DEFEATED.

When one clever man gets an appointment, it may be taken for granted that some twenty dolts get a disappointment, and if there is one lanky dog he is sure to be envied by a pack of unlucky dogs, who run for some little time howling at his heels, till they are kicked off, or beaten off, or drop off, from sheer exhaustion.

It may also be taken for granted, as a pretty general rule, that when a man prefaces an attack upon another, with a declaration of pure and disinterested motives, the chances are that he has some private grudge against the individual about to be assailed; for, as good wine needs no bush, an honest motive requires no apology.

Not long ago, MR. EDWIN JAMES, a man of considerable ability and of high professional standing, was selected to fill the office of Recorder of Brighton, to the great disgust, no doubt, of our friend BRIEFLESS and his old ally DUNUP, as well as of the whole tribe of HORRIDS and FLOUIDS, every and each of whom would of course feel a peculiar fitness for the Bench which MR. JAMES has been called upon to occupy.

Of course the avenues of Westminster Hall have resounded with murmurs from at least a hundred hungry lips—allowing two each to every disappointed barrister—and we fancy we can hear the shrill voice of the indignant DUNUP, exclaiming, "Why, there's that fellow JAMES got the Recordership of Brighton, and I'm walking about doing nothing, with my hands in my pockets."

These feelings of bitter anguish among the wigged destitute, may be natural, and so far excusable; but that the House of Commons should be called on to sympathise with the hungry yelpings of a disappointed pack, was a thing not to be tolerated. Accordingly, when a motion was made by a gentleman of the bar, who had perhaps good-naturedly consented to become the organ of the ill nature of others, the House scouted the proposition, and even the seconder of the business was so ashamed of it, that he apologised for the position in which he found himself. He had only done it because he had been asked; and as the result was rather humiliating to his own feelings, he will probably refrain in future from adopting a principle which would require him to cut his own head off in the event of his being thereunto requested.

Never was a motion so thoroughly turned neck and heels out of the House as the motion alluded to; and the Commons even went so far as to evince their disgust at the whole business, by refusing to allow the shabby transaction to appear on their journals. If the precedent were once established of permitting disappointment to vent its spleen upon success, through the medium of the Legislature, Parliament would soon be converted into a sort of vast spittoon for the reception of the spite of those whose mouths are always watering for that which falls to the share of others.

### PHILOSOPHY IN ERMINE.

THE *Carlisle Patriot* reports of BARON PARKE that his lordship, with a serenity almost exclusive to the judgment seat, laid down a golden rule for all jurymen, which, if followed, would always assure them under any mistake the sweetest tranquillity of mind. They might by their verdict hang an innocent man; but—"if they seriously considered all the evidence on the one side, and arguments on the other, and were still convinced that the prisoner was guilty, they could honestly lay their hands upon their hearts, and not feel a single pang, even supposing another person were hereafter to turn out to be the murderer." This marvellous doctrine to insure unbroken rest between the sheets, even though the jurymen had to the best of his judgment sent an innocent man to the grave, was laid down by the serene BARON PARKE at the late trial of the youth MONROE, aged 18, for the murder near Whitehaven in November last. MONROE was recommended to mercy by the jury—the evidence was loose and circumstantial—but no mercy was promised by the Judge. Well, presuming for argument, that the youth is innocent, and that nevertheless he is hanged upon the finding of the jury? Is it possible that no jurymen can feel a pang for the sacrifice of a guiltless fellow creature on the very threshold of manhood? BARON PARKE must have a very stony notion of the necessary qualities of the human conscience. A man to lay his hand upon his heart, and to feel no pang that—on the infirmity of human evidence—he has doomed the innocent, must hardly have human flesh; we should rather say a heart of the nether millstone torpidly reposing under the crotchet of a rhinoceros. Majesty has, officially, its conscience-keeper; we should be sorry if all juries allowed every Judge to be their conscience-maker.

WANTED, ANOTHER DETECTIVE POLICE FORCE, to look after the present one.

### A DEAD BARGAIN.

THE following Advertisement presents "an eligible opportunity" to any one who is desirous of turning the dust of the dead to the purposes of living.

**FRESHOLD LAND**, near the city (half an acre and seven poles), in a densely populated neighbourhood (formerly a burial ground). The ground would pay well for removal, being superior to guano, and consent from the authorities has been obtained. Price of the entire estate, £2,000.

There is something novel at all events in the idea of advertising human remains as "superior to guano," and humanity ought to feel complimented at the position which the auctioneer has assigned to it. We don't know who "the authorities" may be, whose consent has given an impetus to this kind of speculation, but perhaps there may yet be time for friends or relatives to prevent these remains from being sold off as manure, and to rescue an ancestor from the dung heap, to which a whole grave-yard is about to be consigned by the auctioneer's hammer. We are not over squeamish, but there is something in the idea of handing over a whole burial ground as material for manure, which in our opinion calls rather for prevention than aid on the part of the "authorities."

### BEAR-MOURNING FOR NICHOLAS.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with an early exclusive copy of a notice about to be issued from the Lord Chamberlain's Office:—

*St. James's, March 10.*

"Our trusty and well-beloved DAVID MITCHELL, most excellent and vigilant Secretary of the Zoological Gardens in the royal demesne known as the Regent's Park, is hereupon ordered, in due observance of a late afflicting event, forthwith to place his bears in decent mourning. The Russian Bear is, further, to be fed for thirty days on black puddings. The Polar Bears are to wear black crape on their left forelegs; and the Syrian Bear, a tie of black tape once round.

"By Command."

### Lodging to Let at Windsor.

As a stall in St. George's Chapel is vacant by the lamented demise of our friend NICHOLAS, the question arises who is to fill it? Perhaps LORD CLANRICARDE would be as eligible a knight as anybody to succeed his friend the Russian Gentleman, provided that he does not attempt to explain, or attempting fails to explain, that HANDCOCK business.



"THAT'S MY NEW YOUNG MAN, BAKER. GUARDS AND FUSILIERS IS SO SCARCE, THAT I'VE GONE INTO THE MILITIA."

### "GUESSES AT TRUTH" IN THE DARK.

THE publishers of RAPHAEL'S *Prophetic Messenger* send us, with a copy of their egregiously stupid book, a letter, in which they refer, in a tone of the most triumphant exultation, to certain two of their predictions, which, they say, have been fulfilled during the present year. Where a person takes about ten thousand shots at the target of possibility, it would be strange indeed if he did not hit the bull's eye once!

However, let us take RAPHAEL'S two predictions. The first is for February, and halts as follows:

"The conjunction of VENUS and JUPITER indicates satisfactory feelings between the representatives of the people and her MAJESTY'S advisers; but at the full moon on the 2nd the luminaries are signifiers of the Privy Council, and they, being in quartile to URANUS, imply dispute and disorganisation in the ministry."

The above is vague enough to fit any prediction, and any child, any housemaid, who was in the habit of peeping into a newspaper, could have prophesied as much. We should like to know the month when disputes do not occur in a Ministry, especially a Coalition Ministry that had Puseyites, Peelites, and no end of petty politicians in it?

The second prediction occurs in what is called "An Astro-Biography of QUEEN VICTORIA." It tells us—no date being fixed for the accident—that

"Her MAJESTY loses the able advice and assistance of one whom she has long admitted to her counsels. I will not attempt to delineate particularly all the significations, but leave them to the investigation of the student, or their development by mighty time."

There is great wisdom in not saying too much in the above ingenious bit of astro-biographical information. A great deal is left to be determined by the "student," and as a twelvemonth is generously left open for the accomplishment of the prophecy, it would be rather curious, with a

Ministry so unpopular as that of an "antiquated imbecile" (*vide* LORD PALMERSTON), if HER MAJESTY had not lost the assistance of some minister or other. It required no RAPHAEL to tell us any such common-place certainty as that.

We will engage, if any one will offer us the engagement, to write as many Raphaelistic prophecies as they may be weak enough to print, or to pay for, and further, we will sign an engagement, under a very heavy penalty, that at least nineteen-twentieths of our prophecies shall turn out true. We offer the following dozen, as samples of our prophesying talent:—

*January.* An "Awful Conflagration" takes place within the precincts of the Metropolis. The atmosphere is illuminated for miles, and an elderly gentleman at Hackney is enabled to read the smallest print (say the *Morning Herald*) with the greatest ease.

*February.* A Lady of high rank receives a Valentine, filled with the grossest insults, and sealed with a thimble.

*March.* A gentleman's hat is blown off on Waterloo Bridge.

*April.* Several persons proceed to the Tower Stairs to see the Lions washed.

*May.* The Royal Academy opens in the First Week, and great excitement is caused by the "Portrait of a Gentleman."

*June.* The QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT walk on the slopes at Windsor.

*July.* The *Green Bushes* is performed at the Adelphi.

*August.* Several servants in noble families are put on board wages.

*September.* The *Athenæum* revives the discussion as to the Authorship of *Juxta's Letters*.

*October.* An "Extraordinary Shower of Frogs" takes place in the provincial papers.

*November.* A strange-looking being, with a pipe in his mouth, supposed to be a likeness of GUINO FAWKES, is paraded in a chair through the streets of London on the 5th.

*December.* A little boy is taken ill the day after Christmas Day, and the Doctor has to be sent for in a hurry.

In the meantime, as no man is a Prophet in his own country, we recommend RAPHAEL to emigrate to America, or the Colonies, or Islington, or some distant part of the world, where there will be but little chance of his book ever being sent to us again. We cannot tolerate such rubbish, and encourage such ignorance.



**"THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL."**

THE grand point on which LORD PALMERSTON rested the defence of SIR CHARLES NAPIER was that "the gallant Admiral had brought the fleet back again in perfect safety." If all that was expected of SIR CHARLES was to bring the fleet home, what was the use of sending it out at all; and would it not have been a greater achievement for an Admiral to have kept it where it was before it started, if the only purpose of its going away was that it might come home again? We confess we have not been in the habit of measuring the merits of our naval heroes by the standard of a pilot's achievements. SIR CHARLES NAPIER's grand feat seems to have consisted of his arrival at Portsmouth, or rather as he happened to get home before the fleet, his greatest triumph arose after he had quitted his ship; for it was not, we rather think, until he had been some time on shore that the fleet was brought safe and sound to England. When SIR CHARLES NAPIER receives the thanks of Parliament we are afraid that the old form of "thank you for nothing" is the only form that can be adopted.



**PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

March 12, Monday. EARL GREY explained to the Government that they were really doing nothing towards military reforms, and he especially cut up the blunders of the Ordnance, and called on LORD PANMURE to stop that remarkable department from wasting any more money in "works" which usually turned out worse than useless. LORD PANMURE promised that everything that could be stopped should be stopped, and added that as we did not know how to make an original camp, officers had been sent to Belgium to translate the camp at Beverloo. He also stated that he hoped one of these days to have something more to say, which encouraging hope comforted the Lords, and they went away.

In the Commons there was a squabble about the scale to which the Government map of Scotland should be drawn. This has long been a sore subject, Mr. Punch is not quite sure why—whether the Scotch think that if their country is made to look big, English Chancellors of Exchequer will want to lay on more taxes—or what the fear may be, but there is some deep reason for this continued apprehension. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON complained that the Fifty Colonies were left unattended to while LORD JOHN RUSSELL went to christenings and congresses, and in the meantime there was a new war at the Cape, and a new revolt in Australia to be looked after. PALMERSTON and GEORGE GREY assured him it was all right.

Tuesday. LORD MONTEAGLE apprised the Lords that by a bill they were passing through Committee without a word of remark, they were imposing about £500,000 a year of new taxation, and acceding to a loan which was being taken secretly, after MR. GLADSTONE had declared that no loans should be resorted to. LORD GRANVILLE defended MR. GLADSTONE's consistency, which was of course the important point before them, and the bill went quietly through committee.

In the Commons, MR. HEYWOOD brought on his motion towards altering the law which interferes with a man's marrying two sisters. This occasioned rather a spirited debate, in which a good many family experiences were brought out for the edification of the House. SIR FREDERICK THESIGER held a brief against the alteration, and appealed to the laws of the ancient Jews, by one of which a Hebrew gentleman was interdicted from marrying his Hebrew lady's sister during his wife's lifetime, "to vex her." But as the advocates of the alteration did not ask leave to commit bigamy, in order to vex their wives, it did not exactly appear what this had to do with the matter, even if Christians were bound by Hebrew law. It is remarkable too that by that law a brother was expressly ordered to marry his deceased brother's wife, if she were childless, in order to keep up the family. LORD PALMERSTON, who has always been a lady's man, spoke and voted for the alteration, and so did MR. SPOONER, who is not precisely a lady's man to look at, though doubtless very polite and agreeable. MR. COBDEN also was for repealing the Anti-Sister Law. MR. HENRY DRUMMOND was exceedingly sarcastic, abused the Papists and founder of Methodism, and tauntingly recommended MR. BOWYER, a Catholic gentleman, who had supported the motion, "not to go sneaking up lanes, but to marry his grandmother like a man." The motion was carried, notwithstanding a statement that 11,000 ladies, supposed to be the Eleven Thousand of Cologne, resuscitated for the occasion, had petitioned the QUEEN against the alteration. Mr. Punch does not, however, suppose that the bill will pass the Bishops.

Wednesday. For all the good, or harm they did, the Commons might as well have stayed at home and studied the new number of Punch.

Thursday. In the Lords, LORD MALMESBURY took another opportunity of displaying his "common sense," by asking a question about the Militia, in answer to which he was told by LORD PANMURE, that if he had read a Circular which had been addressed to the Commanding Officers of Militia he need not have made such an enquiry.

In the Commons LORD PALMERSTON was taken to task for something SIR ROBERT PEEL (who not being a Peelite has taken office) said at his re-election, about our foreign policy. LORD PALMERSTON intimated with delightful sang-froid, that he did not care what people were reported to have said "out of the House." The House then by a large majority rejected MR. LOCKE KING's bill for making the landed property of people who die without wills divide like other property instead of going in a lump to the heir. Next it rejected a motion of MR. WILLIAMS's for making landed property pay at Doctors Commons, in the same way as personal property. Thirdly, it rejected a motion of MR. COBBETT's for limiting to ten hours a day the work done in factories by females and young children. After these three rebukes to presumptuous reformers, the People's House went Home.

**OUR DUST-CART.**

SOME persons take more trouble in looking for pins than they would for stars.

There are two bores in Society—the man who knows too much, and the man who knows too little.

An Annuity too long Deferred maketh the heart sick.

Travelling, now-a-days, consists in living on railways, and sleeping at hotels.

The oddest Hnsbandry we know is when a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

Remorse is the tight-boot that pinches the sole.

A Woman's Ultimatum is "Shant!"

A great deal of Heartburn is caused by a man inviting you to dine with him, and giving you a bad dinner.

The bread of Repentance we eat is in many instances made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.

**Visible Decrease of the Police Force.**

THERE is such a scarcity of men now, that they are glad to take almost any one into the Police Force. Our tall policemen, who, in height, nearly took the shine out of our lamp-posts, are rapidly dwindling into mere boys. A policeman, of only five years back, would make a policeman of the present day look small indeed—a mere fly compared to a blue bottle. Should the diminution still go on diminishing, the Force will become "small by degrees and beautifully less," until at last we shall be seeing the ridiculous exhibition of a mere chip of a child, bound up in blue, like the *Edinburgh Review*, and not much bigger, telling a brawny giant of a brewer's drayman "to move on there, quick; or if he doesn't, he'll pretty soon make him."

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

WE are requested to state that the entertainment that the BISHOP OF LONDON thought of giving at his Palace at Fulham to the Poor of Fulham, in consideration of the self-denial of the Fast, is postponed until the Bishop thinks better of it; and a good deal better, too.

## A WONDER AT WOLVERHAMPTON.



thus 1750 of the hungry were fed. Now for our Wolverhampton contemporary:—

"During Saturday 1,500 quarts of soup was prepared for the purpose of being given to the destitute on the next day (Sunday). At a meeting of the Committee, the same day, this good intention was unhappily frustrated. The Rev. Wm. DALTON attended the meeting, and opposed the feeding of the poor on the Sabbath. He said he gave the Committee credit for kind dispositions and humane feelings; but he did not see the necessity of making the distribution on the Sunday, after the relief administered that day. Mr. M. ISOMOROS and the Rev. Mr. LUSCOMBE supported Mr. DALTON'S view."

We certainly are much more inclined to credit the stories of the ghost, the sea-serpent, and the devil, than the above statement about the REV. MR. DALTON. It represents that gentleman as so cruel a Pharisee, as so sanctimonious an impostor, as so unfeeling a hypocrite, that we cannot swallow it. A Clergyman of the Church of England trying to prevent his neighbours from performing an act of charity on a Sunday! Impossible! The *Wolverhampton Herald* must have made some strange mistake. MR. DALTON must have been misunderstood. Therefore it would not be fair to conclude, from the further extract following, that he was rebuked by a Roman Catholic Priest:—

"The Mayor expressed his opinion upon the advisability of giving away the soup on the Sunday; as did also the Rev. G. DUCKETT, Roman Catholic Priest, who stated that the poor in St. Mary's Ward fully expected to receive the soup."

However, we are informed that

"After some discussion, MR. DALTON gained his point, and it was ruled that the suffering should not be relieved on the Sabbath—placards being ordered to be posted instead, informing those interested that the soup would be given on Monday."

MR. DALTON'S good intention—MR. DALTON knows of a place paved with that material—was frustrated as well as the Committee's. His intention clearly was, in part, to prevent unnecessary Sunday work. But, unhappily,

"At a late hour on Sunday evening, it was discovered that the withheld provision had gone sour, and would have to be thrown away; and an extraordinary effort had therefore to be made to make an extra quantity for Monday morning, when tickets were issued at the school-rooms in connection with the places of worship."

So additional labour on Sunday evening resulted from the Reverend Gentleman's well meant interference. For, of course it was well meant. Its object, secondly, was, no doubt, to prevent the soup from being wasted: the generous MR. DALTON having, we would suggest, rendered the distribution unnecessary, by having supplied all the poor of the town with their Sunday's victuals at his own expense. This good intention was baffled also: the soup had turned sour, as the milk of human kindness will sometimes turn, especially on a Sunday. It had to be thrown away: as the sour milk should be. MR. DALTON'S opposition to the feeding of the poor on Sunday arose from the combined motives of piety, charity, and economy. The *Wolverhampton Herald* perhaps was not aware of the circumstance that Evangelical MR. DALTON had already fed the poor. Therefore it misunderstood the Reverend Gentleman. For we cannot suppose its statement respecting him to be a mere fabrication. That would be monstrous, too. The malignity that would invent such calumny is incredible.

But certainly, if we could conceive it to be true, however much we might doubt the report of the devil having broken loose in Devonshire, we should find little difficulty in believing that he was to be met with in Wolverhampton, in the orthodox shape of a gentleman in black, with a white choker: his "Sunday's best."

## RUSSELL AND THE RABBIS.

LORD JOHN has been waylaid by the Jews in Prussia, who kindly thank him for what he has done, and what he no doubt proposes further to do for them. Of course he will be addressed upon the same theme by the Jews in Austria—a people to whom Austria owes so much. MR. ADDISON in his *Spectator* (No. 495), says of the Jews of his day—

"They are like the pegs and nails in a great building which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together."

The illustration holds to this day, especially in Austria. How those great nails, the ROTHSCHILDS, have helped to keep the House of Hapsburg together! MR. ADDISON, however, was in advance of his day; and were he again alive and again in the Commons would, we fear, go to loggerheads with MESSRS. SPOONER AND PLUMPTRE in the cause of the Hebrews. The peculiarities of their religion—eating only their own killed and prepared meats—are lamented by MR. ADDISON.

"This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion."

Thus, admit a few Jews to the agreeable intercourses of the Commons and BELLAMY'S, and they would speedily be converted into Christians. Any way, is it not a shame that those great nails, the Jews, should not even one of them—be found in the Commons? Ill-used, long-suffering BARON ROTHSCHILD! What a mighty peg hast thou been to many Houses; and yet ungracious Christians refuse you even a hat-peg in the lower House of Parliament!

## STRANGERS TO BE "TAKEN IN."

ENGLAND sometimes boasts of her hospitality to foreigners, but we fear the allegory of "BRITANNIA holding out the band of protection to the stranger" is not likely to be kept up by the following advertisement:—

AUX ETRANGERES PROTESTANTES.—WANTED, in a small school, near London, a YOUNG LADY, to teach French, needle work and music, and attend to the wardrobes, and to the young ladies personally. No salary, or only a nominal one, the first year. Address to A. W., &c.

The advertiser, it will be seen, requires a governess, a dress-maker, a music-mistress, and a lady's-maid, who are all to be united in one unfortunate *étrangère*, whose services are to be rewarded by "No Salary, or a nominal one for the first twelvemonths." There is something of the reluctance of shabbiness in this limitation of the "No Salary" arrangement to twelvemonths; for it is pretty clear that no strength would be equal to the drudgery of four situations beyond a year, and of course at the end of that time another victim would be demanded on the same conditions. As each new martyr broke down under the weight of her engagements, after vainly struggling to go beyond the twelvemonths of gratuitous slavery, another, and another, would, of course, be invited to succeed, for it would take a long time unhappily to use up all the material of talent and industry seeking for employment in the educational market. We hope due weight will be given to the scruple which will not accept, even for the purpose of martyrdom, any but a Protestant. No wonder that the advertiser deems it prudent to make a special parade of faith, where there is such a palpable absence of charity.

## OUR INSANITARY REPORT.

At a meeting of March Hares, it was unanimously resolved to present the KING OF PRUSSIA with the freedom of St. Luke's.

Since the Kilt has been abandoned, it will devolve upon the Highlanders, it is said, to make all the breeches at Sebastopol.

The Marylebone Vestry met last week, and broke up again without saying a word!

The young fellow, who wanted an appointment at the Admiralty, and sent in his grandfather's certificate of baptism instead of his own, got a good berth instantly.

A Lady of respectability was detected by her husband last week in an "Awful Failure" shop in the Strand. Her excuse was she was going to buy "a bargain." The injured husband immediately put her into a cab, and he has since laid a formal complaint before her respected mother.

It is reported in Knightsbridge that an influential Puseyite "has just crossed the Rubric-on, on his way to Rome."

## THE MILITARY MARKET.

(From our Horse Guards' Correspondent.)



HERE has not been such a heavy pressure on the military market for a long time. The flatness, which has characterised the Debates in Parliament upon all military subjects lately, has sensibly attacked the prices at the Horse Guards, and, there's no denying it, created half a panic. The consequence has been that Governors' pockets have been excessively tight for the last fortnight. Aunts and Mothers, also, have been unusually close, and younger sons, belonging to some of our richest houses, are now walking about town absolutely in want of a purchase, and they cannot get one. A few Cornets were done in May Fair as low as £410 each, but in "crack" regiments it is some consolation to know they fetched a "pony" or two more. The Light Buffs still maintained their figure, but the Heavy Greens, formerly in such demand in Belgravia, were quoted as being "the lowest of the low;" no one—not even tradesmen's sons—would have anything to do with them. There was a slight advance in Household Troops, and towards the afternoon there was a rumour in the best informed Clubs that a Captain in the Guards (Black) had positively been going a-begging for as small a sum as £800; a Colonel in the Royal Pinks was offered at £2000, but went without an offer; Majors relaxed a little, but Lieutenant-Colonels were not to be done at any price; old Generals as firm as ever.

The Exchange from the Militia into the Line is still in favour of the latter; but the consideration, even with the increase of respectability, and real silver at mess, is so ridiculously small, that nothing worthy of the name of business was done. A large sum was offered for a choice regiment, and after many biddings, a sale was nearly effected for an amount scarcely worth mentioning, when unfortunately the negotiation was broken off upon its being announced that the purchaser (supposed to be the fashionable MARQUIS OF HOBIE D'HOY, who comes of age next week) had been suddenly seized with the small-pox. This threw a damper on all other sales. It is to be hoped that this gloom will soon clear away, for really, as a military market, the amount of money that has recently exchanged hands, has been so preposterously insignificant, that it must be completely unworthy the notice of any gentleman, much less an Officer; and if prices do not improve very quickly, it is greatly to be feared that in less than a year, we shall have no market at all.

## FRIENDLY ADVICE.

THE Society of Friends (of Russia) have, to use their own expression, been "giving forth" an "appeal" on the subject of war: wherein, as apologists for the Government, they observe—

"We are not insensible to the difficulties of their position in this momentous crisis, in having to deal with a powerful enemy, and at the same time to stem the torrent of martial excitement in the public mind."

Accepting this as being the true state of the case, we think the "difficulties" of the Government might readily be reduced one half, if they simply were to cease attempting to withstand the current of popular enthusiasm, and devote themselves wholly to dealing with the enemy. This solution of the difficulty might not meet the views of the Society of Friends, but we are pretty sure that it would be approved of in every other society, where those composing it are really the friends of England.

## Justice to the "Times."

OUR contemporary of Printing-House Square, says of itself, that it is a "thing which the British public require as much as they do their bed or their breakfast." We are quite ready to admit that the *Times* is as good as a breakfast, but we wonder that our contemporary should compare itself to a bed; for it is all over with a newspaper when the public begins to sleep on it. We have not yet discovered any affinity between our blankets and the sheets of the *Times*. When the latter become so dull as to admit of our sleeping on them, it will be time enough to talk of our contemporary as a bed—but at present the idea is premature.

## MORE PLAGUES THAN PROPHETS.

A LEARNED doctor has lately come forward, claiming the merit of having foretold the death of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Considering that the event has been annually foretold in all the prophetic almanacks for the last ten years, we are not surprised at the rush which has been made to claim a share in the merit of the prophecy. We have been appealed to in various quarters to do justice to the prophetic visions of a variety of ZADKIELS, MOORES, OLD MOORES, and other dealers in Astrology.

Our old friend FRANCIS MOORE, Physician, insists that DR. GRANVILLE is not the only M.D. who foretold the death of the CZAR; and one of the seers professes to have seen so far in advance, that he points to his almanack for 1843, wherein it is said, "Let the Russian Autocrat prepare for his destiny!"\* which it is urged, was a distinct prophecy of the event that has happened. It is true that the prediction was somewhat early, or, rather, its fulfilment has been a little late; but the prophet calls attention to the fact that he had advised the CZAR to "prepare for his destiny;" and that twelve years would not be more than sufficient for such a preparation.

DR. GRANVILLE complains, that though he gave LORD PALMERSTON the benefit of his prediction, his Lordship did not act upon it; but that the Government went on just as if the Doctor had made no prophecy whatever. We can hardly blame a minister for omitting to act on a prediction, however respectable the source whence it may proceed, for it would be impossible to draw the line; and if the vessel of the nation were to be steered according to the second sight of anyone professing to possess the gift, we should find all the almanack makers in the kingdom urging their prophecies on the attention of Downing Street. Considering, moreover, that the prophets are usually very loose in their language, there might be some difficulty in knowing precisely what to do; for if we were a Premier we should be a good deal puzzled to know how to proceed on the prophetic information, that "the political effect of Mars joining Saturn in Capricorn, will be great;" nor should we like to propose a measure on the basis of the announcement that "the solar opposition to Mars from Gemini and Sagittarius, denotes a blow to more than one nation." On the whole, we think LORD PALMERSTON justified in ignoring the prediction of the "medicine man," who is a greater authority on "physics" than on the science of statesmanship.

\* See ZADKIEL'S *Astrological Almanack* for October, 1843.

## "DELICATE" CRIMINALS.

THAT very interesting individual, MR. CARDEN, who attempted to carry off with force an Irish heiress, and was sentenced to a long imprisonment for his lawless act, is about to be set at liberty on the ground of delicate health—a plea which ought, of course, to prevail in favour of other convicted criminals. We can imagine the applications that will be sent in from all the jails in the kingdom, when it is known that CARDEN is at liberty. JACK SCROGGINS, the burglar, will, no doubt, feel the want of his usual midnight exercise, and JOE LIGHTFINGER will terribly miss his afternoon saunterings in the park, where he was accustomed to carry on his trade as a pickpocket. Nothing will be easier than to obtain a surgeon's certificate, intimating that SCROGGINS is losing his accustomed bloom, and that LIGHTFINGER is looking daily more delicate. Every culprit may soon be converted into an interesting invalid, if indisposition is to be a good plea for the curtailment of punishment. We never yet knew a prison in which the inmates did not look ill, for they are generally a set of the most ill-looking fellows.

## AGGRAVATED ASSAULT ON A FEMALE.

WE are sorry to allude to a cruel case of an aggravated assault committed by a gentleman of highly respectable position. He was sitting with his wife in the midst of an apparently amicable conversation, which happened to turn on the taste often shown by young men for entering the army. The lady innocently made the remark that it was "perhaps on account of the uniform," when her husband, without the slightest notice was guilty of an atrocity which for a moment deprived her of the power of utterance.

"Yes," exclaimed the unfeeling monster, "it is very likely the uniform, or perhaps they may be seized with an epaulettic fit." This cruel outrage on common and every other kind of sense, caused a shock to the wife, from which she was some seconds in recovering. It has been said in extenuation, that the perpetrator did not foresee the mischief he caused, but if so, the result affords a fresh instance of the evil arising from an incautious use of such a dangerous weapon as punning.

BAKERS' AND BUTCHERS' WARNING FOR THE 20TH.—Give your orders, ladies and gentlemen, for remember the Fast Day is to-morrow.



### FLUNKEIANA.

*Flunkey (who does not approve of Bloomsbury).* "NO, MA'AM, I DON'T OBJEC TO THE 'OUSE, FOR IT'S HAIREY, AND THE VITILES IS GOOD; BUT THE FACT IS, THAT ALL MY CONNECTIONS LIVE IN BELGRAVIA!"

### "ANY OLD CLO'" OF NICHOLAS.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER has rewarded the fidelity of the Russian Guards, by presenting them with a parcel of old uniforms belonging to the late EMPEROR NICHOLAS. We hail this act as to some extent giving promise of amendment on the part of the new CZAR, who shows a disposition to get rid of some at least of the old habits of his father. We cannot say much for the Russian Guards if any enthusiasm is created by the arrival of a bag of second-hand clothes which they are called on to preserve as "a sacred relic and an enduring memorial for future generations."

Considering, however, that the late CZAR looked upon the officers of his army as mere flunkies appointed to execute his bidding, it is probable, that like so many valets, they may have expected their late master's wardrobe to be sent to them as their perquisite. It is to be hoped that the living Emperor has, together with the rest of the old clothes, got rid of his father's shoes, for if ALEXANDER is wise, he will not attempt to walk in them. We wonder that the refusal of the relics was not offered to MADAME TUSSAUD, by whom the best price is understood to be given for the left-off wearing apparel of departed royalty. Perhaps the Russian Guards may yet enter into negotiations with the energetic mistress of the Baker Street Bazaar, who will, no doubt be glad of the opportunity to place NICHOLAS "in his habit as he lived" among the other deceased Sovereigns, whose executors appear to have turned their old clothes into money, with the utmost promptitude.

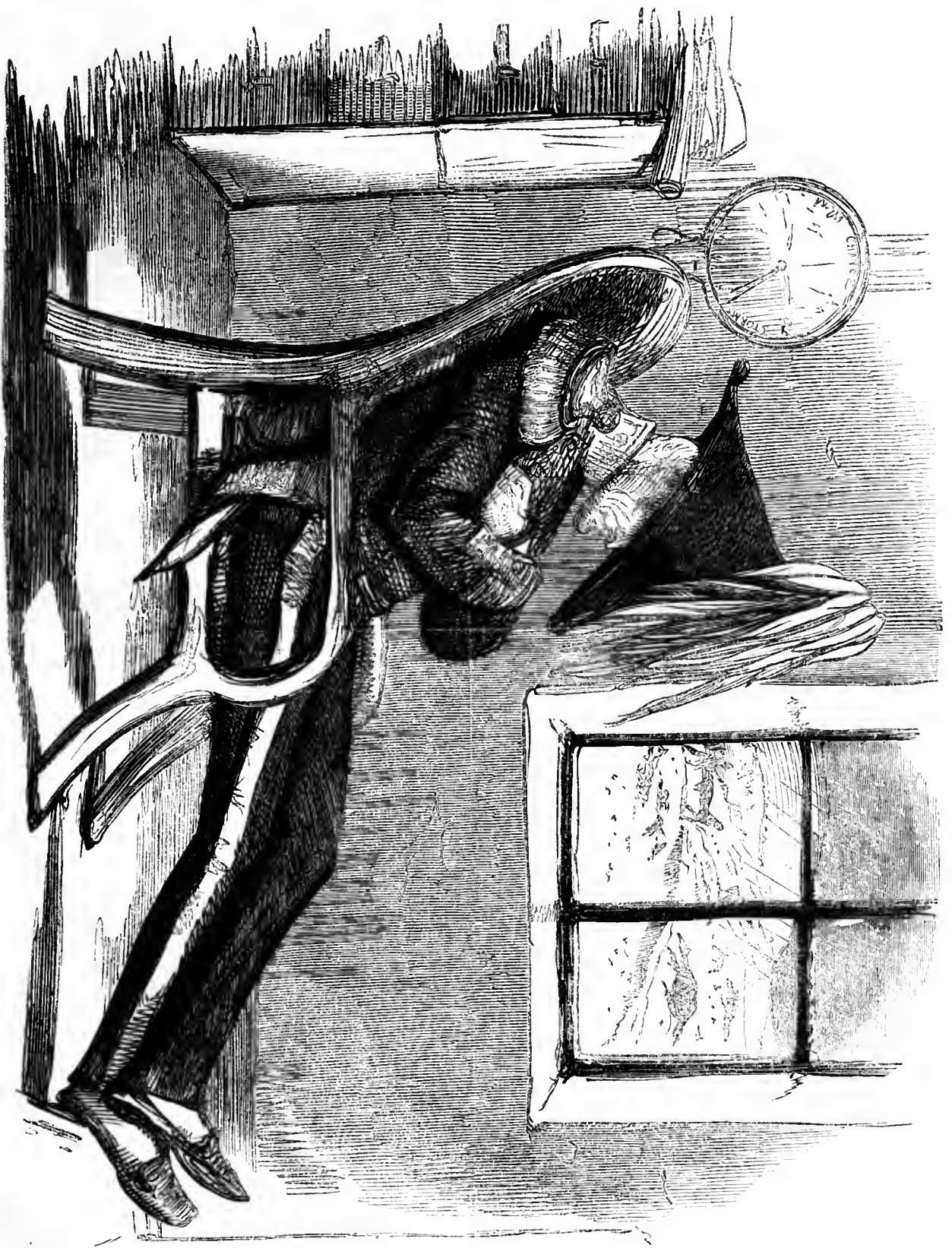
### HEROISM KEPT IN ITS PLACE.

A LITTLE Drummer-boy of the 3rd Grenadier Guards has blossomed into a full-blown hero. He was in the thick of the fight at Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann. He flew about the battle-field a very *Puck* or *Goodfellow*, with water for the wounded. "But for his care"—say the accounts—"many of the wounded would never have survived to receive surgical aid." PRINCE ALBERT has heard the story; and the Prince, with the feelings of a soldier—for is not H. R. H. a Field-Marshal—intends to present the boy with—with—with—(well, if it must be said)—with £5!

It is thus we cultivate true heroism. In France, for instance, the boy would have been spoiled. He would have been educated, promoted; and in time might have found one of his little drum-sticks converted to a Marshal's *baton*. We know better. We reward valour in a practical, business-like way; we pay ready money for it; and so have done with it for once and all.

### Long-Eared Musicians.

IN the musical world of Germany there is a sect, of which HERR WAGNER is said to be the leader, that has originated a new species of music, called "the music of the Future." Second sight has ceased in Scotland, but in Germany there are evidently pretenders to second hearing.



THE GENERAL FAST (ASLEEP). HUMILIATING—VERY!

THE GREAT BRITISH EMERALD



## THE CAREER OPEN TO TALENT.

You there, you few there, you small exclusive crew there,  
Fly there, you fry there, engrossing place and pay;  
Birth there, and dearth there of all but money worth there,  
Get there, you set there, get out of Merit's way.  
Dunces and drones and dolts of high connection,  
Blockheads of rank, the course to office clear;  
Patronage must be changed for fair selection:  
Now then, to Talent open the career!

Station, the nation, for any situation,  
Needs not and heeds not; we want the man of skill,  
Able, and stable, and trusty as a cable,  
Fit for, with wit for, the post he has to fill.  
Have him we must, and must, that we may gain him,  
Give equal chance to peasant as to peer;  
That is the only method to obtain him:  
Therefore to Talent open the career!

New blood for true blood; that is how to view "blood,"  
Glowing and flowing alike in human veins.  
Why, "blood?" and "high blood?"—a booby may supply  
"blood."

Not that!—we've got that—the thing we want is brains.  
He who the first in Honour's walk advances,  
Him we will honour, him will we revere;  
England, thy plan must be the same as France's:  
England, to Talent open the career!

Meet then, compete then, call Wisdom from the street then,  
Choose not, refuse not, except for good and use;  
Ply them and try them; a fair field don't deny them;  
Mate them, and rate them, discerning swan from goose.  
Fly all the flock on common terms together,  
Which goes a-head will very soon appear;  
Judge not the bird according to the feather:  
Freely to Talent open the career!

Ever the clever, unswerving in endeavour,  
Blinking and sinking the blazon and the crest;  
Noting, promoting; a truth is this for quoting;  
Surely, securely, we seek to get the Best.  
Who could devise a more aristocratic  
Scheme, than the line that's recommended here,  
Perfect, consistent, sound and systematic?  
So then, to Talent open the career!

## THE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.

A LONG discussion has been kept up on the subject of certain marks on the snow in Devonshire, which have been pronounced in turn the impression of a cloven foot, the steps of a rat, and the trail of a badger. Science and ignorance have been equally positive in assigning these wonderful footmarks to a bird, a beast, or even a fish, while superstition insists that the hoof was that of a certain old gentleman. Since these marvellous effects have been perceptible in the snow, we have taken it for granted that the same sort of indentations may exist in ordinary mud, and we have carefully investigated the footmarks about our own premises.

The first result of our inquiry was to detect the print of a stout highlow down our area steps to our kitchen door; thence to our larder, and thence to our kitchen back again. On comparing the print with the boot of a policeman, whom we once surprised in our cupboard, and who made his escape in his stockings, we came to the conclusion that one of the force must have been the proprietor of the footsteps.

In walking the other day in Kensington Gardens we observed for a considerable distance a track of something that seemed to have swept along the mud from one end of the broad walk to the other. At first we thought it must have been a hair broom, then an aquatic bird, then a sledge, then a road-scraper; and it was not until we saw a lady advancing in a splendid silk dress, with which she swept up the mud wherever she went, that we ascertained the source of the mystery. Although we traced the phenomenon to its origin, we confess that we remained still in a state of surprise at the taste which induced well-dressed ladies to turn dust collectors, and to convert their silks and satins into machines for performing the office of scavengers.

## A Bad Precedent.

THE vacant space in St. Paul's Churchyard is, it is reported, to be filled up; for otherwise the City Corporation says, it will be making a very bad opening indeed, because if the people are allowed to see so much of the Cathedral, they will naturally be wanting to see more.

## THE SCHOOL FOR EMBEZZLEMENT.

WE have frequently called serious attention to the impolicy, as well as the cruelty of keeping clerks at starvation salaries, and we have argued more than once that when you announce your desire to employ a person at a rate of remuneration on which he cannot live honestly, you might as well advertise for a thief to enter your service. There has been a sad exemplification of the truth of this position at the Sheffield Sessions recently holden. There, among professional thieves and pickpockets, who were adepts in their lawless arts, stood a young man, aged twenty, a solicitor's clerk, who was indicted for embezzling about eighty pounds, the money of his employer. This youth's defence exemplifies all the evils of the system which we have always set our face against. He begins by saying,

"I have been clerk to Mr. VICKERS since I was 13 years of age, a period of between seven and eight years. It has been part of my duty to collect the town trustees' rents and keep the rental."

After a service of so many years in a position of so much trust, it might be expected that the salary would bear some proportion to the responsibility incurred and the services rendered. The prisoner goes on to say—

"I had a salary of 10s. per week, which was not sufficient to keep me in board lodging, and washing, and to support the appearance of a respectable clerk; and having no father to look after me, and keep me right, and my mother being poor, and not able to assist me, I thought that I might perhaps be able to pay back the money I had misappropriated."

Here is a youth entrusted with the collection of large sums of money, and paid by a pittance which it was almost physically impossible for him to live upon—a fact that should at least have been so fully present to the mind of the employer, that constant vigilance would have been exercised over the accounts of the inadequately paid servant. But notwithstanding that he was giving way to irresistible temptation for a long period, he adds—

"I was never asked to account for any rents until Mr. CLEGG spoke to me about them on the 16th of this month—the day before I gave myself up to the authorities."

And a little further on he says, his employer "did not examine the accounts of the town rental," even after the defalcations were discovered. Thus the unfortunate culprit was not only kept at a salary on which he could not live, but he was even deprived of the safeguard of a vigilant exercise of supervision, which might have saved him from crime, or, at all events, would have prevented him from getting further and further into its meshes.

The Chairman of the Sessions concluded his sentence in the following words:—

"I am likewise bound to say, that the Bench feel you were placed under circumstances of extraordinary temptation. It is plain, from the fact of your being entrusted to receive the rents of the town trustees, when you had a salary of only 10s. a week to depend upon, and your being obliged to maintain a certain appearance and position of respectability, that you occupied a position of great temptation. Therefore we take the most lenient view of your case that we can do, and the sentence of the Court is, that you be imprisoned for three months on each of the two charges on which you have pleaded guilty—six months in all. The prisoner was then removed, weeping passionately, as he had been for some time."

Here is undoubtedly an instance of an addition having been made to the criminal population by the system we have exposed so frequently. Surely if those should be punished who are the causes of crime, there should be some penalty inflicted on those who grind down their clerks to such a scale of remuneration as to make honesty an almost impracticable quality amid the cruel temptations by which it is surrounded.

## GENUINE SCOTCH SPIRIT.

STATISTICS relative to the quantities of spirits consumed in Glasgow have sometimes, if not many, been presented to the public. Glasgow has thus acquired a name which is nearly tantamount to that of CLICQUOT. There is, however, good reason to believe that Glasgow is "na' fou"; 'na' that fou';" though there may be occasionally "just a wee drap in her ee;" for it appears that she is not only capable of taking care of herself, but also of caring for the common cause. A correspondent informs us that, as her contribution to the Patriotic Fund, next to the subscription of London, Glasgow has returned the largest sum, namely, about £45,000. This fact proves that Glasgow is under the influence of a spirit which is neither Glenlivet, nor Farintosh, nor Islay; a spirit which does, indeed, dispense toddy, but does not constitute an ingredient of that beverage—the spirit of bounny; and the "wee drap" which her "ee" may occasionally sparkle with may be regarded as an emanation of generous liquor.

## THE HEADS OF THE ARMY.

A PHRENOLOGIST, who has examined the organisation of the British army, has expressed the opinion that it is remarkable for an excess of "Form" and a deficiency of "Order."

## HONOUR TO BOXER.

As soon as ADMIRAL BOXER returns to England, and the sooner that is the better, the Houses of Parliament should vote him a serenade, in acknowledgement of his distinguished services at Constantinople. The performance should be executed by the band of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and should consist of the Introduction to the *Creation* of HAYDN—music descriptive of Chaos.



FANCY PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL BOXER.

## WHERE ARE THE PARK KEEPERS?

We shall really be glad when the war loses its interest as a topic of conversation, for when that time arrives—if nothing else should start up to take its place—there may be a chance that the Park Keepers will give up the practice of discussing it in couples, and will begin to look about them with a view to the discharge of their duties. At present those green-coated, gold-laced, and red-striped functionaries are so much taken up in criticising the war, and sketching—conversationally—the character of the “sort of man we want in the Crimea,” that they have no time or attention left for those rogues and vagabonds who are preying upon the public, and especially women and children, in the various Parks of the Metropolis.

We trust that, if the Conference at Vienna should lead to any result, LORD JOHN RUSSELL will at once communicate the fact to the Park Keepers, and thus, by relieving them from the further discussion of the war, set them free for the performance of those duties, which seem to be at present interrupted by the absorbing interest of their conversations on the state of things in the Crimea. When this topic is taken away, the officials in question will find themselves at leisure to look after some at least of the “gang of ruffians,” complained of by a Correspondent of the *Times*, who are, it seems, “in the habit of accosting ladies and female servants, and under the pretence of asking the time of day endeavouring to pick their pockets.” It is obvious that the “ruffians in question” resemble, in some respects, the Park Keepers themselves, for “they go about in parties of two,” which is the usual practice of the functionaries alluded to, who are generally to be met with in cozy couples. The habit of walking and talking in pairs shows a social disposition, but it does not contribute to that extended vigilance which the large area of the Parks would seem to require. It is perhaps natural that the Park Keepers should fascinate each other by their conversational powers, but it would be better if they were to reserve their chat for the evening hour, when the cares of office might be laid aside for the pipe, and when “genial discourse unblamed” might be indulged in over one or more of those mixtures which, whether in pewter or glass, are supposed to give a zest to friendly intercourse.

PATIENCE.—Waiting in a country shop, whilst they send out to get change for a sovereign.

## THE CHURCH OF—GOLD.

THE POPE intends to lay his hands upon the Antipodes: he has only to make his hands meet on the other side of the globe—what more easy for a Pope!—and possession is taken. He, however, goes in a business-style to work. Here is the fact, the printed fact from the papers:

“THE POPE is about to erect a colossal statue of the VIRGIN MARY at Rome, in celebration of the triumph of the Immaculate Conception dogma. Three hundred medals are to be struck of virgin Australian gold.”

Subtle, mysterious is gold—especially in the religion of Popes. Gold in fact, has a solemn antiquity, unknown to those—perhaps, most of all unknown to those who have the greatest handling of it. What, said TETZEL, when he hawked throughout Germany the Pardons and Indulgences, whose sale was to help to finish ST. PETER’S; when it only pulled out a fighting monk, one MARTIN LUTHER? TETZEL sublimated, deified the world-compelling metal. He said, very subtly, “It is gold, by whose virtue life was implanted in the Tree of Life. The first entity, or sperm of gold being united with the vegetable nature.” Thus, the hidden metal, the invisible gold wedding-ring that united ADAM and EVE was before them, and they knew it not. But leaving such company, let us return to a Pope, full-dressed for the nineteenth century.

That virgin gold should prettily typify immaculate conception is a thought quite Papal: that the gold medals will work miracles who shall doubt? In due time will not the virgin medal of virgin gold gently heave and palpitate; and will not the true believers in Australia forward their offerings to MARY the Mother,—their own Virgin Mother? It is further said that the POPE, for the comfort and benefit of the Antipodean faithful resolves to canonise a new saint; namely—ST. NUGGET!

## POLITICAL POTICHOMANIE.

This accomplishment is being just now so much practised, that if we have any confidence in the old proverb, we may almost wonder it is not more perfect. In spite however, of its imperfections, no political party is considered, nowadays, complete without it.

The art of Potichomanie, as every young lady reader is aware, consists in simply turning good glass into badly imitated porcelain, by painting it in what may be described as a sort of mental distemper, and plastering it with bits of pictures taken from old scrap-books, or some equally original and productive source. In Political Potichomanie the process is but little different: its effect being merely to transmogrify good Whig into good-for-little Peelite, by a kind of fusion or plastering together, which in Potichomaniacal parlance is termed a coalition. This operation is discovered generally, to involve some dirty work; and even the most skilful find it rather difficult to avoid making a mess of it. Want of durability is another of its faults, as its combinations very rarely stick together long, being always liable to fall to pieces with the slightest pressure. The jumble, too, of party-colours, which is inseparable from the process, gives a patch-work appearance, which is anything but congruous; inasmuch, when any specimens have found their way into a Cabinet, we consider they can only be looked upon as curiosities.

In political as well as common Potichomanie, the chief drawback is that in every experiment which has yet been tried, it has been found that it won’t wash.

## RULES FOR SELF GOVERNMENT.

BY A PRUDENT OLD GENTLEMAN.

- ALWAYS sit next to the carver, if you can, at dinner.
- Ask no woman her age.
- Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.
- Never joke with a policeman.
- Take no notes, or gold, with you to a Fancy Bazaar—nothing but silver.
- Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party.
- Don’t play at chess with a widow.
- Never contradict a man who stutters.
- Pull down the hind before you put on your wig.
- Make friends with the steward on board a steamer—there’s no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.
- In every strange house it is as well to enquire where the brandy is kept—only think if you were taken ill in the middle of the night!
- Never answer a crossing-sweeper. Pay him, or else pass quickly and silently on. One word, and you are lost.
- Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers.
- Never offend a butler—the wretch has too many chances of retaliation!
- Write not one letter more than you can help. The man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr tied, not to the Stake, but to the Post.
- Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are “fast” or “slow.”



## A PORTRAIT AND A PUZZLE.



DE CUSTINE took the portrait of ALEXANDER, the new Emperor of Russia, when he was twenty years old. It is now on exhibition in certain columns, for the exercise of the curious. "He looks his exact age"—says CUSTINE—"which is twenty." A singular piece of sincerity on the part of the then Grand Duke, to look exactly what he was! "The habitual favour his face now denotes is mild and benevolent." Nevertheless, between the "smile of his eyes and the constant contraction of his mouth, there is a discrepancy that speaks very moderate frankness." We are next told that "the prince's expression is one of kindness"—with small frankness! Smiling as a peach and just as close as the stone!

"His step is light and gracefully nehle—truly that of a prince. His air is modest without timidity, which is a great point for all about him, since the embarrassment of the great is really an annoyance to the rest of the world. If they fancy themselves demigods, they are incommoded by the opinion they have of themselves, and which they despair of making others partake."

How the awkward demeanour of a king should embarrass the rest of the world, we can hardly discern. There have been louts and boors even in purple, and the world has "acknowledged demi-god" may be incommodious to himself; but we fear the animal is very rare, if it ever existed in Russia.

M. CUSTINE has a second look at the present bran-new Emperor, whose phases of character would seem to change like the colours of a dying dolphin.

"The eyelid droops over the outer corner of the eye with a melancholy betraying already the cares of a more advanced age. His pleasing mouth is not without sweetness, and his Grecian profile recalls the medals of the antique or the portraits of the EMPRESS CATHERINE; but beneath that air of kindness, almost always conferred by beauty, youth, and German blood, it is impossible not to recognise a force of dissimulation that terrifies one in so young a man. This trait is doubtless the seal of destiny, and makes me believe that the prince is fated to ascend the throne."

Destiny—especially in Russia—always decreeing that a hypocrite should sit on the throne of the Czars. Nevertheless, there is so much contradiction in M. CUSTINE, so much of the amiable jumbled up with and contending with the despicable, that at best, ALEXANDER THE SECOND—if M. CUSTINE can be trusted—is but a puzzle. His manifesto, his maiden utterance as an Emperor—is at least a good specimen of imperial adroitness. He assures his loving subjects (otherwise loving subjects might revolt, and the Kalmie, brother CONSTANTINE, show a grim front in St. Petersburg) that he invokes Providence to be "our guide and protector that we may maintain Russia on the highest standard of power and glory, and in our person accomplish the incessant wishes and views of PETER, of CATHERINE, of ALEXANDER, and of our father." With such lights to guide him, the new Emperor's path can hardly tend in the direction of the Temple of Peace, hired by Mr. BRIGHT and friends in Manchester; but must rather continue by the shores of Sinope, and in the war-fields of Golgotha.

However, it is for the very reason that ALEXANDER THE SECOND talks cannon-balls to his subjects, that he may even now be chewing the olive. He may, after all, have nothing about him of the bear, but the skin.

## GLEE: CLICQUOT'S TEAR.

"I'LL go," quoth CLICQUOT, very queer,  
 "And drop a tributary tear  
 On brother NICHOLAS'S bier."  
 Then all the Court did cry,  
 "O Sire! your Majesty can't stand:  
 Nor need you stir from Fatherland;  
 Behold, the Beer is at your hand;  
 The drop is in your eye!"

## Good Spirits.

WHAT curious notions of cheerfulness are entertained by some people. For instance, the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* informed us a few days ago, in describing the sudden decease of a Tradesman, that "he was apparently in good health and spirits while he was remonstrating with his wife for having returned home in a state of intoxication."

## THE GREAT DEVONSHIRE MYSTERY.

SOME Thing—we purposely use a guarded expression—has been walking, at night, in the snow, somewhere in Devonshire. It seems to have had but one leg, and, after proceeding up to a door, to have disappeared, as there are no backward traces. The marks this Thing has made are very mysterious, and have caused both trouble and terror. Nobody can say with certainty what the Thing is. Great numbers of guesses have been made, and numerous letters written upon the subject, and various drawings of the marks have been sent up to London by intelligent Devonians. Each correspondent who sends a facsimile of the marks, sends one utterly unlike that forwarded by anybody else, which naturally increases the mystery.

The humbler class in the neighbourhood, finding that the traces were not those of any animal with which they were acquainted, boldly reasoned in CUVIER fashion, and assumed that because the marks were those of some kind of hoof, they had been made by that curious compound of the graminivorous and the biped, into which mediæval imagination pictured the elder NICHOLAS. In a word—an ugly one—the marks were supposed to have been made by the Devil. His particular object in walking through the snow on one leg, when he might have travelled more pleasantly, or in going up to a certain door—and neither entering the house (unless through the keyhole) nor returning, is hitherto unexplained.

But this belief appears to have scandalised an excellent clergyman, who had no idea of allowing it to be supposed that in his parish that Party walked about, so he told his people that the Thing must have been a Kangaroo, a guess almost as bold as their own. MR. MITCHELL, of the Zoological Gardens, has, with his usual benevolence, proffered to show a Kangaroo to the worthy pastor, without expense, the first time he comes to London. The reverend gentleman will be respectfully requested to observe the tail and its use, and to ask himself where the Thing could have put that article, unless it tucked it under its arm, as the other Party did his tail, in a certain poem.

Another person considers that the Thing was a Badger, from which announcement we are happy to think that this oracle never drew a badger; or, as we are less happy to surmise, never saw one that had been drawn in a picture. The marks, as described, were made by a uniped. Without unduly obtruding his superior general information, Mr. PUNCH respectfully observes that a badger has four legs.

A gentleman of Sudbury thinks the Thing in Devonshire was a Rat, because rats run about his brother's garden in Suffolk, and eat his potatoes. Possibly we misapprehend, and therefore under-estimate, the weight of this argument, but it has not yet convinced us. If it should do so before we go to press, we will mention the fact on the outside of *Punch*.

MR. JAREZ ALLIES, of Cheltenham, conceives the Thing to have been a Bird, probably a Wader, from the sea. Waders have two legs, and seldom pay calls at private houses; but if we dispose of these difficulties, MR. ALLIES'S suggestion shows an ingenuity unusual in people who write to newspapers. His solution explains the absence of returning traces, as the bird, after ascertaining what it wanted to know, may have flown away. But then, unluckily, so may the Party first alluded to.

It is distinctly stated by nearly all the correspondents that the hoof is not that of a Donkey. Their instantly thinking of this should not be considered egotistic. It shows practical sense, the readiest means of comparison and verification being at once adopted. We incline to believe that it was not a Donkey, especially as we think that LORD MALMESBURY did not spend his holidays in that part of the country.

MR. FORSYTH, of Torquay, rejects somebody else's idea that it was a Green Plover; but thinks it was a creature very nearly resembling the latter, namely, a Toad. He considers that the marks were not foot-marks, but were made by the jumps of the reptile. This is a sad descent from the first grand guess, though both may be right, as we know who sat "squat like a toad" at the ear of EVE. But we cannot regard it as conclusive, and at present the world is uncertified whether the mysterious Thing of Devonshire were Demon, Kangaroo, Badger, Toad, Rat, Wader, Donkey or MALMESBURY. Henceforth, must evidently be abolished the old saying, "As Plain as Print," and we cannot help adding that most of those who have written upon the subject seem to have studied their zoology out of THEODORE HOOK'S author—BUFFOON, the Great French Natural.

## Bleeding at Oxford.

AN Oxford butcher was fined at Clerkenwell for bleeding certain lambs. The simple man was much surprised—was very visibly affected by the sentence. He said, "they always bled lambs at Oxford." We believe, too, that at that delicious resort of the wise, the gentle, and the good, Oxford tradesmen are apt to bleed other animals—calves and geese, and that much-suffering, mysterious animal, who, the more he is bled, the more he bleeds, namely, the "governor."

## MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER THE 'LONG FROST.



FORTUNATELY FOR TOM NODDY, HOWEVER, THE MARE SWERVES AT THE HURDLES, AND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF DROPPING HIS WHIP AGAIN, HE MEETS WITH NO GREAT INCONVENIENCE;



BUT COMING TO THE FIRST FENCE, THE PLAYFUL CREATURE GOES AT IT LIKE A SHOT OUT OF A GUN;



AND T. N. FINDS THAT THERE IS STILL A GOOD DEAL OF SNOW IN SOME OF THE DITCHES.

## CONSPIRACY! POLICE!

MR. PUNCH—as a lover of order, and obedient subject; following all orders of Privy Council, even if they took him to Whitebait at QUARTERMAIN'S, or Johannisberg at the Star and Garter—*Mr. Punch*, then, gives notice to the authorities at Scotland Yard of a conspiracy on the Fast Day (the plot was hatched out of pewter after sundry sittings at the Fiddle-de-dec and Bag Pipes)—to proceed to the house of the EARL OF ABERDEEN; and there and then, at a certain time, and on a certain signal, to cat-

each man not less than three sandwiches, and to empty not less than three tumblers—in due observance of the day. The more ultra of the conspirators will, it is said, consume sandwiches from bear hams. We give this intelligence that the noble Earl may take the readiest and most efficient way of dispersing the rioters, by having a sufficient dinner laid for them inside. In token of the noble Earl's pious observance of the day on his own account, he might, perhaps, be allowed to wait at table. (*Court-dress and Garter not necessary.*)

## TROOPS FED BY FANCY.



HERE is a fine suggestion for the benefit of the Army in the subjoined extract from a recent article in the *Morning Chronicle*—

"And again, where shall we find elsewhere our admirable regimental organisation, and the traditional spirit that inspires every regiment with the firm conviction of its superiority over every other regiment in the service, and in the world."

Of course, every regiment in the service except one, must necessarily, at this rate, be inspired by traditional spirit with a great mistake. Every British regiment cannot be superior to every other regiment in the service, although it may be superior to every other in the rest of the world; and an anonymous military poet may have truly sung that of all gallant heroes, whether ancient or modern, there are none comparable (with a right-fol-de-riddle-iddle-ol) to the British Grenadier. But traditional spirit, as the *Morning Chronicle* knows, will inspire a firm conviction of many things, which common sense shows to be impossible—and which are therefore, as the profound old Father said, to be believed. It is this faith, so fervent in the British soldier, which we propose to utilize economically. Men who are so prone as our soldiers to take fancies for facts, would be susceptible of the influence of what is termed electro-biology; under which water is believed to be brandy, and chalk passes for cheese. The subject has merely to stare at a fixed point until his mind assumes the impressive state. The fixed point might be the end of the soldier's nose, on which he might be drilled to concentrate his attention at the serjeant's word of command. In a very short time he would fall into the required condition; when, at the mere bidding of the non-commissioned officer, he would enjoy salt pork rations as buck venison, and accept green coffee berries with enthusiasm for superior Mocha, ground and roasted.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*March 16, Friday.* The Lords discussed the clumsiness of the mode in which horses are supplied to the army in the East, and the official defence was in clumsy keeping.

The Commons listened to SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, who begged that even in a time of war, a few hours might be spared—especially by those who could not be of the slightest use in minding military business—to consider the wants of the people in regard to Education. He introduced a very mild measure for the promotion of education, and was complimented on all sides for his pains; certain sectarians, who prefer that children should not be taught at all, to their owing their teaching and reclamation from vice to the slightest departure from the "voluntary" principle, alone objecting to his proposal. These volunteers advocate a liberty resembling the celebrated Irish reciprocity, which was "all on one side." It is to be optional with an ignorant, negligent, or profligate parent, whether he will or will not have his children trained to honesty and industry; but it is not optional with society whether it shall or shall not be exposed to injury from those children when they grow up idle and criminal, because education has been withheld. Society will have to settle this little matter with parents, one of these days.

*Monday.* LORD LUCAN again, who manifested reluctance to accept his title of LORD UNLUCKY'UN, considering himself a great general. The public is a little tired of these disputes about RAGLAN, CARDIGAN, LUCAN, NOLAN, *et omne quod exit in An.*

A great night for the Commons of England. THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER brought forward his new plan for arranging the Newspaper Stamp question. In the course of his speech the Right Honourable Gentleman, rising with an enthusiasm worthy of the occasion, announced to a breathless audience that he had taken counsel of "a personage well known to every member of the house, he meant *Mr. Punch*." The House sprang to its feet, and a burst of plaudits followed, which might have been heard at Temple Bar. PALMERSTON, unable to control his emotion, threw himself upon JAMES WILSON, smashing his hat, and sobbing loudly. DISRAELI'S agitation prevented his doing more than waving his hand convulsively, and occasionally giving PAKINGTON a backhander, not for the first time. SIBTHORP danced about the house in an honourable and gallant ecstasy, and the Brigade broke forth into shrieks of delight, frantically adjuring all creation to come and tread upon the tail of their coats. ROEBUCK smiled almost graciously, GRAHAM put his hat before his face, and BRIGIT fainted away. The strangers clapped their hands, the officials forgot to take them into custody, and even the stern Reporters were moved to remark, "Humph—some sense in that."

When the sensation had cooled down, the CHANCELLOR, addressing the still agitated House, repeated that he had sought an interview with *Mr. Punch*, "not with the view of inquiring how he managed his interesting periodical"—that was not a question even for a CHANCELLOR to ask, but "to ascertain *Mr. Punch's* ideas as to the stamping question. On this question *Mr. Punch* was admirably qualified to speak, as his impression amounted to upwards of 50,000 copies weekly (the Right Honourable Gentleman is reported to have said 40,000, but there is no reason to suppose that he understated the fact) a comparatively small portion of which impression was stamped for the country, while another portion was not."

The general recognition by the House of *Mr. Punch's* authority, rendered it unnecessary for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to indulge in the further eulogies with which he was prepared, and he proceeded to unfold his plan, which, in so far as it is based upon anything *Mr. Punch* had recommended, is of course admirable. But the necessity of legislation at all upon the question, and the expediency of legislation at the present moment, will form the subject of a future discussion.

*Tuesday.* LORD LYNDHURST, roused into animation at learning that his friend *Mr. Punch* had condescended to give counsel at this crisis, rose in the Lords, and delivered a most lucid, logical, and crushing address upon the mean, shuffling, cowardly conduct of KING CLICQUOT of Prussia. He embodied all *Mr. Punch's* invectives,—only omitting, mercilessly, the one excuse which the latter finds, under a cork, for "FRITZ,"—and, in short, placed on record an Act of Accusation which will be the defence of the people of Prussia when they hint to CLICQUOT that MIVART'S is a very comfortable hotel for abdicating sovereigns. LORD CLARENDON, too, on the part of Government, admitted, verbally, that there was much of truth in what LORD LYNDHURST had said, and this, from a high officer of the Crown, meant that it was all true. So CLICQUOT'S people know what VICTORIA and her people think of KING FRITZ.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON significantly said that this was not a time to talk about Poland, but that Austria knew the opinion of England as well as she did herself.

A motion for opening certain instructive national exhibitions on the Sunday, was brought on by SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY. The House rejected the motion, by a majority so large as to remove the question far away from any field of sectarian or conventional battle, and to place it in a more hopeful condition than it ever before held. The numbers were 235 to 48, giving the enormous majority of 187 against Parliamentary interference. A more distinct intimation by Parliament of its approval of the course advocated by *Mr. Punch*, and the real protectors of the Sunday, could hardly have been given. Parliament will not lend to Mammon—ever eager to rush in—the aid of one single legislative relaxation of the laws which warn him off the day of rest, but apprises those who have already done much to make that day one of rational, healthful recreation, that the rest is in their own hands.

*Wednesday.* The Lords and Commons went to church to hear the BISHOP OF SALISBURY and MR. HENRY MELVILLE preach. The former intimated that the chances of a favourable result to the war would be improved by our subscribing to erect a Protestant church at Constantinople, and the latter was very eloquent upon the sins of the people. Then the noblemen and gentlemen went away, and in due time had their dinners. As, however, they had ordered a Fast for the outsiders, a great many thousand persons went neither to church nor to dinner that day.

*Thursday.* Nothing of consequence in the Lords, except that it was promised that a bill on the law of Partnership should be introduced too late to be passed this session.

The Commons showed that they had profited by MR. MELVILLE'S sermon. To night no angry speeches were delivered, no spiteful questions were asked, no evasive answers were given. The Government attempted neither job nor humbug; the Opposition tried neither misrepresentation nor faction. Not a single falsehood was uttered, no

speaker suppressed a truth, or made an uncandid statement. There was no talking for talking's sake, or to be reported to a constituency, and no member forfeited one pledge he had given on the hustings. In fact, there was No House.

*Friday.* In the Lords, and "elsewhere," the Government informed the country that we are to have the aid of 15,000 Sardinian soldiers, for one year, at the price of one million of money. LORD BROUGHAM proposed certain measures for the improvement of the administration of justice, (as more frequent assizes, and the appointment of public prosecutors); but, of course, the LORD CHANCELLOR declared that such measures would be objectionable.

In the Commons, it was explained, that the wretched tools furnished for work in the Crimea, were chiefly supplied by the Colonels. They used to supply clothes, but now have gone from the Tailors to Tooley Street.

Those eminent opponents, LORD PALMERSTON, and MR. DISRAELI then proposed and seconded a vote of thanks to MR. MELVILLE for the sermon that had done them so much good. LORD PALMERSTON said that it had quite opened his eyes to real orthodoxy, and MR. DISRAELI said that he hoped never to make a spiteful speech again.

The LORD ADVOCATE introduced a bill for promoting Education in Scotland, but *Mr. Punch* will be much surprised if the Scotch clergy permit "ony interlopers." LORD PALMERSTON regretted that there were so many sects in Scotland, and hoped that the rising generation would not perpetuate them, for which highly offensive expression his Lordship was, no doubt, made singularly disrespectful mention of, in a hundred of the pulpits of the North, on Sunday last.

MR. LINDSAY then made a tremendous attack upon our mode of conducting the war, and stated that out of the Eight Millions and a Half demanded on the Ordnance Estimates, Two Millions had been wasted, through delay, official incapacity, and routine. Government, of course, answered as per rule—the officials were very worthy men; everything was done for the best; and even BOXER, the Bully Admiral, was praised. After that, of course, *Mr. Punch* supposes that he need not say any more.



Dr. Andrew Smith as he Appeared when Requested to Spend Money.

#### RATHER AN UNLUCKY HIT.

IN the report of the exercise of the Militia somewhere in the suburbs we read that in firing their muskets "the excellence of their practice struck every one present." We are glad that we were not present to be struck, as it seems everybody was, by the firing of the Militiamen. We hope that some Member of Parliament will move for a return of the killed and wounded of the bystanders on that occasion—though it will be necessary to get a list of all who attended, for as "every body present" was "struck," the casualties must include the whole of the lookers on who happened to be on the ground while the Militia were practising. It is all very well to know that these Volunteers are dead shots, but it would be more satisfactory to feel that the fact had been proved at the expense of the enemy, instead of being shown at the cost of a crowd of gazers formed of our own countrymen.

## "UNDER CONSIDERATION."

A Tragi-Comedy in Three Acts.

### ACT II.—"PERMANENT AND PARLIAMENTARY."

SCENE.—*The PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY'S Room in the Waste Paper Department. A lofty, well-proportioned apartment, with book-cases well-filled with the standard books of reference, bearing on the business of the Office. A couple of oak waggons, laden with files of papers, Parliamentary returns, blue books, "votes, motions, and orders of the day"—a standing desk with more papers and returns. A writing table, crowned by a double nest of pigeon-holes, crammed with papers, and almost covered with baskets of papers tied in bundles, and carefully stamped, numbered, and minuted on the back. Through the wall over the table protrude the ivory mouth-pieces of various speaking tubes communicating with different rooms in the office.*

*The PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY is standing at the desk, hard at work on a half-finished draft-despatch.*

*Enter MESSENGER with card.*

*Messenger.* The HON. JABEZ BLUDYER, Sir, and MR. MACTEAR, with a memorial from St. Kitts.

*Perm. Assist. Sec. (looking up angrily.)* BLUDYER? St. Kitts? I don't remember having made any appointment.

*Messenger (referring to the enamelled slate which hangs on the wall).* There's none on your slate, Sir, and they didn't say.

*Perm. Assist. Sec.* Tell them its impossible I can see them to-day, and ask them to get an appointment fixed in writing. (*Exit MESSENGER.*) Confound those colonial grievance-mongers. They seem to think one has nothing to do but listen to their long-winded stories; and I've this draft to finish for to-night's post.

[*A shrill whistle heard from one of the speaking-tubes.*

*Perm. Assist. Sec. (shouting up the tube from which the whistle has proceeded).* Yes?

*Voice (from tube).* Do you know anything about the case of JOHN STAGGERS?

*Perm. Assist. Sec. (up the tube).* Yes—I've the papers—here.

*Voice (from the tube).* Will you send them up. He's got an appointment for twelve, and I want to run my eye over the facts before seeing him.

*Perm. Assist. Sec. (chuckling).* Do you? (*Up the tube.*) There are three baskets full.

*Voice (from tube).* The Deuce there are!

*Perm. Assist. Sec. (up tube).* Shall I send up my abstract of the case?

*Voice (from tube).* I wish you would.

[*PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY rings, and looks up papers.*

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Perm. Assist. Sec.* Take this up to LORD EASINGTON.

[*Gives single sheet of foolscap. Exit MESSENGER.*

*Perm. Assist. Sec. (going back to his desk).* I shall never have this draft finished in time. If it don't go to-night we shall be thrown over till next month's mail, and there will be a precious row in the House of Assembly.

[*Resumes his writing and has just got thoroughly absorbed in it, when*

*Enter PARLIAMENTARY ASSISTANT SECRETARY.*

*Parliam. Assist. Sec.* How do FAGGE? (*yawns.*) Well—those educational beggars kept us at it till two this morning. Devilish good speech that of BRIGHT'S. What a pity that fellow has pinned himself to those peace-mongers. Gad! what a slashing leader of the movement-men he'd make. I say—he was down on our Office—too—pretty smartly, about some want of attention to some deputation or other. Didn't you see it in the *Times*?

*Perm. Assist. Sec.* How the deuce an I to find time to read the newspapers?

[*Fidgetting at the desk.*

*Parliam. Assist. Sec. (poking the fire).* Eh! I suppose you're kept close at it? By the bye, there was that troublesome ass, PROBYN, asking a question about us—as usual. I told him to give notice. You'll find it in the notice-paper, It stands for to-night. You must give me the facts.

[*PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY leaving his draft with a sigh, gets the Parliamentary notice-paper for the day, and gives it to*

*PARLIAMENTARY ASSISTANT SECRETARY.*

*Parliam. Assist. Sec.* Here it is (*reads*)—"MR. PROBYN to ask the Under-Secretary for the Waste-paper Department, whether an appointment to a clerkship in that Office has recently been made of a person previously declared incompetent in another Department, and if so, to inquire by whose representation and at whose instance the appointment was made." Did you ever hear anything so infernally impudent? By Jove, now they've got that committee of ROEBUCK'S, the House thinks

it may inquire into anything. It's enough to disgust one with the Public Service. Do you know what the fellow refers to? He's got hold of some cock-and-bull story, I suppose—eh?

*Perm. Assist. Sec.* No—its true enough. It's young FANTAIL, LADY CROPPER's nephew—you know. He had a probationary clerkship in the Bottle and Jug Department, but they couldn't make anything of him, and got rid of him somehow. And now they've berthed him here.

*Parliam. Assistant. Sec.* Oh yes—I remember old GENERAL POUTER blew up about it one day in the lobby—and threatened all sorts of things—if his nephew was'n't done justice to. I suppose he frightened the whips; and so we've got YOUNG FANTAIL. Well—what am I to say to PROBYN? Infernally troublesome fellow. I wonder what business it is of his?

*Perm. Assist. Sec. H'm.* Of course you can't deny the fact.

*Parliam. Assist. Sec.* No—but I suppose it doesn't follow that because young FANTAIL was incompetent for one office, he was incompetent for all. I can talk about the cruelty of blasting a young man's prospects at the threshold of his career—and so on. And then I'll pitch it in about old FANTAIL's services.—He was something somewhere, once—wasn't he? At all events, POUTER's the lad's uncle, and I can talk about him—and then I'll pitch into the Civil Service blue-book, and get a laugh out of that Oxford man,—what's his name? JOWETT's notion of the clerks in the public offices being examined in Latin and Greek, and Algebra—and their moral requirements. Oh yes, I can ride off capitially on the blue-book if it comes to the worst—old POUTER will make a whip for us! By the bye, if you can give me a couple of hours or so, this afternoon, I want you to put me up to the facts for HADDOCK's motion about Newfoundland. Hang me if I've any association with the place, but fogs and cod fish. Come up into my room, there's a good fellow, and we'll go into it.

*Perm. Assist. Sec.* Eh—I've a dispatch here, to settle for to night's mail.

*Parliam. Assist. Sec.* Oh! never mind that—It'll keep till next month. The motion comes on to-morrow night, and I shall only just have time to cram for it—as it is.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Messenger.* MR. SKIMMINGTON, Sir.

*Perm. Assist. Sec.* Confound Mr. SKIMMINGTON—Say I'm particularly engaged.

*Messenger.* He brought a note for LORD EASINGTON, Sir.

*Voice (down tube).* See SKIMMINGTON, and be very civil to him.

*Parliam. Assist. Sec.* SKIMMINGTON—by JOYCE—its SOFT's brother. You remember SOFT SKIMMY, at Eton, FAGGE? He's in for Swilbury. He sits below the gangway, with those conceited young fellows on the front bench—LAXARD's lot, you know—and we want to soap him over.

*Perm. Assist. Sec.* But this brother of his, he's a regular bad bargain: his friends are going to ship him off to the Cape. They want a district magistracy for him,—he's a most unfit person for it.

*Parliam. Assist. Sec.* Well, but we must have SKIMMY, for love or money: so do be civil to his brother. Has he got any testimonials?

*Perm. Assist. Sec.* Oh, of course he has,—they all have. You don't suppose we go by testimonials! (*Rings. Enter Messenger.*) Ask in the Clerks' room for Mr. SKIMMINGTON's papers. They should be with the gentleman who registers the testimonials. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Perm. Assist. Sec.* Seen that pamphlet of GREG's?

*Parliam. Assist. Sec.* Oh, you mean "The One Thing Needful,"—yes. It's smartly written enough, and there's some truth in it; but there's a fundamental blunder. His "One thing Needful" is a well-organised Civil Service: Our "One Thing Needful" is Parliamentary Influence. These theoretical things will never remember that Government in this constitutional country must have votes, and that votes must be paid for.

*Enter SKIMMINGTON, JUN., a young gentleman of decidedly "raffish" exterior.*

*Parliam. Assist. Sec. (with great politeness).* Pray sit down MR. SKIMMINGTON—I think we were at Eton together—or, no—it must have been your elder brother.—Well—we've had your papers under consideration—capital papers—in short, I don't remember to have seen a better list of testimonials altogether, (PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY nudges him) Eh? (*Aside.*) What is it?

*Perm. Assist. Sec. (aside).* Mind what you're at.—Don't commit yourself till we've seen 'em. Remember the STONOR case.

*Skimmington.* Well—I don't know—Yes—I think they were a tidish lot.

*Re-enter MESSENGER.*

*Messenger (aside to PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY).* Please, Sir, the gentleman as has charge of the testimonials is gone out, Sir, and he didn't say when he'd be back, and he's took the key of his drawers with him, Sir, and they can't get at the book, Sir.

*Perm. Assist. Sec.* Gone out—which of the gentlemen is it?

*Messenger.* MR. FANTAIL, Sir.

*Perm. Assist. Sec. (aside to PARLIAMENTARY ASSISTANT SECRETARY).* There—that young FANTAIL again—he's off with the key of his drawer.

We can't get at SKIMMINGTON's testimonials, and really I don't remember anything about them. Tell him they're under consideration.

*Parliam. Assist. Sec.* I had hoped to be able to announce to you that your affair was all settled, MR. SKIMMINGTON; but we're obliged to be very particular now-a-days. However, you'll be glad to know your testimonials are under consideration,—I may add, under favourable consideration. Remember me most kindly to your brother. Say it gives me great pleasure at all times to oblige an old Eton chum, will you? Good morning. Call,—let me see,—call any day next week.

*Perm. Assist. Sec. (to MESSENGER.)* Will you say I shall be glad to see MR. FANTAIL when he returns?

*Skimmington (brightening up).* What! CHARLEY FANTAIL. Oh, he won't be back to-day. He and I have an appointment at two—at JEMMY SHAW's. There are some rattling sports to come off, and CHARLEY's backed his brown bitch "Jessy" against my "Crib." But I shall see him there;—and if it's any message I could take—

*Parliam. Assist. Sec.* No, thank you; it's of no consequence—good morning. [SKIMMINGTON bows and exit.]

*Perm. Assist. Sec. (ironically).* A nice youth that for a district magistrate.

*Parliam. Assist. Sec. (carelessly).* Oh! he'll do for the Zooloos. Besides, we must have "SOFT" off that bench below the gangway. Now, then, come to my room, that's a good fellow—about that Newfoundland motion. [Exit.]

[PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY glances at his half-finished draft—sighs—and follows his Parliamentary associate.]



FANCY PORTRAIT.

MR. COMMISSARY-GENERAL FILDER.

HUMOURS OF THE MARKETS.

In a somewhat lively article on the state of trade in America, we read that "Scotch pig continued dull." This remark occurs in a passage relative to iron; but to us it seems to smack of irony, at the expense of Scotland. We must confess that we never noticed in the Scotch Pig any more dullness than we have seen in the English Hog, or in the Sow of the Sou-West of Ireland. The same article tells us that "Provisions were without change;" a state of things we do not quite understand; and we suppose, therefore, that the purchasers were without change to pay for them. Returning to our mutton, or rather to our pork, we find that not only was "Scotch pig dull," but "other descriptions were quiet." This is so far satisfactory; for any kind of pig when otherwise than quiet is excessively disagreeable. We have alluded to this matter chiefly for the purpose of protesting against the vagueness of terms employed in speaking of commercial affairs in the newspapers. Dull pigs, firm cotton, lively flour, and steady rum, are articles we confess ourselves unable to conceive with that exactitude which should belong to all commercial details.



### EDUCATION IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

*Jemoimer.* "BIST THOU A GOIN TO SKULE, ELOYZA?"

*Eloyza.* "NOT HI, JEMOIMER. THEY GID US TEA AND BUNS LARST WEEK, AND WE SUA'T HAN NO MOORE TILL CUM CRISMAUS; SO MUTHER SAYS AS HOW IT AIN'T NO USE."

### THE LORD CHANCELLOR IN DANGER.

THE other day, as the LORD CHANCELLOR was delivering a judgment in the House of Lords, a terrific noise was heard on the roof, and his Lordship bobbed down his head with instinctive alarm, while the other Peers who were present, either rushed to the door or crouched beneath the benches for safety and for succour. An inquiry was instantly set on foot, and it was ascertained that a tremendous block had been permitted to fall on the roof through some error in the principle of what may be called *STONE'S CONVEYANCING*. His Lordship had been carefully going through a case, and dividing the heads, when his own head was nearly divided by a rocky mass, which illustrated the law of descent in a most effective manner. The Chancellor had just alluded to the custom of taking *per capita* when a crash was heard in the roof that induced several of their Lordships to take to their heels, leaving the Chancellor almost alone as a kind of "remainder man."

It is to be hoped that precautions will be taken to avoid in future these sudden alarms, which are conducive to neither the comfort nor the dignity of justice. We must entreat the masons employed about the House of Lords to be careful in preventing dry rubbish from being shot into the midst of a quantity of law, which is generally obscured enough by the dust of antiquity without any more dust being thrown into the eyes of the parties by such a casualty as that to which we have alluded.

### A YANKEE ATTEMPT TO "CLAW" PUNCH.

LAST week arrived at *Mr. Punch's* office a neat, square, deal-box of American growth, brought to the Britishers by steam-packet. In this box was a lobster's claw, that—in the sublime imagination of the munificent donor—showed a resemblance to *Mr. Punch*. "By the advice of friends" the Boston owner of the claw transmitted the wonder to London, that it might be seen of *Punch* how his illustrious fame "not only covered the earth, but the vasty deep." This was really very touching homage from Boston to Fleet Street.

By the same packet arrived the Boston papers; wherein is duly advertised the capture of the lobster, and the determination of *Mr. —* "whose *Medusa Fluid* and *Galvanic Hair Dye* are meeting with a great sale in England," to present to *Mr. Punch* the claw aforesaid. This is smart—very.

### THE RETURN OF THE COURIER.

ABOUT the end of last year we were startled by an Advertisement of a certain Resilient Boddice, quoting an opinion in its favour from the *Courier* newspaper. As the only newspaper of that name with which we were acquainted was that *Courier* in the Strand, which had long ago departed this life, and been buried in the bowels of the *Globe*, we expressed some curiosity as to the restless shade of an Editor of what we supposed was the defunct journal we were once acquainted with. To our astonishment we have lately learned the fact, that there is still a *Courier* newspaper, which is also a Church Reform Gazette, and Theocratic Review, or at least at the date of our comments such a paper was, and may be still, in existence.

It says something for the state of the Religious World, that the Editor of a Religious Periodical can so far unbend his mind as to offer critical opinions on "Resilient Boddices." The subject seems to be a good way off from Theological Controversy, but as we have sometimes heard of the Church Military, we do not see why the Church Millinery should not have its representatives.

### HIBERNIAN HUMILIATION.

THE Electric Telegraph, on the evening of the Fast Day, transmitted from Dublin the following item of intelligence:—

#### "HUMILIATION DAY."

"The day was observed very strictly here, nearly all the shops were closed, and business of every kind suspended; it was, in fact, a complete holiday."

The evening observance of this holyday of humiliation at Dublin we presume to have been a public display of fireworks.

*Mr. Punch* has looked very closely at the claw; which, upon inspection, shows that the Woolly Fluid and Telegraphic Hair Dye are alarming failures. There can be no doubt that both Fluid and Dye have been tried by our smart friend upon the boiled lobster claw to turn it from the dead scarlet to the living black. But the experiment is an alarming failure, quite as great as the smart attempt of our magnificent Boston friend to puff his "Pythoness Fluid and Meteoric Hair Dye" to a credulous generation by means of unsuspecting *Punch*. Therefore, *Mr. Punch* begs to return the lobster claw in a way most suitable to his own feelings.



### Nelson Vindicated.

AMONG the numerous popular errors that descend from generation to generation is the absurd notion that NELSON was always sea-sick in a Naval engagement. We take leave to deny the preposterous supposition, for we defy any body suffering from sickness at sea to give an order for anything—except perhaps a glass of brandy and water—which he might accomplish by a convulsive effort. If NELSON had really been sea-sick at the Battle of Trafalgar, his celebrated speech delivered just before going into action would have come down to posterity in the following form:—"England (*here! Steward!*) expects (*a basin!*) that every man (*Steward, I say!*) this day will do (*Steward!*) his duty (*basin!*)"



## THE CONFERENCE.

*King Chiquot.* "I SHAY OLE FELLOW—LET'SCH IN—I WON'T MAKE A ROW, AND I'LL SHSTAND LOTS O' CHAMPAGNE."





## GENERAL FAST AND GENERAL SLOW.

THE Government in earnest to war resolved to go;  
So they appointed GENERAL FAST in aid of GENERAL SLOW;  
And sure success and victory will crown our arms at last,  
Since GENERAL SLOW will quickened be by dashing GENERAL FAST.

We soon shall make some progress in tanning Russian hides,  
Now GENERAL FAST in joint command with GENERAL SLOW presides.  
We're safe both OSTEN-SACKEN and GORTSCHAKOFF to beat;  
As they've not only GENERAL SLOW, but GENERAL FAST to meet.

With GENERAL SLOW our forces had got into a scrape,  
Because the gallant officer could not untie red tape;  
Hence want of food and clothing, of fuel and of hut;  
But GENERAL FAST will draw the sword, and that red tape-knot cut.

You know not half the wonders that GENERAL FAST will do,  
Of every British rifle he'll make the ball fly true;  
Besides imparting common sense to martinets and fools,  
And making useful implements of good-for-nothing tools.

At fighting GENERAL SLOW is acknowledged unsurpassed;  
But yet the battle's better half must be fought by GENERAL FAST;  
He'll make the bastions crumble which bombs alone cannot;  
He'll give our shells an impetus, a lift unto our shot.

Unto our Congreve rockets precision he'll impart,  
Direct the Briton's bayonet to pierce the Russian's heart;  
And then our camp he'll purify from nastiness and stench,  
And teach our soldiers how to cook and manage like the French.

And GENERAL FAST will do away with pedantry and form,  
Which let our gallant soldiers freeze, with means to keep them warm;  
He'll have the porter drawn and drunk to quench our heroes' thirst,  
The wounded see attended to, and get the sick men nursed.

But GENERAL FAST to GENERAL SLOW in this our time of need,  
Will render his assistance by being fast indeed;  
There's more for GENERAL FAST to do for GENERAL SLOW than kneel,  
He must arise and stoutly put his shoulder to the wheel.

## THE SUNDAY OF THE FUTURE.

THE Sabbatarians have triumphed gloriously in the House of Commons. By a majority of 235 to 48 on SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY'S motion, the House decided that the inspection of pictures and statues, and objects of natural history, in the National Gallery and the British Museum, shall be on Sunday a forbidden thing:

The House of Commons has thus asserted a great principle; from the practical acknowledgment of which, we are happy to announce, its majority on the motion of SIR JOSHUA will not shrink.

The public will hardly be surprised to learn what we are about to state. On the contrary, it would, doubtless, be much disappointed at not receiving that information. The members of the majority against SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY'S motion have unanimously agreed to exemplify their faith by their conduct, in debarring themselves of those gratifications which they think it their duty to deny others on a Sunday. The Sabbatarian representatives will really represent the people, excluded, by their votes, from the British Museum and National Gallery. Accordingly, they have mutually pledged themselves to observe the Sabbath, by turning every picture which adorns the walls of their own private rooms to those walls, or by covering it up with calico or brown-holland. All statues also, adorning their mansions or their grounds, will be carefully veiled on the same sacred day; and any stuffed animals or birds—even birds of Paradise—will be likewise put out of sight. Not exactly on that sacred day—we were wrong in saying so—on the preceding night before twelve o'clock.

It is quite clear that there is a good time coming—and very soon too. None now but respectable householders can get a draught of beer on a Sunday at the times when they are most likely to want it. This pleasing restriction of individual liberty was enacted last session. Parliament now refuses the public access to the works of art and nature on a Sunday: next we may expect that it will refuse that public access to beer, except beer in private cellars; and conscientious Members will of course set the example of locking their own cellars, giving the key to the clergyman, and going without wine on that day. Kew Gardens will then be closed, and, of course, Hyde Park; for if to gaze on productions of genius be sinful, how much more sinful to stare at vanities, emblazoned chariots, superb horsemen, fine ladies, and finer flunkies, on the day of sanctity! Finally, at the termination of the war, when the question arises what to do with the army, which by that time will, perhaps, have been organised, that question will be settled by employing the army to invest our principal towns every

Sunday, and maintain them in a state of siege, so that the inhabitants shall be penned up within their walls, prevented, utterly, from sallying forth in the profane quest of fresh air, and reduced to the necessity of either going to sleep or going to church—or of doing both.

Shortly after Easter, when the Sabbatarian majority of the House of Commons shall have set the example of covering up their own pictures and sculptures on Sunday, a resolution will be proposed for enveloping King Charles's statue at Charing Cross, that of the Great Duke, and the little Dukes', and all other public statues, with tarpaulins, from Saturday at midnight, to one second past twelve on the night of Sunday.

In the meantime, constituencies should watch the conduct of the Sabbatarian Members. If one of the 235 Saints who opposed the resolution of SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY has his boots cleaned on Sunday, or takes a drive, or eats a warm dinner, unless by medical order, he is a humbug and a hypocrite, and unworthy of the suffrages of free and independent electors.

## A NICE MAN FOR A NICE PLACE.

NEWSPAPERS often contain curious advertisements for a situation. Here is one copied from the *Morning Post*—

**MATRIMONY.**—A Gentleman 34 years of age, highly connected, amiable disposed, prepossessing appearance, occupying a high social position, who, from his retired style of living, has not an opportunity of selecting a suitable partner, WISHES TO MEET WITH A YOUNG LADY of equal rank, elegant manners, and agreeable person, under 26 years of age, with £1,000 a-year in her own right, or £20,000. Should any gentleman possess sense enough to disregard the hollow system of fashionable life in the choice of a husband, she may obtain, what is often difficult to find, an honourable, warm-hearted and affectionate one, whose rank, character, and independence, are all that is desirable. The strictest honour may be relied on.—Address "TO PELHAM."

The situation wanted by MR. "PELHAM" is of a domestic nature: still it is not a low, menial one, but one which would be pronounced, by persons inattentive to WALKER, high-mencial. A hymeneal situation is that which "PELHAM" advertises for, at £1000 a-year, board wages. We should like to see "PELHAM,"—not only in order to know what that appearance is which its own proprietor describes as prepossessing, but also with a view to ascertain what sort of a person is that gentleman, who, although "highly connected," and "occupying a high social position," nevertheless has so limited a connection, and moves so little in society, that he, "from his retired style of living, has not an opportunity of selecting a suitable partner." The difficulty experienced by "PELHAM" in finding a partner suitable to his wishes is probably considerable: youth, beauty, and £20,000, or £1000 a-year, are a description of goods at a high premium in the marriage-market. "PELHAM" does not enter into particulars as to his own pecuniary means, but whatever they may be, it is quite manifest that he is an individual of large expectations. He had better limit them, as far as matrimony is concerned, to a reasonable measure: and be content with going for equal rank, and comfortable circumstances. A widow left in possession of a prosperous public-house, would perhaps be, on his part, the object of hopes which might be regarded as not quite irrational. At the same time we apprehend that "PELHAM" would have reason enough for contentment, should he succeed in obtaining the hand of a middle-aged person, who, possessing sense enough to disregard the hollow system of fashionable life in marrying for a maintenance, supports herself in a condition equal to his own rank by the industrious conduct of a mangle. In either case we would recommend the lady to satisfy herself of the willingness of her suitor to contribute, in the event of marriage, his exertions towards their common maintenance, and to make sure that "PELHAM" would not object to pull at the beer-engine, or turn the other machine.

## The King of Prussia's Pledge.

It has been suggested that HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA should take the pledge. But what good would that do? He has broken too many pledges to the Allies to be expected to keep the pledge with the Teetotallers.

## A WAG ON WAGNER.

WE do not know what HERR WAGNER'S new musical theory may consist of, but we should say that "the Music of the Future" must be composed principally of "Promissory Notes," made payable at two, three, or six months after date.

MUCH OF A-MUCHNESS.—It is difficult to say whether is the worse, a desponding view of war, or a BRIGHT one.

## A PHENOMENON.—A Barrister refusing his Fee.

THE SHORTEST ACT ON RECORD.—The Act ordaining the Fast, for it was an Act of no provisions at all.



### FRIENDLY, BUT VERY UNPLEASANT.

*Lively Party (charging ELDERLY GENTLEMAN with his Umbrella). "HULLO, JONES!"*

*[Disgust of ELDERLY PARTY, whose name is SMITH.]*

### LORD CAMPBELL ON ORNAMENTS.

LITERARY Men take a proper pride in LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BARON PLAIN JOHN CAMPBELL, because that aristocrat has risen from the ranks, and though, like *Dogberry*, he hath now two gowns (Peerage-gowns, with two Coronets to match), and everything handsome about him, he was once a Reporter for one of the morning newspapers. The STRATHEDEN Coronet and the CAMPBELL Coronet adorn the family of the shrewd Scotchman who worked his way up, perseveringly, as Scotchmen—to their credit be it inscribed—usually do, and the Reporter's Gallery looks down affectionately on an ennobled colleague. But it is to be feared that reciprocal, or at all events discriminating interest, is not taken by LORD CAMPBELL in the order whence he sprung.

In sentencing a Clergyman, who had married a couple at a wrong hour and without license or witness, and had made a false entry in his register-book upon the subject, his Lordship, after dwelling impressively upon the heinousness of the offence, and calling the offender a flagrant violator of the law, and of truth, and a suborner of perjury, showed that law was in earnest, for he doomed the peccant priest to twelve months' imprisonment.

But LORD CAMPBELL is stated in the papers to have added a hope, that after the culprit (who combined literature and teaching with his spiritual duties) should have undergone his sentence, he "might yet become an Ornament to the Literary World."

Deeply grateful that anything so humble as the "Literary World" should be noticed from the Bench of Justice, we would beg, with the utmost humility of respect, that LORD CAMPBELL would let it shift for itself in the matter of "ornaments." His own private taste in that line is, as we have seen, unexceptionable, witness the two Coronets that adorn his house. But he does not choose quite so well for his friends as for himself. We do not wish to say a harsh word of the offender whose sentence we have mentioned—his offence was grave, and his punishment is crushing, and needs no aggravation. But his Judge's opinion of its enormity is what gives point to his compliment to Literature. He regards a man he sentences as a most wicked

### COMFORT FOR BLUECOAT BOYS.

THE Fast Day's *Times* contained a notice of a General Court of the Governors of Christ's Hospital, held on the previous day; when a report was received from the Committee of Almoners with a view to the improvement of the discipline and education of the children in London. Not having been favoured with a perusal of this document, we are unable to say whether or not it recommends any relaxation of the humiliating discipline which prescribes for the unhappy Bluecoat Scholars that unspeakably ridiculous and uncomfortable dress of gaberdine and yellow petticoats, which they wear, and the absurd tea-saucer cap which they cannot wear. Dress of the Founder's period! How would a London Alderman like to march down Cheapside in the costume of the time of EDWARD THE SIXTH?—about as much, perhaps, as to partake of a contemporaneous civic dinner, instead of the banquet which is now customary at Guildhall. If the dress serves to denote that the wearer is a recipient of charity, a simple badge would answer the purpose just as well. Suppose it necessary to stamp him with a mark of degradation, this could be managed without annoyance to his bodily feelings. Nothing more would be requisite than, giving him the usual clothes of youth, to decorate the back, or the bosom, or the sleeve of his jacket with a great B., which would stand either for Bluecoat Boy or Beggar.

### NOON DAY TRUISMS.

Love, the toothache, smoke, a cough, and a tight boot, are things, which cannot possibly be kept secret very long. It has been humanely given to Members of Parliament to admire their own speeches, or else they never could speechify so much as they do?

Every Woman is in the wrong until she cries—and then she is in the right instantly.

A Tragedy is often the safety-valve of Insanity.

The man who lends an Umbrella is a real philanthropist—sacrificing himself for the benefit of his species.

The life of a Fool could no more go on without excitement than a Pantomime could without music.

There is a craving in almost every man's breast for a Late-key.

Every Woman's Mother has been beautiful.

criminal—and hopes he will become an Ornament of the Literary World, whose jewellery, LORD CAMPBELL seems to think, should include "Newgate bracelets."

But we must not be very angry with his Lordship. He has promulgated curious sentiments at times. His celebrated and most pleasant Life of LORD BACON lies before us, and in page 184 we find him treating of a certain weakness of that great Judge's—the habit of taking bribes from those who came before him for justice. "BACON," says LORD CAMPBELL, "sometimes, doubtless, decided against those who bribed him, but this was inevitable, where, as occasionally happened, he had received bribes on both sides, or where the bribing party was flagrantly in the wrong [otherwise than in corrupting the CHANCELLOR], or a common law Judge had been called in to assist, or where, from the long list of bribes, they could not all be borne in recollection at the moment when the decision was to be pronounced."

Passing on to the general summary of BACON's character, LORD CAMPBELL says, in page 226—only forty pages later—

*"I find no impeachment of his morals deserving of attention."*

Most men are worse than the sentiments they utter. Some men are better. LORD CAMPBELL is one of these latter. His Lordship, or any other of the English Judges, would instantly plunge into the deepest dungeon, and otherwise castigate with the most laudable rigour, any villain who should seek to bias the impartiality of Justice by the tender of the largest, or smallest, or other conceivable bribe-offering. No one will suppose that despite the above passage, his Lordship does not consider a Judge's receipt of a bribe the vilest immorality. It is his indulgent nature that will not remember a man's fault, and so, with all scholarly leisure and judicial authority, he publishes the two paragraphs which we have brought a little—not much—nearer than in his book. And thus, having duly sentenced the evil parson, he proceeds to comfort him with the hope of a brilliant literary destiny. Well, we cannot quarrel with kindness, but we rather wish it had been one of CAMPBELL's Pleasures of Hope to anticipate that the man would in time become a Bishop, and an Ornament to the Episcopal World; or, resigning the clerical for the secular gown, study Law, and become a Judge,

and an Ornament to the Horschair World; or, opening a new scholastic establishment, become an Ornament to the Schoolmasterly World. Himself, too, a literary man, and a distinguished one, LORD CAMPBELL desires a rival with Newgate antecedents. On the whole, *Punch* appeals from LORD CAMPBELL'S good nature to LORD CAMPBELL'S good taste.

### THE COLLECTION MANIA.



THE success of the sale of the BERNAL Collection of old and middle-aged crockery, has brought into sudden publicity a number of other Collections which we presume will soon be submitted to the hammers of the Auctioneers and the ninny-hammers of the Community. We shall soon be hearing of the JONES Collection, the SMITH Collection, and a hundred other collections which the proprietors will be desirous of puffing into notoriety, and perhaps even asking the nation to purchase for the public benefit. Such is the mania for middle-aged crockery that we should not be surprised to find our old friend the Willow Pattern exalted into a "Curiosity," and the familiar cheese-plate of our childhood with its Chinese pagoda, its impracticable bridge and impossible fruit tree, described as a

"Tazza," and knocked down at a fabulous price to some noble simpleton.

We could ourselves get up a very taking Catalogue from the contents of our kitchen dresser and plate-rack, aided by a small selection from our store closet. A choice lot might be formed of a pair of jam-pots of 1846, with the original labels, inscribed respectively, "Strawberry" and "Gooseberry," from the well-known collections of MESSRS. CROSSE AND BLACKWELL. Another lot might consist of our *plateau de pomme de terre*, or old potato dish, with its original cover surmounted with cauliflower knob, and supposed to have been used at the betrothal of WILLIAM OF NASSAU (Street, Soho), to CATHERINE OF BRUNSWICK (Terrace). Some interest might he got up by a little previous puffing for an oval vessel or egg-cup, with rim of plain gold, which might be advertised as the same that was used at one of the public breakfasts at St. Peter's Tea Gardens, Isle of Thanet, in the palmiest days of Margate prosperity.

Our salad bowl might easily have a chivalrous interest hung about it by referring its pattern to the days of SALADIN, and we might anticipate much competition for the possession of our very ugliest mug if we could make the public believe that it had once been in the possession of some famous Collector, who had given for it ten times as much as it was worth, in order to sell it again by auction for a hundred times its value. We can only say, that if the nation will buy our collection of crockery, we will let it go a bargain; and we will wash our hands of the whole lot—down to our soap-dish—for a sum far less than one day of the Sale of the BERNAL Collection has realised.

### "MINISTERS GONE—GONE—BUT NOT GOING."

It must be very hard for a Minister to turn out; but it is just as hard that a newly-appointed Minister should have no place where he can "turn in," after having joined the Government. We can make some allowance for adhesiveness to place; but it is rather too bad that, when a public servant is dismissed, he will not pack up at once, and resign the official residence to the proper occupant. We met with no less than two instances of this kind of thing in two consecutive paragraphs of the *Globe* of last Tuesday. In the first place we observe that, "the RIGHT HON. W. GLADSTONE still occupies the official residence of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,"—a proceeding which seems to us to be neither Right nor Honourable, when we remember that SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS is the individual who now holds the office, and is entitled to occupy the house, instead of being, perhaps, obliged to take a lodging, to be near his work, in Downing Street.

Case number two is that of SIR JAMES GRAHAM, who, we are told by the *Globe*, "still occupies the Admiralty," though, fortunately for the country, he has no business there; and "SIR CHARLES WOOD," it is added, "goes there after Easter." Perhaps "after Easter," such are the sudden changes in Cabinets, SIR CHARLES may have no occasion to go at all; or perhaps SIR JAMES GRAHAM thinks if he can linger a little over his luggage, and get the washerwoman to disappoint him about sending home the linen, he may be in again before he is well out; or he may only have to move a door or two higher up in the direction of Downing Street. We cannot help thinking that SIR JAMES must be very much in the way at the Admiralty just now, where the new Secretary is, or ought to be, very busy, and where it must be very awkward for the new servant to be coming constantly in contact with the old one, who though dismissed is still hanging about the premises. When we discharge a footman we expect him to leave the house, and when we dismiss a First Lord we hope

that he will leave the Admiralty; for though we do not anticipate that the latter would be as mean as the former, who might probably thwart the new footman by upsetting his plate-basket, hiding his table linen, and putting the clock weight into his tea-urn, we should, nevertheless feel more comfortable if the old Minister quitted the official residence on the new one's appointment. We do not suppose that SIR JAMES GRAHAM will induce the occupants of the servants' hall, the Clerks, and the Messengers, to continue the blunders they have been making at the Admiralty, under the stewardship of SIR JAMES himself; but we think delicacy should suggest his putting his few things together, sending for the carrier and a cab, and getting away at once, for it is some time since he threw up his situation.

### KING CLICQUOT.

Who rules the kingdom, till of late  
Which was a leading German State,  
But he has made it second-rate?  
KING CLICQUOT.

When NICHOLAS the Turks attacked,  
Who joined the league against that act,  
Then out of his engagement backed?  
KING CLICQUOT.

Who feigned to hold with the Allies,  
But to co-operate denies,  
And, underhand, to thwart them tries?  
KING CLICQUOT.

Swayed by domestic feelings weak,  
His people's good who does not seek,  
But plays the traitor and the sneak?  
KING CLICQUOT.

By private ties who only bound  
Breaks those of honour, like a hound,  
And yet his head continues crowned?  
KING CLICQUOT.

Who has a crafty project planned,  
Denmark and Holland to command,  
Meanwhile betraying Fatherland?  
KING CLICQUOT.

Who Russia would abet, as base  
Accomplice, to enslave his race,  
If he but durst the danger face?  
KING CLICQUOT.

Who, double-minded, double sees?  
Whose conduct with his gait agrees?  
Who breaks his nose 'gainst apple-trees?  
KING CLICQUOT.

Whose dirty tricks have brought about  
His nation to be quite shut out  
From Europe's Council? Germans, shout—  
KING CLICQUOT.

Who vacillates 'twixt knave and fool?  
Who's the CZAR'S satrap, pander, tool?  
Who is no longer fit to rule?  
KING CLICQUOT.

### The Belly and the Members.

THE Lower House has generally been called the House of Commons, but if many more Fasts are appointed, it will shortly be known as the House of Short Commons—and in time, if we persevere in humiliating ourselves very much, the people may rejoice in having a House of No Commons at all!

TRUE Heroism consists in passing the Bottle when you see that there is but one glass of wine left in it.



### A SKETCH,

SHOWING THE DECENT MANNER IN WHICH THE "FORM OF PRAYER" WAS RETAILED ON THE FAST DAY.

### NOTION FOR A NEW TAX.

THERE is too much reason to fear that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is at this moment considering what new tax he shall propose on bringing forward his Budget after Easter. We are happy to have it in our power to offer him a suggestion for making things pleasant in that respect—as far as it is possible to make such things so.

The New Tax which we recommend is a Tax on Livery. Already there is a Tax upon Servants; but this Tax includes Waiters, who are generally dressed like Clergymen, only a great deal better than the majority of Curates. It is the man, merely, that is taxed; the absurdities superinduced upon him are all free, except powder. Now, we say, put a duty on the plush also, and the shoulder-knot, and the cockade: let every master or mistress be assessed for that domestic whose hat, coat, or waistcoat is decorated with lace, or who wears red, blue, yellow, or green breeches. Let the tax be called the Livery and Plush Tax.

Here is a tax which would fall on those who can well afford it: a tax, not on a necessary, nor even a luxury, but on a mere folly and absurdity which it would not abolish, but if it did, would do an exceedingly good thing.

### Promotion by Purchase.

HITHERTO, only such men as were born with silver spoons in their mouths could command this promotion; but for the future, let us hope that the silver test will be done away with, and none will be admitted into the QUEEN'S Service but those who display their *Britannia Metal*.

### A SEAMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

HAPPILY the class of *Trunions* is not extinct. There yet survives at least one individual of that order of British naval heroes. BOXER still flourishes. Hurrah for BOXER! What a fine old figure-head does ADMIRAL BOXER make in the evidence of MR. A. STAFFORD. The medical authorities wanted a steamer to ply between Scutari and Constantinople. MR. STAFFORD had an interview with BOXER on the subject—subjoined is a portion of his examination in reference thereto:—

"What passed at that interview?—It was a very short one; the result of it was a refusal to grant the steamer. ADMIRAL BOXER would not entertain the idea.

"Can you not describe to the Committee what passed?—Well! ADMIRAL BOXER is a seaman of the Old School, and he did not know my name when he spoke to me.

"The CHAIRMAN. That would not have made any difference in his civility, I hope? (Laughs.)—He was afterwards very civil to me.

"But what did he say?—[Witness was evidently very reluctant to repeat exactly what fell from the 'seaman of the Old School,' and this question was not answered.]

What did ADMIRAL BOXER say? Well—nothing worse—let us hope—than what he said in the presence of a certain clergyman, and for which as the clergyman, the other day, told the committee—he apologised. We may presume that he used nautical expressions—of the Old School. BOXER appears to be rather addicted to this kind of speech, by the examination as thus continued:—

"Did he treat others on similar business in the same way?—Yes.

"Is it not a notorious fact that ADMIRAL BOXER grossly insulted almost everybody who applied to him on a matter of business?—I cannot say he insulted me, but I believe his language was often insolent to others.

"Was it ever complained of?—Well, I think it was spoken of in the place rather as a good joke than as a matter of complaint."

Of course. Jolly old BOXER! Rough old BOXER! Tough old BOXER! Fighting old BOXER too, doubtless if he can get a chance! If abusive old BOXER also, what then? BOXER's bark is probably worse than his bite—except to the enemy. But in the meanwhile must we not also say obstinate old BOXER, impracticable old BOXER, blunder-headed old ADMIRAL BOXER? And is it not time to add, superannuated old BOXER? We should like now to see ADMIRAL BOXER on comfortable half-pay, standing at a club-window, with a great medal on his coat hanging by a blue ribbon, and a double eye-glass on his waistcoat, suspended by a black one, and a large bamboo cane in his fist. There it would delight us to hear old BOXER growling at the Government, and the existing order of things, and delivering benedictions on the people in the street, in the phraseology of a Seaman of the Old School.

### ON LORD LYNDBURST'S SPEECH ON PRUSSIAN POLICY.

BRAVELY, wisely hast thou spoken, and thy stern words are vibrating,  
Not alone in our own English ears, which heard thee with such pride,  
Nor alone the tuneful echo of thy eloquent debating  
Rings responsive in the hearts of those who battle by our side.

For wherever Falsehood's hated, and where Treachery is odious,  
And the wiles of Royal Pedants are a fingermark for scorn,  
Shall the glad reverberation of thy noble words melodious  
Bid the generous exult, and make the coward-hearted mourn.

And methinks poor FREDERICK WILLIAM in his grand *Sans Souci* palace,  
Must have felt his dull blood turning and his heart unkingly quail,  
When he read thy bold Philippic, and have vainly plied his chalice,  
For his pulse is beating quickly and his sodden cheeks are pale.

And he hears a voice reproachful and he sees his grandsire scorn him,  
With his cold grey eyes expressive from his portrait on the wall—  
Does the conqueror of Zorndorf, with his cynic wisdom warn him,  
That on Russia's exaltation ever hangeth Prussia's fall?

And the generous German people, like that ancient soldier frowning,  
On the dull scholastic sophistries which fill poor FRITZ's brain,  
In their whisperings of shame, perchance may tell of men uncrowning  
Monarchs who had lost their manhood, kings too impotent to reign.

Out upon thee, FREDERICK WILLIAM! shame upon poor Prussia's  
honour,  
That a pedant and a trifer fills the mighty FREDERICK's throne;  
Rouse thee, arm thee like a King! lest the affront thou put upon her  
Wake thy country to the claiming of a spokesman of her own!

Lest thy father's truckling maxims, which have been thy education,  
Bring a terror, and dishonour, and invasion to thy gate:  
While thou'rt left the bitter bye-word for the scorn of every nation,  
And Europe views, unsorrowing, the Royal Trenchster's fate.

A CROOKED LINE.—The confusion on a certain uncertain Railway is said to be such that there is scarcely a man that knows his own Station.

## LITTLE EASE FOR DRAGOONS.



"The present spur interferes greatly with the dragoon's comfort; he cannot take it off, and must do all his dirty work, and even sleep in it."

The only comfortable position in which the dragoon could sleep, with his spurs on his heels, would of course be on his side. But, proceeds the Captain, alluding to the scale which protects the dragoon's shoulder;

"With the present contrivance the Dragoon cannot use his sword-arm with full effect, and as it projects beyond his shoulder, he cannot sleep on his side: he must lie flat on his back, or not at all."

The dragoon thus lying on his back, the only support for his heels would be afforded by his spurs, supposing his couch to consist of any ordinary material. An extremely soft feather-bed might admit the spur, and thus in some degree rest the heel: but feather-beds seldom occur to dragoons on actual service; the cold ground is usually substituted, and on *terra firma* it is manifest that the dragoon could not lie tolerably on his side on account of his shoulder scale, nor on his back by reason of his spurs. Therefore it may be concluded that the pleasantest bed for the dragoon, accounted as he is, would practically be a bed of moderately warm mud.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, March 26.* In the House of Lords a grievance was urged which must at once command the pity and sympathy of everyone possessed of the smallest feelings of humanity. It was stated, upon high legal authority, that Solicitors, as a body, are so ill paid by the bills which they can lawfully make out, that they are obliged, in justice to themselves and families, to violate morality and wound their own tender consciences by charging their clients, extortionately, for unnecessary work. Let us hope that in a Christian country such a piteous appeal will not be made in vain, and that some method may be devised by which Solicitors may become rich, and buy houses, and horses, and heraldry honestly, or at all events legally.

In the Commons it was announced that new blockades of the northern seas were to be ordered, this time in earnest. On the question of the Sardinian contingent, MR. DISRAELI (forgetful of what that good MR. MELVILLE had told him, and for which he had been so thankful at the time) let off some spitefulness at LORD PALMERSTON about the militia, but the PREMIER retorted, rather damagingly, that if there were anything to complain of on the point at issue the fault was that of MR. DISRAELI'S *chef*, LORD DERRY. The Newspaper Stamp bill was then debated, with no great display of wisdom or common-sense, but SIR BULWER LYTON made the bold declaration that the Conservatives ought not to be afraid of cheap literature, and indeed ought themselves to defend the Throne and the Altar at a low figure. MR. PUNCH therefore awaits the prospectus of the *Penny Protectionist*. MR. HENRY DRUMMOND made an onslaught upon the *Times* newspaper, and stated that it was perpetually laying on new Barristers to supply its articles. Supposing the allegation to be correct, MR. DRUMMOND, as a moralist, should be glad that Barristers are so honourably and usefully employed, instead of their occupying themselves professionally. The second reading of the bill was carried by 215 to 161.

*Tuesday.* In the Lords, the Irish Militia Bill was read a second time, and it is to be hoped that the Irish regiment which lately paraded in a blanket uniform, and with shillalags for rifles, will speedily be more decorously appointed.

In the Commons, MR. PHINN proposed that the QUEEN should be asked to order LORD JOHN RUSSELL to request Austria, Russia, and Prussia to restore the Kingdom of Poland. He stated his belief that Austria had repented the robbery, and would like to make reparation; and he quoted a remarkable passage from LORD CASTLENEAGH, who saw, and said, years ago, that Russia by occupying Poland had Vienna and Berlin completely in her power. As Austria will probably throw over the Allies, the condition of Vienna may not much frighten COUNT BUOL, and as for CLICQUOT, he is one of the boys that fears no noise when the thundering cannons roar. LORD PALMERSTON stated that it would be highly inconvenient if anything more were said upon the subject, so nothing more was said. MAJOR REED then made an attack upon one military nuisance, the system of purchase, and was logically encountered by its defenders, who said that if it were abolished, the other nuisance of patronage must be laid in. LORD PALMERSTON stated that there was a good deal to be said on both sides, and MAJOR REED'S proposal for an enquiry was rejected by 104 to 70.

*Wednesday.* The Bill of Exchange Bill was considered by the Commons, and referred to a Committee. The object of this measure is to give very effective and summary remedy against people who do not take up their bills. More than one of the speakers dared to promulgate the narrow-minded and tyrannical doctrine, that no man should put his name to a bill unless he saw his way to meet it when due. It is thought that a meeting of Swells and Discounters will be held at the West-End to protest against so unconstitutional a fettering of the currency. A small measure of Church Reform, introduced by MR. FREWEN, was duly rejected, and a bill for enabling Ministers to dodge from one place of profit under the Crown to another, without facing their constituents, was also thrown out.

*Thursday.* The Lords talked over military business.

In the Commons, the eternal LUCAN affair came up again, but it cannot be regretted; for it drew from DISRAELI, the People's Friend, the highly delightful clap-trap, that he hoped the time had not come when a Nobleman was not to be considered as one of the People. SIR WILLIAM CLAY then carried a bill for the abolition of Church-Rates, which seemed to be pretty well abolished already, seeing that no parishes pay them unless the majority desire it. SIR WILLIAM also proposed to meet the objection that the poor ought to have church-room, by providing that a certain part of all churches shall be free-seats. The Church's pretended friends are incensed at this, declaring that if church-rates are taken away, churches become private property, and the State, not supporting them, has no right to dictate their arrangements. MR. PUNCH read this pleasing argument as he was steaming up the river past Lambeth Palace; it threw him into a state of wonderment, which lasted until after he had passed Fulham Palace. He has not quite recovered; which may excuse his error in believing that the State really gives the Church some little trifling support besides these rates. He is, however, going to write to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to ask about Bishops' incomes. MR. MILNER GIBSON brought in *his* bill on the subject of Education, making about the fifth at present before the House. MR. PUNCH promises to attend to the survivor, if any.

*Friday.* In the Lords, the CHANCELLOR moved the adjournment for the Easter holidays, until the 16th April. LORD ELLENBOROUGH objected to so long an adjournment at such a crisis. LORD GRANVILLE with his usual *naïveté* assured the Earl that not the least harm would be done to the national interests if the House took a month's holiday instead of a fortnight. LORD ELLENBOROUGH moreover professed his dissatisfaction that more ships are not to be sent to the Baltic, and also wished ten kept at home to defend Portsmouth and Plymouth, as it was certain that Russia would make a "diversion" on our shores. The Earl, it seems, knows the value of our blockades.

In the Commons, the Budget was promised for the 20th of April. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON gave notice that he really could not bear LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S absence any longer, and if he did not come home directly after Easter a disturbance must be made about it. SIR DE LACY EVANS recommended that more reinforcements should be sent to the Crimea, and it is understood that COLONEL SIBTHORP, who declared the other night that he desired to die for his country, and who has been buying up great lots of MR. BERNAT'S old swords and spears, is going to throw himself upon the foe like ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON then indicated a few trifling faults, which an examination of the huts at the new Aldershot camp, had enabled him to discover. They were not grave faults (for Government work), but still they were worth notice. Double the necessary quantity of boards had been used, the roofs were badly constructed, would let in the water, and would have to be replaced in two months, the ventilation was execrable, and, to go to the bottom of the subject, namely, the foundations, at first there were none at all, and then there were laid foundations of tremendous strength, as if mansions and not huts were to rest upon them. Gently intimating that any "common sawyer of a country village" could have taught the Government authorities more than they seemed to know, SIR JOSEPH quietly left the matter for the consideration of the House. MR. PUNCH cannot help seeing (even though blinded by tears),

that these little practical exposures, by practical men, of the inaptitude of the system which provides so pleasantly for his beloved aristocratic friends, will do dreadful mischief, unless some means be found to stop them.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR ENGLAND then did a good thing. He introduced a bill for abolishing the testamentary jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the SOLICITOR GENERAL FOR IRELAND (supporting his colleague, and promising a similar boon to his own country) said a good thing. He declared that the nation felt that these courts were "an abomination which ought to be instantly swept away." The House was then counted out for the holidays, and Mr. Punch, ever anxious to do the best for his protégé, Parliament, feels that it could not make its exit from the stage with a better speech to "take it off" than this uncompromising utterance of the energetic MR. WILLIAM KEIGHT.

## THE WAY TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

### A Town and Country Eclogue.



RIEND DAN'L, where bist gwiau?"  
JACOB cried  
Unto a brother swain across Cheapside.  
Roared DANIEL, "Off to Zydnum.  
Manes to goo  
And zee the Crystal Pallus. Thee  
come too."

Above the street-noise JACOB bawled,  
"How much?"  
"No moor," shouts DANIEL, "nor a  
shillun touch."  
"A shillun!" echoed JACOB, grinning,  
"Ees,  
But there's the Raail—how much be  
that a-piece?"

"Raail!" DANIEL answered, with  
disdainful smile,  
"How vur dost think 'tis? Only  
zeven mile."

"Ah!" JACOB holloaed, "then thee 'st goo a-voot."  
"That's how," cried DANIEL, "I intends to do 't."

JACOB pulled off his hat and scratched his head,  
"Well!—I should like to zee the place," he said.  
"Then come," said DANIEL, "if thee bist inclined,  
Come along, JAACUP, and improve thy mind."

"Here goes!" cried JACOB, and his hat replaced,  
And so they two their way to Sydenham paced,  
JACOB on this side, DANIEL upon that,  
And thus beguiled the road with mutual chat.

"What stuff and nonsense 'tis that zum volks zay,  
As how this peace beant nigh enough to pay!"  
"A zet o' lazy chaps them Cockneys be,  
Yaa! can't the fellers walk like you and me?"

"'T'ood do moor good to 'um by half than ride,  
Wi' one another stuffed and stewed inzide."  
"The very thing they wants is wholesome air,  
Shut up in smoke and roke, and all that there."

"'Tis busses, cabs, and rail kicks down the tin,  
And not the money paid for gwian in."  
"A shillun each all our expense will clear."  
"And lave us two or drce to spend in beer."

### LORD PALMERSTON'S PUZZLE.

OUR clever PREMIER has matched *Falstaff's* dissertation on Honour with a discourse on Merit. "What," LORD PALMERSTON asks the House of Commons,

"What is merit? It is opinion, the opinion which one person forms of another. . . . but his opinion is sure to be disputed by a great many interested judges, and is certain to be denied by all friends of the persons who are unsuccessful candidates."

With these indistinct ideas on the subject of Merit, the noble lord will have a difficult problem to solve, the next vacancy that occurs for a Bishop or a Judge. Merit in many cases no doubt is a debatable thing; but the question is, what ought a Government to do in those instances wherein Merit is undisputed and indisputable? This is the question—though we should have said that there could be no question about the matter, if the Government had not exhibited so wonderful a preference of obscurity to reputation in its treatment of BRIGADIER MAYNE.

## A CRY FROM A POLICE COURT.

"It is now nineteen long weeks ago," as they say, or used to say, in the melodramas, that, sitting in this very chair, opposite this very inkstand, we called upon LORD PALMERSTON to do "justice to Hammersmith." The cause of complaint was the miserable broken-down abode which was allowed to serve as a Temple of Themis for that lightly respectable suburb. From a report in the *Morning Herald* of a few days ago, we find the suitors still complaining of being kept out in the wet for want of a waiting-room, and the Magistrate atill lamenting his inability to get the grievance remedied, but advising the dissatisfied parties to lodge their complaints at the Home Office.

Though a Police-court, held in a small first-floor, approached by a sort of ladder outside the building, without any room for the accommodation of the public, may be a good subject for a joke, we are not quite sure whether we are right in treating it as a mere laughing matter, or whether the public will take altogether the ludicrous view of the question. The Police-court is the only one to which the poorer classes are in the habit of resorting, or indeed can resort, for the redress of their grievances. The Police Magistrate is the poor man's Judge, for the idea of the County Courts being available for the working-classes, however useful these tribunals may be to the small tradesmen and the middle-class, is a myth of which the public mind should be disabused as quickly as possible. The administration of justice is, in no case, a fit subject for parsimony; and more especially where the poor are concerned, there should be no niggardly economy to prevent them from being provided with a convenient Court as well as with an able Magistrate.

The Hammersmith Police-court, if we are to believe the report in the papers, is in such a condition, that it is a standing reproach to those whose duty it is to provide a substitute. We wonder some of those Members who are fond of asking questions in the House of Commons, do not get up and ask a question as to where the responsibility really rests, of allowing the public to be inconvenienced, and the Magistrate to complain in vain, that the evil is not remedied. Has the "Home Department" recommended, and the "Treasury Department" sanctioned the outlay? or is it in the "Department" of neither, but in the "Department" of some other "Department," which can't, or won't move? or is it in the Woods and Forests "Department?" or in what stage of the ruts of routine has the slow coach of the public service become immovable? Considering that every session adds to the number and importance of the cases entrusted to a Police Magistrate, seeing that now he is invested with powers over the liberty of the subject possessed by no other Judge, that he can imprison for six months without a jury, that he can inflict penalties commencing at five pounds, and doubling every day, to an indefinite amount, and that he has larger powers, and, of course, therefore, greater moral responsibilities, to say nothing of legal liabilities, than any other judicial authority in the kingdom: it is hardly compatible with the position he occupies to house him in such a hole as the Police-court at Hammersmith.

As LORD PALMERSTON undertook to hear all grievances, it is possible that when at the Home Office he may have "recommended," and the Treasury may have sanctioned the outlay required by the public convenience. If this has been done, although his Lordship is no longer at the Home Office, his recommendation will be carried out as a matter of course, though the recent shuffling of the official cards may have justified some delay in completing the praiseworthy intentions of the present head of the Government.

### Colonel Sibthorp's Handsome Offer.

THE Colonel, on the 29th ult., assured the House of Commons that his "main ambition was to sacrifice his life and fortune, if it should be necessary, in his country's service." We understand that, immediately after the recess, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE will move for the "appointment of a Committee to determine upon the surest and earliest means by which the ambition of the gallant and sacrificial Colonel may be carried out." No opposition whatever is expected to the motion.

### "Sons of the Clergy."

MRS. O'THINGEMMIE says "she knew a 'Father of the Church' once—he was an old man, and highly respectable, because she recollects he had a large family of Advowsons—and these Sons must have been remarkably good young men, for they were run after by everybody."

### COUSIN SILENCE OF PRUSSIA.

CONSIDERING that KING CHLICQUOT has now no voice in Europe, together with other well-known circumstances which need not be more particularly alluded to, might not we venture to say with *Falstaff*, "Carry Master Silence to bed?"

## SHROPSHIRE RABBITS.



SOMETIMES foreigners are at a loss to understand the almost idolatrous attachment which is manifested by the humbler classes, in our agricultural districts, towards the country gentlemen. A case which we find reported by our energetic Protestant contemporary, the *Shropshire Conservative*, pleasingly illustrates the relations which produce the ardent devotion in question—very much in question.

A Shropshire Baronet, one SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON, of LOTON, (a descendant of TOTILUS DE LETON, mentioned in Domesday Book) prosecutes his own Gamekeeper, JAMES WELLS, at the Lent Assizes. The man's crime, as we gather from the report in the above journal, was the sending two dead rabbits, by his wife, to a grocer-friend, named BUDGETT. There is no doubt that the two rabbits were SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON'S,

and according to that Baronet's testimony, WELLS had no right whatever to take them, and therefore stole them. SIR BALDWIN, as an economical man, has a perfect right to look after his rabbits, the rather that the Baronet is reported to have sworn thus, "The rabbitskins belong to my kitchen-maid, the only perquisites I allow," and, as a moralist, is also fully justified in punishing a delinquent.

In fact, it does honour to the Roman sternness of SIR BALDWIN'S virtue that some circumstances, which might almost have inclined a weaker master to spare his servant the disgrace of the dock, did not move him. He had engaged WELLS against his better judgment, for, says the report, "I objected to him because he was married, and old." The culprit, when brought before his master by a policeman, said, "that he had been in the habit of sending MR. BUDGETT a hare every year, and this year sent him the two rabbits instead, thinking there was no harm in it." MR. BUDGETT confirms this, "has known the prisoner for ten years as an upright, honest man," and from his knowledge of other Shropshire aristocrats adds, "I knew it was the custom of liberal landlords to allow their gamekeeper this privilege." Then ANDREW CORBETT, ESQUIRE, a Magistrate, was able to testify that he had "employed WELLS as his gamekeeper for six years, and considered him a strictly honest, sober, and honourable man." The DUKE OF CLEVELAND'S agent had "known him sixteen years," and on the strength of such knowledge had recommended him to MR. CORBETT, and, finally, the Rector of Wem, whose parishioner WELLS was, had known him for five or six years, as "a most honest and straightforward man, whose character was beyond all praise."

But all this presumptive innocence and admirable character weighed nothing with SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON, who did his duty like a man and a magistrate, stood up for his kitchen-maid and her rabbit-skins, and prosecuted his old Gamekeeper at the Assizes. The Jury convicted him, after nearly an hour's deliberation, adding a recommendation to mercy, and LORD CAMPBELL had to sentence poor old WELLS. Perhaps the hideous enormity of that criminal's guilt did not strike the Judge with such appalling terror as it had done SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON—perhaps crime feels a contempt for rabbit-skins—but SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON and his kitchen-maid were not to be wronged with entire impunity, and though the former at length relented, so far as to join in the Jury's recommendation, JAMES WELLS was sentenced to one week's imprisonment.

In the days when horse-stealing was a capital offence, an unfortunate thief, on receiving his sentence, murmured his unnatural complaint that it was rather hard he should be hanged for stealing a horse. The Judge was held to have made him an unanswerable answer. "You are not hanged for stealing a horse. You are hanged that horses may not be stolen." This view of the case, no doubt, consoled the felon, and he went, exultingly, to the gallows. It is to be hoped that SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON, or at least his friend the kitchen-maid, went with this little drop of comfort to WELLS'S cell in Shrewsbury gaol, and explained to the married, honest, upright, old Gamekeeper that he was not disgraced and imprisoned so much for sending two rabbits to a grocer, as that rabbits (at least Loton rabbits) might not be sent to grocers. Or

perhaps the Baronet or the kitchen-maid condescended to call on poor MRS. WELLS (if the former's objection to the marriage has been got over), and signified to her that this is the reason for locking up her old husband.

Mr. *Punch* depends, of course, upon the accuracy of the report in the *Shrewsbury paper*. There is no reason for suspecting that any undue colouring has been given to apparently simple facts, for SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON is, we believe, a Tory gentleman, and the *Conservative's* Toryism seems preternaturally vivid. We may therefore accept this case of SIR BALDWIN, his rabbit-skins, and his kitchen-maid, as one of those illustrations of agricultural life which should be offered to intelligent foreigners in explanation of the devoted idolatry manifested by the British Yeoman towards the British Squire.

## A GRAND NATIONAL PICTURE.

THE following grand picture is nearly finished, and will be exhibited at the French Exposition in May. The subject of it is *Gulliver and the Lilliputians*. You see poor JOHN BULL prostrate on his back—and a swarm of little Government officials running over him, from the crown of his head down to the sole of his top-boots, and busily engaged in tying his hands, and pinning him helplessly to the ground, by means of little bundles of red tape. JOHN has been asleep, but you can observe that he is just waking up, for he has already got one eye half open, and besides there is an ominous energy in his right leg, as if he were concentrating all his strength into it previous to striking out with a most vigorous kick. The execution promises to be very fine. Several portraits of the aristocracy are introduced, and amongst some of the prominent figures that stand out, notwithstanding their Lilliputian proportions, the most boldly, can be recognised several prominent characters who have recently been making themselves notorious in the affairs of the East—such as the amiable BOXER, the efficient DR. ANDREW SMITH, the practical FILDER, the rational MENZIES, and our very charitable Ambassador at Constantinople.

## VERY WIDE OF THE MARK.

"MODERN instances" have a strong tendency to the refutation of the "wise saws" of antiquity. It was an old saying that "every bullet has its billet." On the truth of the adage grave doubt has been thrown by the Special Correspondent of the *Morning Post* in the Crimea. That gallant officer and writer represents a British battery as firing "at the distance of 1700 yards" against a steamer which had for a long time "annoyed the Inkermann attack with its shot and shell." He adds—

"Sixty rounds were fired by the artillery, but only six struck the vessel. The Russians returned our fire with 200 shots from their battery without doing us the slightest injury."

What an awful waste of powder and shot! but if every hall had told, would the waste, on the whole, have been greater or less? Meanwhile, those who complain of the paucity of successful dramatic pieces, should observe how very few hits have been made in the Theatre of War.

## Lord Aberdeen on his Travels.

LORD ABERDEEN is about to go to the East. It is given out that he retires to Egypt. This is not the fact. We understand that penitentially moved, his lordship will go straightway to Scutari to place himself at the disposal of MISS NIGHTINGALE in the hospital. It is supposed that the late premier will be set down to making lint. This is but right. Heaven knows, his policy has made a sufficient number of wounds!

## A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

"If your husband is in the habit of sleeping after dinner, never, as you value good temper, think of disturbing him; because I have learnt this through life, my dears, that if a man is not allowed to take his 'forty winks,' he invariably feels (s)nappish for the remainder of the evening."

## Fritz at the Door.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF has, it appears, moved that the KING OF PRUSSIA, who has been so violently knocking at the door of the Vienna Conference Chamber, should be allowed at last to come in. The PRINCE was induced to make this promise, in consequence of a telegraphic despatch, in the following terms, sent by KING FRITZ to ALEXANDER II.:—"Tell 'ee what it is. If don't open door, blest if don't pick lock with corksh-crew."

A CONTRADICTION.—If Truth is to be found in the Bottle, how can she, also, live at the bottom of a Well? For ourselves, we should say that there is something fundamentally wrong in this.



## LIFE IN LONDON!

Isabella. "WELL, AUNT, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE LONDON? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE VERY GAY!"

Aunt (who inclines to embonpoint). "OH YES, LOVE, GAY ENOUGH! WE WENT TO THE TOP O' THE MONUMENT O' MONDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' ST. PAUL'S O' TUESDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' THE DOOK O' YORK'S COLUMN O' WEDNESDAY—BUT I THINK ALTOGETHER I LIKE THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRY."

## VICE-KING CARLISLE.

CARLISLE *le Debonnaire*, is about to make his solemn, Vice-Regal entry into Dublin, to the delight of that loyal, impulsive, and affectionate city. Nothing can more happily illustrate the affectionate feelings existing and increasing between England and Ireland, than the accession of HIS EXCELLENCY VICE-KING CARLISLE to the throne of Phoenix Park. We think of other times of rule; of other Vice-Kings; and straightway we think of the triangles. We reflect upon the accession of CARLISLE THE DEBONNAIRE, and we hail in the event, the assurance of the gentlest, and the kindest, the best-tempered of potentates. We believe it would give his Majesty very acute pain to say "No" even to a highwayman; who indeed, were he to demand of the KING OF DUBLIN "Your money or your life!" his Majesty would make courteous answer, "whichever it may be most convenient for you to make available."

We are, however, glad to find that KING CARLISLE'S good-nature does not make him the less forgetful of the State accessories. For instance, he has already appointed all the officers of his household. The Master of the Horse is—LORD OTHO FITZGERALD; and we have no doubt whatever that the animal will do every credit to the horse-flesh knowledge of his Lordship. Then, we have the greatest hopes in the durability of the CARLISLE dynasty from the fact that the confidential office of Gentleman of the Bedchamber (combined with Extinguisher-in-Ordinary and Warming-Pan-in-Waiting) is entrusted to the astute experience of—GEORGE BAGOT, Esq.

Due notice will be given of the public entry. The Latch-key of the City will be presented to his Majesty on his debarkation at Queens-Town. He will enter into Dublin, drawn by eight white horses, amid a shower of sugar-plums. White doves will be let loose from all corners, and white lambs will appear in the laps of Eriu's beauties thronging the windows.

We understand that the only precautionary measure thought to be necessary to the tranquillity of his Majesty, will be to issue an affectionate address to all the Carmen of Dublin; beseeching them not to drive in a body to Phoenix-Park and insist upon the VICE-KING there and then knighting every mother's soul of them; for in the event of such a demand, his Majesty would feel it impossible, consistent with his public and private character, to refuse them.

## TAKING PLACES IN PARLIAMENT.

MEMBERS of Parliament are naturally anxious to get into snug places, and we are therefore not surprised at a conversation that occurred in the House of Commons the other night on the subject of securing places, which it seems is found to be rather difficult. A Member may, it appears, get a good place if he will subject himself to a sort of religious test by attending prayers; but a complaint has been made that this display of external piety will not secure a snug place for the whole of the evening. Perhaps it would be advisable to adopt the same system as is pursued at some of the theatres, where the payment of a small fee will be the means of retaining a place to the end of the performances.

The House of Commons might easily engage a few place-keepers, who might call out the name of the "party" that had taken the place—such as, "Radical party, one in front!" "PEEL party, two in the back row!" "Whig party, one at the back and two on the second!" It might be convenient if the Members would come to an understanding that if a handkerchief or glove is left on a seat, no one else should attempt to occupy it, or perhaps if members would leave copies of their own speeches in the places they have left, there would be a still greater probability that everybody would get as far away from the place as possible.

## Bucks Fitted to their Burden.

WE find by one of the answers given to the Committee of Inquiry into the state of the Army before Sebastopol that "panniers were sent out in great abundance to the Crimea." We trust that these panniers were properly distributed, and that every Head of every Department was allowed a pair to himself of these most appropriate appendages.

Since the *Roi d'Yvetot* mounted a throne, there has been no such halcyon promise as the accession of VICE-KING CARLISLE. Nevertheless, the wretched littleness of party will reveal itself. For instance, a night or two since, at a very elegant *re-union* (we suppress names) in Dublin, the question arose whether the VICE-KING would visit the people of Ireland with his Lecture on Pope. Whereupon, a distinguished barrister and illustrious contributor to the "*Nation*," knitting his brows and clenching his hand, observed—"The Pope is it? His Excellency had better leave his Holiness alone in Ireland. We won't stand that from the Saxon, anyhow."

With the exception of this slight outburst—it was immediately smothered—the accession of KING CARLISLE to the emerald throne of Ireland, has been hailed with affectionate welcome. His Majesty deserves all confidence: for his sceptre will be a feather; and the feather—if his Majesty may choose it—plucked from the Bird of Paradise.

Should his Majesty have occasion to hold a Bed of Justice, he will, it is well understood, hold the same in the Strawberry Beds.

## ANECDOTE FROM SYDENHAM.

A WELL-KNOWN advertiser of a miraculous Ointment, which is stated, by himself, to cure everything, including diseases, hams, and smoky chimneys, recently visited the Crystal Palace. On entering the Pompeian House, the word on the threshold,

SALVE!

met his eye. He instantly sent for the Secretary and offered a handsome sum if his own name could be prefixed, "so that the public might know whose salve to ask for." The Directors are considering the application.

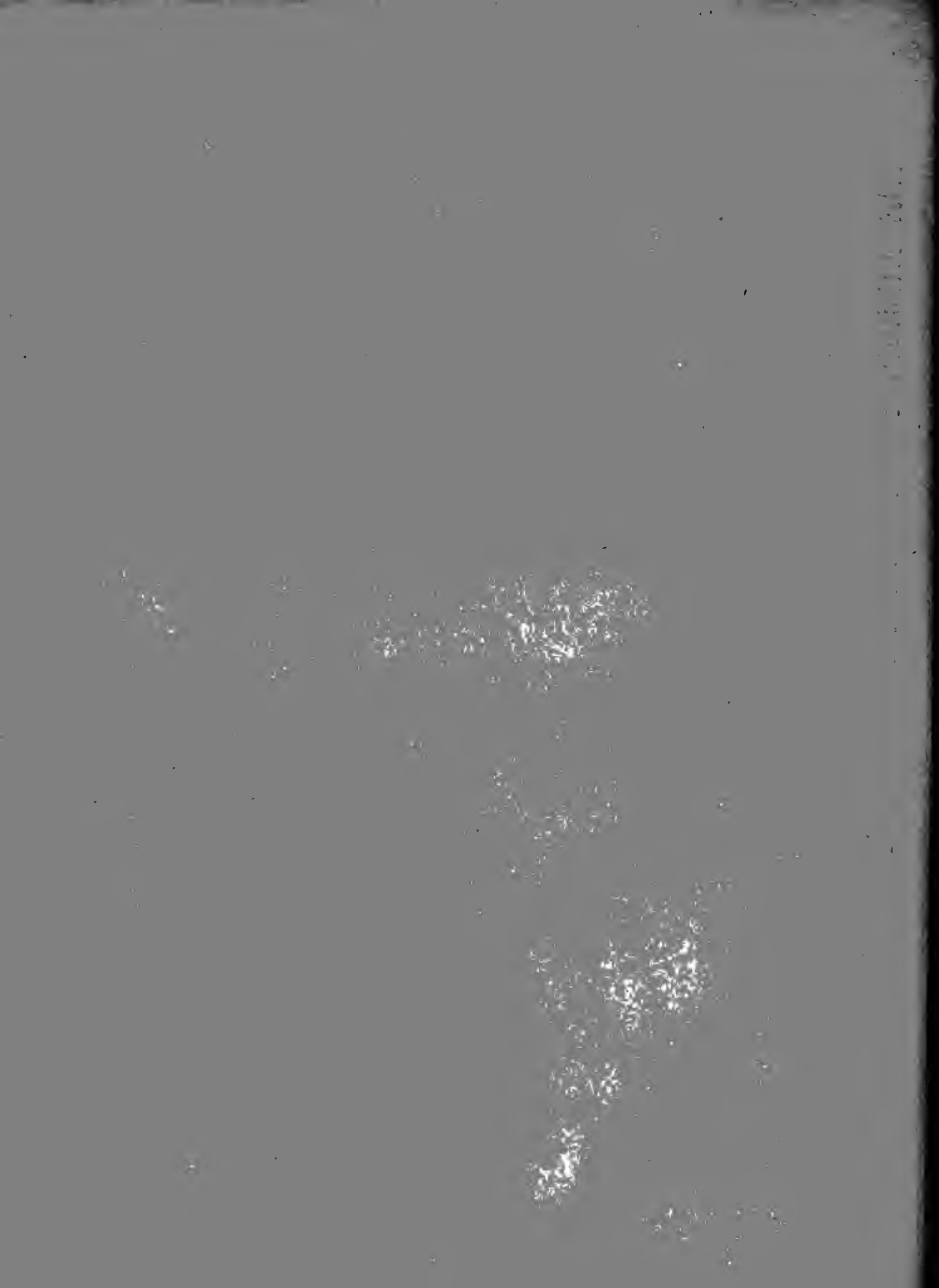
## Louis Napoleon in the City.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH are expected to dine with the LORD MAYOR—who will receive a Grand Cross on the occasion, all the Aldermen being also duly enrolled in the Legion of Honour—during the approaching visit. As a delicate compliment to the Imperial guest, GOS and MAGOG will, for that occasion only, be sworn in as special constables.



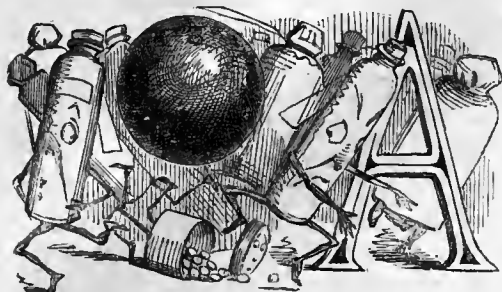


THE MEMBER FOR NINEVEH DIGS OUT THE BRITISH BULL.



## COMMON THINGS FOR HIGH OFFICIALS.

MEDICINES AND HOW NOT TO STOW THEM.



AMONG common things may be enumerated Medicines. These are either drugs, or mixtures of drugs, which are certain substances chiefly vegetable and mineral, and a few animal, very generally employed in curing diseases. They

are common things here, because diseases are common; and the demand for drugs and medicines creates the supply in this country, where the market is stocked by private enterprise. But though diseases are very common in the Crimea, medicines are not equally so, so little so indeed, that very lately the answer to every application for any one of those articles was, "We haven't got any." This deficiency was not owing to any parsimony on the part of the House of Commons, or to absolute want of foresight on the part of the Government. It was anticipated at the War Office that battles would involve wounds, that wounds would necessitate dressings, that hard service would be attended with sickness, and that sickness would require medicines. But, owing to ignorance of the nature of these common things on the part of certain authorities, very few of the medicines intended for the troops ever reached them, and might as well have been thrown to the dogs, as *Macbeth* desired his attendant to throw physic, which is another name for medicine. The money which they cost was of course thrown away too; and as very many drugs are imported from remote countries, they are, though common things, uncommonly expensive: so that the amount of money which has thus been wasted is immense.

To gentlemen at the heads of Departments, medicines generally present themselves in bottles of coloured liquid, in boxes containing little pellets called pills, or in small folded papers enveloping powders, of various smells and tastes, for the most part nasty. The bottles, boxes, and papers are labelled with directions for the use of their contents, in regard to which the consequence of any mistake is sometimes serious. Those gentlemen have also perhaps seen medicines in course of preparation at druggists' shops, but probably without noticing any of their sensible properties except their odour; therefore the following particulars with respect to the common things in question will no doubt be new to those same gentlemen.

The majority of drugs, of which, as aforesaid, medicines are made, are soft or brittle substances. None are so hard but that they can be pounded in a mortar, except steel and other metals, very few of which are administered in their metallic state. Most of them are easily crushed and broken, many are soft, pasty, or greasy substances, that yield to the least pressure; and a very large proportion of them are actual fluids, that is to say, substances resembling water in the property of being liable to be spilled and lost. They are kept, to a considerable extent, in glass bottles, the breakage of which is often occasioned by a mere fall; and when a bottle, containing a medicine, breaks, of course the medicine runs out. Hence, also of course, results the waste of the medicine, but this is not always the only result.

Among medicines there is one which is called Sulphuric Acid; better known, as a common thing, by the name of Oil of Vitriol. There is another named Nitric Acid, or Aqua Fortis. Both these acids are highly corrosive, and destroy most things which they come into contact with. Not only that, but they actually set some substances on fire. One of these substances is Oil of Turpentine; which is likewise a medicine. Sulphuric and Nitric Acids are kept in glass vessels: they would eat through any other. Therefore in freighting a ship with medical and ordnance stores, if the poverty of transport were so extreme and utter as to necessitate so ill-assorted a cargo, it would be unadvisable to stow the shot and shells and medicines together, putting the former on the top of the latter. For, in the event of the ship's pitching much, as in a storm, not only might it be expected that the cannon balls and the bombs would pound up the drugs and medicines, one with another, in a premature and promiscuous manner, but also that they might break, amongst other things, the acid and oil of turpentine bottles already mentioned, the contents of which, escaping and mingling together, would immediately ignite, and run about blazing in all directions. Among the commonest of common things in medical stores are gums, oils, ointments, spirits, and ether, which are highly combustible. The two last articles being particularly inflammable, would instantly catch fire, and set the others burning. In a few

moments the shells would be roasting over the medical bonfire, and they would presently explode, together with the powder-barrels, scattering burning timbers, broken bottles, amalgamated materia medica, and dismembered sailors, over the ocean.

The gross official ignorance of common things, and especially of medicines, considered, it is wonderful that this catastrophe has not been itself a common thing in the experience of the transport services.

## QUESTIONS THAT DON'T ANSWER.

THERE seems to be always a certain number of members of Parliament who are continually asking a variety of questions which have no importance, which seldom get answered, and which are obviously asked for the mere purpose of giving trouble or annoyance to somebody. We sometimes endeavour to trace questions of this class to their ultimate result, and we frequently find that they lead to nothing but a consumption of time, and occasionally not even to that, for they appear to drop to the ground, like the abandoned offspring of those who are ashamed to own their parentage.

MR. ARSLEY PELLATT now and then puts on the paper a notice of a question which seems to promise no other result than a little petty annoyance or trifling embarrassment to somebody or other, who has in some way alarmed the scruples of this very conscientious patriot.

The other day we observed a notice of a question, which in tracing the Parliamentary Intelligence, we do not find to have been put, according to threat, or if it was put, it seems to have been too insignificant to be recorded, with or without the answer that it has—or has not elicited. The question related to the appointments of four gentlemen to some offices under the Attorney-General some long time ago, but we have no clue to the object of the question, or as to whether it was directed against one or all of the four officials, or against the Attorney-General; or if not why not, or how otherwise?

Since the Government were weak enough to be bullied into the revocation of an appointment once made, and to sacrifice an individual on account of their own fault, as they did in the case of Mr. STONOR, they may expect to be frequently called on to turn people out of their situations, for every one who holds a place is sure to be the object of the envy and small malignity of hundreds of others by whom the place is wanted. The dirty trick happily failed in the case of the Recorder of Brighton, for LORD PALMERSTON has the sense to know that Judges and Magistrates cannot in these days be turned in and turned out on light grounds; for the independence of the Bench is rather too necessary to the liberty of the subject to be trifled with, for the gratification of personal spite, or even at the will of the Minister.

## SURLY SENTIMENTS.

By a Professed Old Grumbler.

No Woman drinks Beer of her own accord,—she is always "ordered" to drink it!

Experience is a Pocket-compass that a Fool never thinks of consulting until he has lost his way.

An Ugly Baby is an impossibility.

When a Man has the Headache, and says "it's the salmon," you may safely conclude that he has been "drinking like a fish."

The moment Friendship becomes a Tax, it's singular, at every fresh call it makes, how very few persons it finds at home!

## The Literary Fund Dinner.

SOME difficulty has been encountered in the selection of a fitting chairman for the approaching solemn festival. The high place was offered to a very distinguished special pleader, illustrious by his force of eloquence and gravity of visage. He, however, declined the honour as, under the circumstances, a little too perilous. At length, however, the BISHOP OF OXFORD has been prevailed upon to preside. Is not this pleasing fact an evidence, on the part of the Committee, of a desire to cast oil upon the troubled waters?

## The Militia in Bed.

TWO militia officers, billeted at a public house, refused to sleep in a double-bedded room. These warriors evidently have no thoughts of active service: otherwise they should make up their minds to the chance of sleeping, not in double beds, but in a single bed, and not sleeping there in twos but in two hundreds. May we be so coarse as to suggest the bed of glory? A bed, none of the softest, and tucked up with a spade.

"FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER."—This is promised to Paris on the 16th inst.

## THE WONDER AT WOLVERHAMPTON EXPLAINED.



*Wolverhampton Herald* had been led to make the statement in question by some strange mistake.

In this supposition *Mr. Punch* is delighted to find that he was right. The Mayor of Wolverhampton, MR. SHIPTON, has favoured *Mr. Punch* with a letter, remonstrating with him on his remarks in reference to the report above mentioned—remarks which, *Mr. Punch* begs to remind the Mayor, were all hypothetical. And *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in announcing, on MR. SHIPTON'S authority, that his hypothesis that MR. DALTON had not tried to prevent an act of charity on a Sunday, was perfectly correct. MR. SHIPTON informs *Mr. Punch* that "the Sub-Committee appointed to superintend the production of the soup, stated their inability to be ready with a sufficient quantity for delivery before Monday." MR. SHIPTON further says, that there existed "weighty reasons of an official character" against "the Sunday distribution, even if the Sunday distribution had been possible." That it was impossible, *Mr. Punch* presumes to have been the principal reason why MR. DALTON objected to it; and no wonder that this objection was shared by a very large majority of the Committee.

*Mr. Punch* further suggested, that if MR. DALTON opposed the feeding of the poor on Sunday, it was because he had already fed them himself. *Mr. Punch* is additionally gratified by the discovery, from the Mayor's letter, that he was so far right in this surmise also, that MR. DALTON was "one of the most forward," if not "the foremost in promoting the Town Meeting, and raising the fund," having himself contributed £20 towards the £200 collection, besides distributing largely from his private purse to his own parish poor.

The readers of *Mr. Punch* will admit the accuracy of his suppositions in explanation of the Wolverhampton wonder to have been extraordinary. Lest any of them should, however, have conceived opposite views, he rejoices in being enabled to exhibit MR. DALTON to them in the character, not of the Sabbatarian Pharisee, but of the Good Samaritan.

## A LESSON FOR THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

THE part of *Polonius* at the British Court does not appear to be performed so well as it might be. In a letter to the *Times*, signed "H," complaint is made that the crush and rush in the ante-rooms, on the occasion of a Royal Drawing Room, are intolerable; that ladies and aged persons suffer dreadfully from heat and fatigue; all which misery might be remedied by an easy arrangement. But the incompetency of *Polonius* is more particularly evident from the subjoined extract from "H's" letter:—

"The drawing-room commences at 2 o'clock. Many ladies, to avoid the bear garden they would otherwise have to pass through, go at 12 o'clock; and as no seats are allowed, they are compelled to stand for two or three hours."

That is much more than any rational person would stand who had the option of going; and the only wonder is, that the inconvenience of having to stand so long does not cure that of the crowd. What a shame it is that *Polonius* does not provide seats for the people who come to pay their respects to their QUEEN!—as HER MAJESTY, when she comes to know how her visitors are neglected, will no doubt command him to do. *Polonius* cannot say that respect for the SOVEREIGN requires that

they should remain standing in her mere waiting-rooms; but were he to assert such an opinion, it might be proper to remind him that the congregation does sit occasionally, at least, even in Church.

## ODE TO MR. LAYARD.

LAYARD, whose energy and perseverance  
From Nimroud's human-headed bulls with wings,  
Did of the sand of ages make a clearance:  
Those giant-idols of Assyrian kings;

Those monuments of sacred story, which,  
Britain's Museum, thanks to thee, enrich,  
Whereat a peep were not an ill-judged boom  
To working men on Sunday afternoon.  
As in unearthing Ninevite antiquities  
Thou strovest manfully, thou now dost strive  
From mess and mire of blunders and iniquities  
The British BULL to extricate alive;

JOHN BULL to disinter, and disencumber  
His shoulders of official lumber.

The lure of office cannot woo  
Thee from thy duty, nor the frown  
Of power deter; nor can pooh-pooh,  
Or angry clamour, put thee down.

LAYARD, thou art a man of pith,  
Of resolution, and determination,  
Not to be bullied, coaxed, or trifled with  
By knaves who want to hurke investigation;  
The bush thou beatest not about,  
Thy question goes directly to the mark,  
And so the truth thou gettest out  
Of some that fain would keep it dark—  
The truth, the sad truth, which the Clerks of PEEL  
Tried unavailing dodges to conceal.

Thou from unwilling witnesses hast wrung,  
How England's dying soldiers were neglected,  
Tracing the causes whence their misery sprung,

What incapacity hast thou detected!  
Mismanagement belief that passes,  
Which wholly unaccountable appears,  
Except we should suppose that actual asses  
With real hoofs and hides, and tails, and ears,  
Had formed the Mal-administration,  
Which has so nearly smashed the British nation;  
And there are Commons, people say,  
'Mong which such donkies may be heard to bray,  
Although of that sagacious race  
Some wake the echoes of Another Place.

LAYARD, persist; to thy herculean task,  
Tenaciously as wax of CRISPIN, stick,  
From Folly and Misconduct tear the mask,  
Not caring how the Asses kick,  
Expose the mischiefs of Routine,  
In spite of Placemen's interested howl,  
Of Humbug's gentle voice and decent mien,  
Let neither dealings foul,  
Nor blunders, thy research escape,  
And snap the ties of that Red Tape,  
In whose pestiferous folds JOHN BULL, entangled,  
Is writhing like LAOCOON:  
And if not quickly liberated, JOHN  
Will stand a serious chance of being strangled.

## The War in Black and White.

THE evidence taken by the Committee on the State of the Army before Sebastopol, shows that LORD RAGLAN is always writing—at his desk till early morning; that Commissary FILDER is continually writing also—quill driving for seventy-two hours at a stretch: and that writing constitutes, to an equal extent, the employment of the heads of the Medical Department. Nothing but pen ink and paper!—one would think the present struggle was a paper war: and we cannot be surprised that affairs in the Crimea are stationary.

## DIRECT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE last despatches of LORD RAGLAN were nearly sent back from the Horse Guards to the Custom House, for some one had waggishly inscribed on them, "A BOX OF DATES."

## WE ARE NOT A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

*Foreigner.* Is it true, as NAPOLEON said, that you English are a "Nation of Shopkeepers?"

*Englishman.* There never was a greater calumny. I can assure you there is nothing of the Shop about us. BRITANNIA'S trident is not exactly a yard-measure.

*Foreigner.* But still there are certain of your institutions and customs that are worthy of a label in a shop-window, and the price, I think, could easily be put upon them.

*Englishman.* You must be jesting—but, perhaps, you would not mind mentioning just one or two.

*Foreigner.* Certainly, and you must tell me frankly if what I advance is true or not. First of all, I am informed that all promotion in your army is to be bought for so much money—that a Lieutenant—a Captain—a General—*n'importe quoi*—is bought with no more difficulty, with less *embarras*, than we should buy a melon, or a brioche, or a jar of cornichons. I ask you if your Ministry of War is anything better than a big military toy-shop, where grades of all rank, both high and low, are to be purchased at all prices, precisely much in the same way as we should purchase in the *Passage des Panoramas* drums, and swords, and cocked hats, for our little children to play with. NAPOLEON did say that the *bâton de maréchal* was in every French soldier's knapsack—but excuse me, with you English, it would seem to be in your father's breeches-pocket—the pocket, to be sure, where the gold is kept!

*Englishman.* I admit the sarcasm—there is unfortunately some little truth in what you say. But the same traffic—

*Foreigner.* Does not exist elsewhere, you will say. Pardon me, once more. How about your Church?

*Englishman.* Our Church, Monsieur, is perfectly pure—free from any reproach.

*Foreigner.* Oh! excessively pure. There are no traders inside your Temple. How then, pray, comes it that every day "Livings," as you call them, are put up for sale? Tell me, how is it that a Clergyman can go to market as easily as a farmer? and can buy his 200 or 2,000 "souls" with as much facility as the latter can buy as many pigs?—and the chances are, that of the two he would get the souls much cheaper.

*Englishman.* I will grant that such things, to our great scandal, do occur occasionally.

*Foreigner.* No—not occasionally—but frequently. Your poor Parishioners are sold by auction—sold, like your cattle, at so much a hundred. In the East there are slave-markets for the body—but in England alone is there a slave-market for the soul. It is most shameful!

*Englishman.* You are severe, Monsieur. However, there is no other instance.

*Foreigner.* No other! Why, it was but yesterday, that your seats in Parliament were almost openly sold in public. You went to an agent, as you would go to the box-office of a theatre, and the man could tell you at once, to a fraction, what was the price of every seat in the House. The only difference was you paid more for the *Comédie* in the one instance than the other.

*Englishman.* But the same practice no longer exists.

*Foreigner.* You know that it does—only the commerce is carried on much more secretly. Besides, have you not "Election Committees" almost always sitting to inquire into votes having been sold? Is there not every session some inquiry going on into an election that has been notoriously won by the force of hard money? You must be aware that there are as few "free seats" in your Parliament as there are in your churches. Talking of churches, look at your system of pews—Money!—money!—money!—you can have nothing, unless you pay, as in a shop, so much for it! Your national figure should be drawn like one of our *Dames du Comptoir*, a grand lady that sits at the counter, and makes out the accounts, and sees that everything is properly paid for.

*Englishman.* However our Law is free from any suspicion of corruption.

*Foreigner.* With pride you may say it, but you know it requires a fortune almost to go to law. Justice is about the dearest thing in England—it is not given, but sold, and sold very dearly. A poor man cannot afford to go to law—he would be ruined before he was heard: more than this, England is about the only country, where a husband receives, what is called "damages" for his wounded honour—plastering it over, so to say, with bank notes—deriving a profit out of his wife's very shame. Then, tell me, about your Law of Divorce.

*Englishman.* I regret to say it is very bad.

*Foreigner.* Nothing can well be worse! Why, your rich man for his £2000 can get his Divorce,—but for the poor man there is no hope—his wife may be a confirmed drunkard, a most depraved creature, a lunatic, or a criminal even, but still he cannot get rid of her, unless he is in a position to pay the above sum for the liberation. Divorce in your England is a luxury within the reach only of the rich. *Mon*

*pauvre ami*, over the door of most of your Institutions might really be inscribed, as at a place of amusement, "PAY HERE." You pay your money—and you are admitted, and no questions asked. And, yet, you will tell me you are not a "nation of Shopkeepers?"

*Englishman.* Excuse me, Monsieur, I would rather not answer any more questions.

*Foreigner.* But the facts I have given you prove but too plainly that you are in many respects *une nation de Boutiquiers*, and what is worse, *Shopkeepers for the benefit of the Rich*. You sell your commissions in the army, your livings in the church, your votes at elections, your seats in Parliament, and your pews, and your divorces, and various other commodities, none of which do the poor ever buy, but which are trafficked in, *marchandés*, solely by and for the rich. My dear friend, take a foreigner's advice: "*Fermez la boutique.*" As you would say, "Put up the shutters as quick as possible," or else you will find, one of these beautiful days, when everything else is sold, that the glory of the nation will be "the next article!"

## MILITARY HORTICULTURE.

THE following is the rather Cirké-Olympian address that the French Emperor made to 11,000 troops at a review the other day:—

"Soldats! l'armée est la véritable noblesse de notre pays; elle conserve intactes d'âge en âge les traditions de gloire et d'honneur national. Aussi votre arbre généalogique, lo voici (il montre les drapeaux); il marque à chaque génération une nouvelle victoire. Prenez ces drapeaux, je les confie à votre honneur, à votre courage, à votre patriotisme!"

The above may be very theatrical, but it is very telling, especially with a people so theatrically-given as the French. Every Parisian General who harangues his troops is a GOMERSAL for the moment, declaiming on the boards. But if LOUIS NAPOLEON had had to address an English army, he would have had to change his style of appeal. Thus, probably, would he have stirred up their martial ardour:—



"Soldats Anglais! Votre Armée est en vérité composée de la noblesse de votre pays. Riche en argent, si non en gloire, elle conserve intactes de jour en jour les traditions de routine, de népotisme, et de fainéantisme nationale. Aussi, votre arbre généalogique, le voici (he unfolds several flags, with beautiful long streamers of red tape). Du sommet des Horse Guards, dix-huit siècles ont contemplé cet arbre fleurir. Maintenant, mes braves, il est temps de le planter à la Porte. Prenez donc ces drapeaux. Je les confie à votre patriotisme, à votre courage—de même que je confie à votre dévouement, à votre piété filiale, les vieux Généraux qui brûlent de courir avec vous, s'ils peuvent marcher, à la Victoire! God Save the QUEEN!"

With the above address, ringing like a French trumpet in their ears, there is no knowing what our brave soldiers in their enthusiasm would have done!

## "Gentlemen, Make your Game."

(A Hint to LORD JOHN.)

THE Plenipotentiaries, who are talking away at Vienna, are just "a *partie carrée*." We think it would be much better for them to finish the Conference at once by having a rubber of whist. Russia might take Austria as a partner, (and it would not be the first time they have played into each other's hands), and so play it out against England and France. Whichever side scores the "four points" first, wins the game.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

An extract from an Austrian paper says—"Mount Olympus smokes like a volcano." We hear that, directly this became known in London, the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* immediately quitted home with half-a-dozen empty bottles and corks to match.

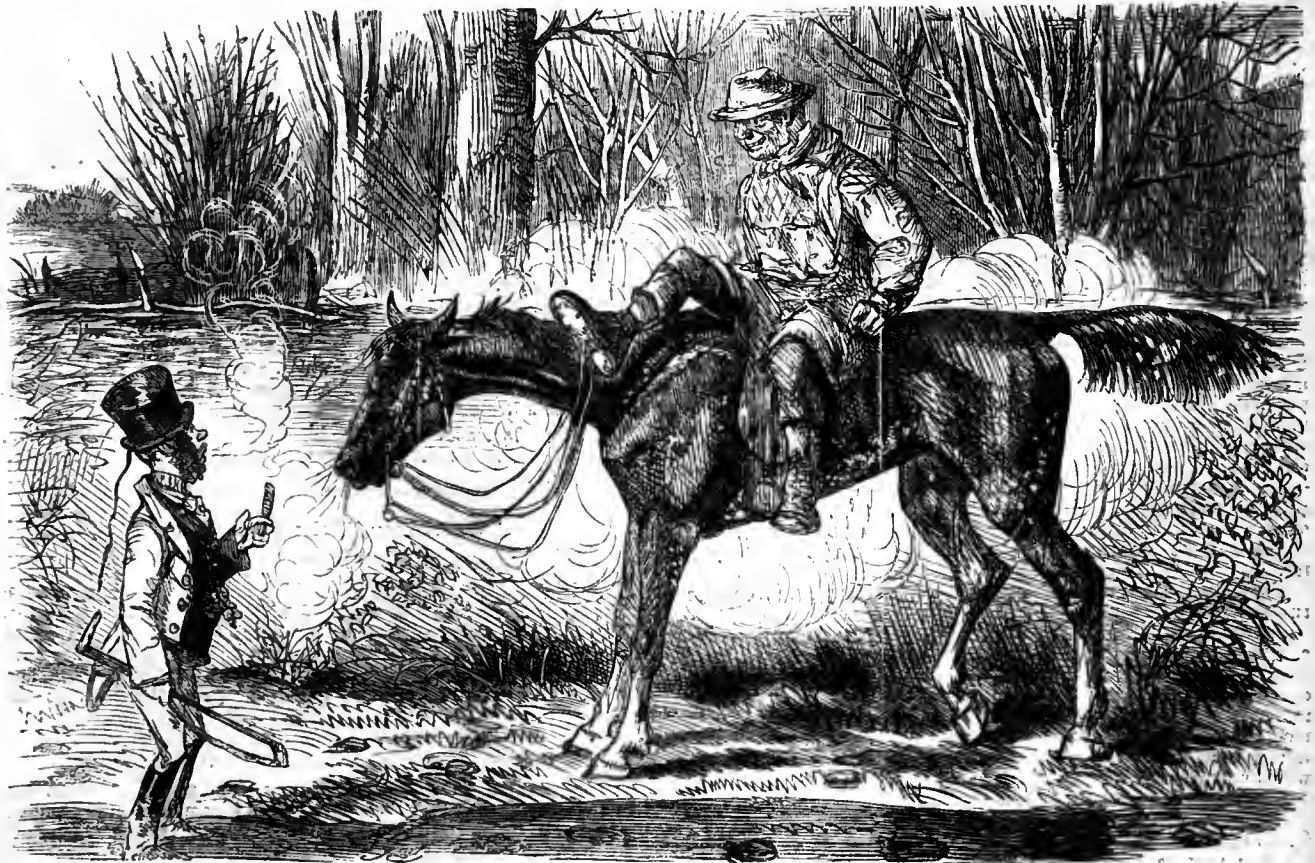
MOTTO FOR THE SHORT-HAND WRITERS IN THE GALLERY.—  
"Everything by 'Turns,' and nothing Long."

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER THE LONG FROST.



THE HARE EXTRICATES HERSELF FROM THE DIFFICULTY SOONER THAN OUR LITTLE FRIEND, AND GETTING AWAY FROM HIM, TAKES A LINE OF HER OWN.

T. N. FINDS RUNNING AFTER HIS QUADRUPED VERY LABORIOUS. HE RESTS HIMSELF ON A STILE, AND HAS ANOTHER QUIET WHEED.



THIS REPRESENTS THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN TOM NODDY, AFTER MUCH EXERCISE, MEETS A SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN RETURNING WITH THE HARE. THE SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN IS ASSURING T. N. THAT HE HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE TO CATCH HER, AND THEN IT WUR TWENTY MINUTES AFORE HE COULD MAKE HER LEAVE THE 'OUNDS—AND THEN ONLY A-CAUSE SHE WUR QUITE "BLOWED."—(N.B. The simple Countryman hopes T. N. will remember him.)



### A HINT FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

SHOWING HOW ALL THE WEIGHT OF OUR HEAVIES MIGHT BE PRESERVED, AND MORE FAIRLY ADJUSTED.

### A RETIRED BISHOP.

It is seldom that the world hears of the retirement of a Bishop; and if such an event should occur, it is not very likely the public would have to be appealed to for a provision for his old age, on the cessation of his labours. There does, happen, however, to be a BISHOP just now, who, having contributed to the harmony of his fellow-creatures for a long series of years, would be glad to enjoy the repose to which his good works—his Opera, and other services, fairly entitle him. We allude to SIR HENRY BISHOP, whose compositions have been more permanently popular than those of any other English composer, and whose ballads of twenty years ago have not lost any of their freshness.

We have had a variety of "other lips" appealing to "other hearts" during the last quarter of a century, but no lips appeal to the heart with more effect than those which are the medium of the melodies of BISHOP. He has already given in Exeter Hall a Concert consisting entirely of his own compositions, and it is very high praise of his genius to say that there was nothing like monotony in the performance. But few composers could bear such a test, and we doubt if a whole night with even our old friend BACH would not be too much of a good thing for any but the most ardent admirer of those chromatic scales, which are so heavy as to be appreciated only by those who estimate music by its weight, as they would purchase their coals or sell them.

So much delight was afforded to the audience of the last Concert, that another is about to be given from the same fertile source, and for the same worthy object. It might seem that one who has contributed so largely and so successfully to the public amusement, would hardly need to make any further exertion. But when BISHOP began to write, the publishers had not begun to pay the prices which more modern, and less meritorious composers have succeeded in obtaining. BISHOP was the pioneer to the popularity of music, by cultivating a musical taste of which others have reaped the benefit. Formerly it was customary to express depreciation by comparing a worthless article to

### THE CONFERENCE POLKA.

*From Le Diable à Quatre (Points.)*

CUE FOR THE ORCHESTRA:—"Have written to consult their respective Governments."

WRITE off, TITOFF, fiddle oddle lay,  
You don't know what the CZAR will say?  
His Council's votes he has to poll,  
Ere giving up Sebastopol!  
Write off, TITOFF, fiddle oddle lay,  
You don't know what the CZAR will say.

Bustle, RUSSELL, fiddle oddle lay,  
You don't know what LORD PAM will say?  
Yet JOHN BULL, in his farmer's tone,  
Grumbles at dawdling PALMERSTON.  
Bustle, RUSSELL, fiddle oddle lay,  
You don't know what LORD PAM will say.

You're canny, BOURQUENEY, fiddle oddle lay,  
You don't know what L. N. will say?  
Already at the Tuileries  
There's chafing at these fooleries.  
You're canny, BOURQUENEY, fiddle oddle lay,  
You don't know what L. N. will say.

Do all, BUOL, fiddle oddle lay,  
You don't know what your Court will say?  
Acting frankly's worse than scenna,  
Rhubarb, ja'ap, to Vienna.  
Do all, BUOL, fiddle oddle lay,  
You don't know what your Court will say.

All lies, Allies, fiddle oddle lay,  
This is what Europe means to say,  
Hang your higgling, hold your hagglin',  
Leave it to CANROBERT and RAGLAN;  
Juggling talk will not end such fray,  
Ram your guns and fire away.

### A Great Pity.

WE owe the greatest part of our National Debt to MR. WILLIAM PITT, "the Heaven-born minister." We only regret that the National Debt, since it is almost more than can be borne by us, cannot be "Heaven-born" also.

the value of "a mere song," but had BISHOP written in the present day, when many "a mere song," without one tenth of the popularity of some hundreds that he has composed, has realised large profits, he would be one of the wealthiest Bishops in a land remarkable as ours is, for episcopal opulence.

### THE INTERIOR OF THE BANK.

FEW have penetrated into the private recesses of the Bank. Though everybody has heard of the Bank parlour—which the imagination furnishes with a Bank sideboard, complete, with a cellaret to hold some of those refreshing drafts which the cellars of the Bank are known to be able to supply—we cannot form much notion of the Bank kitchen: for the Bank of England is above all suspicion of dirty work, though there are some Banks which might find a kitchen useful for the purpose of cooking their accounts. In our opinion, the Bank requires very little domestic accommodation,—for beyond the Bank parlour and the Bank cellar, we see no necessity for anything but a bed-room, where the directors might take their "rest."

### National Economy.

WHY are milkmaids generally Welsh? Why are hodmen for the most part Irish? These questions may not admit of easy solution, but there is no difficulty in accounting for the circumstance that the great majority of army-surgeons are Scotchmen. The authorities prefer Scotch surgeons, expecting that those officers will, in the discharge of their duty, be actuated by the national disposition to save. This expectation appears to be fulfilled: but perhaps economy would be better consulted on the whole, if the doctors were encouraged to save men rather than expenses.

## BALLAD OF THE BOAR.

(From our Sackville Street Correspondent.)



"Mr. BURKE ROCHE, M.P. for Cork, is about to be raised to the Peerage."

"ESCAPE OF THE WILD BOAR FROM THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, PHOENIX PARK.—Considerable excitement was occasioned amongst the pedestrians in the Park on Sunday evening, upon its becoming known that the wild boar had escaped from the gardens. The ferocious brute managed to break from its den. The keepers pursued, and in a short time came up with him, making towards the gate leading to the city. With the assistance of some Policemen they fortunately contrived to secure him."—*Dublin paper.*

You 'VE heard From the dublin DurNals, no dout,  
How The grate Big wild Boar from The fanIX broke Out;  
AND Rush to the GaZes on the side nearest town,  
InTending a Feat of Great priDe and renOWN.

This Noble old Boar The Police diD rUn After,  
And Captivate bAck with gReat shouTing AND langHTer;  
But Truly its I of The burNingest ShaMes,  
To Call hIm FeroCious and Them kind of naMes.

This noble oLd Boar pick'd a Leaf up of "SaunDers,"  
Which a Nobleman dropP'd in Bestripping the Gardens,  
And read how BURKE ROCHE, (thAt 's the Member, my Dear),  
WAS about to be Glorified in To a PEER.

"BeDad," says the Boar, "it 's a Great Day for pork,  
It 's Me wih be off For to Canzass ould Cork:  
Long Life to BURKE ROCHE, and All good Luck, and More,  
For leAVing a Chance to AuotHer grate Bore.

## PHYSIC FOR INFANTRY.

THE suspicion that the affairs of the British Army are directed by old women, has, as regards the Medical Department, received a curious confirmation. The *Times* Correspondent in connexion with the "Sick and Wounded Fund," writes word from Balaklava, that the troops have actually had sent out to them as a remedy for Dysentery, DALBY'S Carminative? He says that—

"Two dozen bottles of this loathsome consignment adorn—a shining row—the shelves of the Balaklava dispensary. Its merits are canvassed in productions which bear the signature of ANDREW SMITH, M.D.; and surgeons, harassed by innumerable duties, are gravely asked to report on its action in the cases of adults."

The want of Cavalry in the Crimea is no doubt very great; but DR. ANDREW SMITH appears to have considered that we have no troops at all there, except Infantry consisting of mere infants. Should DALBY'S Carminative fail to relieve the sufferings of our little soldiers, perhaps DR. SMITH would next recommend the Regimental Surgeons to try DAFY'S Elixir, which not producing the desired effect, to have, next, recourse to Mrs. JOHNSON'S American Soothing Syrup—an anodyne likely to prove a real blessing to Grenadiers. Certainly it is desirable that troops who may sometimes have to bite cartridges should get on with their teething. But if this kind of medicine is to be administered to the Army, a corresponding change ought to be made in the diet of the soldier, who should be supplied with rations of HARPS' Farinaceous Food, or *Tous-les-Mois*, or Soojie, with the occasional variation of "Tops and Bottoms."

## How to get Double Rations.

*First Soldier.* I say, who the Deuce has been eating all the Lean off this Pork?

*Second Soldier.* I have.

*First Soldier.* Then who the Deuce do you expect will eat all the Fat?

*Second Soldier (in the quietest manner).*—Why, I will.

[Takes the Fat, and eats it with evident glee and enjoyment.]

## CRIMINAL LAW REFORM WANTED.

COMMON law has, by an "alarming sacrifice" of the lawyers, been reduced in price, and even Chancery has been subjected to some reforms, which provide that "all these suits must be cleared off" within something like a reasonable period; but Criminal law appears from the following letter to be greatly in want of amendment.

"SIR—On the 24th inst. I committed a woman for trial at the approaching Quarter Sessions at Chelmsford for robbing her master of one pennyworth of milk. The expenses incurred at Petty Sessions amount in this case to 15s.; and the probable expense of the trial at Quarter Sessions will be £4 or £5. I give publicity to this case in order that the attention of members of the House of Commons may be drawn to Lord CAMPBELL'S 'Criminal Justice Bill.' County expenses may well be heavy. We call aloud for cheaper justice. I am, your obedient servant.

"Police Station, Chipping Ongar, Essex."

"THE COMMITTING MAGISTRATE."

It really does seem very hard that, because JONES is robbed of a pennyworth of milk, one ha'porth of which must be chalk, a whole county is to be taxed to the tune of several pounds, for the purpose of bringing the thief to punishment. In addition to the sums mentioned in the above letter, there will be the expense of keeping him in gaol till trial, and during any imprisonment that may be inflicted on the culprit who has violated the sanctity of JONES'S milk-jug.

LORD CAMPBELL, who sees the working of the monstrous evil, has brought in a bill, giving to the Justices in Petty Sessions, and to the Metropolitan Magistrates, the power of dealing summarily with those paltry cases, which entail so much delay and expense on all parties concerned,—from the prosecutor down to the prisoner. Of course, the proposed measure is met by a cry for the preservation of the good old privilege of "Trial by Jury;" which "good old privilege" would gladly be relinquished by nineteen prisoners out of twenty, who entreat the Magistrate to "dispose of the case at once;" and show a lamentable disregard of the blessings of the British Constitution, by begging that they may not be sent before a jury.

These "twelve men in a box" who are popularly supposed to be the great palladium, &c., &c., of every petty thief accused with an offence, are in fact a bug-bear which criminals are generally anxious to avoid, for in those cases when they have the option of being sent to take their trial, they almost always "leave it to the Magistrate." As to prosecutors they are constantly trying to back out of prosecutions rather than incur the trouble and loss of going to the Sessions, and are quite aury sometimes with those Magistrates who will not exceed their powers by dealing summarily with matters over which they have no jurisdiction.

To remedy these evils, LORD CAMPBELL has introduced a Bill, which will of course, be opposed by the habitual declaimers on the virtues of Trial by Jury—an institution of undoubted value, but its machinery is hardly required to try a culprit who is anxious to plead guilty, and who would much rather avoid being confronted with that formidable little party of twelve which is supposed to ensure the liberties of his country; though it is pretty certain to curtail his individual liberty by subjecting him to a lengthy imprisonment. Some are for limiting the operation of the new bill to London, but the proper course is to appoint fit Judges in the country, who may be relied on as thoroughly as the Police Magistrates in town, for surely that ought to be good for the provincial goose, which is desirable for the metropolitan gander.

The old system is sometimes defended on the ground that the unpaid Bench in the counties forms a "good school" for country gentlemen; but it is quite at variance with the spirit of the age, that this school for adults should be kept at a serious loss to the public, both in money and convenience. If the ignorance of the rural gentlemen needs enlightening, though we hope that such is no longer the case, the work of education might be done without burdening a prosecution for stealing a pennyworth of milk with several pounds expense, or saddling a county with enormous costs to vindicate the sacredness of property in a Swedish turnip.

## Different Circles of Civilization.

WIFRE there is a looking-glass in the room you will generally find a knot of Frenchmen assembled round it.

Where there is a fire in the room you will generally find a group of Englishmen hanging in front of it, with the backs of two or three of them, their coat-tails uplifted, turned elegantly towards it.

## "HER MAJESTY'S FOOT."

AN old General, who was laid up very badly with the gout, upon being told by his friends that it would be impossible for him to resume his command, declared most positively that he was determined to go, *goutte qui goutte.*

## THE HEIGHT OF POLITENESS.

*genteel Pickpocket (to Policeman).* "I say, Policeman, your hankerchief is hanging out—you 'll lose it, if you don't take care."



## THE AARONS COLLECTION.



THE accounts of the enormous quantity of money which is being obtained for the late MR. BERNAL'S crockery, have (as we expected, and indeed said would be the case) stimulated the ambition of great numbers of "Collectors", all over the country, and we shall speedily hear of new announcements of sales of the most interesting character. With the proverbial shrewdness and energy of his race, an exemplary member of the Hebrew persuasion, who resides in Houndsditch—we violate no confidence in naming MR. ISSACHAR AARONS—has taken Time by the forelock, and indeed given the old fellow a good pull. For the last few days a sale of miscellaneous articles "collected by a gentleman" has been under the hammer of MESSRS. AMMINADAB, BROTHERS,

Whitechapel, the celebrated Auctioneers, and, from the prices obtained, it would seem that the virtuosi of the East End of London are as capable of appreciating artistic and archaeological treasures as their West End brethren who throng MESSRS. MISTY and CHURANSON'S famous rooms. We subjoin a few of the lots and the prices they fetched:

Lot 19. A cup and saucer, said to have been in POPE'S mind when he wrote the lines about "Great ANNA" taking "tea" at Hampton Court, 3s. 6d. Lot 20. A spoon, history unknown, but from the initials F. B. engraven on it, believed to have belonged to FRIAR BACON, 2s. 6d. Lot 25. A cylindrical pot, of red ware, seven inches high, and a hole in the bottom. From some earth, resembling mould, adhering to the inside, it is thought to have been a Roman or Chinese funeral urn, 4d. Lot 30. Statue in plaster of an undressed youth, very young, writing. The head is lost, but the statue is stated by the owner to be one of the HORATIUS composing his Opera, bought in for 1d. Lot 31. The knife with which MR. N. T. HICKS mended his pen before writing a letter to the proprietor of the Victoria Theatre, accepting an engagement, in the year 1812. After a brisk competition between two theatrical amateurs, it was secured for 1s. 1d. for the Whitechapel Museum. Lot 33. A silver watch, originally purchased by a sailor on landing at Portsmouth, and pawned by him at Gravesend before re-embarking. What renders this relic more painfully interesting is, that he has never been heard of since, 11s. 6d. Lot 37. A ruler, found in pulling down a house in Milton Street, and most probably, therefore, used by the immortal MILTON when a schoolmaster, 6d. Lot 40. A note of the Bank of Elegance, warranted by MR. AARONS to have been given to him by FAUNTLEROY on the morning of his execution. This interesting document has therefore a double value, as establishing the fact that MR. FAUNTLEROY did not escape to America, 1s. 6d. Lot 41. Half a sheet of MS. music, apparently the original, but if not, a very neatly written copy, of the first part of the celebrated air "God Save the King," 1d. Lot 43. The plate on which a sandwich was handed to CHARLES PHILLIPS, Esq., during the trial of Couvoisier, 2s. 6d. Lot 49. A cornelian seal, which from its having the device of a swan, and the initials S. S. A., the proprietor has no hesitation in guaranteeing to have been SHAKESPEARE'S, the letters implying SHAKESPEARE, Swan of Avon. He also slates himself to have found it behind a chair in ANNE HATHAWAY'S cottage, 5s. 6d. Lot 51. Three wooden legs, formerly belonging to that number of Greenwich pensioners, all of whom received NELSON in their arms at Trafalgar, and afterwards shot the man who wounded the hero, 10s. 6d. Lot 55. A salt-cellar, long used at a tavern near the Thames, where the DUKE OF WELLINGTON once stood up out of a shower of rain, 5s. 9d. Lot 53. The umbrella offered to his Grace upon that occasion by the landlord, but politely declined on the grounds that it was gingham, and that the carriage was coming up, 3s. 6d. Lot 55. The stone which COLLINS flung at the head of KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH. The owner was very violent with a bidder, who questioned the authenticity of this article, from its being a paving-stone which the auctioneer was unable to lift. MR. AARONS made several affidavits upon the subject, and offered any additional number, but it remained unsold, and has since, we understand, been claimed by the Whitechapel Paving Board. Lot 57. One of the watering-pots used on the day of the Opening of London Bridge—slightly leaky, nozzle wanting, 1s. Lot 60. The pistol with which, according to the catalogue, "MR. PERCEVAL SPENCER shot MR. BELLINGHAM, for not coming out of the House of Commons." An objection was taken to the lock, which was a

percession one, that contrivance not having been invented in 1812, the date to which the description seemed to point; but on the owner's undertaking to have it altered to flint, the pistol went off at 7s. 6d. Lot 63. Several pieces of orange peel, warranted to have been collected in Bol: Court, and to have been some of those which DR. JOHNSON used to hoard so mysteriously, bought in for 14d. Lot 70. A marble paper-weight, made of a piece of the Equator, brought home by a horse-marine, 2s. 3d. Lot 71. A set of cupping-glasses, supposed to have been in SHAKESPEARE'S mind's eye, when he exclaimed "Cup us till the world goes round." They would not have hurt the eye much, as the lancets are all broken, 3s. 9d. Lot 73. An autograph of SHAKESPEARE'S, being a receipt for the price of his *Tragedy of Edward the Fourth*, the body of the receipt being in the handwriting of SAMUEL PEPPY, and the signature witnessed by POPE. This trebly interesting document was at last knocked down to the Whitechapel Museum for £1 3s. 6d., the Secretary and Treasurer of that Institution bidding against one another, in humble imitation of the officials of Marlborough House and the British Museum.

## "EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY."

It may be true enough that "every dog has his day," but they must be extraordinary dog-days indeed—days in which insanity may be supposed to prevail—when dogs in general become such very lucky dogs as the animal referred to in the following advertisement:—

LADY'S LAP-DOG FOR SALE—a beautiful small dog, with long silky white hair. It has been reared by a lady, and will only be sold to a person of rank. Price £40. Address, prepaid, to L. L. WESTERTON'S Library, Hyde-Park Corner.

The dog above described seems destined to enjoy a series of days, which no mere every day dog could hope to experience. The brute in question is evidently destined to an aristocratic career; and has already in its capacity of lap-dog been accustomed to no other lap than the lap of luxury. Its life seems to have been one uninterrupted loll in the arms of elegant ease, and having been "reared by a lady," its promotion to the aristocracy is to be secured by its sale to "a person of rank," and the fashionable organs will in due course perhaps be called on to chronicle the elevation of this lucky dog to the Peerage. Of course, the white hair of this creature is described as "Silky," for Nature has considerably bestowed a superfine coat upon this drawing-room pet, or boudoir *bouledogge*.

## SENTIMENTALITIES.

By a Sentimental Young Lady, de l'âge de 35 ans.

The heart is a nursery of the tenderest plants to which the least chill of en proves most destructive.

White hair is the chalk with which Time keeps its score—two, three, or fourscore, as the case may be—on a man's head.

Two's a secret, but three's none.

The heart-strings will snap, just like harp-strings, from excess of cold and neglect.

Goodnature is a glow-worm that sheds light even in the dirtiest places.

Man has generally the best of everything in this world—for instance, in the morning he has nothing but the newspaper to trouble his head with, whereas poor Woman has her curl-papers.

Kindnesses are stowed away in the heart, like bags of lavender in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them!

There's no Doubt of it!

AN advertisement in the *Times* begins with

NON SINE FIDES.

This must allude to the renewed engagement at the Italian Opera of VIARDOT GARCIA, who is announced to appear in the *Prophète* in her old character of *Fides*.

GENEROUS PLEA FOR OLD-MAIDISM.—Your Pink of Perfection is always considered by judges the best Single.

## THE BATTLE OF THE PIANOS.

(Play away my Dears! silence the enemy's)  
Piano if possible.



A WAR has recently broken out between the two houses of TINKLE and CHASHER, which reminds one by its inveteracy of the Wars between the Houses of YORK and LANCASTER. The instruments of warfare are two Pianos, which are being brought to bear against each other, on either side of a party wall, which divides the abodes of the TINKLE and CHASHER families. Hostilities were commenced about Christmas last, when the piano of Mrs. TINKLE opened with a species of ball practice in the shape of Quadrilles and Polkas, to which the piano of Mrs. CHASHER replied by a sort of cannoneading of old Canons. For a time there seemed to be a truce, and Overtures of a rather peaceful nature

Keep on Jolly! Here's Frederick coming  
directly with his Canon!



were heard to proceed from Mrs. TINKLE's cabinet, when Mrs. CHASHER suddenly brought up her cottage in great force, and poured in a volley with deafening effect upon the enemy. This movement was met on the other side by a quick succession of forced marches, including the Wedding March and the March from *Le Prophete*. Upon this the enemy attempted a *fortissimo* movement with damaging effect, and brought up some of the heaviest pieces of YORK's division, which were played off against all the great guns of the enemy. The contest was still raging when we last heard from the seat—or rather the music-stool—of war, and both parties were employing all their force in harassing each other.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CRIMEAN IMBECILES.

HER MAJESTY, accompanied by His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT and suite, has followed up her womanly and Queenly visits to the Crimean Invalids, by a similar mark of interest shown to a class of sufferers, if not as numerous, at least as severely afflicted. We refer to the Crimean Imbeciles. Her Majesty has only anticipated the feeling of the country in visiting these unfortunates, and we trust that the examination of the worst cases will be followed by some permanent mark of Her Majesty's sense of the claims of these unfortunate persons.

As it has been found impracticable to lodge all these imbeciles together, no public building being spacious enough to accommodate their unhappily large number, they have been distributed hitherto pretty equally among all the public offices connected in any way with the conduct of the war. Several of the worst cases have found accommodation—we trust only temporary—at the office of the Army Medical Department in St. James's Place, to which Her Majesty in her inspection proceeded first.

Among the most serious cases which have attracted the Royal attention, may be particularised that of Dr. ANDREW SMITH. This unfortunate gentleman labours under general paralysis of the active powers, which has been gradually growing upon him during forty years' service, but has been brought to a head by the exigencies of the War. He has suffered greatly from exposure, during several days, to all

the rigours of a cross examination by Mr. ROBERTS'S Select Committee. This exposure coming upon an offical constitution, already shattered by the heavy fire of the *Times*, has reduced the poor man to a truly pitiable state, and the Medical Board, on which he has so long sat, having at length sat upon him, has pronounced him incurable, and recommended his immediate and final retirement from the department he has so long and so successfully mismanaged. Her Majesty spoke to Dr. SMITH, but his answers were incoherent. His imbecility has taken the form of a fixed idea, that the hospitals at Scutari are all that they ought to be; and he becomes very violent when any doubt is expressed on this point. Dr. SMITH'S imbecility is accompanied by a total loss of the faculty of hearing reason. He still, however, writes a great deal, and is very obstinate, protesting, in a strong Scotch accent, against any attempt to administer advice or medicine, while the sight of a *Times* newspaper rouses him to frenzy.

The next case which attracted her Majesty's attention was that of Dr. MENZIES, whose imbecility had manifested itself throughout the whole campaign, by the most unmistakable symptoms, though he has been cruelly compelled to continue at an arduous post, long after every one knew him to be utterly unfit for his duties. The poor sufferer was placed in charge of the great hospital at Scutari, though unable to leave the desk at which he was kept writing from ten to twelve hours a day, on more than one or two occasions, for inspection of the wards; and when he did visit them he was entirely incapable of exerting the senses of sight, speech, or smell. Dr. MENZIES labours under a total loss of memory, and is quite incapable of comprehending his own duties, or the value of money—particularly in comparison with human life. The

THE QUEEN VISITING THE IMBECILES OF THE CRIMEA.



THE GREAT AMERICAN THEATRE OF THE 19th CENTURY

attempts of the poor sufferer to explain himself were painful in the extreme, and HER MAJESTY was evidently much grieved at finding that such severe duties had been thrown on one so obviously unfit for their discharge. She conveyed this opinion to the PRINCE and her suite, as well as to LORD PANMURE, in the most energetic manner.

HER MAJESTY subsequently visited the ward occupied by the Imbeciles of the Commissariat. Here a melancholy spectacle presented itself. The sufferers are almost all advanced in life, and equally feeble in mind and body; and it is obvious at a glance that to impose the task of feeding the Army on men unable to feed themselves without the aid of the Government, was a cruel mockery. HER MAJESTY'S deepest interest, however, was reserved for the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, who has a ward to himself. That Noble Lord has long been known to be labouring under a complicated form of mental disorder, combining the worst features of fatuity and delusion. His memory for recent events has long been utterly gone, though he remembers a great deal that occurred during the Peninsular War. He amuses himself with taking to pieces clocks and watches, with which the liberality of the Government keeps him well supplied. These he afterwards tries to regulate, but invariably without success; his general complaint is that they are too fast. He is perfectly inoffensive, and kind to all about him, but his attendants are obliged to guess at his wants, as he has long been incapable of issuing orders, or even expressing his wishes intelligibly.

The Royal inspection of the Military Imbeciles was followed by that of the Imbeciles who have broken down in the Naval service of the War. We regret to say that ADMIRAL BOXER and CAPTAIN CHRISTIE, whose cases were both brought to HER MAJESTY'S especial notice, are in the habit of using language so foul and offensive, that the Royal Party was forced to beat a precipitate retreat. This however, (as was explained to HER MAJESTY,) is a frequent accompaniment of mental imbecility, and implied no personal disrespect of the Illustrious Visitor, the same style of language being addressed by the sufferers to all who may come in their way, whether medical men, clergymen, or others. It is needless to add that the Imbeciles did not express the least satisfaction at HER MAJESTY'S gracious examination of their several cases. But the Public is grateful to HER MAJESTY on their behalf, for it trusts that now that these instances have been brought under Her notice, in which the Military and Naval authorities have shown the most cruel disregard of the mental and bodily state of those employed under them, she will see that in future men like these unfortunate Imbeciles are not saddled with labours tasking to the utmost all the powers both of mind and body.

HER MAJESTY, before leaving, was pleased to express her entire dissatisfaction with all the arrangements in relation to the War up to the present time—a feeling in which, as usual, she is unanimously supported by her loyal subjects, in general, and *Mr. Punch* in particular.

### LABOUR AND CAPITAL COMBINED.

THE low salary system seems to have reached its height, or rather to have attained its utmost depth, as shown by the following advertisement:—

**WANTED,** a Person between 26 and 30, neat and clever at Needle-work, and must take charge of Servants and house arrangements. As a comfortable home is all that will be offered, any one applying must have means of her own, and only be desirous of the protection of a respectable family. Address, free, to No. 534, N.B.A.O., Edinburgh.

Here is a person wanted, not only to fill some two or three situations without pay, but "she must have means of her own," or, in other words, it is possible that she may be in some way taxed for the privilege of managing the household and doing the needlework of this "respectable family." In return for her labours and her capital she will enjoy the "protection" of those she will have to wait upon. Situations must indeed be scarce when domestic drudges are expected to have private resources to draw upon. It will be easy enough to start house-keeping if the servants are to receive no wages, but are expected to be prepared with means of their own, as an equivalent for the "protection" of respectable families. We have heard of clerkships requiring, by way of qualification, the deposit of a sum of money in the employer's hands, but there is something novel in the idea of requiring a capitalist to perform the duties of a maid-of-all-work.

### Curious Coincidences.

THE traveller from Kew or Richmond on the outside of the omnibus, must often have noticed on the front of a wine and spirit establishment at Hammermith, the name of BACCHUS. He doubtless considered this an appropriate name for the proprietor of the place in question; but in passing through Kensington, he may perhaps have observed another name, even more appropriate, standing for the sign of a public-house. It is that of "THE KING OF PRUSSIA!"

## A COLUMN FOR OLD BOYS.

NAVAL, MILITARY, AND OTHERWISE.



GE before Honesty. It is in the power of any young man to be honest, but it requires a lifetime almost before a person can grow old.

As long as there is Life, there is Hope. No man, let his age exceed that of OLD PARR, and METHUSALEH combined, need despair of getting an appointment.

No man's intellect is in its prime, like a Stilton Cheese, until it is a little decayed.

We wonder how old the Buoy at the Nore is?—because if he is a mere B(u)oy, we are surprised that he has not been sent adrift long ago.

It is so far kind to offer our poor Admirals and Generals,

when their infirmities do not allow them to stand, a Seat of War.

Our brave Admirals are looked upon very much like our men-of-war—there's nothing worthy of going into action under a seventy-four.

Our system of rewarding old age has one great advantage—it must place both the Commander-in-Chief and the common Private on the same familiar footing, when it is clearly seen that each is a sentry (century).

The merchant-service has always been looked upon as our nursery for seamen—but our men-of-war offer us another kind of nursery—a nursery for sick Admirals, who would make doubtlessly very good wine-merchants, as they are only fit to be "laying in Port."

Steamers have been called "floating hotels"—many of the war-steamers sent out by the Admiralty are nothing better than floating *Hotels des Invalides*.

When a ship returns, it is laid up in ordinary,—and when it goes to sea, it is the commander generally that is "laid up."

There is nothing changed at the Admiralty. The Head of it still is, now as before, and ever will be—WOOD.

### JOLLY SIEGE FOR SEBASTOPOL.

WE were highly delighted by reading the snjoined statement:—

"Our letters from the Crimea left our army vastly improved in health and spirits, well dressed, full of fun, playing games, hunting dogs, and running races."

A leading article in the *Morning Post* gratified us with this intelligence, which, contrasted with what we have been so long accustomed to, is of the sort popularly denominated "cheering." It is, however, by no means inconsistent with another piece of news, occurring in the same paper, under the head of "Latest Intelligence," not equally consolatory, or calculated to exhilarate the desponding. To wit:—

"Operations on a grand scale have not yet commenced."  
"Sebastopol, March 26."

Indeed, with an army at play, hunting dogs, and running races, operations upon any scale, except the scale for weighing the runners, are hardly to be expected, and so long as the Army continues to be full of fun, it will probably not attempt anything serious.

### The Untoasted Service.

SEVERAL public dinners have lately occurred, and when the cloth was removed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drunk at all of them. But one patriotic toast was not drunk at any of them; it never is: but it ought to be at all. The Army is toasted, the Navy is toasted always, but never the Police. We trust this omission will be rectified in future on the occasions alluded to, and we suggest that the Police should be proposed either after the Army and Navy, or in connexion with those similarly useful bodies of men. What, in fact, are our Military and Naval forces but a Police for Foreign Affairs, now engaged in the attempt to put down a nation of robbers and cut-throats.

### Ink Shed in the Crimea.

WHEN future historians, in collecting materials for an account of our present affairs, shall discover that the Commander of the British Army in the Crimea was continually at his desk, they will probably be tempted to remark that the Battle of Inkermann might have been more properly called the Battle of Pen-and-Inkermann.



THE PUBLIC IMAGINE THE NEW LETTER BOXES TO BE STOVES, KINDLY PROVIDED AT THE EXPENSE OF THE PARISH.

### OUR SOLDIERS IN THE STOCKS.

"Who put my men in the stocks?" will be the natural exclamation of QUEEN VICTORIA when she hears that, in consequence of no substitute being provided for the leathern instruments with which our soldiers were formerly throttled, they are to be choked off with the old leather stocks from which, some months ago, common sense and humanity succeeded in releasing them. Newspaper reports inform us that SIR GEORGE BROWN had scarcely returned from Malta before he issued an order for seizing every man under his command by the throat and checking his respiration with that leathern apparatus, which may perhaps stifle the voice of complaint, though they will not be able to bow their necks in submission to the decree of their General. Considering that they have already pretty stiff work in the Crimea, it is too bad to make their work still stiffer by the stocks, which have been already once discarded, and are now resumed with a sort of neck or nothing recklessness on the part of the authorities, who have not succeeded in suggesting some more agreeable ties by which to bind our men to the service of their country.

### Literary Men who Help Themselves.

PLAGIARISTS, who take care of number one in looking always after number two, only help themselves to the thoughts of others, perhaps, because they are told that "Second thoughts are best;" and, if they find them the best, you cannot well blame them for taking them.

### FINISHERS OF MARTIAL LAW.



HERE is a certain department of the public service which has been shamefully neglected; not, indeed, by the Gentlemen who have had the honour of filling it, but by Governments and Society itself, which have not duly recognised that honour. From the sub-joined document, quoted from the *Medical Times and Gazette*, which declares it to have been written but a week ago by an Adjutant General of the Forces, may

be derived a sanguine hope that the acknowledgment of the dignity of that branch of office is not very far distant:—

"Adjutant-General's Office, E—, March —

"Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 9th instant, I have the honour to acquaint you, that by the direction of the Major General commanding, PRIVATE D— J—, of the —th Regiment, is to undergo the sentence awarded him in the gaol of —, and that the prisoner must be marked with the letter D. in the regimental hospital by the Assistant-Surgeon before being committed to gaol."

Our medical contemporary says, in reference to the blanks in the foregoing, "For obvious reasons we conceal names." Those reasons will not be obvious to persons who entertain an adequate idea of a vocation which is peculiarly elevating; and we, at least, do not hesitate to mention a name, which, (though a civilian's), the above communication will entitle to rank with that of an officer and a gentleman. That name is CALCRAFT, the bearer of which has for many years been confidentially employed in carrying into effect the most solemn decisions of the Judges of England: a task in which he has acquitted himself with uniform success. When the fact is known, as we are happy in contributing to make it, that the minor operations of that surgery whereof MR. CALCRAFT is a professor, are wont to be performed by Medical Officers in the Army, the result,

doubtless, will be a much higher estimate of that gentleman's function than what has hitherto prevailed. Capital operations in the same line would, we presume, if necessary, be committed to the same gentlemen so that they, in the Crimea, would bear just that relation to the Provost-Marshal which Mr. C. bears to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

### PUNCH, THE NEW RACING PROPHECY.

#### TO THE BETTING PUBLIC.

HULLO! HOY! DON'T BE DONE. THERE IS BUT ONE PROPHECY, and *Punch* is the Party. Now's your time. I have ten certainties and seventy-two good things for my patrons. Didn't I prophecy all right for the last Derby? Didn't I write to my subscribers to mind what they were about, and put their money on a good horse? And didn't a good horse win? Very well then. I brought you all off with a wet finger. But that's nothing to what I can, and will do this year. Capital, my boys, that is the secret. If you like to go to any of those needy swindlers who live in lofts over stables, and write their tips on public house tables, you can, but don't come roving to me, if you get in a hole. They can advertise, after a race, that they sent the winner only, and who can disprove it? But how should they get at stable secrets? Why, a decent stable-boy wouldn't be seen with the seedy parties at a dog-fight. The capitalist does the trick, my friends. I don't puff myself. Why should I? Thanks to my noble patrons, who pay to the bour, and with such and none others I desiderate to have doings, I need no new subscribers. I am on the free list of all the great stables. Not a feed is given, nor a mash neither, but *Punch* knows it. I am an independent capitalist. But I can't bear to see the public cheated by carnivorous cads and oleaginuous ostlers, naming themselves as Prophets. Prophets (profits) indeed! Looses, say I. However, I need few words. I sent Fandango for the Met. I sent Star of England for the Grand Brum. Hungerford (how are you, BARON?) for the Great Northamptonshire. Questionable for the Pytheley. Kingstown for HER MAJESTY'S (God bless her) plate. Thames-Ditton for the Whittlebury (my LORD CHESTERFIELD, you did me proud). Foxhunter for the Earl's Plate, and Talfourd for the Cup. If any one doubts whether these were the winners of those races, perhaps he'll put on his gig-lamps, (vulgo, barnacles,) and peruse the *Sunday Times*. Others may advertise that they did the like, to which my rejoinder is—Walker. You send to me. I have the winners for all the great events coming, especially the Guineas and the Derby. They shall be sent to my subscribers. Don't be alarmed at anything that happens—if my horses go out of the betting, it will only be that they may come in again in a blaze of honour and profit. I have two or three smaller things, safe, for confiding friends, beside a long shot for the Goody. Pots are boiling. Anybody wanting to place a quiet monkey, let him ask me. Confidence, my boys, in your veteran capitalist and well-wisher. Why not take my "hints to make home happy." Single coves, (lucky dogs) "faint heart never won fair lady." Married parties, (happy men), try your luck, and treat your good ladies with your winnings, besides a trifle for the old stocking in the cupboard. Bereaved buffers, (such is life), there's a comfort in the chink of rosy gold. Send up to *Punch*, directing carefully, *Punch*, care of SAMUEL BURGESS, (to whom make your post-office orders payable, without which no attention, as you cannot expect I am to outlay my capital and give my valuable secrets and time for nothing), No. 3, (third floor back), Bowling's Rents, Groddle Lane, Stenbington Street, Borough. (N.B. Postpaid, or not taken in.) And may our wonted luck be ours and more, and so confidence in your veteran capitalist, the only and true Racing Prophet.—N.B. Be very particular about the address for the post-office orders.

"THE GREEK KALENDS."—LORD RAGLAN is getting this Calendar ready, for the period when Sebastopol is taken.

## THE AMATEUR OLYMPIANS.



AINLY because he desires to applaud, with all his voice, both his hands, and much stamping of his respected feet, the spirit which prompts literary men to aid one another, *Mr. Punch* begs to make "honourable mention" of an Olympic performance which he witnessed some nights ago at the Olympic Theatre.

Amateur performances with a kindly object have, by journalistic prescription, a claim to be exempt from criticism; and, as it usually happens that they are exceedingly bad, the privilege has its advantages. In the present instance the reverse is the case; but, assuredly, *Mr. Punch* is not going to violate this right of exemption, simply because the principal portion of the performances in question happened to be marvellously good. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the GARRICK. The neutral flag of amateurship shall equally protect, from the right of search, the Ship of Fools, and the craft whose sailors are Masters of their Craft.

But *Mr. Punch* desires to place on his imperishable pages the record that a literary man (of industry, of versatility, and exemplary in the relations of private life) had overtaken his mental and physical powers, and in consequence that he was reduced to a state of prostration from which medical judgment announced that he could recover only after a protracted interval of rest. That his pecuniary resources were necessarily cut off by this unexpected occurrence. That after a few literary friends had aided him, with purse or pen, as they best might, they resolved on a larger effort. That they did not memorialise great people, or beg in drawing-rooms, or advertise Good Samaritans who like to see their names in print that anything given should be duly acknowledged. They did a worthy thing. They associated other literary men with themselves, and some others whose connexions and interests are with literature, and the united party organized and presented an entertainment, which brought in a golden harvest. The "fashionable world" or such portion of it as could obtain admission, crowded to the theatre, and *Mr. Punch* is told that the list of those who applied in vain for that happiness was appallingly aristocratic. But all this *éclat*, and all this well-bestowed money were obtained for a literary man by his brethren, in honourable and legitimate fashion, and when the object of their solicitude is restored to health (as *Mr. Punch* earnestly trusts he may be) he will have no reason to think that his necessities have been succoured in any way at which an artist should murmur. And because *Mr. Punch* is gratified with this wholesome spirit of co-operation for—instead of solicitation of—charity, he notices the performance in question, and not because the Amateur Pantomime (with Miss ROSINA WRIGHT as its admirable *Columbine*) was one of the freshest, best, and most amusing things he has ever seen during his long, useful, and exemplary life.

## Noon-Day Truisms.

No one cares for Turtle-Soup after the first twenty minutes.  
The happiest moment of your life is when you don't know it.  
A Woman's Life is made up of "five minutes," for she never takes more to put on her bonnet, change her dress, go out shopping, order the dinner, or do anything else.

## THE OLD MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

By the success which has attended the establishment of associations of young men for the cultivation of each other's minds, of some patriotic individuals have been induced to attempt the formation of an Old Men's Society with a similar object. The experiment of mutual education has been tried upon the youth of the middling classes, but it will be repeated among elderly men in the higher ranks. To restore the Latin and Greek which old gentlemen have forgotten will naturally be imagined to be the design of the contemplated institution; but it is intended rather to teach them what they have never learned. The application of common knowledge and common sense to the conduct of civil and military affairs, is the end of which the Old Men's Mutual Improvement Society is destined to the promotion.

It has lately been customary to consider our aged officials as universally ignorant of all practical business. The case is not quite so bad as this. Great and lamentable as their destitution may generally be of the knowledge of almost everything they ought to know, each individual among them, for the most part, possesses some little information of a serviceable nature, which he can impart to his fellow, receiving instruction on some other subject in return. This interchange of ideas between the various Boards—the Ordnance and the Horse Guards, the Victualling Office and the Admiralty, and the Medical Department and that of the Transport Service—cannot but be attended with a certain beneficial result.

During those intervals of leisure which are afforded the superior classes by the Easter holidays, and those of Christmas, which are not limited to one, or two, or three days; on these, and such-like opportunities, the members of the Old Men's Mutual Improvement Society will attend the Polytechnic and similar institutions, and inspect warehouses, works, and manufactories, with a view to the collection of useful facts to be communicated to one another at the Society's Conversations.

The Old Men's Mutual Improvement Society will be furnished with rooms, including a suitable place of meeting, and a library, well stocked with useful elementary works, and supplied with illustrative models and specimens; besides an electrical machine, a galvanic battery, a thermometer and barometer, a pair of globes, and a pneumatic trough. A Lecture will be delivered every Saturday evening by one of the members, on some topic with which it behoves the rest to be acquainted, and which he happens to understand, or has exerted himself to get up. Failing such a Lecturer, the Managers of the Society will secure the attendance of some competent commercial or scientific gentleman to deliver a Discourse, of which the senile hearers will afterwards endeavour to impress the particulars on each other's memories, by means of mutual question and answer.

Recitations from the most approved works, on branches of useful knowledge, will be occasionally delivered at the *réunions* of the Society; and a Discussion Forum will be held from time to time, when the first principles of moral and political science will be debated.

The premises to be occupied by the Old Men's Mutual Improvement Society will be selected in the immediate vicinity of Downing Street.

## WARNING TO CLICQUOT.

CLICQUOT, there is, as thou art like to know,  
A Hostelry, that, crowning Richmond Hill,  
O'erlooks the placid vale of Thames below,  
And the far woodlands. Some six years ago,  
For oaken sapling having changed goose-quill,  
I tramped—it is my frequent journey still—  
A goody round, where in that Tavern lay;  
The Star and Garter. In a double row  
People threath were standing, whom between,  
From a low chaise was helped in, painfully,  
A bent old man in a gray gabardine,  
And some one said to him, "*Volre Majesté*,"  
LOUIS PHILIPPE, discrowned, I there did see,  
As, in some future walk, thyself I may.

## The Army, the Navy, and the Navvies!

We have had the PRINCE OF WALES drawn as a midshipman; we have had PRINCE ALFRED figuring as a drummer-boy; and now, as a further royal tribute to another great Service of the State, we are to have PRINCE ARTHUR in the costume of a Navvie. In a day or two, a beautiful engraving of the Prince, with a wide-awake, and pickaxe, and a pair of enormous jack-boots running up to his little hips, will be exhibited in the windows of our principal printers, with a graceful dedication "to our brave Navigators in the Crimea." It will be, of course, a *line* engraving.



## FLUNKEIANA.

*Recruiting Sergeant.* "COME, TAKE THE SHILLING LIKE A MAN; AND HAVE A TURN AT THE RUSSIANS IN THE CRIMEA."

*Pampered Menial.* "A—THANK YOU, I DON'T SEEM TO SEE IT. THE FACT IS A—THAT—A—THE WORK IS 'ARD; AND—A—THE BOARD IS BAD."

## ALEXANDREW.

## A Rural Ballad.

You've heerd the news that NICHOLAS, besides QUEEN ANNE, is dead,  
And 'tis said as how that young NICK do reign in old NICK's stead;  
For most folks old NICK's son and heir concludes young NICK to be:  
But his name is ALEXANDREW the Czar of Muscovy.

But little do it argify concernin' of his name;  
The pint is if his natur and his weather's is the zame.  
The old man wanted for to hold command of land and sea:  
But what says ALEXANDREW the Czar of Muscovy?

Do he intend to persevere as t'other onc began?  
And have 'a got the veather's pride—which was not made for man?  
Or will he draa his horns in, and unto tarms agree,  
This here young ALEXANDREW, the Czar of Muscovy?

Some says to moderation although he've got a mind,  
That he can't act accordin' to what he is inclined,  
And must do what the priestes and noblemen decree,  
Although he's ALEXANDREW, the Czar of Muscovy.

I hopes the death of NICHOLAS will bring about a peace,  
Then I shall look upon it as a mercy and release,  
And holler, notwithstanding War be thrivin' times for we,  
Hooray for ALEXANDREW, the Czar of Muscovy!

But if a wun't, or can't give ear to rason and to right,  
Why then we must pitch into un wi' all our main and might,  
And try which is the best man by that means for to see,  
The QUEEN, or ALEXANDREW the Czar of Muscovy.

## THE UNACKNOWLEDGED CAPTAINS.

"ONCE a Captain always a Captain," is a saying commonly received. A man may, however, have been a Captain not only for a limited period, but for any term; not only a Captain but a General; may have performed the most signal services, and gained the most glorious victories in the Indian army, and yet, on arriving in this country, become no officer at all. To be once a Captain, therefore, somewhere in the British empire is not to be always a Captain everywhere in the same. Can these statements, asks the foreign reader, be true? Are they not some of *Mr. Punch's* nonsense? Is it possible that such an infamous and absurd regulation as that which he alludes to is maintained in regard to the British army? Not only can *Mr. Punch* assure his exotic friend that these things are so, but also that our Indian officers about to be employed in the Crimea, to supply the incapacity of those at present in command there, are to have merely local rank in that sphere of service: besides which they are to be rewarded with much less pay than that whereof they have been in the receipt.

It is further a fact that these terms have been accepted by several Indian officers, who must either be the greatest of patriots, or the greatest of fools—and the latter are not wanting in the Crimea. To allow these officers to retain their previous pay may be impracticable, but what can deny them the advantage of mere rank in the Army but a stinginess which is simply idiotic? Rank costs nothing. This shabby and senseless injustice—this unprofitable wrong—this parsimony which saves no expense—this gratuitous evil and folly which might be abolished by a word—to coexist with this present Government; to have existed after PALMERSTON had been in office a single week! Oh PALMERSTON! PALMERSTON!!

## Literary Intelligence.

We see advertised a publication, called "*The Ferns of Great Britain*." We suppose this is in healthy contrast to "the Ferns of the United States,"—we mean, the FANNY FERNS, and others, more or less green and worthless, that for some time past have been spreading themselves with such rank fertility over the fields of Yankee literature. We notice that our English Ferns are "Nature Printed," whereas with your FANNY FERNS of America, there is scarcely a leaf printed that does not denote the very reverse of Nature.

## THE CHARACTER OF AURORA.

BY A LATE RISER.

"I begin to question very much the lofty, much-extolled character of AURORA. First of all, she is decidedly light-fingered; for her very first act upon rising is to strip the earth of all its dews. Then, before a single person is up, she rifles every bank, and, with the proceeds of her robbery, rushes about tipping the mountains with gold. You will say that "it is a way she has got;" but, for myself, I imagine that it would be better for the young lady to be just before she is liberal, and her high sense of justice is best shown by the fine, glowing, malicious pleasure she takes in always breaking the Day."

## Adams's Antiquities.

OUR old friend and astronomer, who brings together annually an almost unlimited number of stars at the Adelphi, has been again at home there with his usual Company of Comets, assisted by the Band of Orion and his two favourite Bears, the Major and the Minor. Considering the accession of novelty that MR. ADAMS brings every year into the field, we think he ought to take in future for his motto, the famous line (*with variations*):—

"On Orrery's head, Orreries accumulate."

## Happiness.

SCENE.—Near a celebrated Pie-Shop in St. Giles's.

*Little Girl (to Little Girl still less than herself).* "HERE, SUSANNAH, let's come and look at the Pies."

## A CLERICAL CHARGE.

How can Churchmen complain of the Church being deserted, when they themselves fill it with nothing but empty forms?



## ORNITHOLOGY OF THE CITY.



characteristic of the vulture, as swooping on the Billingsgate fish would be suggestive of the cormorant; but it must be remembered that the Corporation also preys extensively on coals. In fact its appetite is so comprehensive, that it may be regarded as consisting of ostriches, rather than the birds above specified, except that the ostrich can digest anything, and the Corporation can digest no scheme of Civic Reform.

THE Corporation of the City of London is not composed of cormorants and vultures. It may be true, as a correspondent of the *Times* says, that a Deputation of the Markets' Improvement Committee waited the other day on the Lords of the Treasury "to gain their sanction for fixing a toll of 2d. on every cwt. of dead meat that is to be sold in the New Metropolitan Cattle Market." Whereby, according to the present supply of dead meat, they would net £10,000 per annum, besides their rental, expected to be "100 per cent. per annum on the cost of shops." This pouncing upon the dead meat, may appear indeed, cha-

## SURLY SENTIMENTS.

(By a Professed Old Grumbler.)

VANITY never died yet of a surfeit.

A Parent who strikes a child is like a man who strikes the water—the consequences of the blow are sure to fly up in his own face.

There are fools who cannot keep a secret. Their excessive greenness, like that of new wood, makes them split.

Reform is an omnibus that's always "just going to start."

Friends, like tumblers in frosty weather, are apt to fly at the first touch of hot water.

It is with a faded beauty as with a clock—the more the face is enamelled, the more clearly do we see the progress of Time.

The most uncomfortable house to live in is a house full of pets,—such as pet dogs, pet canaries, pet squirrels, parrots, and cats,—but, worse than all, pet children!

Cerberus must have been a box-keeper, originally, at a theatre.

There is no one so long-lived as your delicate fine lady, who is always "dying."

I have generally found that a "little party" with a "little music," and a "little singing," with a "little vint-et-un" after that, followed by a "little supper," and lastly a "little grog" just before going home, carry one up to five or six o'clock in the morning, and invariably end in a little headache the next day.

## The Museum Flea.

CARLYLE, HUDSON KIRBY, and others, have talked a great deal about the powers of the "Museum Flea." We suppose this is no other than the identical Flea which SIGNOR PANIZZI is always catching in his car about the Museum Library. Often as he catches it, however, it does not seem to sting him particularly to the quick, if we may judge from the extreme slowness of the Catalogue, which may certainly be looked upon as the very perfection, in all its coolness, of "lettered ease."

## PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FAIR.

THE subjoined extract from the Paris news of the *Times*, indicates a great defect in female education:—

"A religious ceremony took place last evening (Good Friday) in the Tuilleries. The EMPRESS, EMPRESS, and the Court were present, and about 100 strangers were admitted with tickets. Out of reverence for the solemn character of the day, it was notified on the card of admission that all persons assisting at the service should appear in deep mourning. . . . Some of the French ladies present, probably out of compliment to the EMPRESS, also wore the characteristic head-dress of Spain, and carried fans of the same dark colour. They were probably French or English, for the experienced eye could see at the first glance, in spite of the Spanish costume, that the movement of the fan, which no hand or wrist can manage except a thoroughbred Spanish one, was a decided failure, notwithstanding its rapidity and energy."

The defect to which *Mr. Punch* alludes he would, if he had time, endeavour to supply in some degree by delivering a series of lectures on the Ludicrous. Of this quality as exhibited in human actions, women have almost no idea. Merry indeed they are, in youth at least; laugh continually. But when they laugh at anything—for they often laugh at nothing, laugh when there is nothing to laugh at—the cause of the laughter is mere oddity. An odd bonnet will make them laugh, that is to say a bonnet different from the bonnets in fashion; but they don't laugh at a bonnet which is essentially absurd: for instance, a bonnet which is *not* a covering to the head, but covers only the occiput. A rational observation is as likely to make them, for the most part, laugh, as anything. There are jokes that do lie too deep for laughter; they don't laugh at these: but it is because they don't see them. Could a lot of French and English ladies, probably of the first sort, have dressed themselves in mourning on the occasion of Good Friday, gone to church on the same, and on that day, in that place, in that dress, and in a posture of genuflection, have employed themselves in trying to flirt their fans Spanish fashion, if they had any the least sense of the ridiculousness of æsthetical incongruity?

## Great Mouse Meeting.

THE Lyceum being closed on Easter Monday, a great meeting of the Mice was held on the Stage to consider the present alarming condition of the drama. After a somewhat lengthened debate, it was moved and carried that "in consequence of the prohibitive amount of rent required for the Lyceum building, all the Mice should, until further notice, adjourn to the landlord's cupboard."

## "THE OLD, OLD STORY."

In a late debate on the Ordnance estimates—

"COLONEL KNOX wished to know whether the great coats supplied to the army had been properly surveyed before being issued from the Ordnance? Certainly, any officer who had passed them merited immediate dismissal; for nothing could be more infamous than their quality. They were made of the worst possible material,—the lightest of baize, in fact—and they were utterly useless to the men to whom they were supplied. If no survey had been made, then the Ordnance were greatly to blame.

"MR. MONSELL concurred entirely in the gallant officer's description of these great coats, though they were perfectly up to the pattern, and therefore no one was to blame for passing them. The chief object, when they were first issued, was to give the men as little to carry as possible, and the lightest material was therefore preferred."

Here is again the old official story: the coats are the "worst possible," but—"no one is to blame." Out of two advantages the Government, as by routine bound, chose the least; the coats it is true were "utterly useless," but then *per contrà* they were "little to carry." It is the first time certainly that we ever heard of a great coat being chosen for its littleness. We suppose, however, that as it was of course expected that our soldiers would return covered with glory, it was doubtless thought superfluous to pay much attention to any other covering; and it might have plausibly been argued that the weight of their laurels would amply make amends for the lightness of their baize.

Seeing what a military turn just now most of our cheap tailors are giving their advertisements, we quite expect to find upon our breakfast table one fine morning shortly, some such appropriate announcement as the following:—

"MESSRS. Noses beg to inform their patrons generally, that having lately executed a contract for supplying the Army with their Winter great coats, they have a quantity of the same material on hand which will be found extremely suitable for Summer garments. MESSRS. Noses would especially invite attention to their Gossamer d'Été or Ordnance Overcoat, which is made precisely of the contract cloth and pattern, and is being now extensively exported to the Tropics. On account of the surpassing thinness of the texture MESSRS. Noses cannot guarantee its durability; but it will be found exactly suited for pedestrians and tourists whose chief object is to have as little to carry as possible."

"A WORD TO MY WIFE."—An innocent husband has published a little book with the above title! Does he expect that *his* will be the last word?

## OFFICIAL DEMAND WITHOUT SUPPLY.



**A** N ordinary man of business, who expects a demand, will be prepared with a supply; but government business is conducted on quite the opposite principle. The conduct of the war—or rather the misconduct of the official departments—has furnished lamentable instances of the gross neglect by which wants, that it was well known would arise, were left unprovided for until long after they had existed; while, in some cases, there has been no supply to meet the demand, or the supply has been left to rot within a short distance of the very place where the demand has remained unsatisfied. The excuse urged for this gross

trifling with the necessities of the public service, has been the novelty of the circumstances arising out of the war; but the same tardiness in preparing a supply to meet the demand is an old official habit, for which there is no excuse whatever. It is not long ago that an objection was made to the hurried manner of passing through the estimates, when Mr. WILSON, the Secretary to the Treasury, explained that if the estimates were not passed the Government servants could not be paid their salaries, and he very properly complained of the delay often thrown in the way of the estimates by long-winded debates, which end in nothing, and occupy the early part of the session, to the exclusion of the real business of the country. This is all very true, but as we have now got a business man at the Treasury, in the shape of Mr. WILSON himself, and a clever and conscientious man at the Exchequer, in the shape of SIR G. C. LEWIS, we shall expect them to unite in the determination to insist on the business of their departments being brought on at the proper time, to admit of the payment of the public salaries without hurrying on the estimates with an indecent haste, which precludes the possibility of wholesome scrutiny. Official salaries are, it is well known, payable at certain fixed times, and provision should be made to meet the demand, instead of its being necessary to wake up the officials every quarter to the recollection that there are certain claims that have to be satisfied.

"Punctuality is the soul of business," is a maxim that should be kept in mind by those to whom the business of the country is confided, and we hope MR. WILSON, who as a sound economist knows the value of the economy of time, will allow none to be wasted in that department at least which has the benefit of his abilities.

## A LADY'S POSTSCRIPT TO A CRIMEAN LETTER.

P.S. "I send you, dear Alfred, a complete Photographic apparatus, which will amuse you doubtlessly in your moments of leisure; and if you could send me home, dear, a good view of a nice battle, I should feel extremely obliged."

P.S., No. 2. "If you could take the view, dear, just in the moment of victory, I should like it all the better."

## NOTICE.—IF THE GENTLEMAN ON THE SECOND FLOOR

does not, on and after the 31st of this month, give up playing the Accordion, or make some arrangement for practising it for something less than ten hours a day, the GENTLEMAN ON THE THIRD FLOOR gives notice that he will really be compelled, in self-defence, to learn the Big Drum, or take lessons on the Ophicleide, or become a pupil of some learned Professor of the Chinese Gong, for all of which instruments his heart, not less than his ear, has always entertained the most lively sympathy; and the GENTLEMAN ON THE THIRD FLOOR further gives notice that, as silence is indispensably necessary for the proper mastery of those melodious instruments, he shall not commence his studies until such an hour as he can be sure of commanding the most perfect stillness and repose in the House. These studies (rarely commencing before 1 A.M.) will be continued nightly, up to such a period as the GENTLEMAN ON THE THIRD FLOOR becomes as great a proficient on the Chinese Gong as the GENTLEMAN ON THE SECOND is on the Accordion. N.B. Skittles will also be given during the festive season, for which purpose the Third Floor has been fitted up into a temporary skittle-ground.—Only it is hoped that the GENTLEMAN ON THE SECOND FLOOR does not sleep underneath.

Quiet! Chambers, Regent Street.

## CONCERTS IN THE OPEN AIR.

AMONG the numerous amusements of the season, none seems to equal in novelty the entertainment offered to the inhabitants of Ruddle Moor (a place we never heard of and never hope to see) by the following advertisement:—

## PROVIDENCE BRASS BAND.

**A** CONCERT will be given by this Band, (in the open air), at RUDDE MOOR, near St. Austell, on GOOD FRIDAY, (D.V.) to commence at Two o'Clock in the Afternoon. Ma. WILLIAM HOOPER will preside at the Drum. At the close of the Performances a Collection will be made in aid of the above Band. Leader.—Mr. JOHN BENNETTS.

Dated St. Austell, March 16th, 1855.

We have searched in vain our Maps and our Geographies to find the position of Ruddle Moor on the Map of Europe, and we can only conclude, therefore, that it is a sort of second Miteham, a suburb which we have dragged from its obscurity and placed on the tip of a thousand tongues, that now wag familiarly with a name that once was only—

'Whisper'd in Croydon or mutter'd in Cheam,  
While Tooting caught softly the sound like a dream.'

The "Providence Brass Band" is, we presume, a sort of provincial Philharmonic affair, and its tone and character may be gathered from the fact that it is in its element in the open air, and that the drum is its principal instrument. We cannot form any very accurate notion of its favourite morceaux, for we hardly see what composer's works can be very "conscientiously rendered" where the drum is the chief executant. These open air concerts are perhaps founded on the Musical Union of our friend ELIA, who continues to advertise his "family sofas to hold three," and who will perhaps ultimately find it necessary to provide bedsteads for the accommodation of those who go to yawn over the extracts from the various *Opus* of BACH, and other ponderous masters of the elaborate art of counterpoint.

## APPEAL TO GENERAL BROWN.



OR Firmness, brave old BROWN  
Surpasses any rock,  
But that large bump upon his crown  
Maintains the leather stock.

Now, when that hump's too big,  
In metaphor 'tis said  
That it's possessor is a pig,  
Considered as to head.

MY GENERAL BROWN, give ear  
To Reason's gentle tones:  
Do not, oh! do not, persevere  
In choking PRIVATE JONES.

Carotid arteries give  
The brain of JONES supply  
Of vital stream, and JONES can't live  
Those vessels if you tie.

That stream unto the heart  
Jugular veins restore;  
Forbid those veins to play their  
part,  
And JONES will be no more.

Trachea in his neck  
Doth PRIVATE JONES possess;  
You JONES's respiration check.  
That tube if you compress.

Esophagus likewise  
Hath PRIVATE JONES therein;

Of food you cut off his supplies,  
With strap beneath his chin.]

Brave heart! let not thy head  
Acquire the name of block;  
Let JONES be killed by steel or lead,  
But not be slain by stock.

His circulation free  
Leave JONES, my brave old  
BROWN;  
And let him breathe, and able be  
To get his rations down.

## An Odd Coincidence.

THE *Gardeners' Chronicle* tells us that the War with Russia has already increased the price of garden mats: adding "the great consumers of Russia mats must find a substitute, for BAST is necessary to the business." We now clearly see the importance of the war to the interests of gardening; for is not BAST at least one fourth of Se-bast-opol?

## OUR IGNORAMUSES.

IN America the Know-nothings are becoming every day more popular, while in England the very reverse is the case, if we are to judge by the increasing unpopularity of our men in office.

## TRANSPARENCIES.

WHEN the mother of a large family of grown-up daughters pays a great deal of court to a rich young man, who is not yet blest with a wife, her conduct becomes so ridiculously Transparent that all her female friends openly laugh at her for it.

When a Candidate plays with the children of an Elector, and stuffs them with oranges and sugar-plums, and pays compliments to the wife, and begs to hold the baby whilst "she gets her good man's dinner ready," it does not require the sight of a lynx, or a conjuror, to see through a miserable Transparency like that.

When a friend drops in after dinner, and brings a bag of filberts with him, the Transparency assumes immediately the rich glow of a bottle of wine.

When a medical man is called out of church regularly every Sunday, he must flatter himself exceedingly if he fancies no one sees through a trick so excessively Transparent as that.

When a proud extravagant family breaks up its establishment in town and country, sells off everything it has, and goes to live on the Continent for the purpose of "giving the children the best Continental education," we doubt if there are many persons, even of the most benevolent turn of mind, who give much faith to a story so Transparent.

When Government talks year after year of the "public accounts being framed with the strictest regard to economy," we wonder how many persons are taken in by the Transparency?

When a young swell puts down his horses, and voluntarily gives up his dog-cart, because he "has been ordered to take exercise," the only effect such a Transparency can have on the eyes and minds of his friends is to make them exchange looks of comical incredulity, and smile.

When a servant wishes for a holiday "to go and see her mother" on Easter Monday, or a clerk asks for "a day's leave, if convenient, for the purpose of visiting his aunt in the country who is very poorly," on the Derby Day, though the requests in both instances may be acceded to, still we suspect that the masters, in granting them, kindly shut their eyes to the extreme Transparency of the excuse.

## Unpleasant Puff.

IN a string of advertisements respectively headed "Amandine," "White Hands," "Have you lost your Hair," we lately noticed

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S BOUQUET."

What is this? Chloride of Lime one would suppose is the "bouquet" most largely patronised by MISS NIGHTINGALE at Scutari. To have associated that honoured name with a scent-bottle indicates on the part of the perfumer, more smell than taste.

## HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR IT?

EVER since the New Beer Bill has been the cause of closing the public-houses on the Sunday, there has been a wonderful addition of members to all the cheaper Clubs about Pall Mall.

## A GOVERNMENT VACANCY.

JUDGING from the mismanagement of the War generally, and from the fact of the Raw Coffee principally, it is very evident, we think, that some one is wanted at the head of affairs who is better qualified to "rule the roast."

## Bad Rulers.

WE read of a first, and second, and third, and ever so many more parallels being continually constructed at Sebastopol. We do not understand much about such affairs, but taking high ground, and viewing the whole matter calmly and dispassionately, the Siege certainly appears to us to have been hitherto "a Siege without a Parallel."

## BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

THE *Sir Francis Drake* steamer sailed last week from Jersey with at least eighty emigrants for the Salt Lake! Never, perhaps, did drake swim in company with so many geese!

RANK IMPOSITION.—It seems to be generally understood among the Governing Classes of our blessed country that no one has a claim to a share in the administration of affairs unless he can prove his right by showing his title.

THE MAN FOR FREDERICK WILLIAM.—LORD PALMERSTON is certainly the best statesman to deal with the Court of Berlin. No diplomatist could be so likely to manage the KING OF PRUSSIA as a Judicious Bottleholder.

## A PRETTY FELLOW FOR A BISHOP.

ACCORDING to a Correspondent of the *Atlas*, under the signature of "CLERICUS," a great cruelty is about to be inflicted on the colonists, if not on the aborigines, of Sierra Leone. The Bishop whose diocese includes that settlement has departed this life, and CLERICUS says—

"It is naturally expected by the colonists of our West African settlements, that the individual selected as his successor should be in every respect a man of recognised ability. How far this expectation will be fulfilled remains to be proved, but if my information be correct it will be cruelly disappointed, inasmuch as this see, worth upwards of £1500 per annum, has been offered to an elderly superannuated missionary, formerly many years resident at Sierra Leone, and who at present officiates in a chapel connected with the Church Missionary Society in the neighbourhood of London."

Cruelly disappointed. How *cruelly*? Is the proposed Bishop incapacitated by age? Is he just what a Bishop ought not to be—a disreputable character, the husband of more wives than one, a sot, a brawler, or a money-grubber for example?—if the latter, certainly they will be cruelly disappointed in the Prelate to be appointed to a see "worth upwards of £1500 per annum." Such disappointment, however, although cruel enough, is nothing to those who are used to it, as the inhabitants of the mother country undoubtedly are, if the colonists are not. But no—the disqualification of the reputed Bishop-elect is of quite another kind, in the view of CLERICUS; who continues—

"Far be it from me to deny the abilities of this gentleman for the office he enjoys; but it is another and a very different affair if his literary attainments will not bear the test of examination."

Well: but is this so? CLERICUS simply replies:—

"And how could it be otherwise, considering that he was, it is alleged, originally bred a mechanic, and went out to Sierra Leone in the capacity of a Catechist to the Church Missionary Society upwards of 35 years ago."

Originally bred a mechanic. So have been some learned men—and some more than learned. A mechanic—shall we say a tent maker? Or what does CLERICUS think of the vocation of a carpenter? That to have been originally bred to that mechanical business, entails disability for the office of Bishop? Oh! CLERICUS! Is the carpenter's bench so infinitely beneath the episcopal? Are the hands which have once wielded the adze, and the axe, and the saw, and the plane, and the gouge, and the chisel, and the auger, and the gimlet, and the centre-bit, to be for ever debarr'd from grasping the crosier? Is the brown paper cap exchangeable on no conditions for the mitre? It was not so at the beginning of the first century of this era. But CLERICUS evidently considers that we have changed all that—for a superior system. He proceeds, in allusion to the antecedents of the deprecated Bishop:—

"I mention this in no invidious spirit, viewing it on the contrary as highly commendable; but something very different is very properly looked for in one who seeks to occupy the distinguished position of a high dignitary of the Church; and I venture to maintain, that if this gentleman obtains the Bishopric of West Africa, it will be an injustice done to the hard-working, ill-paid clergy of England, many of whom are equally pious, and have besides won for themselves the highest University honours."

Something very different from a fellow who was originally bred (say) a carpenter, though he has subsequently been a Church Missionary for more than 35 years, is wanted, says CLERICUS, for a Missionary Bishop. What other thing would he have? A thing of unsullied hands, irreproachable white tie, correct black coat, vest, and pantaloons, unexceptionable lavender-kid gloves, dainty intonation, delicate features, Macassar-oiled curls and aristocratic connections? For that is something which has succeeded the primitive Missionaries—from whom it is certainly something very different.

## THE PLAGUE OF THE STREET.

DRAT that tune, which, everywhere,

On street piano tinkles,

Common as fat oysters are,

Fruit-stalls and winkles,

Desk it drives author, distracted, to flee,

Artist it worries from easel:

Nuisance!—how it irritates me!

"Pop goes the Weasel!"

## Sibthorp Poaching.

COLONEL SIBTHORP has denounced the press as a "licentious press." Now this, in the absence of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, is a little unfair. There ought surely to be a copyright, even in abuse; and "licentious" is coming a little too close upon the noble Lord's well-known "ribald."

## THE COFFEE PLANT.

THE state of the Coffee that was sent out to the Crimea injured our late Ministers more than anything else, for it gave every one who was opposed to them such an opportunity of "hitting them on the Raw."

NO WRONG WITHOUT A REMEDY.—The best and only remedy for the evils of Routine is a thorough Routin' out.



POTICHOMANIA (THE ART OF DECORATING GLASS), CARRIED OUT BY MASTER TOM DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

### THE CRUELTY MANIA.

It seems to be the favourite doctrine of the present day that crime among respectable females is a disease, and it would appear that the disease is catching—for it evidently spreads—though we had rather see the parties “catch it” in a different sense from that which is usually employed. With regard to contagious maladies, MISS EMILIE FRANCES GORDON, the baronet's daughter,—who took it into her head to cure a jibbing pony by a series of atrocities quite scientific in their way as experiments in the art of cruelty—has infected other females, in whom the contagion shows itself with more or less of virulence.

A comparatively mild case of feminine indifference to suffering, amounting indeed to a certain degree of appetite for the infliction of pain, may be recognised in the following advertisement recently extracted from the *Times* :—

**TO SCHOOLMISTRESSES.**—WANTED, immediately, for a young lady (above 13), who is giving her Mamma much trouble, a cheerful, but very strict, SCHOOL, where the system with the pupils is more summary and decisive than in the ordinary run of modern establishments. Write, describing the disciplinary

system of the school, and stating the terms for the above young lady; and also (separately) for a little girl, of 7 years old, and stating likewise the number of pupils and of teachers. Address, &c. &c.

“If this announcement had been addressed to the MRS. WHACKFORD SQUEERSES of the present day—if any such exist—it would at once have appealed to the class that must have been in the eye of the “lady” who is in want of “summary and decisive” treatment for “a young lady (above 13) who is giving her Mamma much trouble.”

The equanimity of this “Mamma”—we are glad she does not assume the title of Mother—must be disturbed by very small causes if a girl of 13 is enough to throw her so completely off her moral balance that she savagely demands a school “where the system is more summary and decisive than the ordinary run of modern establishments.” Some of these—at £16 a-year and upwards—are conducted on a scale of starvation and cruelty that would satisfy a moderate taste for torture, though the “Mamma” of the above advertisement will not be contented unless the “disciplinary system” is explained, and the nicer details of torturing are pointed out in such a way as to satisfy her that the young lady, aged 13, will get literally her “whack” for the money.

While providing for the punishment of the unfortunate child that has “given trouble,” the considerate “Mamma” hopes to save herself from future trouble by throwing “a little one in.” While bargaining for a supply of strictness and severity for her elder plague, she demands a statement of the “terms” on which “a little girl of 7 years old” may be “severely and summarily” dealt with. It is scarcely possible that a child of seven can have done much to disturb the tranquillity of this formidable “Mamma,” who is evidently premature in her scheme of torture as far as her younger victim is concerned, even if the elder one should have been occasionally “troublesome.” It does not seem to have occurred to this exemplary Mamma—exemplary as shewing us what to avoid—that Mammams are the fittest persons to take “trouble” with girls of thirteen, who if handed over to the tender mercies of the SQUEERSES, are likely to bring a world of trouble on themselves and all belonging to them—not excepting their “Mammams”—at a later period.

### SONG OF THE SEASON.

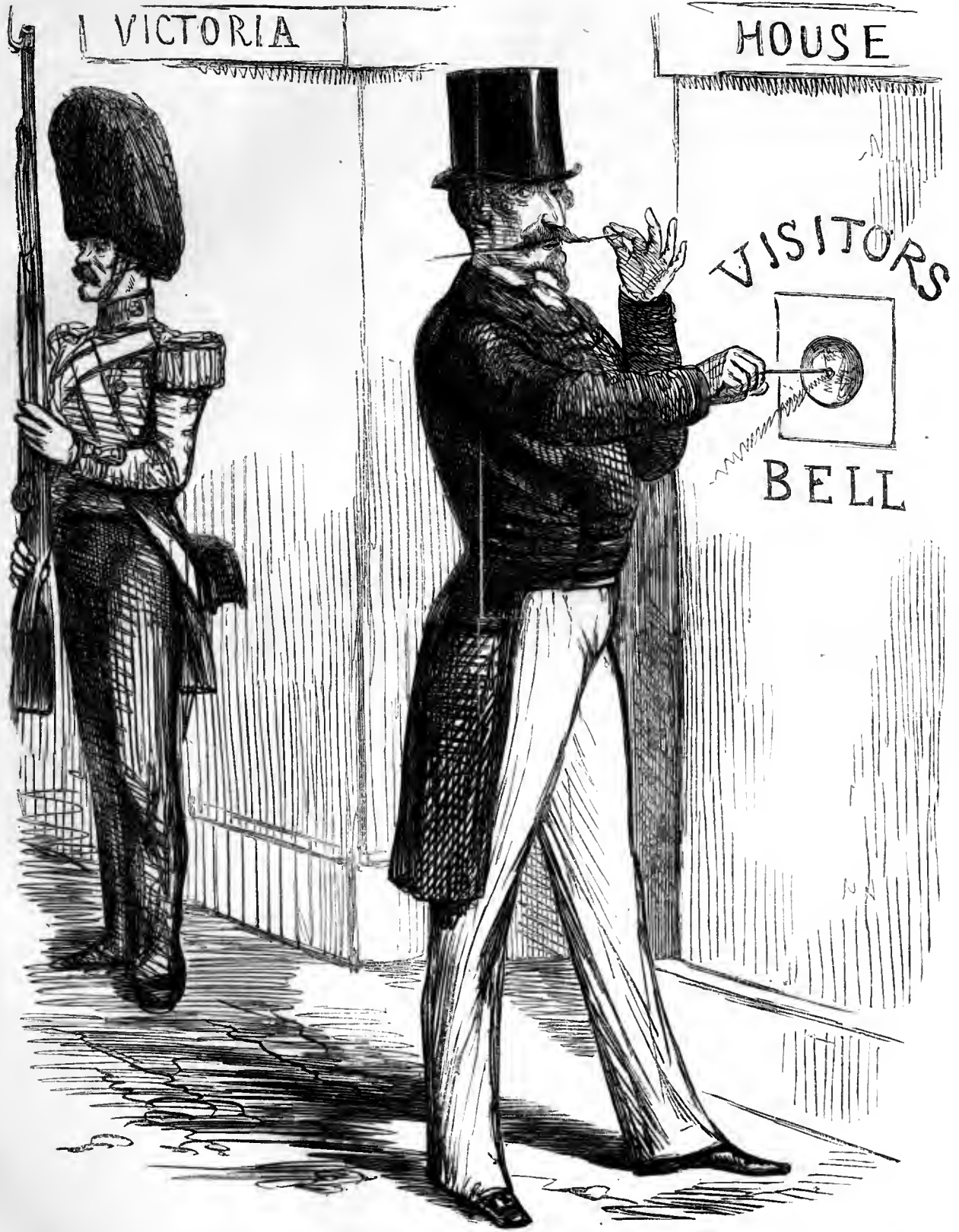
BY A SOLICITOR.

THE Crocus blows in early Spring,  
The Snowdrop also rises;  
Primroses come, with birds that sing,  
And likewise the Assizes.  
Green are the lanes as lovers, who  
Make promises to marry;  
Whereas the Violets are blue:  
So is the bag I carry.

### May and Maynooth.

MR. SPOONER has given notice to the Commons to move “on the first of May for a Committee to take into consideration the laws relating to Maynooth College with a view to their repeal.” This, on the first of May! We hear that MR. NEWDEGATE has promised to pour out ladle-fuls of eloquence, and COLONEL SIBTHORP has pledged himself to be up and dressed as Jack-in-the-Green: nevertheless, we put it to the honourable two whether, on such a day, such an opposition is quite fair to the chimney-sweepers?

ORNAMENTAL FRET-WORK.—The eyes of your beloved after she has been crying.



WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?



1900

LIBRARY

1900  
1900  
1900

THE TRUSTEES

OF THE

GENUINE SCOTCH PRUDENCE.



AIRFLAY is a jewel, and it is but just to DR. ANDREW SMITH to observe, that if he has exhibited in any measure the common Scottish quality of economy, he has also exhibited a faculty also Scottish, but rare. The papers which DR. SMITH has presented to MR. ROEBUCK'S committee, prove that as much as a year ago DR. SMITH wrote a series of letters to the Horse Guards, containing suggestions for the clothing of the troops and the transport of the wounded, which, if they had been attended to, would have saved the army from many disasters, and which, in reference to those disasters, afford decided evidence of "second-sight."

ACCOUNTS FROM THE ACADEMY.

WE are happy to hear that great numbers of the Artists who have painted pictures for the approaching Exhibition of the Royal Academy, have had the courage to break new ground, and to select their subjects from the writings of Authors who have hitherto escaped the painter's attention. This desirable change is in some degree due to the wise resolution of the Committee, who have decided that no *Harold, Vicar of Wakefield, Gil Blas, Master Slender and Anne, John Anderson my Jo, Quixote and Sancho, Napoleon in a Brown Study*, or similar subjects, in dealing with which the artists have enjoyed the unfair advantage of seeing several thousand previous treatments of the theme, shall be admitted. The Painters have therefore been thrown upon their own resources; and many of them in hunting for subjects have been greatly astonished to learn that there are other books in the world besides those from which the above historical scenes are taken. Of course, as might be expected from men suddenly launched into a new world, they have made curious selections, and shewn the misconception likely to arise from non-familiarity with literature; but this may be overlooked, and the healthy habit of thinking for oneself will gradually become easier to these gentlemen. We deprecate all severity upon the jumbles some of them may be found to have made.

We have been favoured with an early copy of the Exhibition Catalogue. The motto upon the title page is this year, as usual, a profound aphorism:

"Nature is in no degree different from Art, except in so far as Art herself is unlike Nature."—PIOMENT'S *Platitudes*.

From the Catalogue we find that among the new subjects are the following:—

- 19. Cicero refusing to pay Rent for his Offices . . . *Brown.*
- 23. Sylla slaying Charybdis . . . *Jones.*
- 30. Brutus and Cassius over the body of Lucretia . . . *Robinson, A.*
- 35. Dido Dumb . . . *Smith.*

"When Dido saw Æneas would not come,  
She mourned in silence, and was *di, do, dum.*"  
*JOHNSON'S Gerunds.*

- 39. The Mosque of Homer . . . *Biggs.*
- 41. Massacre of the Januaries . . . *Stubbs.*
- 42. Alexander the Great, incited by Thais, burns down the Alexandrian Library, which he had erected in honour of his father, Haman . . . *Hobbs.*
- 50. The Death of the Goddess Pallas . . . *Jobson.*

"Pallas to hoc vulnere."—*Virgil.*

- 52. Godfrey, dispatching Tancred to see after the enchanted Armada, offers him a glass of his Cordial (*Vide Tasso*) . . . *Higgins.*

- 54. Legend of Scandinavian Mythology. The god Woden, in a fit of madness, tears off his hair, and calls himself the god Balder, but is melted at the approach of the god Thaw . . . *J. Bumps.*
- 59. "Hesper leading forth the spangled Knights." A Mediæval procession . . . *Gubbins, A.*

- 62. The Inventor of Tapestry sees the Goblins . . . *Wopps.*
  - 63. Horace advises Mæcenas to fish every day . . . *Snooks.*
- "Nulla dies sine lineâ."

- 67. Massacre of the Sicilian Mariners on board the *Vesper*, Evil May Day . . . *Gravesend.*
- 70. Sir Christopher Wren and Queen Elizabeth on the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's . . . *Grigg.*  
"Her Grace having sufficiently admired the noble prospect of city and river, outspread before her as in a chart, said, smilingly, to the proud architect of the fane, 'But, Sir Kit, where is the Monument? I were loth to lose sight of that, by my fackios.' To which Sir Christopher replied, *Si Monumentum requiris, circumspice, Regina!* Whereat her Grace laughed, and said, 'These Wrens do ever fly high.'"—*WALKER'S Anecdotes.*
- 75. Flogging in the Navy . . . *Boson.*  
The harmless, necessary Cat."—*Merchant of Venice.*
- 79. Night in the North. "Now the Wolf beholds the Moon." . . . *O'Flannigan.*
- 88. Proh Pewdoor! The humble but early Church-goer is unable to obtain a Seat, while the late but wealthy attendant is inducted into a Pew . . . *Staggers.*  
"Io non credo più—"
- 107. View in the Sun, an imaginary composition, but the topographical details from "Lalla Rookh" . . . *Miss Wiggles.*  
"In that delightful Province of the Sun.  
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,  
Flowerets and fruits blush over every stream,  
And, fairest of all birds," &c.
- 133. The wounded Soldier in Hospital is visited by Miss Nightingale . . . *Tombins.*  
"Sur ma prison vienne au moins *PHILOMÈLE.*"—*Beranger.*
- 178. Richmond, as it would look if it were really situated as supposed by Shakespeare, namely, "on the seas." . . . *Dibbleby, A.*
- 197. Christopher Columbus discovering that an egg would break if it were smashed down upon a table . . . *Yolk.*
- 204. The Rich Uncle, returned from Calcutta, wonders at the Changes in Society . . . *Quihigh.*  
"Le, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind."
- 230. "Hoc erit in votis." I vote for another bottle of hock . . . *Jolly.*
- 312. Dr. Johnson and the Potatoes . . . *E. Gobemouche.*  
"Dining with Mrs. Thrale, my revered friend complained of the potatoes. 'Ah! you have not got a good one, Doctor,' said the lady. 'Try this, for that before you is not at all mealy.' 'Spero meliora, dear Madam,' said Dr. Johnson, handing his plate, and I am happy to add that my venerated friend was not disappointed."—*BOSWELL, iii. 172.*
- 408. Allegorical composition indicating the late tremendous attack upon Routine by the Member for Nineveh (—Layard, M.P.) . . . *Menzies.*  
"The *Assyrian* came down like a wolf on the fold."
- 555. Subject from Chaucer. The Boy who had been put to death by the Jews, nevertheless continueth miraculously to utter his hymn, evidently prophesying England's first Crimean victory . . . *Pumpe.*  
"Yet didde he syngs 'O Alma! londe and clære."
- 602. Historical Scene. The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn, stands waiting for Sir Richard Strachan; Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em, stands waiting for the Earl of Chatham (*Painted for Lord Raglan and Admiral Dundas.*) . . . *Wagg, A.*
- 670. "The Rage of the Vulture, the Love of the Turtle." A Scene at Guildhall—Dinner announced . . . *O. Greenfat.*
- 780. The Milliner's Bill.—A domestic Scene . . . *P. IU Garlick.*  
"How much the wife is dearer than the bride!"
- SH. The Naval Engagement off Plessey le Tours, on the 31st February, 1793. On the left, Admiral Blazes is seen going into action in the *Splendacious*, followed by the *Ignominious*, *Woltopper*, *Washingtub*, and *Torpedo*. The enemy's reserve is tacking to windward, and his flagship, *L'Epouvantable*, with double shotted guns, hears directly down upon the stunsle-booms of the *Ignominious*. A light breeze is catching the foksle-sheet of the *Splendacious* which has ported her helm to baffle the manœuvre, while at the moment selected by the painter the *Torpedo* blows up fore and aft, the *Washingtub* goes down bulwarks foremost, the Admiral breaks out into a violent perspiration, and a terrible charge of Horse Marines thrown into the cockpit of *L'Epouvantable* decides the day . . . *L. Iabber.*  
(*Painted for Greenwich Hospital.*)

## DEATH BY OFFICIAL ROUTINE.



WE really seem to have got into the same state of twaddle and imbecility in our official system, as that under which a KING OF SPAIN was once roasted alive, because the proper officer was not at hand to extinguish the Royal garments when they happened to have caught fire. It is true that there were plenty of attendants standing by during the gradual combustion of the Monarch, but as Lord High Snuffers was not in the way to snuff him out, and Extinguisher-in-Ordinary did not happen to be in waiting at the exact moment when the Royal dressing-gown broke out into a flame, the Monarch was permitted to blaze literally away, until there was nothing left but the Royal ashes to be removed by the Lord High Dust Shovel, when that distinguished

officer arrived. Whether this little anecdote is well authenticated we will not vouch, but the following paragraph, extracted from the *Observer*, which professes to be an organ of the Court and the Government, describes a state of things almost as bad as that which led to the roasting of Spanish Royalty in the manner above described:—

"THE LATE FEARFUL EXPLOSION AT THE PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.—POOR INSPECTOR STROUD breathed his last on Friday morning week, at seven o'clock, at Haslar Hospital. Another man, named SYDENHAM, is in a most dangerous state; and it is not unlikely that three or four others,

now lying with broken arms and legs, may be cut off in the prime of life, because a report of an escape of gas cannot be received by the clerk of the works, unless he receives the same through an official channel, which would take hours to accomplish, and during which inexcusable delay a second accident might occur equally frightful in effect."

From this paragraph we learn that life has been sacrificed because the intimation of an escape of gas could only be received "through an official channel," and consequently nobody in office could trouble himself about the channel by which the gas itself was being received. We can fancy the "proper authorities" waiting for an "official report" of the escape of the gas, and being suddenly awakened from their drowsy inaction by a report issuing from the gas itself in the form of a terrific explosion, involving a fearful sacrifice of life and property.

We can imagine the Surveyor's Department leisurely forwarding a communication to the Inspector's Department, to be submitted to the Central Board, to be referred back to the Surveyor, to be entered on the minutes, and returned for further inspection to the Inspector, with directions to communicate with the Engineering Department, as to the propriety of sending an engine to extinguish a fire then raging, in consequence of an escape of gas. Supposing the engine to be ordered, the probability is, that there would be no pump except the pumps at the head of the Department, which, of course, would be found unfit for any useful work. Suppose the pumps to be got into a state of efficiency, the chances are, that if the fire was at Portsmouth, the engine would be at Plymouth, the pumps at Woolwich, the buckets at Devonport, and the "proper officer" at the Land's End.

It is, indeed, a mark of the cool audacity with which, in the words of the *Times*, the authors of all the mismanagement that has been complained of, "seem determined to put down popular clamour by defiance," when a recognised organ of the Ministry parades impudently in the paragraph we have quoted, the frightful instance of official neglect, which is said to have sacrificed one life, and endangered several others.

COALITION!—The *Herald* has discovered a "coalition" between MESSRS. GLADSTONE and BRIGHT. Henceforth, the Oxford mixture is to be synonymous with drab.

## "THE THREE STONES!"

THE *Belfast News-Letter* makes known to the people of Ireland a most comforting, most Christian-like bit of intelligence. There never was such an Easter offering of balm, and myrrh, and spikenard.

"The three large stones placed on the rails of the railway at Trillick, for the destruction of the Protestants, are to be preserved as mementos of that awful affair, when so many were providentially delivered. One stone is to be fixed prominently in the Protestant Hall of Derry, another in the Protestant Hall of Enniskillen, and the third in the Protestant Hall of Belfast."

How all the Christian charities must labour at this goodly masonry! What softening, healing work it must be, to fix these stones that might have been dyed carbuncle red with human blood, as enduring pillars of still enduring rancour, hostility, and revenge! In the good old times—which certain folks of Derry, Enniskillen, and Belfast must grievously lament as passed away and gone—it was a vengeful wisdom to slit the dead body of a criminal into four quarters, and to hang them up at separate city gates as savoury offerings, reeking as they would in the sun, to the smug, satisfied nose of Justice. Beautiful records were they of a tender and paternal government that played at fast and loose with the balter, and played as it listed, with the disembowelling knife. Well, these times are gone; but, at least, their spirit still lingers in the holy places of Derry, of Enniskillen, and Belfast. The festering quarters of a traitor are not to be hung upon hooks in the sunlight; little birds are not to perch upon the matted, blackened head,—but we can at least raise everlasting stones as monuments of bad blood, that blood may continue even in the veins of yet unborn little ones. Beautiful were the strains that, touched by the finger of the rising sun, the stone of MEMNON set forth,—but how much more delightful, touched by the Celtic imagination, will be the party tunes sounding, sounding—like fairy trumpettings echoed in Killarney's rocks—in the three stones of Trillick! *Garry Owen* and *Croppies Lie Down*, and *Saint Patrick's Day*, and other lullabies that have been sung to Irish liberty, now rocked in the cradle, and now carried in the coffin. How wise! How Christian-like to perpetuate the memory of bitter, bad intent, by erecting thereto the homicidal stones of Trillick.

Will certain Earls and Gentlemen inaugurate the erection of these three pillars? Shall we have more of the potato blossoms—or, rather

of the orange flowers of oratory? Will the goodly work be celebrated and solemnised by mutual visitings? Will Derry embrace Enniskillen, and Enniskillen in ample fold embrace both Derry and Belfast?

And thus the Three Stones of Trillick are to be set up as stones whereupon Party may continually whet, even as a knife, its most vengeful passion. Good folks of the three cities, gather together on a certain day, and with the shamrock in your hats, and hammers in your hands, and Irish pipes playing before ye,—go straightway, and break these monumental wickednesses into little bits. Surely, the pathway to peace cannot be better Macadamised than by the scattered fragments of evil recollections.

Let this better course be determined upon, and *Mr. Punch* will, at his own cost, forward to the EARL OF ENNISKILLEN a most potent stone-breaking hammer. The hammer shall be of English iron, and—for the honour and glory of the union—the handle shall be of Irish oak.

## The State of Prussia.

PRUSSIA, regarded simply as a German State, ought, doubtless, to have a voice in the Vienna Conference: but Prussia, considered as a State of CECQUOR, is of course inadmissible in any decent assembly.

## "ON PARLERA GUIZOT."

A NUMBER of improbable opinions and impossible prophecies are being continually attributed in the clubs and elsewhere, to MONSIEUR GUIZOT. A new term has been invented for this political bavardage, and it is now called *Guzotterie des Salons*.

## A Base 'Un.

MR. PUNCH sees a book, advertised, entitled, *Sick Calls*. Having never heard more than two—one being "Steward! Brandy!" and the other being resorted to when a mere spirituous libation will not appease the sea-gods, he means to get the book.

A SECRET WARRANTED TO KEEP IN ANY CLIMATE.—A Woman's Age.



## TO THE TRULY HUMANE.



ARIOUS and, we hope, endless are the instances of human devotion to good works; works essayed and continued, and achieved, upon the stoniest soil, under the most withering sky,—with wild beasts and wilder men roaring and yelling not very far in the distance. Nevertheless, the heart-whole missionary—with one consecrating, one supporting determination, one purpose that still beats and beats, the very life-pulse of his heart, goes through with his task: or if it is not to be; if he is not permitted to lay the last stone to his labour, he thereupon resignedly covers his head, and meekly, hopefully surrenders himself to the disposing Destiny that whirls a leaf or wakes an earthquake.

Animated by the conviction that such missionaries of goodness, in its many requirements upon human constancy and human enthusiasm, are yet to be found—upright, crystalline pillars amid fallen images of clay!—we appeal to one of them,—unmarried and without incumbrance—a single-minded, forthright bachelor, in behalf of a young woman, in much need of tender, yet withal firmest discipline and teaching. We allude to EMILIE FRANCES GORDON, spinster; whose name has become somewhat inodorous in consequence of an accident investigated a few days since at Kingsclere, Hants; an accident which proved the aforesaid spinster to be a great dominator of ponies, inasmuch as by means of stick and steel she disciplined a wretched victim quadruped in a way we care not here to set down. Some idea, however, may be entertained of the atrocity of the occurrence, when it is narrated that EMILIE FRANCES GORDON was fined in the sum of five pounds for property damage done to her pony, the pony's feelings being doubtless considered in the amount of the penalty.

Well, it is clear that EMILIE FRANCES GORDON has nothing left for it but at her best speed, to change her name. To any benevolent, tender-hearted and strong-handed missionary anxious to convert the heathen, we beg to recommend the forlorn case of the ficed and darkened one.

## A NEW PART OF A CATHEDRAL.

THE *Morning Herald* often attacks the Puseyites, but it has never hit them so hard as in the subjoined paragraph:—

“NEW CHURCH.—Arrangements are in progress for the erection of a new Church in the Westminster Road, a few yards east of the rear of the Roman Catholic Cathedral.”

This, to our mediæval friends, will be a regular punch in the epigastrium. It will prostrate them in a breathless state—knock them flat into syncope. Not in the mere announcement of an opposition church to the Popish one—no: but by an expression in reference to the latter, which must shock the amateur of ecclesiastical architecture worse than a thousand Leyden jars. A Cathedral has a nave, aisles, transepts north and south, a west front, and east end, and many other parts and divisions it hath: but among them, who in the name of all ecclesiology, ever heard of a Rear? The REAR of a Cathedral! The very corbels of the building would cry out against such a barbarous misnomer, if they could only hear it; and the images of the old bishops would untwist their arms, jump down from their niches, and pitch, with their crosiers, into its wretched author.

## To Young Authors about to Write.

If an author is wise (and we never met with an author who was not one of the wisest of men), he would never write a Preface. For in that Preface he generally tells what his Book is about, and the Critic, knowing that, never reads his Book.

“WISH THEY MAY GET IT.”—LORD DUNDONALD being unable to get the British Government to accept his invention, has offered to present it to the French. We had rather he had an opportunity to give it to the Russians.

## HARD WORK IN HIGH LIFE.

To Mr. Punch.

“SIR, “THE *Morning Post*, under the head of ‘Marriage in High Life,’ gives an account of a wedding which took place the other day at St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields; the parties being connected with the Aristocracy. In this narrative I find that—

‘The ceremony was performed by the HON. AND REV. WALTER PONSONBY, Vicar of Great Canford, Dorset, assisted by the REV. HENRY MACKENZIE, Vicar of St. Martin’s.’

“When the superior classes are married, the ceremony is generally, if not always, according to your fashionable contemporary, performed in the same manner—by two clergymen, one of whom assists the other. What assistance does the second clergyman render? How does one ‘strengthen the other’s hands,’ as the clerical phrase is. I was married at St. Giles’s, for my part, and there the clergyman was unassisted by anybody, except the clerk, who uttered such of the responses as had not to be made expressly by myself and my wife. When we went into the vestry after the ceremony, the worthy Curate who had united us did not seem to be in the least heated by the exertion he had undergone; and, in fact, appeared quite ready for anything becoming a clergyman. Wherefore, then, two parsons to marry two aristocrats—and one of them frequently a Bishop? Does the second parson act as clerk to the first? It has, indeed, been suggested that the reason is the antipathy existing between the parties, which is commonly so great as to require additional priest-power to be put on to effect their union. But doubtless a mutual attachment sometimes exists even in cases where a Bishop officiates, with a Dean to help. Are two clergymen employed at a fashionable marriage simply for the same reason as that for which the carriage that conveys the happy pair away has four horses attached to it, although a pair would suffice? This usage of ‘high life’ among others, does greatly puzzle your humble servant,  
“April, 1855.

“ANTIPLUSH.”

“P.S.—We hear a great deal of the ‘over-worked clergy.’ I suppose that among them must be included every clergyman who marries a couple of persons of quality without assistance.”

## POETICAL TRIMMING FOR LADIES’ BONNETS.

ATA—“The Blue Bonnets are Over the Border.”

MARCH, march, change and variety,  
Fashion than one month should never be older;  
March, march, hang all propriety,  
All the girls’ bonnets hang over the shoulder.  
Never rheumatics dread,  
More and more bare the head,  
The danger is naught but an old woman’s story:  
Back with your bonnet then,  
Spite of satiric pen,  
Fight for the bonnets that hang over the shoulder.

Come to the Park where the young bucks are gazing,  
Come where the cold winds from all quarters blow;  
Come from hot rooms where coal fires are blazing,  
Come with your faces and heads in a glow.  
Natives astounding,  
Slow folk confounding,  
It makes the profile come out so much bolder:  
England shall many a day  
Talk of the stupid way—  
Girls wore their bonnets once over the shoulder.

## The Missing “V.”

“MR. PUNCH,—When they gave at the Mansion House the ‘Allied Armies and Navies,’ don’t you think they might have put another ‘V’ into the toast? How about the ‘Navvies?’”

“Yours, PICKAXE.”

## MOSAIC ARAB HORSE.

THE Israclites are highly delighted at the proposal to establish a corps, to be named “JACOB’S HORSE.” Should this suggestion be adopted, an endeavour will be made among the “People” to raise another cavalry regiment under the denomination of Moss Troopers.

## ADVICE TO BRITISH GOVERNMENTS.

NEVER redress any grievance or injustice, however monstrous, which you have power to retain. Reserve it to be immolated as a sacrifice to appease popular fury when your mismanagement shall have brought us to the brink of revolution.



## AN APRIL FOOL.

*Equestrian.* "HERE, BOY! COME AND HOLD MY HORSE."  
*Boy.* "DOES HE KICK?"  
*Equestrian.* "KICK! NO!"  
*Boy.* "DOES HE BITE?"

*Equestrian.* "BITE! NO! CATCH HOLD OF HIM."  
*Boy.* "DOES IT TAKE TWO TO HOLD HIM?"  
*Equestrian.* "No."  
*Boy.* "THEN HOLD HIM YOURSELF."  
*[Exit BOY, performing "Pop goes the Weasel."*

## A MELANCHOLY LAUGH.

A SLIGHT mistake, involving important issues, was made on a recent trial for murder. The report of the case represents a medical witness, DR. BALLER, as having stated that the prisoner, after the death of his wife, appeared to be suffering from *melancholia*. Whereupon—

"MR. JUSTICE EARLE asked the witness if there was any difference between *melancholia* and melancholy.  
 "The witness said there was not. (*A Laugh.*)"

The witness was flurried, no doubt, and had lost his presence of mind. Otherwise he would have returned to the Judge's question the above answer with the omission of the word "not." He would have instructed his Lordship that *melancholia*, in medical language, is melancholy amounting to disease, and is to be found in the nosology of one CULLEN, under the class *Neuroses*, in the order *Vesania*. He might have further informed the learned Judge that this disease is a disease of the brain, an extension of which might render the patient a maniac, likely to cut his own throat or that of anybody else, and that no medical man in his own senses would trust a melancholic person with a penknife. DR. BALLER would have thus made MR. JUSTICE EARLE perceive that he had not said *melancholia* instead of melancholy out of pedantry, but for the sake of precision; and he would not have given occasion for the "laugh" at his supposed affectation of a hard word, in which certain "barren spectators" appear to have indulged on a serious occasion.

## Making Themselves Too Cheap.

WE have now, amongst the wonders of the age, *A Shilling Peerage*. Really, this is letting down the nobility to too low a figure! Why, one penny less, and we should have our noble HOWARDS and CAVENDISHES reduced to the vulgar BROWNS; and, only think, how it would astonish them!

## A NEEDLE-GUN BRIGADE.

IT is said that the tailors of Paris are, of all classes, peculiarly anxious for the fall of Sebastopol, on account of the briskness which that event would impart to their special business, by affording an opportunity for introducing coats and waistcoats, named after the triumphant Generals, and pantaloons of a nomenclature founded on the basis of successful operations. Tailors in general, are renowned for a valourous temperament; and the impetuous daring of a tailor who was also a Parisian, would doubtless carry everything before him. It would be worth the while of LOUIS NAPOLEON to avail the French army in the Crimea of the chivalry of the Knights of the Thimble, who, reinforcing the Allied troops, would soon take the measure of their Russian customers, cut out their friends, and sew their enemies up: whilst acting more particularly in aid of the artillery, the tailors would very speedily effect an opening in the defences of the beleaguered city, and demonstrate to the admiration of the civilised world the perfection of their skill in breaches-making.

## IN THE NAME OF NAPOLEON, "FIGS!"

IT is told us in a Belgian journal, the *Sancho*, that M. CANTILLON who, when the Allied Armies occupied Paris, fired at WELLINGTON but missed him, is now a grocer in the Rue Notre Dame, Brussels! NAPOLEON, it may be remembered, magnanimously bequeathed CANTILLON ten thousand francs, justifying the bequest, inasmuch as "He had as much right to kill that oligarch as the latter had to send me to St. Helena." And now the pacific assassin, done with powder and ball, vends gunpowder and prunes. Well, the first NAPOLEON's bequests have recently been paid; and among them, it is said, the ten thousand francs to CANTILLON! The grocer would, under all circumstances, be a particularly nice man for a tea-party. Why should not the tea-interest of London invite him?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HAT the past week, with all its sunshine, shouting, and sight-seeing, might not be entirely devoid of that wholesome and healthy bitter which is so desirable in the cup of human happiness, Parliament re-assembled simultaneously with the arrival of the French Majesties, and before the week was out, managed, *Mr. Punch* will do it the justice to say, to force at least as much disagreeable matter upon the attention of the public as was necessary to convince us all that we are but mortals.

*April 16, Monday.* The LORD CHANCELLOR pushed on the Charitably Trusts Bill, and indignantly refuted the calumnious theory that the officials placed in authority for the purpose of seeing that such trusts were honestly administered, had done nothing. They have received, his Lordship announced, eleven hundred letters, asking them for advice. This Herculean feat has only stimulated them to still greater exertions, and hence the necessity for the new measure.

In the Commons, SIR BENJAMIN HALL's bill for the better management of the metropolis obtained a success which has

excited great wrath among the anti-centralization party, the class who cannot be brought, by the sight or smell of the jobs, nuisances, and grievances, constantly perpetrated or permitted in "localities," to admit that any stimulus which shall incite "local authorities" to do their duty, is a rational and constitutional one. MR. FITZROY, the defender of the female sex against husbands and cabmen, was then elevated to the dignity of Chairman of Committees. Having spoken up so well for the women, it would be as well if the new chairman would speak up a little for himself, as the reporters complain that he could not be heard. After a good deal of money had been voted for Royal Palaces, a trifle was taken on account of the Palace of Westminster, better known as the new Houses of Parliament. Upon this occasion only £651,000 was asked, but it was explained that Two Millions and a Half would be wanted in all—and then some more.

*Tuesday.*—In the Lords, the Cambridge University Bill went through a stage, but the fight upon it was postponed, in consequence of the absence of combatants.

In the Commons, CAPTAIN BOLDERO wanted a Committee of Inquiry into the state of the Medical Departments of the Army and Navy, but FREDERIC PEEL's red-tape lasso was round the CAPTAIN'S neck in no time. A Committee was already sitting upon the State of the Army before Sebastopol—why then ask questions about the Baltic Fleet, or that in the Euxine, or about Medical Education for the Army? The answer was logical, but the result was "a near

thing" for the Government, the motion being defeated by a majority of four only—we may say by FREDERIC PEEL, LORD PALMERSTON, and a couple of Whips. These are not good signs for the Routine mongers. LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR brought in a Bill for giving further protection to the poor man's Sunday, by the Abolition of Unnecessary Trading, and he was supported by the Members for Westminster and Marylebone.

*Wednesday.* Irish Rows.

*Thursday.* The Lords sat but a few minutes, and the Commons not at all. For this relief *Mr. Punch* has to thank the EMPRESS EUGENIE, whom everybody wanted to see, and HER MAJESTY is hereby thanked accordingly.

*Friday.* The Lords repeated their good behaviour of the previous night.

But into the Commons came the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with his war-budget. These are no ordinary times, and *Mr. Punch* is utterly unable to control his feelings sufficiently to treat SIR GEORGE prosaically. The mighty heart must have vent in immortal song, and has it as follows:—

WOULD you know the extra taxes  
LEWIS lays on people's backs?  
'Tis a load to bend a porter—  
Five round Millions—and a quarter.  
Early bird—who by the neck fast  
Catches JOHNNY at his breakfast.  
On his Tea henceforth he'll find  
Threepence extra—ain't it kind?  
On his Coffee doth Sir G.  
Levy but the "penny fee,"  
On his Sugar (dear of late)  
Just three bob per hundred-weight.  
On the Dram that helps digestion  
(Taken at his wife's suggestion)  
If it's Scotch, (the right M'ALLAN)  
One and twopence on the gallon;  
If it's Irish (the O'TRIGGER),  
Then two shillings is the figure.  
Is that all? Oh! no such luck,  
For a holder stroke is struck;  
And SIR GEORGE'S proposition  
Is—an Income-Tax addition—  
One per cent.; which will be found  
Twopence extra on your pound.  
So your income now must pay  
Seven per cent.;—hip, hip, hooray!  
Add a charge that cannot vex—  
Penny stamps on bankers' cheques,  
And you know the extra taxes  
LEWIS lays on people's backs.

AN AIM IN A NAME.

THE *Court Circular*, that great instructor in the arrangements of the Ministry and the Court, informed us gravely the other day that the QUEEN had ordered the Waterloo Room at Windsor to be called henceforth the Picture Gallery—of course to prevent the possibility of wounding the susceptibilities of our French visitors.

We beg leave to question the accuracy of this information, for we feel satisfied that if it were thought necessary to change the name of the Waterloo Room, it would be equally considered expedient to give a new name to Waterloo Bridge, to take down the Wellington Statue, to ignore Waterloo Place, and make a bonfire of all the Waterloo Busses. If this ridiculous sensitiveness had really prevailed during the visit of LOUIS NAPOLEON, it would have been impossible for PRINCE ALBERT to have appeared before the EMPEROR in Wellington Boots, and there would have been a continual awkwardness about the appearance of the Master of the Horse, who happens to be the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and whom it would have been necessary to push into the back ground, or pack into a cupboard whenever the EMPEROR was known to be coming. If the absurd scruple had existed at Windsor Castle, there would have been a constant cry of "Now then, WELLINGTON, get in here;" or, "Now, WELLINGTON, just pop out at this door;" or, "I'll trouble your Grace just to step behind this screen," whenever the Imperial visitor's footstep was heard on the stairs or in the cor-

ridor. Considering also that the name of NAPOLEON was once the great national bugbear of this country, it might as well have been expected that the EMPEROR should have called himself LOUIS THE NINETEENTH during his stay in England, for fear of hurting the susceptibilities of the Court at Windsor.

We can only say that if the name of the Waterloo Room has been really abolished, we shall call upon the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to take henceforth the title of HIS GRACE OF HIGHLOW. It is hardly to be expected that he can walk in his father's shoes, and there can be no reason if the system of abolishing names is adopted, why he should not drop the WELLINGTON. He is welcome to call himself PUMP, if he feels that name more appropriate.

Underdone Heroes.

AMONGST a portion of the people the word "lobster" is synonymous with the word "soldier;" and the blue guardians of the public peace—the policemen—are classed under the same denomination of *crustacea*, with the qualification of raw. The extremely dingy red of the coats of the militia, may be considered to entitle that constitutional force to the distinctive appellation of parboiled lobsters.

EXTRAVAGANCE took a Cab to look after an Omnibus.



### A LESSON IN FRENCH.

“NOW THEN, JACK! YOU TAKE THE PRONOUNCIATION FROM ME, AND WHEN HE COMES, SING OUT ‘VEEVE LUMPHOORAR!’”

### TWO VISITORS.

APRIL 24, 1357.

FIVE hundred years and two have passed, upon their silent way,  
Since a twenty-fourth of April blushed into ruddy day,  
On fishing-huts of Greenwich, on waste wolds of Blackheath,  
On quaint peaked roofs of London Bridge, on peopled Thames beneath.

On ways astir with people, from each hamlet, vill, and town,  
That lies along broad Watling Street, all towards London boun—  
From Dartford, Crayford, Erith, from Greenwich, Eltham, Lee—  
Shipmen and priests, and gentles, and stalwart yeomanry.

There is crowding and carousing in Southwark hostels wide,  
There are banners at the Bridge-towers, gay barges on the tide;  
The carven house-fronts flaunt with flags, and glow with arras rare,  
And St. Saviour's bells are clashing in the sweet spring-morning air.

Substantial men of livery their gowns and chains put on,  
City-wives their gayest kerchiefs and richest kirtles don:  
And the pageants of the guilds and crafts nod, high above the crowd,  
Each with its train of mummers and its noise of minstrels loud.

To-day from Dartford Londonwards the good BLACK PRINCE doth ride,  
With his gallant knights from Gascony, and the French King at his side,

Ta'en prisoner at Poitiers, on the plain of Maupertuis,  
With his son, the young LORD PHILIP, so what mar'le folk crowd to see?

They have waited for an hour or more—the sun climbs up the sky,  
When, lo! a buzz from streets below, a peal from steeples high;  
A pulse-like thrill of trumpets shrill, and sife and doubling drum,  
Then a shout that rends the welkin, proclaiming, “Here they come!”

There ride the Knights and Men-at-Arms of Poitou and Touraine,  
D'ALBRET, CHAUMONT, DE MONTERRAND, DE BUCH and DE LA  
TRAINED,

True liegemen of our English king, avouchers of his right,  
At Crecy, and at Calais, and Romorantin's fight.

And there the green-coat archers of merry England go,  
Each with his sheaf of cloth-yard shafts, and his six foot yew-tree bow:  
Knaves who at six-score paces will yerk through plate and mail—  
I trow the French knights rue the hour they faced that iron hail!

There rides the LORD JAMES AUDLEY, the bravest man that day,  
And near him the four trusty squires, who saw him through the fray—  
DUTTON and DELVES and FOWLEHURST, and HAWKSTONE of Waine-  
hill—  
Names giib in many a mouth that morn,—thank God, remembered still.

How tell the Knights that came beside—sounds still to England dear—  
BEAUCHAMP and BERKELEY, MONTACUTE, DE MAULEY, and DE  
VERE—

STAFFORD and SPENCER, D'ERESBY, and CHANDOS—names of pride,  
Hailed by the crowd with loud acclaim, as armed at point they ride!

But who is this, that cheering turns to blessing on each tongue,  
That every cap is sudden doffed—each hand in greeting flung?—  
Are they for him, that humbly rides on a low and sorry hack,  
Armed, save the bare and gracious head, in armour plain and black,

Are they for him, these blessings, this greeting far and wide,  
Or rather for the stately form that rideth at his side,  
Right royally appavelled, on a destrier white as milk,  
Half hid 'neath blazoned housings of sendal and of silk?

That mean knight is the good BLACK PRINCE—the flower of chivalrie—  
And by his side, the French King, JOHN, brought captive over sea—  
He is the first French reigning King, that e'er trod London ground—  
And thus he treads it—English throats, shout!—English steeples, sound!

APRIL 19, 1855.

Pass on five hundred years and two—as bright an April day,  
Ways as alive with people—and streets with flags as gay;  
All else how changed! the houses, the garb of all those swarms,—  
For pageants, new Policemen; Life-Guards, for Men-at-arms.

Nor less changed, than change of fashion in houses, manners, men,  
Than pageant ousted by police, or sword replaced by pen,  
The cause that peoples thus the streets—yet in some sort the same—  
A reigning King of France is here—the third that ever came—

Dethroned French Kings we've had cnow—LOUIS LE DÉSIRÉ,  
CHARLES DIX—and he who came once King, and twice as *émigré*:  
But when was ORLEANS welcomed, LOUIS PHILIPPE, or JOHN SMITH,—  
For all the *bourgeois* manners, and the English name therewith,—

As this man has been welcomed, spite of chequered life and fame:  
Whom many only name to curse, whom none, unblamed, can name:  
Who, with a silent patient faith, still following his star,  
Clomb to that throne, whose lowest step seemed from him, once, so far:

Who, that step reached, sprang sudden up, reckless on what he trode,  
And to a wonder-stricken world, a seated monarch showed—  
With a strong hand, an iron bit, sharp spur, and rider's skill,  
Guiding the fiery mood of France, and winding it at will?

Nor wanted there the nation's voice—if to vouch that were need—  
He can show seven million hands set to his title-deed.  
The dynasties that he displaced can plead no equal claim,  
Not even that great conqueror, of whom he bears the name.

He with his own hand set the Crown on that broad brow of his;  
But for one voice to ratify *that* deed, two sanctioned *this*.  
For oaths, what King e'er kept them, when policy said “break?”  
If precedents can justify, defence were soon to make.

Nor small share in this welcome is her's, who sits by thee,  
Like a pale blush rose planted by a dark rock-rooted tree,  
The people's voice approves the choice, made not for royal race,  
But, better, for a gentle heart and for a sweet, sweet, face.

The crowd's untutored chivalry goes with that honny bride,  
Whose beauty wears the trace of cares—what wonder, by thy side?—  
Goes with her love, her hopes, her fears—prays that her fate may prove  
More kind than hapless JOSEPHINE'S—unblessed by pledge of love.

But little England reasons to-day of what hath been;  
She honours England's ally, and the guest of England's QUEEN,  
Him who with her in France's name strikes for the right and true;  
Him who has shown, that what he wills, he is the man to do!

Then let them call us fickle, unstable—tongue and pen—  
Cheer we this EMPEROR, who shows, at least, a man to men—  
Thanking the change of times that brings this day to Britain's shore,  
The LORD OF FRANCE, our ally—not our captive, as of yore.

“Pop goes the —.”

THE first thought of a Girl upon receiving an offer is about her wedding-dress.

A Man's chief consideration, when about “to pop the question” is not so much what he feels as what he shall say.

CURIOUS!—It is difficult to account for the association, but it would seem from the *Handbook of Proverbs*, just published, that there are more proverbs on “Women” and “Cats” than upon any other subject.

## THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.



EVERYBODY is familiar with the picture of GARRICK between Tragedy and Comedy, but there is a dramatic genius at the City of London Theatre who ought to be drawn and halved—if not quartered—between tragedy and the tight-rope. This great theatrical phenomenon is announced as MR. JOHN MILTON HENGLER, who will on three evenings a week sustain "his famous character of *Hamlet*," and will on the other three evenings "go through his wonderful performances on the tight-rope." How this great artist can throw himself abruptly or at

least at twenty-four hours' notice from the *Prince of Denmark's* shoes into the Denmark slippers of a rope-dancer is a mystery we are quite unable to unravel. He must indeed be a versatile actor if he can take any line from the tragedy line to the clothes line, and make himself at home in any walk of the drama down to that humblest of all theatrical walks the Rope-walk. We cannot help thinking that the attraction of his performances would be greatly increased if he were to combine his tragedy and his tight-rope in one performance, and to appear as the "Melancholy Dane" on a real cable, which might easily be introduced by changing the scene of the play from the platform to the drying ground.

A good ghostly effect might be got out of the appearance of the *Spectre* gliding along a clothes line, and if *Hamlet* were to pursue his father's spirit across a tight rope, there would be a double effect given to the celebrated words, "Go on, I'll follow thee." In the play scene a cord might easily be introduced, as if it were part of the arrangements of the "Poor Players" who may naturally be supposed to have had a rope-dancer of their party, and a good opportunity would be afforded by the situation for the introduction of the "chair business" on the tight-rope, which would allow MR. JOHN MILTON HENGLER as *Hamlet*, while balancing himself from side to side, to watch the features of the *King* and the countenance of his *Mother*.

There is something in the name of MR. JOHN MILTON HENGLER which is very suggestive of the grandeur of the high poetic school in conjunction with the peculiarities of the modern marvellous, for while MILTON is the type of the sublimity of creative genius, HENGLER is an appellation familiar to many of us as that of an artist in fire-works. If we remember rightly there was in former times a MADAME HENGLER, of whom it might be said that to ascend a tight-rope amidst a brilliant display of fire-works—

"Was her delight  
On a Vauxhall night,  
In the season of the year."

It is very possible that the illustrious JOHN MILTON HENGLER may be a descendant of that renowned MADAME HENGLER, who will go down to posterity as she used to go up to the tower on the Waterloo Ground at Vauxhall, on the tight rope. Versatility of genius is an admirable thing no doubt, but although tragedy and tight-rope have been hitherto regarded as rather incongruous, it is possible that MR. JOHN MILTON HENGLER knows where to draw the line, and that he will at all events not allow himself such a quantity of rope as to commit a species of suicide of his own fame as a Shaksperian actor.

## St. Peter's and St. Palls.

ACCORDING to the papers, a certain Pall, or Pontifical vestment, was sold by the POPE to a certain Bishopric in Germany, for several thousands of florins. We suppose this precious garment must have some mysterious power of making its owner rich. But as it is generally made of the purest Lamb's Wool, the POPE might well have the Golden Fleece, if he could only sell all his Lamb's Wool at that price!

THIS MORNING'S REFLECTION.—The Pillar of the State is divided principally into base and capital. Labour is the Base, and Wealth is the Capital.

YESTERDAY MORNING'S REFLECTION.—Pride is often too high in the instep to wear another man's shoe.

"THE FLAMBEAU OF MERIT."—This *Flambeau*, of which *Tom Thumb* speaks, must mean, as Ministries are formed, having a link with some aristocratic family!

## POOR LAW MEDICAL ECONOMY.

A NUMEROUSLY attended meeting of Poor-Law Medical Officers was held yesterday at the Malthus Arms, to consider by what means to afford pauper patients efficient medical relief on the very low salaries attached to that important duty. The chair was taken by MR. NIGHT-BELL, M. R. C. S., &c., who, after briefly stating the objects of the meeting, read the following extract from the *Standard*:—

"SALARIES OF POOR-LAW MEDICAL OFFICERS.—There are 3,151 medical officers in the Poor-Law Unions of England and Wales, at salaries amounting to £165,549. For this annual sum they take charge of the sick poor of a population of 17,335,099, scattered over an area of 34,473,538 acres. There is one salary as high as £270; it is that of the medical officer of the Leighton Buzzard Union and Workhouse; the population is 17,141, the acreage 37,980. There are two salaries as low as £2; the population in each case is but about 400. At Todmorden a gentleman who is paid per case, received only £7 12s. last year, upon a district containing a population of 11,428."

It would be seen from that statement that the average of a Poor-Law Medical Officer's annual salary was between £52 and £53 per annum; and out of that he had generally, if not always, to provide medicines. From a report published by MR. FREDERICK SMITH GARLICK, Surgeon to the Halifax Union, it appeared that MR. GARLICK was in the receipt of £80 per annum, which, on an average of the last four years, he calculated was at the rate of 2s. 7½d. per case, an allowance which must be admitted to be of the kind called "monkey's, and to warrant the exclamation of "Poor Pill GARLICK!" Of pills, indeed, MR. GARLICK had dispensed no less than 12,325 in one year (1849), besides 3,863 mixtures, 1,526 powders, 179 lotions, 144 liniments, 160 boxes of ointment, and 416 plasters. He had visited, at their own houses, or hovels, 1,563 patients. The expenditure in horseflesh and shoe leather involved in these visits, added to the cost of the medicines supplied, must have so nearly absorbed his little salary, as to have left no margin of remuneration for mental labour and application of scientific knowledge: so that he (the Chairman) supposed that the terms of MR. GARLICK's contract with the Halifax Poor-Law Guardians might be defined to be, Medicine at cost price, and advice gratis. Perhaps some of the gentlemen he had the honour of addressing would be glad to be no worse off than MR. GARLICK. If possible, one would like to be two or three shillings in pocket by one's Poor-Law Medical Officership at the end of the year, and he hoped some gentleman present might offer some suggestion which would facilitate the attainment of that desirable object.

MR. CARVER suggested that a carefully regulated system of diet might enable the Medical Officer to treat his cases to a great extent without the use of any medicine more expensive than *Infusum Rosæ*, or *Pil: Micae Paris*.

MR. SHARPEY said that the system of starvation had been thoroughly carried out in most Unions.

MR. PROBIN had a proposition to make which would at least meet the difficulty of finding drugs. He was aware that what he was about to suggest might excite some prejudice; but preconceived notions were unworthy of a philosophical mind, especially when it was the philosopher's interest to repudiate them. There were certain alleged principles of medicine which had hitherto been viewed unfavourably—not to say, scouted—by the Profession, but might he (MR. P.) venture to hint the expediency of a re-consideration of those principles? Might there not be—he did not say there was—truth: might not truth possibly be found in the doctrines of HAHNEMANN? If so, the poor could be physicked, as perhaps they might be said to be fed, by homœopathy. Infinitesimal doses, being of infinitesimal value, would greatly simplify the question of expense in drugs. The higher classes patronised homœopaths very largely, and if the lower were treated homœopathically also, it would be treating rich and poor alike. The Poor Law Medical Officer would have to provide his patients with next to no medicine, and one of such pills as MR. GARLICK'S 12,325, divided into millionths, would afford sufficient medicine for many thousands of patients many years. He would propose as a resolution:—That the subject of homœopathy is worthy of the attention of this meeting with a view to the employment of the system of medical treatment so called, on proof of its truth, in Poor Law Unions, in order to effect that economy in remedies which is necessitated by the salaries of the Medical Officers.

The resolution was seconded by MR. SCRUPLES, who said that he had always opposed the doctrines of homœopathy as quackery, but he really felt himself driven to consider their application to Poor Law practice by the homœopathic amount of his salary. He hoped that like would cure—or at least palliate—like, in that instance. The meeting having unanimously adopted the resolution, separated, loudly grumbling.

## British Progress.

THE Americans must allow that we stump them. They, indeed, have a party of Know-Nothings, but we have a whole parliament of Do-Nothings, who do nothing because they know not what to do.

RUE D'EGENT



JOHN BULL À LA MODE.—A PROBABLE EFFECT OF THE ALLIANCE.

## SISTERS OF BELGRAVIA.

We understand that, in token of their sympathy and admiration of the REV. MR. LIDDELL, of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, certain Sisters of Belgravia have resolved upon undergoing certain penitential discipline. LADY TERESA GOLDENROD has sent her coach-horses to grass, resolving not to ride in anything beyond a Hansom for these two months.

The HON. MISS MAGDALEN ST. CROIX, with a contempt of the hollowness of life, and the littleness of all earthly splendours, has given her present season ticket to the Crystal Palace (in her emotion she forgot it was *not* transferable) to the apple-woman at the corner.

LADY ST. GUDULDE has resolved to wear her bonnet on her arm only the whole of the month of June.

MISS BLEEDINHEART, of the Scourges, has sold her gold fish, and sent the proceeds in penny stamps, to the Oratorians.

Thus far for acts of penance. We have now to state that a pair of stockings of the most extraordinary texture is, at the present moment, being knitted for the incumbent of St. Mary's. FATHER POLYCARPUS—what learning is in the wrinkles of his passionless forehead!—had

suggested that, as in the middle ages (he quoted Du Cange, *Rele, id est ornamentum reticum ad instar retis contextum*) the mantles of the clergy had often coverings of silk made, in the same manner as fishing-nets, in order no doubt that the piety of the wearer might show through their meshes; he thought a gown of the middle-age kind would be a handsome offering to the suffering incumbent. The ladies, however, were frustrated by a want of material; for the stockings were to be made of cobwebs—consecrated cobwebs. BROTHER FRANCIS had told the story of a certain Jesuit, he is named by DISRAELI PATER, *De Curiositate Literaria*, who had a pair of stockings woven of cobwebs; and the Brother having in his possession cobwebs, collected and hest, from the cupola of St. Peter's, had placed his precious relics at the service of the pious Sisterhood of Belgravia, that they might spin a pair of spider hose therefrom for the martyr of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

It is known to a few that MR. LIDDELL will, the first time he preaches in the stockings, communicate the fact to the elect by wearing a flower, the Star of Bethlehem, in his button-hole.

## THE GREAT LION OF LONDON.

AIR—"Partant pour la Syrie."

It was LOUIS NAPOLEON  
At Guildhall bound to dine,  
At least to make a *dejeuner*  
Of turtle-soup and wine:  
And with the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE,  
Who sat on his left hand,  
Did his Imperial MAJESTY  
Proceed along the Strand.

Along the Strand proceeded they,  
As in triumphal car,  
Beneath two lines of waving flags,  
And came to Temple-Bar.  
That splendid civic edifice  
Arose upon their view,  
Whose arch so many kings and queens,  
And cockneys have gone through.

The EMPEROR viewed that noble pile  
With wonder and delight;  
Although have rankled in his breast  
An envious feeling might.  
And to the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE,  
Whilst all the mob did shout,  
He cried "My love, this beats our *Arcs*  
*De Triomphe* out and out!"

## IMPERFECT INSOLENCE.

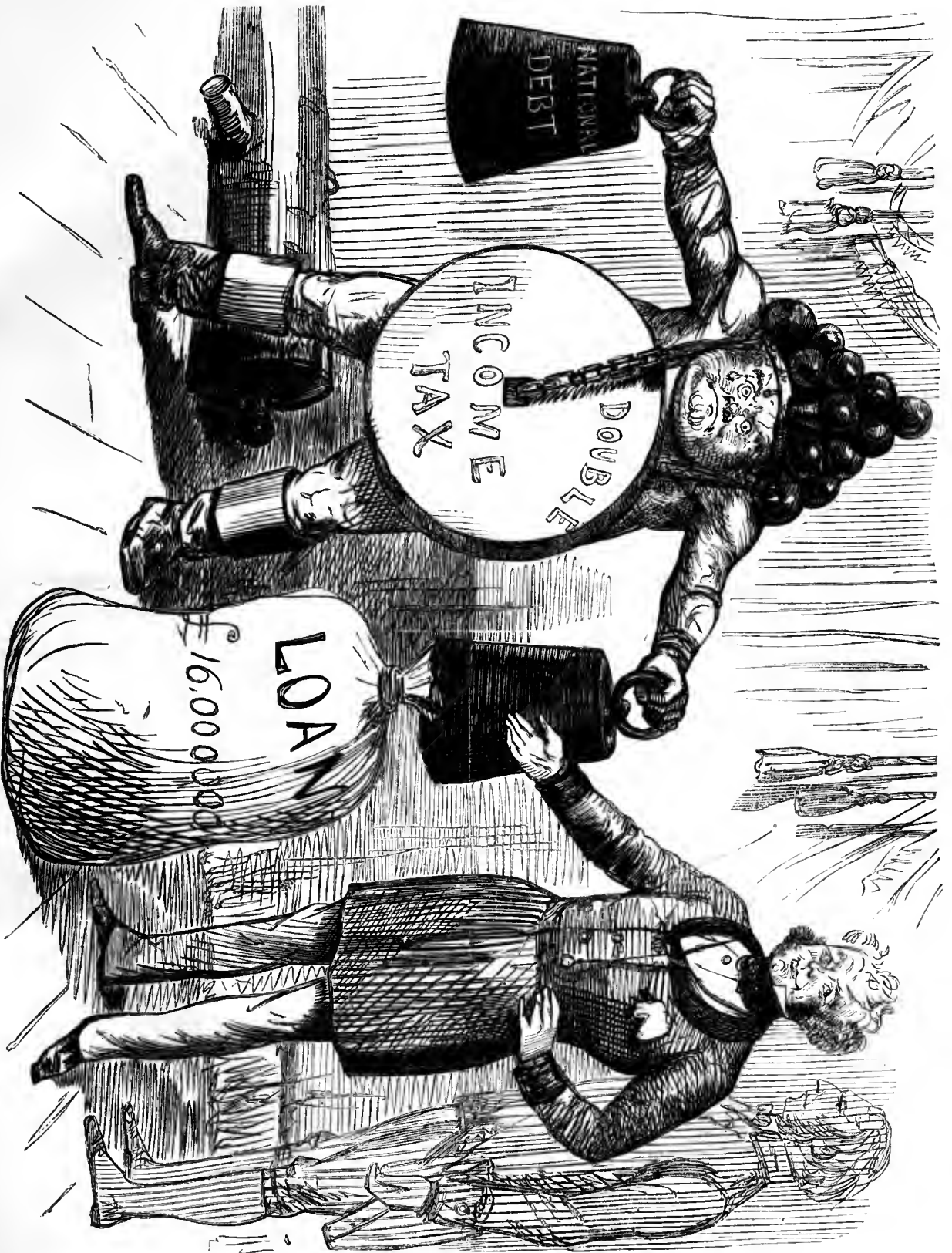
BLUFF ADMIRAL BERKELEY—our clever and successful Admirals, our worthy successors of BLAKE and NELSON, our great existing naval heroes, are very prone to affect the bluff—is reported to have remarked, speaking in the House of Commons, in regard to the objection of naval assistant-surgeons to live in the cockpit, that

"After the eminent men whom the cockpit had produced, he thought they need not be ashamed if they were obliged to live in such a place."

This was saying too little. Proceeding in the same gentlemanlike strain, ADMIRAL BERKELEY might have made a House-of-Commons-joke by observing that the cockpit afforded a very suitable accommodation to a class of men without pretension to exalted birth.

## A Word to the Un-wise.

It is the principle of modern legislation to treat usury as an evil that cures itself, and needs no law for its prohibition. Perhaps the best advice to the possible victim to money lending swindlers is Keep wide-awake, and, as a safeguard against usury, use-your-eye!



## GREAT EXHIBITION OF STRENGTH.

P-107-707-2. "HE WILL NOW TAKE THE SACK BETWEEN HIS TEETH, AND WALK ROUND THE APARTMENT, NOTWITHSTANDING THE GREAT WEIGHT HE HAS TO BEAR AHEADY."

DESCRIPTION OF THE

PLATE OF THE





PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY !

BY THE SOLOMON IN ORDINARY TO THE BRITISH NATION.

I.

AN umbrella upon thine arm may make it ache, but should rain come, the umbrella will preserve thy clothes. Choose, betwixt a trifling pain and a tailor's bill.

II.

Other persons were born about the same time as thyself, and have been growing up ever since, as well as thou. Therefore be not proud.

III.

Preserve few secrets from thy wife; for if she discover them she will grieve, not that thou hast kept from her thy secrets, but thy confidence.

IV.

Yet confidence may be misplaced, as when thou goest out in thine patent leathern boots, simply because the pavement before thine own door has dried.

V.

The girl who is destined to be thy wife, although now unknown to thee, is sure to be living somewhere or other. Hope, therefore, that she is quite well, and otherwise think politely about her.

VI.

Educate thy children, lest one of these fine days they educate thee in a school with no vacations.

VII.

O how good was Nature, that placed great rivers near great towns!

VIII.

A traveller, journeying wisely, may learn much. Yet much may also be learned by him who stays at home.

IX.

An insane person may lie to thee, and yet be innocent, and thou mayest lie to him, and be praiseworthy. Now all persons are somewhat insane, but do thou beware of lying as a general rule.

X.

Heat expands things, and therefore in hot weather the days are lengthened. Moral heats sometimes expand thy mind, but they tend not to the lengthening of thy days.

XI.

Say not that thou knowest a book until thou hast read it all. Yet some books thou mayest throw aside partially read. Herein thou judgest a criminal unheard. What then?

XII.

I do not say to thee, "Marry, for it will exalt thee," yet was there subtle meaning in those whose usage it was to say, "Marry, come up."

XIII.

Cool things are used to cure fever, yet the over-coolness of a friend's act will throw thee into heat.

XIV.

We know nothing, and yet it is knowing something to know that thou knowest nothing.

XV.

By a conceit, a certain red fly hath been called a Ladybird, and bidden to fly away home. The counsel is good, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

XVI.

He who always holds his tongue will one day have nothing else to hold. Yet it is not good to be over-garrulous.

XVII.

The weather-cock, working easily, can tell thee the way of the wind, but if the weather-cock sticks, the course of the wind will not be influenced thereby. Remember this.

XVIII.

If thy heart is in the Highlands, it is not here.

XIX.

Virtuous love is wholesome. Therefore be virtuous, to make thyself worthy of self-love. Not, of course, that thou art thereby prevented from loving somebody else.

XX.

Talk to thyself, and insist on a reply, yet not before the world, lest it think that nobody else will talk to thee.

XXI.

A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct

course. No more does a truth, O friend; but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently—and then perhaps scratches.

XXII.

A stitch in time saves nine. If therefore thou feelest one in thy side, be thankful, O friend.

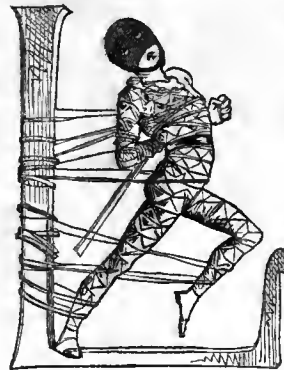
XXIII.

Love the moon, for she shines in the night, to give us light in the dark, whereas the sun only shines in the day time, when there is plenty of light, and his assistance is not wanted. Such is the difference between real and false charity.

XXIV.

SOLOMON knew several things, allowing for his age, but I could teach him a few others.

THEATRE ROYAL, OLD BAILEY.



ATELY, on the occasion of the trial of BARANELLI at the Old Bailey, so great was the attraction that the price of admission to the Gallery was raised to five shillings. On a complaint having been made the next day to the presiding Judge, his Lordship is reported to have said that "the administration of justice is of course free to the public; but there must be some restriction to the privilege." This we can understand, but the restriction ought to arise from the necessary limitation of the space and not from any tax on the public in the shape of a price for admission. Courts of justice should not be inconveniently crowded; but the evil may be prevented without making a money charge the mode of excluding the public, who, if they have any right to come into the court at all have a right to a free entry. As the Judge has given a sort of half sanction to the system of charging for admission, we may expect that, at the commencement of the year, the Managers, of the Old Bailey will be ready with their programme, after the fashion of that issued by the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera. We give a specimen of the sort of prospectus that may be looked for.

The Directors of the Old Bailey have much pleasure in inviting the attention of the amateurs of crime to the following synopsis of the arrangements that have been made for the ensuing season. There will be twelve sessions in the course of the year, and though it is impossible to give a distinct pledge on the subject, they may confidently lead their patrons to hope for at least

TWO NEW MURDERS.

Which will be produced with all that attention to nicety of detail which has already given so much satisfaction to the subscribers on the occasion of the trial of BARTHELEMY.

In order to give the utmost possible effect to the Poisoning cases, the Managers have the satisfaction of announcing as Principal Witness, the celebrated

PROFESSOR TAYLOR, OF GUY'S HOSPITAL.

And as the now very popular Farce of the

Plea of Insanity

is likely to have a very considerable run, the Managers will no doubt have frequently the pleasure of announcing the names of

DR. FORBES WINSLOW, DR. CONOLLY, DR. SUTHERLAND,

as well as some other less eminent authorities, in giving effect to this favourite novelty.

THE BAR,

which will be on the extensive scale of former years, will consist of the old favourites,

GROSS CASE, MR. BULLYRAG.

Applications for places, which may be secured either for an entire session, or for a single performance, must be made to the Sheriff, or one of his officers, who will be in daily attendance.

*No money returned.*

*[Vivat Regina.]*

A SETTING DOWN FOR SOMEBODY.—Considering the frightful blunders made by our officials in the conduct of affairs in the Crimea, we think that the most fit name for the "Seat of War," is the "Stool of Repentance."



### POOR MUGGINS!

SMYTHIE (to MUGGINS, who, in the heat of the moments has been drinking his wine out of tumblers). "THERE, MY BOY! THAT'S SUCH A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE AS YOU DON'T GET EVERY DAY—AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME (very confidentially) BETWEEN—YOU—AND—ME—I ONLY GAVE FOUR AND TWENTY SHILLINGS A DOZEN FOR IT!"

[Exit MUGGINS for an antidote.]

### CIVIC HOSPITALITY AND SELF-DENIAL.

PEOPLE are apt to laugh, very unreflectingly, at the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. His Lordship is continually entertaining persons of consequence by giving them dinners, of which it is too hastily presumed that he, himself, eats a no small portion. But a little consideration would teach the shallow scoffer that, to dine thus consecutively on all kind of luxuries, would involve speedy gout or apoplexy; whereas, there is no instance, that we are acquainted with, of any Lord Mayor having stuffed himself to death. The real truth is, that the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON must, of necessity, practise constant abstinence, with viands of the most delicious kind before him, inviting him, with the sweetest perfume, to partake of them. Thus, he is obliged to starve in the midst of plenty: and resembles TANTALUS, except that TANTALUS was up to the middle in nothing better than water, which is not the case with the LORD MAYOR; and, moreover, TANTALUS could not help himself, as his Lordship can; only the Civic Monarch is king of his own appetite as well as of the City, and controls the one as effectually as the other. The monkish Saints who confined themselves to beans (unaccompanied with bacon), pulse, radishes, and cold water, did not really inflict such austercities on themselves as those that are submitted to by the LORD MAYOR, who abstains from turtle and iced punch, with iced punch and turtle under his nose.

### "We are Seven."

THE Sultan's wives are, it is said, seven. Beginning with SULTANA MONDAY, SULTANA TUESDAY, and so on to SULTANA SUNDAY. ABDUL MEDJID, it is said, has determined to introduce SULTANA MONDAY to the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, should she visit the Porte; a piece of favouritism that, we learn from our OWN Correspondent, has put all the other fair Days of the Week in a most feminine passion.

### A DISBANDED BAND.

SOME of the papers speak of a quarrel between the Band-master and a portion of the Band of the Crystal Palace. We regret that there should be any discord where all ought to be harmony; and, without saying which is right, or which may be in the wrong, we can only hope that the Band will settle their quarrel without rushing into print; for, when an opbicleide publishes a note, or a trombone explains itself at some length, there is sure to be a large amount of longwindedness. Without hearing both sides, we can scarcely believe an assertion we saw in print, that the clarinet had been "ordered into the custody of two policemen, for improving a cadenza by a few notes of his own." It is, undoubtedly, an offence to utter forged notes; but we do not think any police inspector would take such a charge against a clarinet; nor, indeed, do we see how the notes could be traced, so as to be produced for the purpose of proving the forgery. If the improvement of a cadenza were such an act as would justify the arrest of the party making the improvement, there is scarcely a cadenza that would not have rendered GRISI liable to be taken, literally in execution; for, *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, may be said of her whole career as a vocalist.

We might, perhaps, pardon the infringement on the liberty of the subject, if a policeman were at hand to arrest every singer who should utter a false note; but, if this rule were to be adopted, a policeman would be obliged every now and then to clear the stage, for we have heard an entire chorus singing out of tune at once, at some operatic performances. We except, of course, the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, which has given an instance of how nearly perfection in every department may be acquired.

### INTERESTING TO TEETOTALLERS.

ON the subject of a new material for paper-making, MR. WILLIAM CHAMBERS thus writes:—

"Experiments, however, are now making on this material, and we hope soon to be able to show that pulp made from the decayed stems of the hop-plant, now thrown aside as valueless, will answer the important purpose."

ON the part of a considerable number of our readers, we may venture to express the hope that the parts of the hop-plant to be employed in the manufacture of paper will really be limited to the decayed stems, and will never include the aromatic flowers. As a safeguard against so dire a contingency, one is really reconciled to the hop-duty.

### THE OMUGAWAYS AT THE STRAND.

WE hear of the whereabouts—how they arrived we know not—of a tribe of Omugaway Indians, now exhibiting at the Strand Theatre. The British public has, doubtless, a lively recollection of the performances of the Ojibway tribe; but the Omugaways, according to report—for we have not as yet summoned courage to see them—are of a much lower rate of intelligence than our old friends of Exeter Hall. This fact is evident from the style of exhibition offered by the savages to our enlightened play-going public. The performance is *King Lear*, according to the savage notions of the Omugaways. It is plain that nothing short of the lowest type of human nature could have found matter of savage mirth in the sublime passion of *King Lear*, crowned as he is with his sorrows: or that the sacred tenderness of filial love, could have supplied intelligence only a little higher than an ape's, food for fun in the devotion of *Cordelia*. Nevertheless, these Omugaways have fallen foul of *King Lear*, and make their nightly meal of him with a relish that conveys a most shuddering sensation to the decent beholder. As yet, the police have not interfered.

### The Latest Intelligence.

LORD RAGLAN's despatches assume more and more the features of a Calendar. We are privately informed that his lordship, pursuing the subject further, is at present absorbed in studying the Greek Kalends: and, in fact, the rumour has got abroad that the siege of Sebastopol is now definitely fixed for that period.

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.—Judging from the fearful mismanagement, we should say that JOHN BULL has been in the Crimea no one's enemy so much as his own.



MR. JOHN BULL IN THE CHARACTER OF MAZEPPA.

**WHAT CONSTITUTES A TRAVELLER?**

Now then, MR. JUSTICE CAVILLER, what constitutes a traveller, As recited and intended in the Sabbatarian Act, MR. WILSON PATTEN'S measure for destroying Sunday pleasure? Why does Beadledom not legislate in language more exact?

Do all manner of equestrians, and none that are pedestriars, Count for *bona fide* travellers; or of the latter class, Can those who walk some distance demand publican's assistance? In the former do you reckon him who rideth on an ass?

Whence one came, and where one's going, are there any means of knowing For a tapster, ere a glass of porter, ale, or stout, he draw? Your itinerant condition is he, by a deposition, Called upon to ascertain by MR. PATTEN'S Sunday law?

It is horrible and awful to administer unlawful Oaths; by any special clause has a provision, pray, been made, Of such affidavits making legal by mine host the taking, Vesting such a solemn function in the wine and spirit trade?

Is the publican to trust to word of mouth, or have we dust, too, Mud and mire, or clay, or chalk, or gravel on our boots to show? Evidence corroborative must the Sunday trudging caiff, Give ere BONIFACE can serve him with a glass or with a go?

Some say walk or equitation, upon lawful avocation, Constitutes the only title to assume the traveller's name, Bishop, bound on preaching sermon, might at that rate, take that term on, But the Bishops and the Parsons only could refreshment claim.

But the traveller to my notion, with the best plea to malt-potion, Him on holiday excursion should a thirsty craving irk, Is the man that has but one day for his recreation—Sunday, Journeyman who all the week is sitting still at journey-work.

**A Civic Distinction and a Difference.**

MANY persons have been inquiring rather curiously what is the difference between the PRÉFET OF PARIS, and the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. After seeing the two cities and observing the contrast between the well ordered improvements of the French capital, and the absurdities with which our own metropolis abounds, we should be inclined to say that while the municipal head of Paris is PRÉFET OF THE SEINE, our LORD MAYOR MOON presides over the in-sane.

**POTICHOMANIA.**

It may be agreeable to such of our readers as make a point of following the latest fashion in religion, to be informed that a certain number of exstastic ladies round Belgravia, have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of potichomaniang a large cathedral window, which they intend presenting to the reverend incumbent of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The subject is not yet decided upon; but it is not unreasonably supposed that some incident of persecution in the life of MR. LIDDELL, or MR. BENNETT, or, perhaps even, of poor MR. FITZROY, who is now in prison bleeding for the sainted cause, will be selected for the purpose of mock illumination.

This new process of Potichomaniang is singularly well adapted to the extremely "dim" and "religious" light of Puseyism: for it bears the same relation to the rich stained-glass window, and the plain undecorated ditto, that Puseyism itself does to Catholicism and Protestantism. It occupies just the same mid-way position between the two—being neither highly-decorated, nor beautifully simple, but superlatively artificial—artificiality carried up to the highest degree of trumpery finish! It is neither nature nor art, but a glaring attempt to combine the two. We shall take a peculiar pleasure in noticing this new effort of sanctified Potichomania as it gradually advances towards completion.

A HINT TO EXTRAVAGANT WIVES.—It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the Husband's back.

**UNDER THE TURF.**

JEAN PAUL has said that "great spirits lie buried under gold mountains." Men who have the per cents, working for them—and unrighteous MAMMON works even on Sundays and holidays—care not to work their genius. Necessity then, is the mother of great works; and the offspring of genius commonly comes into the world in a garret. However, the great spirits of the Turf suffer no amount of money to keep them down and hidden—still they will work. The Turf, nevertheless, like churchyard verdure, levels all distinctions. The "Derby" may be the garter—but then, even the Turf garter may span a black leg. The HON. FRANCIS ROBERT VILLIERS will be absent, it is more than suspected, from Epsom at the next meeting. One morn we missed him at the accustomed stand. He has run away; gone off to a melodious crash of a hundred thousand pounds. Now we would have such departures made monumental. We would have on Epsom Downs a place set apart for the cemetery of reputations, an Under the Turf for the Black Legs that have darkened it. Difficult is it that the line of right should be made to describe the betting-ring; and therefore, we believe that certain monuments of certain legs would preach an enduring moral lesson, to be continued every Derby Day.

We would have the monument one of touching simplicity. A Leg in Black Marble; with the name of the owner—for the Black Leg is a part of him, although he has two other legs, being in fact, a sort of tripod. A simple leg in Black Marble, with the name, and further with the epitaph in figures. Thus,

TO THE MEMORY OF MONTAGUE COUPSONBATON

THIS LEG IS ERECTED.

HE IS MISSED BY 100,000 SORROWING FRIENDS.

Would not this cemetery of legs have a striking moral effect on "the gay, licentious, proud" of a Derby Day?

**A Notion for Notes and Queries.**

It is currently believed amongst undertakers' men that the passing of a funeral creates a thoroughfare. May not this belief be explained by the supposition of an indistinct beery reminiscence on the part of the mutes, of a certain maxim of proverbial philosophy which lays it down that where there is a will, as there commonly is in the case alluded to, there is a way?

THE DAWN OF ART.—The Dawn must have been necessarily very Dark, for it was unilluminated by a single R.A.



### FINE BUSINESS, INDEED! THE WRETCH!

*Master of the House.* "OH! MARY! WHAT IS THERE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"

*Mary.* "I THINK, SIR, IT'S COLD MUTTON, SIR."

*Master of the House.* "H'M!—OH! TELL YOUR MISTRESS, WHEN SHE COMES IN, THAT I MAY POSSIBLY BE DETAINED IN THE CITY ON BUSINESS, AND SHE IS ON NO ACCOUNT TO WAIT DINNER FOR ME."

### AN UNREPORTED ADDRESS TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE newspapers have omitted to print an address, presented to LOUIS NAPOLEON, on his ever-memorable visit to the Italian Opera. No other than the Address of the Dramatic Translators of London from the French; it would, indeed, have been a sad blot on the national gratitude had a body of men, so externally and internally obliged to France as the translators aforesaid, failed to commemorate their thankfulness. The deputation—headed by MR. CHARLES KEAN, dressed as both the *Corsican Brothers*, and as prime dealer in the foreign article—were introduced to the EMPEROR in the ante-chamber to the state-box; MR. GYE having, in the handsomest manner, first solicited permission of the Imperial guest. The address is as follows:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

"We, the English translators of all attainable French dramas, beg leave to address you in terms of thankfulness and gratitude for the many shoulders of mutton that, by the aid of BOYER and CHAMBAUD, we have been enabled to carry off from the French stage; over which you so happily, so gloriously, and so generously rule; for it has not—how could it!—escaped our attention, that Your Majesty was graciously pleased to present your own brilliant shirt-studs to M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS,  *fils*, in token of his last dramatic triumph, the *Demi-Monde*,—thus beautifully showing how dear to the Imperial bosom were the triumphs of the French drama.

"May it please your Majesty, it is not for us to lift our aspirations to shirt-studs, but we still yearn with a lively hope that we may, every one of us, in some manner, possess ourselves of the *Demi-Monde*, although we cannot but, as translators and as Englishmen, regret that a severe censorship does not allow that full expansion of the *Camellias*

### A GOVERNMENT OF TAILORS.

WE met the other day with the remark that "but for the social restrictions we put upon them, many of our present Ministers would be thriving tailors." It is certainly our own fault that we will not allow our aristocracy to make themselves useful, and that if a Lord were to start a shop, or practice some handicraft, he would be sure to be loaded with ridicule. We confess we would rather see the names of some of our present Ministers over the shop doors in Regent Street, than over the official doors in Downing Street. "WOOD, Dealer in Marine Stores," seems to us more natural than "WOOD, First Lord of the Admiralty," and we should prefer hearing that "GREY & Co" had "no connexion with any other shop" than that they were attempting to manage the two very extensive concerns known as the Colonial Office and the Home Department. "RUSSELL, dealer in Pickles, from Vienna," would be more satisfactory to us than that the pickles should all be in Downing Street, and that RUSSELL who is supposed to have charge of them should be away on some other business.

We do not, however, quite agree with our contemporary in thinking that our Ministers would have made good tailors, for nothing can be less satisfactory than their measures, and the art of cutting a coat according to the cloth does not seem to be understood in Downing Street. Our Ministers instead of making good tailors would be well adapted for the Holywell Street trade, as they seem to understand nothing but old habits.

### A Vain Enquiry.

WE laugh at persons who are vain, but the question is if we, ourselves, are not just as vain as the person we are laughing at? Find us, if you can, the man who is not vain? and, supposing you had discovered such a curiosity, it then becomes another question whether he would not have some little secret vanity or other, if we only had eyes microscopic enough to discover the entity or nonentity of it. You may depend upon it, the fellow would be vain, exceedingly *vain of not being vain*.

### SPANISH CROWNS.

AN old Spanish poet, QUINTANA, has been crowned with a gold laurel chaplet by ISABELLA. As the Spaniards do such honours to the splendours of fiction, they may in good time take to crown not only Spanish poems, but Spanish bonds.

of the drama [an allusion, no doubt, to *La Dame aux Camellias*] on the cold English stage, as on the prolific boards of Paris.

"We address you, Sire, from a feeling that we owe—we do not scruple to avow it—our daily existence to that nation whom you so gloriously illustrate. When you were happily translated from the English of King Street, London, to the French of the Tuileries, Paris, we hailed the event with heartfelt delight, and—had it been dramatised at the Gymnase or the Odeon—we should not have failed to translate it back again.

"Sire,—you behold in us the most devoted servants of France. There is French ink in our veins, and French paper on our backs. True it is, that we breathe the air of England; but it is no less true that we subsist upon the words of Gaul. In proof of this, we beg leave to lay at your Majesty's feet [here MR. CHARLES KEAN accompanied the words with the due action] the play-bills of the various English theatres; bills in which, if we may be permitted the figure, the flag of France waves triumphant,—from the flag of *Louis XI*, downwards to the nineteenth century. These are touching proofs of our valuation of France, and of our ceaseless determination to make the most of her.

"Sire—we can never forget that on one great occasion, made for all time historical, you said—'*L'Empire, c'est la paix!*' Yes: the French Empire is a French piece. It is as such that it has ever been our dearest wish to receive France—as a piece; a piece that, whether in three acts or in one, whether tragedy, comedy, or burlesque, we shall, as faithful translators never cease to regard, with unwearying interest—a piece that, individually and collectively we shall ever have an eye upon."

The EMPEROR, turning upon his heel, was graciously pleased to return no answer. However, the Imperial bosom subsequently relented, for we hear that the deputation—at 2s. 6d. a head—are to have a French dinner at Giroux's,—and this at the EMPEROR's expense.

## HERE, STOP, YOU SIR.



THE following advertisement appears in the *Morning Post* of April the 26th:—

A GENTLEMAN of respectability, character, and deportment, and possessing a soul-stirring flow of spirits, OFFERS his SERVICES, as COMPANION, to any Gentleman whose mental vision and feelings are so darkened and oppressed as to render him incapable of enjoying the advantages he possesses. The advertiser would, if desired, act as Secretary and Man of Business, and has no objection to reside abroad.—Address, &c., Eton, Bucks.

There is no time to be lost, and many words are useless. We want this man. Let him apply to nobody until we have communicated with him. If he will send in a few specimens of this flow of spirits (carefully bottled and carriage free) to our office, it is possible he may hear of something to his advantage. It strikes us forcibly that we can turn him to good account,

as he offers to do for any gentleman what *Mr. Punch* is always doing for MR. JOHN BULL. We'll have him, deportment, flow, and all, if the specimens are up to the mark. 85, Fleet Street is the place, and let him mind that our souls are particularly well stirred. How lucky that we should have seen the advertisement.

## THE CIVIC SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

THE LORD MAYOR, in announcing to his brother Aldermen that he had been made a Baronet, spoke of the "very beautiful" letter he had received from LORD PALMERSTON. We happen to be very familiar with his Lordship's hand; and, with every due respect for his handy-work, we are quite sure that he never could have written a "beautiful letter," unless the lines were ruled for him, and some writing-master happened to be standing by to correct all the defects of the PREMIER's penmanship. LORD PALMERSTON writes what is called a good bold fist, as if he meant what he said, and intended to do what he promised; but there is none of the niminy-piminy work about his caligraphy which would be necessary to constitute a "beautiful letter." We can make every allowance for the LORD MAYOR's mistake on this point; for that letter must have been charming to him which announced his election to a Baronetcy; and, if he had described the document as "a duck of a letter," we should have been disposed to pardon him. Everything seems to have been *couleur de rose* to the LORD MAYOR on that auspicious day; for he writes another letter, talking of his having received from the EMPEROR a "beautiful snuff-box;" and he no doubt at dinner talked of a "beautiful lump of green fat," as he passed his plate for a further supply of his daily turtle.

THE HEIGHT OF GALLANTRY.—Kissing a woman who takes snuff.

## MATERFAMILIAS TO MR. PUNCH.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

*Judd Street, New Road.*

"FOR some time past my husband has refused to permit the newspaper to be read by the girls or me; and after he has read to us what his High Mightiness pleases, he has pocketed it, and marched off to his office. But he went away in such a hurry on Friday that he forgot his precious paper, and, consequently, I had a good read.

"Indeed, *Mr. Punch*, I think that if the papers often contain such advice as I read on Friday, no woman ought to sit down to breakfast with a man who takes them in.

"I am not going to write about the precious Budget, as you call it. If I were, I could say a great deal more than would be pleasant. Of course, as usual, the Parliament looks round to see how it can inflict cruelty upon those who cannot help themselves. Of course, when money is wanted, it is to be got out of the things which are among the few comforts women have in this world. Oh, dear, yes! Tea, and coffee, and sugar are the articles which Men (as they call themselves) immediately lay hold of to make dearer. All of a piece with their usual tyranny and cowardice. If the war goes on (and from the way the gifted Lords of Creation and Superior Beings bungle, their attempts both at war and at peace, I don't see why it should not go on for an age) you will want more money. Do not spare us. We can't help ourselves. Pray tax something else of ours. Why not lay new impositions (and that they ARE) upon our caps, and bonnets, and boot-laces. Why not tax crochet-work, or morning calls, or babies, or anything else that a poor woman takes a pleasure in. I don't doubt that I shall soon hear of something of the kind. It would never occur to a Man (as he calls himself) to tax his cigars, or his club, or his American bowls, or even his precious newspaper;—no, that must be made cheaper and carried for nothing, of course. Women must be oppressed. They were made for it. It is only for life, that's one comfort. But I said that I was not going to say anything about the Budget.

"But what I read with indignation and contempt, *Mr. Punch* (and if you are a woman's friend, as you are always pretending and professing to be, though I suppose you are, in reality, as great a deceiver and tyrant as the rest, you will lift up your voice for us) was this. The writer, after saying that the taxes were very heavy, especially the income tax, and would be a deal heavier, which we wanted no SOLOMON, come from the dead, to tell us, actually had the meanness and treachery to go on to remark that a professional man, with nothing but his income, ought, in the present state of things, to retrench some of his expences (and so he ought—his Club subscription and his Freemasons' lodge, and all dinners, except at home) and one of them ought to be his annual "month at Ramsgate." Now, *Mr. Punch*. I say, now, Sir. Do you expect me to write coolly and quietly to you about such a proposition as that? Give up his month at Ramsgate!

"Not if I know it, *Mr. Punch*. No, sir. If the money for the precious war can't be got without that, why you may make peace, or run up a bill for fighting, or what you please, but that Ramsgate money you don't have, not if the QUEEN (God bless her, she is too much of a Lady, and knows the value of fresh air for her blessed children too well to think of such a thing) were to send a whole regiment of Militia (nice looking articles they are) to collect the account. Give up Ramsgate! I know my place too well as a woman to talk lightly of divorces, as if such things ought ever to be granted, except to a female who has married a brute, but I know somebody who would not much like to show his face in my house again for many a day after he had dared to presume to name such a thing to me.

"Have Men (as they call themselves) no feelings? Of course they have none. But have they no eyes? Can they not see the state of our health, towards the end of the season? Can they not see our poor heavy eyes and pale cheeks, and then, hearing that we have been going about to parties for three, four, five months, merely to keep up their respectability, and—such of us as are mothers—to get their daughters settled and off their hands? I say can they see and hear this, and then desire to deprive us of a little sea-air and sea-water to freshen us up for the parties of the winter? I do declare, *Mr. Punch*, I believe you have no more hearts than stones. As a wife and a mother, I have no words to express my indignation.

"But by all means let husbands take the advice of their newspapers. Let a man give up his month at Ramsgate. As to his keeping his wife and children in town that is too ridiculous to be argued. Let him send them down to Ramsgate, and stay in town himself. We could manage—I dare say, to survive—without his presence. What he would save in railway tickets, in running up to town when nobody wants him, in the expensive dinners which he expects his wife to give him (instead of his living on cold meat, as it is known she always does in his absence) and in boating, fishing, and the rest of his selfish pleasures, would go a long way towards his income tax. Let him be economical while we are away, dine off his chop in chambers, and be in bed by ten o'clock, and the 'professional man with nothing but his income' will not need to stint his innocent wife and children of the little pleasure they have in this world.

"I have always taken in *Punch*, Sir, and I shall expect you to take our side, and to come out with some BITTERLY SATIRICAL pictures against the meanness, and selfishness of Men, and in that hope

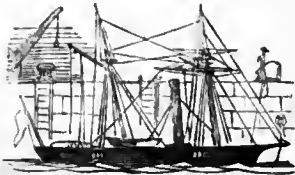
"I remain, yours truly,

"MATERFAMILIAS."

"P.S.—That picture about the cold mutton, and the pretended business, was most excellent, and many thousands of wives are grateful for it. Do the Ramsgate thing in the same way, only a great deal more severely."

“THE STEAMER THAT NONE STOW’D.”

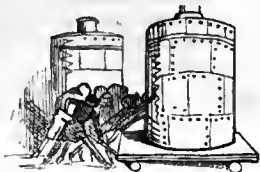
(A Versified Version of the Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the irregularities in the Transport of Stores, &c., to the East.)



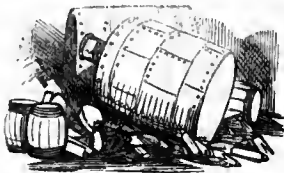
HERE is the Steamer that None stow’d.



Here is the Freight, Higgle-piggledy placed,  
Aboard of the Steamer that None stow’d.



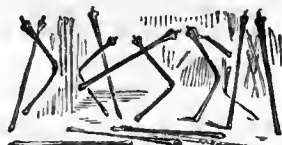
Here are the Cylinders, heavy and vast,  
That should have come first, but somehow came  
last,  
As part of the Freight, Higgle-piggledy placed,  
Aboard of the Steamer that None stow’d.



Here are the Medical Stores, ground to paste,  
Underneath the Cylinders, heavy and vast,  
That should have come first, but somehow came  
last,  
As part of the Freight, Higgle-piggledy placed,  
Aboard of the Steamer that None stow’d.



Here are the Bedsteads, all leglessly cast,  
Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, ground to  
paste,  
By the weight of the Cylinders, heavy and vast,  
That should have come first, but somehow came  
last,  
As part of the Freight, &c., &c.

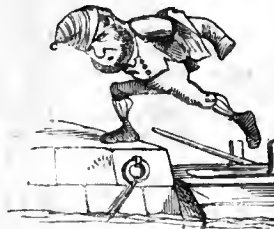


Here are the Legs, by the Board not yet past,  
That belong to the Bedsteads, all leglessly cast,

Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, ground to  
paste,  
By the weight of the Cylinders, heavy and vast,  
That should have come first, &c., &c.



Here’s the Ordnance Department, standing  
aghaſt,  
At ſight of the Legs, by the Board not yet paſt,  
That belong’d to the Bedſteads, all legleſſly caſt,  
Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, ground to  
paſte,  
By the weight of the Cylinders, &c., &c.



Here’s the Ordnance Lighterman, ſummon’d in  
haſte,  
By the Ordnance Department, ſtanding aghaſt,  
At ſight of the Legs, by the Board not yet paſt,  
That belong’d to the Bedſteads, all legleſſly  
caſt,  
Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, &c., &c.



Here’s the Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the  
leaſt,  
For the Ordnance Lighterman, ſummon’d in  
haſte,  
By the Ordnance Department, ſtanding aghaſt,  
At ſight of the Legs, by the Board not yet paſt,  
That belong’d to the Bedſteads, &c., &c.



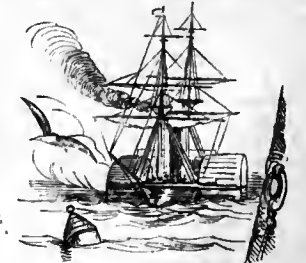
Here’s the Ordnance Stevedore, much too high  
caſte,  
To report Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the  
leaſt,  
For the Ordnance Lighterman, ſummon’d in  
haſte,  
By the Ordnance Department, ſtanding aghaſt,  
At ſight of the Legs, &c., &c.



Here’s the Skipper, for work with nò taſte,  
Spite of Ordnance Stevedore, much too high  
caſte,  
To report Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the  
leaſt,  
For the Ordnance Lighterman, ſummon’d in  
haſte,  
By the Ordnance Department, &c., &c.



Here’s the Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the  
maſt,  
Thanks to the Skipper, for work with no taſte,  
Spite of Ordnance Stevedore, much too high  
caſte,  
To report Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the  
leaſt,  
For the Ordnance Lighterman, &c., &c.



Here’s the Steamer at Scutari, moored at laſt,  
With her Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the  
maſt,  
Thanks to the Skipper, for work with no taſte,  
Spite of the Ordnance Stevedore, much too high  
caſte,  
To report Ordnance Bargemen, &c., &c.

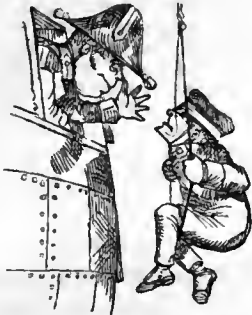


Here’s the Caique, heeling o’er to the blaſt,  
By the Steamer at Scutari, moored at laſt,

With the Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the mast,  
Thanks to the Skipper, for work with no taste,  
Spite of Ordnance Stevedore, &c., &c.



Here's the aged Purveyor, in cap gold laced,  
From the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast,  
By the Steamer at Scutari, moored at last,  
With her Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the mast,  
Thanks to the Skipper, &c., &c.



Here's the Captain's thumb, to his nostril placed,  
At the aged Purveyor, in cap gold-laced,  
From the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast,  
By the Steamer at Scutari, moored at last,  
With her Crew drunk as fiddlers, &c., &c.



Here's England's Best Blood, that has run to waste,  
While the Captain's thumb to his nostril's placed,  
At the aged Purveyor, in cap gold-laced,  
From the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast,  
By the Steamer at Scutari, &c., &c.



Here's JOHN BULL, atoning by prayer and fast,  
For England's Best Blood, that has run to waste,  
While the Captain's thumb's to his nostril placed,  
At the aged Purveyor, in cap gold-laced,  
From the Caique, &c., &c.

JENKINS IN AMBER.

On the late visit of the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, the sensitive JENKINS seized his lyre, "strung with his powdered hair," and broke forth into melodious verse and music. We cannot—we say it with heartfelt regret—give room to all the seven stanzas; but feel it incumbent upon us as a great human duty to enshrine at least eight Jenkinsonian lines in amber. Having compared EUGÉNIE to "MARY STUART again;" and then having corrected himself, saying she is "No, not MARY! Holier Bridal," he dashes his fingers amongst the chords, and ends thus:—

"Is this only flattered Glory,  
And a pageant's fair behest?  
Or is it God's ordered story,  
In strange portents manifest?"

Power and People! Rare alliance!  
Nature on no seral duty,  
And a hemisphere's affiance  
In Strong Will, and Perfect Beauty."

Nature being "on no seral duty," is—we would suppose—nature taking it easy. But we forbear; it is audacious to attempt to dissect the fire-fly verse; we, therefore, reverently preserve it in the amber of *Punch's* type. It is said that the EMPEROR sent to the *Post* office a new brass-headed cane for the poetic perpetrator. We trust the cane will be well used; for JENKINS'S verse beats everything.

Counter Propositions.

It was expected that, if Russia refused the terms for limiting her powers in the Black Sea, she would make certain counter propositions. This expectation was as fallacious as it was unreasonable. Why should Russia have made counter propositions when she knew that propositions conceived in the counter-spirit would be made in our own quarter by the peace-makers of the Manchester School?

LORD RAGLAN'S ALMANACKS.

Now that the line of telegraph is open all the way from the seat of war, we may expect to have a rapid supply of those interesting records of the weather in the Crimea for which LORD RAGLAN'S despatches have already assumed a reputation second only to that of MURPHY of Almanack notoriety. We can anticipate the style of news of which we shall shortly be in receipt from the army before Sebastopol. The cries of "Sekkund Edishun" will be accompanied by shouts of "Heavy Shower by Electric Telegraph" or "Glorious Noose, Fine Weather at Sebastopol." LORD RAGLAN'S despatches will henceforth keep us so completely *au courant* with the atmospheric changes that the columns of the papers may as well be arranged in the form of barometers to be filled up according to the accounts received from the Crimea. So rapidly will facts be made known, that a telegraphic despatch informing us of a shower of rain may be dated fresh from "under the umbrella of LORD RAGLAN."

Decreed "at Windsor."

THE pen with which the EMPEROR decreed, "at Windsor," the appointment of ADMIRAL HAMELIN Minister of French Marine, is considered a most extraordinary goose-quill. Never could French Admiral have hoped to have such a feather in his cap!

The Return of the Traveller.

Lord John (in travelling costume, just come home, jaded and dirty, and enquiring of his Servant). "Well, JOHN, have I been wanted at all during my absence?"

Servant. "Not in the least, Sir."

WHIGS TRIMMED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.—For trimming an old Whig in the very best style, and giving it a regular good dressing, there is no hand in the business equal to that of A. LAYARD, Esq. Apply to any rational man, who is in the habit of reading the newspapers.

"EVERY SOLDIER HIS OWN SOYER."

In the course of the evidence before MR. ROEBUCK'S Committee, complaint has more than once been made of the cooking in the camp; or, speaking more correctly, we should say of the want of it. "Every Soldier his own Soyer," is, it appears, the military maxim; the consequence of it has been that, from the absence of knowledge and appliances, nearly all the raw recruits have been reduced to eat their rations in a similar condition; while even old campaigners have been discovered sometimes at a loss to cook themselves a meal without making a mess of it.

But, though our troops may be accused of culinary ignorance, we do not see that they can well be blamed for it. A cook, unlike a poet, *non nascitur* but *fit*; and it is, of course, preposterous to expect that mere enlistment should be enough to make one. We would suggest, therefore, that in future a Culinary Serjeant should be added to each regiment, so that the exercise of teaching new recruits to "dress" might extend the knowledge of that process to their dinners.

Parliamentary Literature at a Low Ebb.

SOME of the Members of Parliament complain that "it requires no less than six pens to write a note in the Library of the House of Commons." We are surprised that this fact should be complained of as an instance of extravagance by the Members themselves, though we admire their candour in acknowledging (what we presume we are called on to believe) that any note written by an M.P. is not worth six-pens or even two-pens after it is written.

THE BEST PARTNERS.

For Whist, the cleverest and the most indulgent; for, Dancing, the handsomest, and the most amusing; for Business, the steadiest, the wealthiest, and the most attentive; and for Marriage—one who combines the qualities of all the Three.



Enter COSTERMONGER (to old Lady passionately fond of flowers).

Coster. "SCUSE ME MARM, BUT DID YER WANT YER GREEN-HOUSE SMOKED?—NO CHARGE, ONLY TO FIND THE 'BACCA, AND A DROP O' SUNTHIN' TO DRINK!"

### "A DAINY DISH TO SET BEFORE A QUEEN."

THE newspapers inform us that "in return for the splendid tiara, value about 2,000,000 reals, recently presented to the POPE by the QUEEN OF SPAIN, his Holiness has sent Her Majesty the body of St. FELIX the Martyr." The body of a martyr, or indeed any body, however illustrious, would seem to be but a poor equivalent for a tiara worth 2,000,000 of reals, and we can only presume that the POPE mistook the reals for shams when he made such a singular return to the QUEEN OF SPAIN's generosity. We can imagine the consternation of Her Majesty when, upon the arrival of a tremendous parcel from the POPE, and amidst all the excitement of curiosity to see what the package contained, the discovery was made of the "body" of a deceased martyr. By the gift having been conferred on the QUEEN OF SPAIN, we are inclined to believe that the blessed FELIX may have been some relation to the celebrated *Don Felix*, who used to be known to playgoers as the hero of the comedy of *The Wonder*. If this is the mode in which the POPE acknowledges a favour received, we should be sorry to place his Holiness under an obligation, lest he might think himself called upon to send us a "body," by way of a graceful interchange of courtesy. The QUEEN OF SPAIN must have wished the present to be absent as soon as the parcel was unpacked; and we can only express our surprise that the POPE should have sent a carcase in preference to a card-case, or some other appropriate *souvenir* to a female sovereign.

A SAGE REMARK.—Onion is Strength.

### THE SAME TO THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

THE Court Newsman informs us, that at the Installation of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH as a Knight of the Garter, all the other Knights "wore their chains and collars." We scarcely know whether we ought to laugh or to grieve over the sight of a number of noblemen dressed up like so many dogs—rather lucky dogs they no doubt consider themselves—"in chains and collars," for there is something degrading in the idea of a collar and chain, however costly the material of which the articles are composed.

The official account of the ceremony seems to show that there was rather more than the usual difficulty in tying LOUIS NAPOLEON by the leg, for the SOVEREIGN had to be "assisted by HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE" in buckling the garter on the left leg of his Imperial Majesty. The Chancellor of the Order, who was in attendance, is stated to have pronounced some "admonition"—the purport of which perhaps was to advise the two Princes not to pull the garter so tight as to hurt the leg of LOUIS NAPOLEON. It is probably not etiquette for the Knight to give the "admonition" with his own lips, but we think he would be the best judge of where the pulling of the garter ought to stop, and a judicious exclamation of "Oh! that hurts!" would save the necessity for the attendance of the Chancellor, for the performance of such an absurd duty as that which has been specified.

### Lost, an Opportunity by the Lord Mayor.

It cannot be said that the entertainment, given by the LORD MAYOR to the PREFECT OF THE SEINE at the Mansion House, was a mistake. But would it not have been more judicious on the part of the Civic Sovereign's advisers to have arranged that the feast should, notwithstanding the cold weather, have been given in the state-barge, during an excursion up the Thames? The King of the City can, of course, do no wrong, but his counsellors may do much; and they have made a perfect mess of that once noble river, whereof their Municipal Monarch is the conservator, and he might doubtless have obtained some suggestions for the better performance of his duty in that capacity, in the course of a jollification upon its turbid tide, in company with the presiding Genius of the Parisian stream.

GRAMMAR FOR THE COURT OF BERLIN.

His MAJESTY you should not say of FRITZ,  
That King is neuter; so, for His, use Its.

ROYAL ACADEMY, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The Seventy-Sixth Anniversary of the "Portrait of a Gentleman" will be held in, and on, the walls of the National Gallery, on the first Monday in May, when all the friends and relations of the "Gentleman" in question are invited to rush to admire him. He will be instantly recognised by the lofty intellectual look that will be stamped upon his manly brow, as well as for the very superior air of respectability that will be thrown about his Sunday coat and buttons. N.B. After the Anniversary, the "Gentleman" will still be kept on view for eight hours daily, (excepting on Sundays, when he undergoes a slight cleaning,) and the price charged for admiration will be only One Shilling.

By Order of THE HANGING COMMITTEE.



### One of "Black's Guides."

SOYER has taken out with him a black servant to the Crimea. There is business, doubtlessly, in this move? It looks as if SOYER, since he has started on his travels, was anxious to push his researches into the Interior as far as he could, and see whether, with such a Guide, it will not be possible to discover the real *Sauce of the Niger*.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S GOOD GENIUS.—EU-GENIE.





## THE RETURN FROM VIENNA.

*H—r M—y.* "NOW, SIR, WHAT A TIME YOU HAVE BEEN! WHAT'S THE ANSWER?"

*L—d J—n.* "PLEASE 'M, THERE IS—IS—IS—IS—ISN'T ANY ANSWER."



## THE PRUSSIAN STANDARD BEARER.

(On the Presentation, by KING CHICQUOT, of the late CZAR'S uniform to the 6th Regiment of the Prussian Cuirassiers.)



HE watch a Prussian Standard-Bearer keeps,  
Beside the late CZAR  
NICHOLAS'S breeches,  
And thus, whilst tears of  
rage and shame he weeps,  
The warrior sings, or makes  
this kind of speeches,  
The object of my scorn I  
dare not name,  
I won't say what I wish he  
was for ever,  
But, or I wish that I may be  
the same,  
I'll never fight beneath those  
breeches, never!

I don't much mind what  
sort of flag I bear,  
Provided that I bear it unto  
glory,  
But in a banner's stead, to  
wave a pair  
Of breeches, that is quite  
another story;  
The donor of those colours  
I'll not name,  
I only hope he may not reign  
for ever;  
To give us shorts for stand-  
ard—what a shame!  
Beneath those smalls I'll  
never fight, no, never!

Of Caudine Forks to undergo the yoke  
The Roman army had, by foes defeated;  
But, on ourselves, the like degrading joke  
He, in this forked ensign, has repeated:  
The dastard I allude to I'll not name,  
But, could he wear his tarnish'd crown for ever,  
"For Russia" he would "always be the same:"  
"And never" would "forget Papa's words," never!

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*April 23rd. Monday.* In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON explained that the Viennese humbug was over, and that LORD JOHN RUSSELL was on his way home. It occurs to *Mr. Punch* that, bad as is the taste of playing out a farce at such a time as this, matters would have been far more serious had the "proposals" which LORD JOHN RUSSELL was instructed to put forward, been accepted by Russia. Our army has been nearly destroyed before Sebastopol, but nobody need suppose that this is the least proof that our Government was in earnest about disabling Russia, for our representative was directed to be satisfied if Russia would only promise not to keep, for the future, more than a certain number of ships in the Black Sea. Luckily for the jaunty War-Miaister and his cabinet of Lords, Russia was too proud, in the consciousness of her strength and success, to listen even to so mild a proposition, and war goes on. MR. GOULBURN then expressed some very unnecessary discontent at the provision for paying off the new loan by certain instalments, as if there was the least chance of such a thing being ever done, and MR. GLADSTONE displayed a touch of his occasional touchiness, at an observation by MR. BARING, and called upon him to "explain his meaning." The Commons next assented to SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS'S resolutions for increasing the duty on tea and coffee, fought over the newspaper postage, and discussed whether a new member should be added to the Sebastopol Committee, on which question LORD PALMERSTON joked himself out of a dilemma, declaring that it was a matter of "perfect indifference" to the Government whether another judge of official misdeeds was or was not appointed.

*Tuesday.*—It is not often that *Mr. Punch* has the misfortune to agree with LORD MALMESBURY (to whose inveterate habit of chattering upon all occasions the country owes the announcements which have disbanded the Militia) but MALMESBURY contrived for once to echo the statements of wiser men upon the miserable "proposals" at Vienna.

In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI asked a very important question about the Indian Loan, but of course, MR. VERNON SMITH was unable to answer it. MR. HEYWOOD endeavoured to get rid of the religious

tests which prevent the education of a large class of the community in our Universities and Public Schools, but being opposed by the Premier, the Peelites, and the Conservatives, and the Liberals not standing by him, the resolution was negatived without a division. And then poor MR. APSLEY PELLATT once more made an exposition of himself, and was obligingly apprised by the ATTORNEY GENERAL that he was merely acting as the tool of a discontented attorney. When MR. PELLATT'S name is mentioned in a report, one naturally looks for the "count-out" notice, and of course, one had not far to look—the House was counted out after one more speech.

*Wednesday.*—The Commons had a fight upon the second reading of the Bill for allowing MR. BROWN to marry MISS MARY JONES, after the death of her sister, MRS. SUSAN BROWN (*née* JONES), his first wife. There was the usual amount of nonsense on both sides, the opponents of the bill relying upon a Hebrew law which has nothing whatever to do with the question, and upon the hatred which a married lady would, it is supposed, entertain for the single sister, if there were any chance of the latter succeeding to her own teapot and husband. The supporters of the measure were sentimental upon the intense affection children have for their aunts, and upon the "intolerable tyranny" of preventing a man from taking a second girl out of a family which had supplied him with so good a wife in the first instance. The Scotch and Irish elements were of course introduced into the debate, and in answer to the statement that in Scotland such marriages were considered contrary to the law of nature, MR. COLLIER rather smartly protested against a law of nature which had only been revealed to the people north of the Tweed, while the remarkable virtue of the Irish women was brought forward as a reason why their superstitious horror of such unions should prevent the inhabitants of a civilised country from doing as they please. The debate was adjourned until the 9th of May.

*Thursday.* In the Lords, the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE said that nothing could be announced as to the intentions of Austria in regard to the war until LORD JOHN RUSSELL came home. It is to be feared that the Lords do not study their *Punch* so attentively as they might do, or none of them would have thought of asking what he has told them a hundred times in the plainest language, namely, that Austria is only restrained from overt hostility to the Allies by the recollection that an interview of ten minutes between three individuals, named, respectively, MAZZINI, KOSSUTH, and CLARENDON, would be a sufficient reason for the respected MIVART'S preparing apartments, about four months later, for a certain young married couple and their first baby, late from Vienna.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON stated that the electric telegraph between Raglania and Downing Street was so nearly complete, that the Field-Marshal could transmit his valuable contributions to the Meteorological Society's journals in twenty-four hours; and that his Lordship had been desired to send word, every day, what he was doing. Another step was taken in the imposition of the new sugar, coffee, and spirit taxes; and MR. GLADSTONE expressed his regret that one of these days the House would probably have to go back to the system of Protection. COLONEL SIBTHORP'S ecstasy at this announcement prevented the honourable and gallant Member from uttering a word. A batch of lawyers then squabbled over the bill for abolishing the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts in regard to Wills; but the only value of the debate was its affording fresh evidence, out of the mouths of unconscionable witnesses, that the Ecclesiastical Courts are a frightful nuisance, and the Courts of Chancery a frightfuller. This debate was adjourned, *Mr. Punch* supposes, in order that fresh criminatory testimony may be obtained against both sets of national institutions.

*Friday.* By a very curious coincidence, the merits of British Officers and Gentlemen were the subject of discussion in both Houses of Parliament. LORD PALMERSTON'S relative, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, took the principal part in the Lords, the PREMIER himself in the Commons. LORD SHAFTESBURY called attention to the conduct of certain Officers and Gentlemen who have been emulating the achievements of the other Officers and Gentlemen who persecuted MR. PERRY, and indeed have evidenced the progress which might be expected from military intellect, for the behaviour of the Canterbury batch of heroes was even more vulgar, dirty, and cowardly than that of their models. LORD HARDINGE spoke severely on the subject, as did LORD HARDWICKE, who declared that the Colonels ought to be made responsible. While the "Officers and Gentlemen" question was being thus unceremoniously handled by the real aristocracy in the Lords, the sham aristocracy in the Commons approached the same subject, but, as might be expected, in a more servile spirit. MR. LAYARD, who had given notice of a motion in which the feelings of the nation are expressed upon our present system of Public Appointments, was made the subject of a series of attacks for some observations he offered, in a speech at Liverpool, upon divers military promotions. His accuracy was impugned in very offensive language, and his explanations were interrupted (as the organ of his opponents admits) by "jeers." One of his critics was ordered by the Speaker to retract his unparliamentary language. The irritation which MR. LAYARD causes by his unsparing exposures of our system, fully accounts for these unseemly exhibitions. As regards his accuracy in certain details, various letters have been published, and *Mr. Punch* has

not had time entirely to disentangle and comb out the military periods, so as to discover whether what they are intended to mean really refutes Mr. LAYARD, but at first sight it does appear that in some cases adduced by that gentleman, the rules of routine were complied with, and that it was not by mere wealth and interest that certain lucky officers obtained their last promotions. A thousand such corrections would not alter the conviction of the nation that wealth, rank, and influence do obtain the military prizes unfairly; nor will all the vicious eloquence of the Parliamentary soldiers, supported, as on Friday, by swaggering declamations from the head of that host of Lords at present in office, change JOHN BULL'S opinion, that if the "Gentlemen of England" can do nothing better than ruin an army, the Plebeians ought to be tried. But *Mr. Punch* is quite ready to recommend Mr. LAYARD to be prepared with chapter and verse when bringing any accusation against Officers and Gentlemen, for the merciless ridicule which certain recent courts-martial brought upon the class has determined them in future to contest all evidence that would not satisfy the Officers and Gents of the courts of Nisi Prius.

## PROSPECTS OF THE COMMONWEALTH.



DISHEARTENED as we may be by some of the phenomena of our glorious constitution, it has one element of which, at least, the aspect is "cheering." That is, the Honourable House of Commons. There was a time when Kings could do wrong and did it, and could do right and did it not, at which the British Parliament afforded a remedy for the King's evil. They could not set the crowned head right, and they did what they considered the next best thing; as surgeons do with an incurable leg. Not in a like, but in an effectual manner, we may hope that our present House of Commons will get rid of blockheads administrative—and why? It evinces, in quite a "cheering" measure, the very spirit of the old Puritans.

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, LORD EBRINGTON, and MR. M. CHAMBERS, have, we rejoice to see, introduced a measure no less important in the present crisis than another Sunday Bill. This statesmanlike measure is to prevent butchers and others from supplying food on Sundays after nine in the morning. It further prohibits barbers from shaving their customers after ten. The House was counted out the other day, on a trivial motion touching Army Reform. It will deal differently with a question of a far more momentous bearing on the campaign in the Crimea. SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY'S anti-sabbatarian resolution for the opening of Museums and Picture-galleries was scouted. This counter-proposition will meet with a converse reception: and no doubt we shall have it comfortably in operation, as proposed, on the appropriate first of November, which is called "All Saints' Day."

LORD ROBERT BAREBONE and his brethren having carried their measure, every Sunday will (according to the modern British religion) cease to be a festival of the Church, and become a Day of Fast and Humiliation. Then we shall get on. VICTORIA will be victorious, happy and glorious, although CUFFY, in his exile,

may now consider, with some justice, that he need not "despair of the Commonwealth." In the mean time the cat of LORD ROBERT B., if he keeps one, will do well to leave her situation with the greatest diligence, or at least refrain from catching mice on his Lordship's premises on Sunday.

## A CLANRICARDE TO THE RESCUE.

THE affectionate attention of the British public having, naturally enough, been turned to the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, it is no less kind than commercial in the newspapers to give us the earliest and the minutest intelligence of the distinguished peer's distinguished movements. The following is the latest news (*via* electric telegraph) from Ireland:—

"THE MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE is detained at Lough Rea by his duties as Colonel of the Galway Militia, and his Lordship is not expected in town until the first week in May. The Galway Militia has been much reduced by 150 of the privates having volunteered for the line; but, under the able management of its colonel, the regiment is fast regaining its strength."

The spirit of the reader is a little depressed and darkened by the intelligence that the Noble MARQUIS is still "detained at Lough Rea," but is raised and tightened by the sequent news that he may be expected in town, though not "until the first week in May," beautiful May! We may expect CLANRICARDE and the chestnut blossoms about the same time. We are glad of this; for we begin to fear that the Noble MARQUIS had resolved to withdraw himself from the House of Lords, having requested the EARL OF CARLISLE to wipe the MARQUIS'S name from the Irish Lord Lieutenants; it was feared that he might—in an evil hour for the moral strength and beneficent example of the country—humbly pray HER MAJESTY to use the royal penknife to scratch his name out of the *Peerage*. These fears are, happily, groundless; the Noble MARQUIS still devoting all his chivalrous energies to the service of the United Kingdom. How noble, too, is the influence of high example! The above informs us that "the Galway Militia has been much reduced by 150 privates having volunteered into the line;" all of them, no doubt, irresistibly stimulated to the heroic act by the moral and mental influence of the brilliant head of the regiment. However, the gaps in the Galway Militia are as speedily filled as made; hence, with such a man for Colonel, as a CLANRICARDE, the Galway Militia may be made an inexhaustible receiver for the line. In fact, the character of the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE appearing as Colonel of the Galway Militia, has been no less prophetically but beautifully foreshadowed in the "Happy Warrior" of WORDSWORTH. The whole piece is too long to quote; but there are some lines of felicitous significance. "Who is the Happy Warrior?" asks the poet; and then among other qualities that make him, says he is one—

"—Who if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means; and then will stand  
On honourable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire;  
Who comprehends his truth, and to the same,  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim!"

The reader knows there is much more of the same sort; and all equally applicable to the moral dignity of the Noble and Gallant Colonel, as recently illustrated in Dublin. By the way, it is said, that the Noble MARQUIS has presented some of the waste parchment, used in the HANDCOCK case, to the Galway Militia, to head the regimental drums withal. A most valuable gift: for never did parchment make more noise. Could it be rub-a-dubbed before Sebastopol, it must need carry terror to the heart of the coldest Russian.

## King Clicquot's Disposition.

ONE of "our own Correspondents," writing from Berlin, says—

"Although the King has hitherto declared himself in favour of neutrality, there are reasons for believing he will be found eventually to evince a disposition for drawing the sword."

Not being table-turners or electro-biologists, we cannot undertake to prophesy what KING CLICQUOT will be found disposed to do "eventually;" but at present we consider he evinces a much stronger disposition for drawing the cork.

A LINE ON JOHN BULL AND THE LOAN.—"The skeletons of nations were around that lo(a)nly man."—*Campbell*.

## THE LORD MAYOR'S FRENCH.



MUCH pleasure have we in congratulating the LORD MAYOR upon his acquirements in the language of France, which we have no doubt will furnish an additional guarantee for the durability of the French and English alliance. When the Chief Magistrate of London is found employing the French tongue—in however small a degree—we may feel assured that the union of the two nations is likely to be permanent. It was, therefore, with a feeling of great satisfaction that we found the word *puissant* introduced into the address presented by the City of London to the French EMPEROR. This graceful display of lingual research must have shown LOUIS NAPOLEON, that his reception was founded on no mere

superficial adhesion to forms and ceremonies; but that the citizens had dived into the depths of even the dictionary to do him honour.

Scarcely had we recovered from our admiration at the delicacy and learning evinced by the use of the word *puissant* in the civic address, when we were further amazed and delighted by finding in the letter of the LORD MAYOR to the FRENCH AMBASSADOR, in acknowledging the gift of a snuff box from the EMPEROR, another proof of that appreciation and comprehension of the language of France which had already met our warmest approbation. In speaking of the imperial gift, the LORD MAYOR adroitly alluded to it as a *souvenir*, and though it may be true that the use of the word *souvenir* implies no more profound knowledge than can be picked up by looking in upon the needle cases and other cheap *nugae* of the Lowther arcade, there is much tact shown by the civic potentate in characterising the *cadeau* of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH by a word, however common-place, which is borrowed from the language of his own people.

We trust that, by the next time the EMPEROR pays us a visit, the city authorities will have so far progressed in their knowledge of French as to be able to use, not only detached words, but even to enter boldly upon small phrases; and, with this view, we earnestly recommend the addition of the Polyglot Washing Book to the City Library.

## THE VOICE OF THE OMNIBUS.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, &c., &c.

MY LORD,

WILL your Lordship allow me to ask (without any intention of giving offence) if your Lordship ever rode in an omnibus? I feel I ought to apologise for the question. I am aware that members of your Lordship's class are not likely to be reduced to these public carriages. I can understand the proper repugnance of a nobleman to come into contact with persons of that middle class, to which the passengers in such vehicles generally belong. But while I enter into this feeling, I regret its consequences.

As your Lordship is no doubt aware, I am a low person—sprung from the streets, and obtaining a livelihood by amusing the common people. Originally, I walked and carried my show. But my circumstances have improved so much of late years that I am now able to ride in omnibusses, without injustice to my family or my tradesmen. Being of a communicative and enquiring turn, I make a point of listening to the conversation I hear in these rides, and, when I can, of joining in it. It has struck me that it would be of the utmost service, not only to your Lordship personally, but to the Cabinet over which you preside, if you could avail yourself of the same opportunity of ascertaining the feeling of the middle class on passing political events.

It is true, that this might impair that jocularly, of which your Lordship is such a master; and the House of Commons would probably thereby lose many a hearty laugh. I am afraid, too, it might in some degree interfere with your Lordship's self-complacency; and I should not wonder, if it even occasionally destroyed your Lordship's digestion.

But one thing I am sure it would do,—a thing, as it appears to me, that especially needs doing at this time. It would open your Lordship's eyes. I know how wide the range of those eyes is; that it has swept for many years the courts and the cabinets of the old world and the new. But your Lordship knows the apologue of the astronomer, who, absorbed in his star-gazing, tumbled into an ignominious horse-pond.

I cannot but fear that your Lordship may be hard upon a similar catastrophe.

My Lord, the Voice of the Omnibusses would inform you that the English middle classes are at this moment very much in earnest,—that they are very much disgusted with affairs at home,—very much

humiliated by affairs abroad,—and, worse than all, very much disenchanted of certain impressions on the subject of your Lordship, which led them to urge your appointment to that post which has been the goal of your life's efforts. Nor is this all.

The Voice of the Omnibusses would also inform your Lordship that the incredible imbecility, incompetence, and mismanagement which have attended every branch of operations carried on by the Government in connection with this War, as well as the diplomacy which preceded and has accompanied it, have led to grave doubts of the exclusive right to governing authority of that order to which your Lordship belongs.

These doubts, I regret to say, seem (I still judge from the Voice of the Omnibusses) to be rapidly ripening into convictions; and these convictions cannot fail to be followed before long by very unmistakable action. I do not mean to say that the omnibusses are revolutionary, or democratic, or subversive, or socialist. They are none of these things; but they are business-like. They are accustomed to the management of their own businesses. They have been content to leave diplomacy to the Foreign Office; parliamentary jocularly and cajolery to your Lordship; the acquiring of votes and disposing of official places to Mr. HAYTER.

But war involves a great deal of sheer *business*,—such as contracting for, and forwarding stores and supplies; taking up, stowing, and dispatching ships, and so forth. In fact, when the omnibusses take war to pieces—apart from the fighting, the one thing which has been well done—they find it to be an aggregate of such acts as most of the passengers are daily doing in the carrying on of their own daily concerns. Of the way these acts are done they *will* judge,—they *have* judged, I have no doubt most rashly and ignorantly,—but you cannot persuade them of this in the face of the Horse-guards and the Ordnance, the port of Balaklava, the hospitals at Scutari, the revelations before the Sebastopol Committee. They *have* come to their own conclusion on the conduct of the war, and—it is no use mincing the matter—they have pronounced sentence of condemnation on the system which your Lordship was expected to reform, but which you have shown no intention, no capacity (pray understand it is the omnibusses who say so) of reforming.

I very much fear this condemnation of the system includes a condemnation of your Lordship, and of your Lordship's Cabinet. I am afraid it is too late to avert the execution of the sentence which the condemnation carries with it. But if it be still possible to avert it, there is only one way of doing so.

Your Lordship *must* really condescend to the 'bus, and listen to what passes on public matters, among us riders in these plebeian conveyances.

There is a wide, wide world outside of Belgravia, Piccadilly, May Fair, Whitehall, and the Houses of Parliament. Your Lordship seems to live in absolute unconsciousness of what passes in that world. At least I infer as much from your unflinching jauntiness under discredit, your jocularly amidst disaster, and your perseverance in misfeasance, malfeasance, and nonfeasance, whenever you are called upon to act. I assure you, earnestly, and in seriousness, that all this is profoundly painful to the world I speak of—and that pain is passing, every day, into indignation—and that indignation must ripen into act.

Remember I don't go below the omnibusses. What may be seething and surging in a lower class of conveyances—among those who do not ride even in omnibusses—I leave others to tell you. I speak for the omnibusses—and the omnibusses *have* votes. Then do my Lord,—if only for a while—give up your carriage and condescend to the 'bus.

Or if this be absolutely impossible, condemn a dozen of the most intelligent subordinates at your command, to this painful but most urgent duty. Pay them well, of course. The humiliation must be adequately recompensed. Let them tell your Lordship, exactly and from day to day, what they hear in their rides, and you will then be able to judge how far I have accurately represented the Voice of the Omnibus in this letter.

I remain, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

PUNCH.

## Dreadful Effect of Bear's Grease.

WE regret to hear of the alarming effect of one of the pots of bear's grease upon ALDERMAN —. Having innocently devoured the grease, wholly unconscious of its effects, he went to bed; but rose in the morning, clothed from head to foot, in a suit of bear's fur. It is supposed that he will immediately give up the alderman's gown, being now provided with a sufficient covering for all weathers.

TROY AND SEBASTOPOL.

THE Siege of Sebastopol has been compared to that of Troy. There is one important difference between the two sieges: In the latter there was but one NESTOR among the besiegers; in the former there are many, but they unfortunately are NESTORS in nothing but senility.

OUR RELATIONS WITH AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.—German Cozens.



PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR AS HE APPEARED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

ON A STRAIGHTFORWARD QUESTION BEING PUT TO THE NOBLE LORD AT THE HEAD OF AFFAIRS—HE IMMEDIATELY REPLIED BY SINGING—"HOT CODDLINGS."  
(From our own Reporter).

## INCOME TAX RESTITUTION.

To SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS, Chancellor of the Exchequer.  
SIR,

LET us pay for the war like men—but let us not get it paid for by means which are unmanly. For the present, perhaps for a long future, we must put up with the inequality, that is, with the rascality, of the Income Tax. But saddle the right ass and only him. The Income Tax is a partial confiscation of incomes of £100 a year and upwards. Don't confiscate incomes which are below that mark. I know some very respectable old ladies—I know some very charming young ones—whose incomes are below £100 a year. Don't compel them to pay the tax to which they are not liable. You don't? That is inexact, you do. From rent, from mortgage, from the funds, from whatever source derived, their pittance has Income Tax deducted from it. They can get it back again. How? By taking proper proceedings. I mean not to be cockney, but, don't you wish they may get it? Broken-spirited widows, and unbusiness-like, helpless, orphan girls, what proceedings would you advise them to take for the recovery of the per-centages which have been cribbed from their portions and their jointures? Attempt, personally, to ferret out the official that has ultimately to refund? Have you a grandmother, sir, who is not a GAMP; a sister who is not a strong-minded female? but of course you know the augmented enterprise would be absurd. You surely would not recommend the already shorn lamb—or maturer victim—to "employ a solicitor," or any other kind of attorney.

Well, then, now, while you are about it—whilst you are aggravating this abominable tax—take the opportunity of adjusting it in at least this one particular. You may not be able to prevent it from necessarily robbing some; but you can, surely, prevent it from robbing many unnecessarily. Simplify the ordeal, the detail; and the bullying, which those who have had Income Tax stolen out of their less than £100 a year, are obliged to undergo to procure the restoration of the plunder. Let your Chancellor of the Exchequership be distinguished by a contrast to the meanness, unfairness, and heartlessness, for which your predecessors in that office have long been so remarkable; and then I will beg you to believe me, politically, as well as personally,

Your sincere well-wisher,

85, Fleet Street, May, 1855.

PUNCH.

## JOKES FOR ARMY JUVENILES.

For a good hearty laugh there is nothing like a practical joke. None of your wordy puns, conundrums, sarcasms, smart sayings, repartees; none of your ideal jests and gibes, and flashes of merriment that are wont to set other tables in a roar, when you can enjoy the solid, real wit which is calculated to render the mess-table uproarious. When the fool in the pantomime kneels before some door, thereby occasioning somebody who comes out of it to tumble over him, he creates a pretty good laugh. Still the joke is more recondite than a practical joke ought to be. The perceptive faculties of the victim are eluded, and the fun of that is in a measure abstract and metaphysical, the rather, that he is only supposed to hurt himself by his fall on the stage, and does not truly and indeed break his nose. Practical jokes cannot be too simple for the juvenile wits of the army. Breaking in the door, now, of a young comrade—that is your sort of joke. It requires no explanation—there is no subtle intellectuality about it. Split the door: that is better than making the sides of anybody to split: except in like manner as you make the door. Then pull your brother officer out of bed—that is the way to turn the laugh against him. Force him into the apartment of another officer, and threaten to throw him out of window: suiting the attempt to the menace—you have him there.

Threaten, also, to make him eat a candle, but as mere threats are air, and airy jokes are trivial, smear his mouth materially with the tallow; which is much sharper than stopping it with a verbal witticism. What is figurative Attic salt to genuine candlegrease? Now, then, kick him out of the room: which will show that you have a ready wit, having your fun at your toes' as well as your fingers' ends. Follow him again into his own room; pursue him not with a flight of empty mental arrows, but fling several substantial things at him. Seize a stick and break his furniture; the best jokes that you can crack upon him next to breaking his head. Force him upon his knees: there is much more genuine sport in this than there is in slow quiet humour. Lastly, break his door in again: because this is a joke which will bear repetition.

Originality is not aimed at in the enumeration of the *faciæ* above

recommended for juvenile army practice. They are copied from a memorandum issued by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, in which they are described as having been recently performed by ENSIGNS SANDERS and NEVILLE, of the 30th Regiment, at the expense of ENSIGN FALKNER of the 50th. It appears that ENSIGN FALKNER thought them so extraordinary, that he reported them to his commanding officer; but the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, not seeing the point of them, denounces them as unworthy of officers and gentlemen.

## UGLY FACTS FOR UGLY CUSTOMERS.

AN egotist is especially hated by all other egotists.

Those who believe that money can do everything, are frequently prepared to do everything for money.

The only good that a miser does, is to prove the little happiness there is to be found in wealth.

To be angry with a weak man is a proof that you are not very strong yourself.

Solitude is the despair of fools, the torment of the wicked, and the joy of the good. It is alike pandemonium, purgatory, and paradise—according to the soul that enters it.

Scandal is the reputation of the wicked.

There are men who may be called "Martyrs of good health;" not content with being well, they are always wishing to be better, until they doctor themselves into being confirmed invalids, and die ultimately, you may say, of too much health.

## A Profitable Exchange.

Do diamond-merchants want a bargain? Let them read what follows:

"In return for the splendid diamond tiara, value about 2,000,000 reals, recently presented to the POPE by the QUEEN OF SPAIN, his Holiness has sent her Majesty the body of ST. FELIX the Martyr."

It ought to have been ST. STEPHEN, seeing that he was the first martyr to a gift of stones.

**A LAMP THAT WANTS TRIMMING.**



“Eh what a dingy, sooty, black, ill-looking utensil it is!” says the Pot on one hob, abusing the Kettle on the other. In the same spirit and in like manner, a Roman Catholic journal called the *Lamp*—why not the *Lantern* rather, to the glory of GUY FAWKES?—and devoted especially to the enlightenment of the people, makes the following observations under the heading of “The May of the Bigots:”—

“May is also ‘Jeneon Feast’ of the bigots; its approach is evidenced by the usual preponderance of antiquated bonnets, seedy black coats, and white chokers in the streets of London, and sundry announcements of meetings in Exeter Hall, of ‘Protestant Missions to Evangelise Ireland,’ ‘Bible Societies,’ ‘Evangelical Alliances,’ ‘City Missions,’ &c. &c.; all of which are convened to uproot their ideal of Popery, and while the faithful of the Church are engaged in acts of devotion to the ‘Queen of Heaven,’ the SPOONERS, CUMMINGS, McNEILS, AND Co. will be evoking by the most outrageous cant and hypocrisy and calumny, the bigotry and cash of their unfortunate dupes, to propitiate their insatiate spirit of hate.”

It is very inconsistent of the writer of the above to sneer at antiquated bonnets and seedy black coats. What head-dress can be more antiquated than that of female, and what clothes can be more seedy than those of male Roman Catholic Saints? The former were not accustomed to sport fashionable bonnets, and if any such ladies still exist, they do not go about, those who are at large, wearing what should be the covering of the head on the occiput. Many of them being nuns, they patronised hoods extensively; now the hood is a more antiquated thing than any bonnet. As for the Popish Saints of the masculine gender, they commonly rejoiced in apparel which was something more than seedy. It was absolutely dirty and filthy, and that not only as to the exterior. If they wore any sort of collar or choker at all, it was certainly not white. It was the outcropping of very foul linen, usually, so to speak, Irish, as consisting of horsehair. Wherefore, then, should the Genius of the *Lamp* reproach the opposition Saints with seediness? Should he not rather have upbraided them for not being seedy enough; for not being nearly so seedy as the Saints in horsehair; for being merely seedy and not sprouting, or in a state to sprout, their persons being sown with mustard and cress?

Whilst the Saints of Exeter Hall are venting their bigotry in the manner above described, the *Lamp* exhorts its readers to sanctify themselves by the reasonable service which it thus depicts:—

“We trust this year that there will not be a single church, chapel, oratory, station, or school in which the beautiful devotion of the month of May will not be practised; let every Catholic dwelling have also its statuette of the Madonna (especially where church or chapel may be too distant) placed in some corner of the room, festooned with flowers, and when the labours of the day are over and the sun is setting, let the lighted taper mingle its rays with the golden sun-set, and let father, mother, children, and inmates kneel together in love to celebrate their devotions for the ‘Month of May.’ How sweetly then will May-flowers bloom to them? What graces and blessings will not MARY shower upon them? What music so sweet to a parent’s ears as to hear his little ones respond to the prayer, ‘MAY, cause of our joy,’ ‘Pray for us.’”

Now, let MR. ISAAC SOLOMONS, or let REDSCHID PASHA, or CHEKIB EFFENDI, or any other outsider both to Exeter Hall and Loretto, decide which are the greatest bigots—those who accuse Roman Catholics of fetishism, or those who propose to them the practice of something so like it as the above. Probably, SOLOMONS, and REDSCHID, and CHEKIB, would simply consider it absurd on the part of Exeter Hall, to trouble itself so much to convert the blackamoors from dummy-worship, when its missionaries might find such a sufficiency of home employment among those who walk by the light of the *Lamp*, kindling, thereby, the taper, with which, by way of devotion, they burn the “golden sunset” before a doll.

**Political Intelligence.**

WE are in a position to state that as soon as the Sebastopol Committee has terminated its enquiry, it is intended to present a copy of the evidence to each of the members of the Aberdeen Administration; so that in case of their return to office they may use it to refer to as a book of precedent. We understand these presentation copies will be suitably bound in red tape, and entitled by a not inappropriate plagiary “*Our Mess.*”

**LESS LAUGHING MATTERS FOR LEGISLATORS.**

It is rather a remarkable fact that the House of Commons is very often upon what may be called the “heavy grin,” notwithstanding the calamities and degradations under which the country has been suffering. We have felt some curiosity to trace the cause of this propensity to laughter, and though *Punch’s Anatomy of Merriment* may not be so successful as BURTON’S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, we have ventured to select a few cases of House of Commons hilarity, which we have endeavoured to trace to their proper origin. The following relate to a small portion of those repeated bursts of laughter which occurred in the House on Monday the 30th of April, and which seem to promise a time when the Parliamentary Debates shall be headed with—

**ANOTHER SCREAMING FARCE!**

CONTINUED ROARS—THE PREMIER IN TWO CHARACTERS—

and other cognate catch-lines, which have hitherto been confined to the play bills. It is rather a striking fact that most of the jokes come from the Ministerial benches, so that, in the midst of the gloomy aspect of public affairs, the members of the Government keep up their spirits to a marvellous pitch of buoyancy. Perhaps the intention is to keep up the spirits of the nation by a display of mirthfulness on the part of our rulers, and thus counteract the dangerous despondency into which the country might otherwise fall. The first burst of laughter on the night we have mentioned was elicited by a—

**Joke of the First Lord of the Admiralty,**

who said,

“It is certainly not true that the Naval Brigade has been without a chaplain for the last eight months, because the Naval Brigade has not existed for so long a period. (Laughter.)”

The richness of the joke in this case consists in the fun implied in the “reason” for the absence of a chaplain, and in the ready wit with which a charge of neglect is warded off by a quibble as to the time during which the neglect has existed. The Naval Brigade not being eight months old is a good excuse for its having been eight months without a chaplain, but is no answer to the charge of its being allowed to remain without a chaplain for any less period.

Encouraged by the success of joke No. 1, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY tried joke No. 2, in reply to a question whether it was the intention of Government to communicate to the House any news it might receive. SIR C. WOOD is reported to have said,

“When a telegraphic despatch mentioned anything of sufficient interest to render it necessary, desirable, or interesting, to communicate it to the House, I have not the slightest doubt my Noble Friend at the head of the Government would do so. (A laugh.)”

We confess we don’t exactly see the point of this joke, which was rewarded by a laugh from the House of Commons, unless the humour of the thing consists in the idea of its being possible to have anything “desirable” or “interesting” to communicate to the present miserable state to which mismanagement has brought our affairs. This very “lively conceit” may have tickled the fancy of our legislators, and rendered it impossible for them to restrain their mirth.

It would seem as if SIR CHARLES WOOD had been determined to monopolise “all the fun of the fair” on Monday evening, for he had not sat down after the manufacture of joke No. 2, before he gave vent to joke No. 3, and was rewarded with the same amount of “laughter” as before. The third sally of wit consisted of the following burst of jocularity:—

“I have no objection to state the whole purport of the despatch received to-day. LORD RAGLAN acknowledges the receipt of a despatch from LORD PANMURE, and asks when the Sardinian Contingent is to be sent. (Laughter.)”

What a brilliant joke to be sure; and how very judicious the laughter with which it was followed. The fun of the thing consists first, we suppose, in the fact of LORD RAGLAN having given no news; and next, in the mention of the Sardinian Contingent, which possibly brought to mind the humorous fact of the *Cresus* having been wrecked in attempting to take the Sardinian Contingent to its destination. “Oh, my eye, what fun!” seems to be the sort of mental exclamation with which every announcement of, or allusion to, a calamity, is received from the mouth of a Minister. We shall expect the reports of the proceedings of the House of Commons in the evening papers to terminate henceforth, not with the usual words “left sitting,” but with the more appropriate announcement,

LEFT LAUGHING.

**Discovery by the Duke of Newcastle.**

AFTER ten months of war, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE had discovered that there was not the proper understanding between the Admiralty and the Board of Ordnance which ought to exist. This was a small and a late discovery. The country had long before discovered that, as regarded the management of the war, the whole Administration had between the whole number of them, no understanding whatever.

## "BEWARE OF THE DOG!"



that the advertiser has not stipulated for a China dinner-set on which the brute is to be served with his meals, but this is probably implied in the intimation that he is to be located in "a gentleman's family." The "lady" seems to have a high appreciation of the social qualities of the dog, for she considerably adds that "no remuneration will be required." This intimation seems to imply that in the opinion of the lady advertiser the privilege of making a canine acquaintance is not only worth having but worth paying for. It is possible that every advertisement meets with some response, but

HAT does the reader think of the following paragraph, which is not as might be naturally supposed an invention of our own, but is a literal copy of a recent advertisement?

A LADY, who is leaving England, wishes to PLACE in a gentleman's family, in the country, a handsome and useful DOG, of three years of age. A comfortable home, good treatment, an airy situation, with the range of a large yard would be suitable. No remuneration is required. Dog sellers need not apply. Address to B. C., &c.

It is satisfactory at all events to know that the "lady" is "leaving England," for her tastes are evidently more suited to any country than our own, where we are not in the habit of introducing our dogs as members of "gentlemen's families." There must be a fearful amount of offensive puppyism about this dog, for whom a commercial home is evidently considered low, and who requires a "comfortable home" with "a large yard"—in other words a house and grounds for his especial convenience. It is strange

we confess we should think it doubtful whether any one of sound mind, would be ready to receive a dog on a visit, and permit the brute to make himself at home, as one of the domestic circle. If this sort of thing is encouraged we shall have people advertising "Cheerful Homes for Sad Dogs," with "Lively Society for Melancholy Dogs," or "A Vacancy for a Select Dog where a few only are received as Inmates."

## A DOUBTFUL POSITION.

The Vienna Correspondent of the *Daily News* informs us:—

"I believe I do not mistake the opinions of those who represent Prussia here, in saying they affect to believe that, whether the issue be peace or war, the KING will still be able to maintain himself in the same high position he has hitherto maintained, and that if the war continues he will succeed in preserving his neutrality in spite of all Europe."

To talk of KING CHICQUOR being in a "high position" just at present seems to us only a high joke: unless indeed the term be used in reference to his present daily habit of getting rather elevated. Even in that case, however, we cannot but consider the expression an ill-chosen one; for we can scarcely regard that as a "high position" where, by the practice we refer to, the personage in question so completely lowers himself.

A DERBY SWEEP.—What does he sweep? Why, he generally sweeps the pocket clean.

## WHERE IS LORD CLARENDON?

It seems to be a good deal like searching for a needle in a bottle of hay, to look for LORD CLARENDON. In fact the latter process is more difficult, for though it might be possible, with great acuteness, to catch the needle's eye, there is no catching the eye of the Foreign Minister. If we are asked to prove our words, we refer to a report of a little scene in the House of Lords the other night as furnished by the *Morning Chronicle*. We give a few extracts which will be sufficient to bear out our statement:—

"The EARL OF DERRY said he had seen the Noble Earl the Foreign Secretary on two or three occasions that evening flitting through the House (a laugh), but he had been unable to find any occasion to put a question.

"The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE had spoken to his Noble Friend (the EARL OF CLARENDON) a few minutes before, and he had only just left the House. (A laugh.)

"The EARL OF DERRY. I understood from the Noble Marquis yesterday that the Noble Earl would be here to-day.

"The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE. I did not use the word 'to-day.' I cannot undertake to say where my Noble Friend is at this moment. (A laugh.)"

It must really be as good as a visit to HOUDIN or any other illustrious conjuror, to see and not to see the EARL OF CLARENDON popping up and popping down, appearing and disappearing in the House of Lords; absent in places where he is looked for, and present for an instant in a spot where he is not expected. The exhibition or non-exhibition seems to have been very effective, and to have given rise to a series of those "laughs" which are now general in both Houses of Parliament. We remember a very good trick that used to be played called *L'Escamotage d'une Dame*, which is done by placing a lady under a sort of extinguisher, on the removal of which the lady has disappeared in some unaccountable manner. We should be most happy to place an extinguisher at the service of LORD CLARENDON if he would like to try the trick, or perhaps the fun would be increased, and the legislative laughter would be still more general if he were to get a colleague to assist in the *Escamotage* of a Minister.

## A Meteorological Truth.

THEY say "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good"; but really we cannot see that the wind, which has been blowing from the East, ever since the war began, has blown any one any particular good; and we are afraid we shall have to whistle for a long time, before we shall be able to record any improvement.

## THE HOUSE OF LAUGHTER.



THE following is an extract from a recent Parliamentary report in the *Times*:—

"LORD PALMERSTON. If the Honourable Member had been in the House yesterday he would have heard the question he has now put satisfactorily answered. (Laughter.)"

Laughter at what? The joke requires explanation. All that can be given, however, is simply this. The hon. member alluded to was MR. BRIGHT; his question was directed to ascertain the precise facts in regard to the late Conferences, and he prefaced it by observing that he was not in the house on the previous evening when a similar question had been answered by the PREMIER. The reply of LORD PALMERSTON is that if he had been there, he would have heard it answered satisfactorily. Where's the wit? The answer of the noble Lord was not a retort or a repartee. It may have been correct, but it was not funny or humorous. But then, to be sure, it may have been incorrect; and the House may have laughed at its incongruity with fact; but in that case the laughter would have had a wisdom in it which most people will consider a deeper wisdom than the present "collective."

## To Dust-Contractors, Scavengers, and Others.

MR. PUNCH hereby gives notice of his intention shortly to advertise for Tenders from persons who are willing to contract for the removal of the dust which is now nightly being thrown by certain Members of the Government in the eyes of any Member for the People who may be bold enough to venture any question as to the shortcomings of the public service.





AN EAST WIND JOKE.

Brown. "Ah, TOMKINS! HERE'S A MERRY SPRING TO YOU."

Tomkins. "THE SAME TO YOU, BROWN, AND MANY OF THEM, IF YOU COME TO THAT!"

THOUGHTS ON THOUGHTS.

THERE are many thoughts, like diamonds, that take much less time to find, than to polish when you have found them.

Many thoughts are exceedingly pretty, which, when looked into, are found, like a necklace of birds'-eggs, to hang upon the slightest thread, and to have, strictly speaking, nothing in them. Some authors, too, evidently look upon thoughts as children do upon birds'-eggs—public property, which there is no harm in stealing. They string them, also, very much in the same strain; drawing everything they can out of them, and decorating themselves afterwards with the empty shells.

Old thoughts are frequently, like old clothes,—you put them away, and they come out, after a certain time, quite fresh and apparently new. Persons repeatedly get the credit of having a new thought, when it is only an old one brushed up a little, and "revived" for the occasion, to "look as good as new."

There is no property in thoughts. Like an umbrella, a thought only belongs to the last holder, and you never can tell in whose hands it may be to-morrow. The only title most thoughts have to property is the one generally carried out by magpies and PROUDHONS, "*La Propriété c'est le Vol.*"

A Yankee Allegory.

A New York paper states that a "sporting gentleman," who "has paid great attention to rats," makes a bet to harness a hundred rats and drive them in a light waggon up the Broadway. The gentleman is, in fact, a retired whipper-in of the British House of Commons.

MAY DAY, AS IT WAS OBSERVED IN WOLVERHAMPTON.

WHEN *Mrs. Punch* goes to the famous Shawl and Drapery Emporium of MESSRS. BOBBINET AND Co., 650, I, 2, 3, & 4, Regent Street, one of the intelligent young gentlemen who preside over the countless counters of that vast establishment,—into which *Mr. Punch* confesses he never sees his wife enter without a throb of anguish thrilling through him to his very cheque-book—when, I say, *Mrs. Punch* enters that alluring temple, the intelligent youth whose pleasure it is to wait upon her, among other devices of the enemy with which he seeks to ensnare her in his toils, exhibits a feminine mantle; and "draping" it effectively on a lay figure (distinguished, nautically speaking, by a prodigious breadth of beam,) this white-chokered young man critically, yet suggestively, murmurs, "Sweet things in Cardinals, M'm; chaste and helegant!" and the dear victim imagines that she has procured a cheap bargain, if she obtains the article for "the low figure of one ten."

Now, what would *Mrs. Punch* say, if she could secure a Cardinal at the ridiculously low figure of one pound? a real *live* Cardinal! a talking Cardinal,—as eloquent as "the Talking Oak,"—in fact, in his own person, a very Talking Hoax. What would *Mrs. P.* say to that? and, if she will say nothing to that, what will she say to *this*?—an advertisement which *Mr. Punch* transcribes *totidem verbis* from the *Wolverhampton Chronicle* of April 4th:—

ST. MARIE'S AND ST. JOHN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, WOLVERHAMPTON.

This Church will be solemnly opened on the 1st of May. Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated by the Lord Bishop of Birmingham, and two Sermons will be preached; one in the morning by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the other in the evening by the Lord Bishop of Nottingham. Morning Service to commence at Eleven o'clock, Evening Service at half-past Six.

TICKETS OF ADMISSION:—

| MORNING.        |       | EVENING.        |       |
|-----------------|-------|-----------------|-------|
|                 | s. d. |                 | s. d. |
| To the Nave     | 20 0  | To the Nave     | 6 0   |
| " " "           | 10 0  | " " "           | 4 0   |
| " " "           | 5 0   | " " "           | 2 0   |
| To the Transept | 6 0   | To the Transept | 2 6   |
| To the Aisles   | 5 0   | To the Aisles   | 2 0   |
| " " "           | 2 6   | " " "           | 1 0   |

There it is! "To the Nave, 20s." Twenty shillings to the Knave! One pound to see the live Cardinal! Eight half-crowns to behold his eminent Eminence! Forty sixpences to hear the arch Archbishop!

Now's your time, ladies and gentlemen; walk up here, walk up! the performance is just a-going to begin.

For, who is not compelled to think of the showman, who reads the above advertisement. The "tickets of admission" forbid us thinking of the ceremony otherwise than as a performance. And contrast the scale of prices for the morning, with those for the evening. The "LORD BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM" is not thought, by one-third, to be so great an attraction as "HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER." Perhaps the former is deemed, with his brother of Birmingham, to be nothing more than "a Brummagem Bishop." In fact, the terms of the advertisement might suggest an addition to WALKER'S *Arithmetic* in the shape of a rule-of-three sum of this description:—If a LORD BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM is worth 2s. 6d. to the Transept, when CARDINAL ARCHBISHOPS fetch 20s. to the Nave, what would be the value, to the Aisles, of a LORD BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM?" The answer would, evidently, have something to do with "the Lord of the Isles."

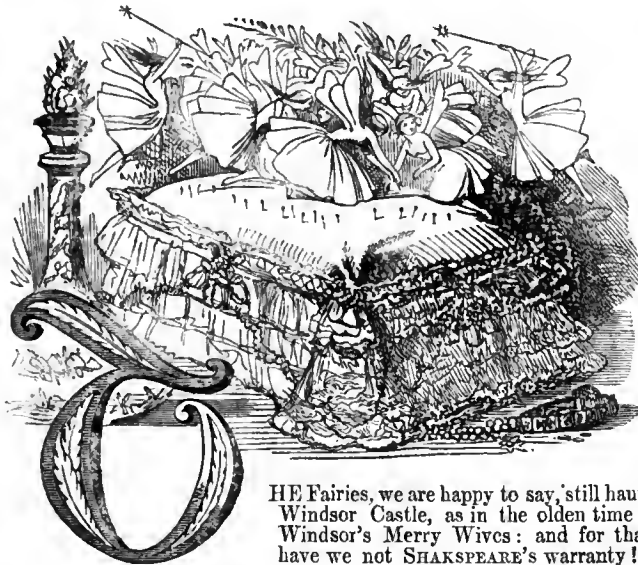
But, perhaps the expenses attending the engagement of HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL, have been greater than those of his brother performers. We all know that when, in a provincial town, we go to the theatre to see that Eminent Tragedian, Mr. G. V. SNOOKS, ten to one but the play-bills will inform us, that "in consequence of the enormous expense attending the engagement of this Eminent Tragedian," the usual prices are raised. If this is the case when the Eminent goes into the provinces, may it not also be the same with his Eminence? Let the provincials, therefore, cheerfully pay the extras, and be thankful that they can secure Eminence at any price. A Cardinal's hat and red stockings are not to be seen every day—thank goodness!

\* \* NOTE (OF INTERROGATION). Are we correct in supposing that we have heard of "An Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," the passing of which threw Church and State into a ferment, and raised "little JOHN" to the height of popularity? Are we right in imagining this Bill to be the law of the land, and that the SOLICITOR-GENERAL has the authority to prosecute every one who assumes an ecclesiastical title to which he has no right? or are we (like the Bill, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL) asleep?

A Good-for-nothing Girl.

It turns out to be the fact that the Guards recently dispatched to the Crimea in the steamship *Alma* were actually armed with the old musket! At their departure the band, probably, played "*The Girls we leave behind us.*" It is to be wished that one of those girls had been BROWN BESS.

## WINDSOR FAIRIES!



HE Fairies, we are happy to say, still haunt Windsor Castle, as in the olden time of Windsor's Merry Wives: and for that, have we not SHAKSPEARE'S warranty!

"About, About!  
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out;  
Strew, good luck, ophes, on every sacred room;  
Tha' it may stand till the perpetual doom,  
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,  
Worthy the owner, and the owner it."

Well, the Fairies on the late Imperial visit made another call at Windsor. We cannot say whether they did "sing"—

"Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring"—

The Garter being there—who'd have thought it?—to describe the circle: but, certainly the Fairies entered the EMPRESS'S Dressing-Room; where, upon the toilet-table "covered entirely with Honiton lace," lay the Pincushion; and—

"On the Snow-white Pincushion were traced the Initials of the Empress."

On this Pincushion the Fairies dropt like a shower of Humming-Birds; and when they left the Pincushion, there might be seen—"Fairies use flow'rs for charactery;"—these flower-stitched syllables—

"SOIS BIENVENU,  
PETIT ETRANGER."

The Pincushion is now, of course, at the Tuilerics; and the work of the fairies is the theme of universal praise and admiration.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*April 30th, Monday.* In the Lords, another signal exposure of our Administrative System was made. The recent embarkation of the Guards for the Crimea, was described. There was blundering about the ship, blundering as to the food of the men, blundering as to their clothes, and blundering as to their guns. LORD PANMURE, our Minister of War, "could not believe such a thing possible," but the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, from H.R.H.'s own knowledge, assured him that it was very possible indeed, on which LORD PANMURE clenched the business by a remark which is specially worth recording, considering the quarter whence it emanated. He said that it was a most beneficial thing that such complaints should be made public, because then the Heads of Departments arrived at the knowledge of things of which they were not previously aware. We hope it will not occur to those who read this *naive* speech to be so impertinent as to ask, what is the use of Heads of Departments if they want the public to apprise them of their duty.

In the Commons, it was decided that, as newspaper articles cost nothing, and are not property, any body should be permitted to steal them at pleasure. And LORD LOVAINE, a nobleman of some silliness, was especially severe upon "anonymous" writers. This called up MR. DISRAELI, who delivered a capital speech in castigation of LOVAINE, and mentioned JUNIUS, WALTER SCOTT, and some other small people who have written anonymously, and incurred the contempt of a lord who is not anonymous, only because somebody before him had made him a name. Certainly, had the newspapers nothing better to print than LORD LOVAINE'S orations, *Mr. Punch* would quite

coincide with that person in thinking that they needed no protection from piracy.

*Tuesday.* LORD PANMURE expressed a "hope" that an experiment about to be made with a floating battery would be successful. One of his auditors, judging by precedents, saw no reason for this sanguine anticipation, and said so. In the Commons, the Maynooth squabble was renewed with much animosity. The only bit of amusement afforded that night was an outbreak of our friend SIBBY, who moved for an account of the expense of LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S mission to Vienna. His Lordship, it seems, took with him thirty-two persons, male and female. LORD PALMERSTON resisted the motion, to SIRTHORP'S disgust, who declared that the thing was an "underhaud, low piece of business."

*Wednesday.* The Conservative leader, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, brought forward a scheme of education, and the other Conservative leader, MR. HENLEY, picked it to pieces.

*Thursday.* It was explained, in the Lords, that the Government had at last decided that Indian Officers should really enjoy the position to which their rank entitles them; that is, that an Indian Colonel shall be as good as a Colonel in the Royal army. This munificent boon to the real soldiers of the present day is expected to throw the whole of the Indian Service into paroxysms of gratitude. LORD CLARENDON then told the story of the Vienna discussions, and on the plea that Austria still entertained hopes of peace, begged that the attitude and conduct of that Power might not be discussed. LORD DERBY declared that such a statement was "very unsatisfactory," and *Mr. Punch* agreed with him.

In the Commons, FREDERIC PEEL was good enough to assure the House that the Non-commissioned Officer, SERGEANT BRODIE, who prevented the Commissioned Officers from the crime or the mockery of a real or pretended duel the other day, and who had been placed under arrest, had been discharged without a reprimand. The Sunday Trading Bill was read a second time. *Mr. Punch* has not much patience with men who can bring forward such a measure, without dealing with the system that renders Sunday trading necessary. The workman is paid his wages on Saturday night, and if his wife is to procure his Sunday's dinner, that night, she must do it by gas-light, and in a crowd, and under every disadvantage. A woman who desires to lay out her money properly, and not to buy any rubbish which is foisted upon her, will go quietly to market by day-light, and therefore she goes on Sunday morning. It is a great pity that she is compelled to do so, and if wages were paid earlier, Sunday trading would be needless. The sentiments of some of the promoters of the bill may be gathered from the fact that LORD BLANDFORD regretted that the measure did not extend to the prohibition of the Sunday sale of beer. The Irish lawyers then had a personal squabble over a bill for a reform of the Chancery Courts in Ireland, and MR. WHITESIDE, who is supposed to possess the desirable accomplishment of being able to lose his temper at shorter notice than anybody in the House, performed that feat, and received a great "wiggling" from MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL KEOGH, to the amusement of the audience.

*Friday.* The Lords passed the Bill for securing the sixteen millions BARON ROTHSCHILD is so good as to lend SIR GEORGE LEWIS.

In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI complained that the Vienna papers were not produced. LORD PALMERSTON explained that there was no hurry, for Austria thought that peace might be made, and he "wished to leave the door open" for negotiations. It appears to *Mr. Punch* that this habit of leaving the door open is a very objectionable one, and that it involves a great draught upon the patience of the country. LORD DUNDONALD'S plan for destroying Sebastopol and Cronstadt was then stated to be "under consideration" (a phrase *Mr. Punch* thinks he has heard before), and an Irish debate brought the week's sittings to a dreary close.

## The Fall of Popery.

THE POPE has lately had the misfortune to tumble through the ceiling of a room, but happily (and of course by a miracle) His Holiness was unhurt by the accident. LOUIS NAPOLEON has written to congratulate him on his escape, and there is no doubt that the slight damage the POPE sustained by the laths and white-wash of the Italian ceiling will be amply cured and compensated by the Plaster of Paris, which has been administered in the form of an autograph letter from the French Emperor.

## "WOMAN'S SPHERE."

BLACKBEETLES, mice, rats, spiders, gnats, bills, wrinkles, milliners' bills, and long-bearded Frenchmen, are undoubtedly the most recognised and startling objects of "WOMAN'S FEAR (*Sphere*)."

## NEVER JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES.

To show how deceptive appearances are—is it not a fact, as plain as the National Gallery, that infinitely more gentlemen are mistaken for waiters than waiters for gentlemen?

## THE LEGAL ALMACK'S.



THE law is a very sedentary occupation. All the Courts sit; and though one Barrister at a time may be a long while on his legs, the Judge keeps his seat during the whole of the proceedings. Now an old hen may, without inconvenience, and without inconsistency, stand sitting after this rate; but such a posture, for such a period, would be quite incompatible with the health and comfort of the corresponding male. The allegation concerning an old cock, in this matter, holds equally good in the case of an old Judge, and, indeed, of a young one; and it is highly desirable that the judicial bird, so to speak, should, at reasonable intervals, descend from his perch, and hop about for health and recreation. To dance, laying the

dignity aside with the cares of the bench, is a judicial impulse, and a time-honoured, as well as a very natural, manner and custom. It is therefore proposed that a Legal ALMACK'S shall be established, under the patronage of their lordships the Judges, with the LORD CHANCELLOR at their head, to be open to members of the legal profession, their wives and other female relatives, every Saturday, for morning balls.

One important feature of the Legal ALMACK'S will be, that young men of good character, engaged in solicitors' and other law-offices, will be admissible thereto at the recommendation of any one of the Lord Patrons; to be obtainable by application at Chambers. This arrangement will include writing-clerks: and, in order to carry it into effect, all lawyers are requested, and will no doubt consent, to close their offices every Saturday at 1 p.m. The Judges arc also entreated, and will surely be too happy, to aid and assist in its execution, by con- triving amongst themselves, to put the Law Courts on the same footing as Parliament, and to make Saturday a holiday.

The assemblies of the Legal ALMACK'S shall, it is proposed, be holden in the hall of one of the Inns of Court. Doubtless, the room will be quite large enough to accommodate the company, for it is not expected that the majority of those who will be most benefited by the half-holiday, will spend it in dancing. Baths and washhouses, reading-rooms, railway excursions, the Crystal Palace, the Zoological Gardens, and the British Museum, which will shortly be open on Saturdays, will, by their varied attractions, effect a large diversion, in a twofold sense, of the parties concerned.

One important result of the establishment of the Legal ALMACK'S, under the necessary conditions, will be a discontinuance of those illuminations in Cursitor Street, Took's Court, Searle's Place, and Carey Street; which, in consequence of law-writers being employed in getting their work done by Monday mornings early, are now visible on the evening of Sunday.

The initiative in the movement for the institution of the Legal ALMACK'S will, it is confidently hoped, be taken by HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, in closing on Saturday, all those Government Offices which are not required to be kept open for the management of the War; that, perhaps, is to say, by closing them all.

## A RAW RECOMMENDATION.

HERE is a curious recommendation!—a Board so drilled that it is endowed with the powers of speech:—

"Coffee (said DEPUTY COMMISSARY-GENERAL SMITH, in his evidence before MR. ROEBUCK'S Committee) was recommended by a board upon which MR. COMMISSARY-GENERAL FILLER and some other officers sat."

We have often heard of officials who have been, not over flatteringly, denominated "Sticks," holding forth, but there is a great difference between a Stick and a Board. We suppose a Government Board is composed of a bundle of Sticks? or is it generally made by the different members putting their heads together? What kind of wood (and we know that the present Cabinet would have scarcely a leg to stand upon, if you were to take away the supports it has in Wood) this particular Board may have been is more than we can say, but if it recommended the raw coffee, then we do not hesitate to assert that it was a Deal too loquacious!

## Commonplace out of Place.

THE common-place man speaks like the multitude; but the man, who is above the common, makes the multitude speak like him.

The Study of the Fashions is the only Literature of many women. It is a thousand times easier to contract a good habit, than to get rid of an old one.

## ALEXANDER'S FUNERAL GAMES FOR NICHOLAS.

THE interment of the remains of the wretched man NICHOLAS, has been described by an English lady resident at St. Petersburg, in a letter written to her mother in Leeds. The corpse of the Imperial criminal, according to her account, was conveyed to its destination by gorgeous slaves, with enormous pomp, and a most splendid display of funeral furniture. Our countrywoman, indeed, does not describe the affair in these terms—considering, perhaps, that her epistle was likely to be perused before it reached Mamma. Therefore, very prudently, she speaks of the defunct arch-murderer as a "magnificent man;" although doubtless well aware that many an honest drayman in the service of MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS, equals the late CZAR in the advantage of being more than six feet high, and excels him in every other virtue. In the same spirit, no doubt, she speaks of the "noble figure of the present EMPEROR" following his father's coffin—omitting to express the obvious wish that he were not also following his father's course. The *Leeds Intelligencer* publishes the letter in question; whence the subjoined is an extract. It must be premised that, as the Autocratic dust and ashes were being consigned to their place—a number of cannons were shot off, in honour of the occasion:—

"Some of the writer's friends took a walk up the Island quay towards the Exchange, and counted 100 broken windows. What must it have been in the neighbourhood of the fortress?"

It was right that the funeral of a barbarous Monarch should be attended with some sacrifice. Some such obsequies have been celebrated by sacrifices more serious than breakage of windows. But let us admire ALEXANDER'S moderation. He thought it enough to persevere in paternal aggression; to persist in the war which he has inherited, rejecting honourable terms of peace. The torn, and mangled, and writhing myriads of his fellow-men, were regarded by him as sufficient, perhaps, to pacify, if not to glut, the ghost of his father. Therefore, in honour of the parental interment, he had the benevolence to have merely blank cannon fired at St. Petersburg, and was graciously pleased not to order any persons to be blown from the mouths of the guns.

## PRUSSIAN CAVALRY.

In the *Globe* of May 2, we find the following characteristic information:—

"A letter from Kiel states that Prussia is having large purchases of horses made in that country, some dealers having received orders for upwards of 3,000."

Now, if the horses are "made" in that country, they must be either rocking-horses, or clothes-horses,—just the kind of horses that Prussia would be calculated to lead into the present War. KING FREDERICK WILLIAM, seated on a monster rocking-horse, rocking backwards and forwards between the East and the West, would, by the bye, form an admirable subject for a grand allegorical picture of "NEUTRALITY." To complete the meaning, the KING, patting his favourite horse *de combat*, might be pointing to Sebastopol in the distance, and exclaiming, in the old war-cry of BLUCHER, "Vorwärts!"

## Weights and Measures.

MR. WILSON has obtained leave of Parliament to bring in a Bill for "legalising the restored standard of weights and measures." To this permission, *Mr. Punch* expressly adds his full consent that MR. WILSON shall add a clause or so that shall bring home to the business and bosoms of certain shopkeepers, whose weights are light, and whose measures are short, the inconvenience of a penal enactment. As it is, we have one law for the thief before the counter, and no law sever against the thief behind it.

## The Empire is Peace.

THIS apothegm has not been rigidly carried out in the Crimea; but was most felicitiously illustrated by SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, when he "raised the waters" on the occasion of the Imperial visit to the Crystal Palace; for—says the *Times*:—

"In the centre jet of the loftiest of the fountains, a rainbow was finely formed."

And in the rainbow is, prismatically rendered, the word—PEACE.

THE CHARGE OF SODOR AND MAN.—"If you find your head is 'Splitting' in the morning, the best thing is to have it instantly Soda-ed!"

SUGGESTION ON THE SUNDAY BILL.—The Sabbatarians are consistent in denying the merit of works. They place the highest duty of man in doing nothing.



*Officious Proctor.* "SIR!—PRAY, ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THIS UNIVERSITY?"  
*Military Swell.* "NO I'M NOT, OLD YELLOW.—ARE YOU?"

### THE NEW SUNDAY BILL.

We earnestly beg the attention of the promoters of the new Sunday Bill to the subjoined advertisement, carefully copied from the serious *Morning Herald*, of Friday, the 4th inst. :—

**J. WHITE** is requested to call on **MARY SWEEP** on Sundays, as usual.—S. T.—N.

Now, we put it to **LORD EBRINGTON** whether such invitations to Sunday calls should be permitted to appear in a Christian newspaper? Any way, we presume his Lordship will deem it incumbent upon him—if male **WHITES** are to be allowed to meet female **SWEEPS** at all on the Sabbath—at least, to name the statute hours at which such meetings may be held. Noble Lords have not hesitated to legislate for Sabbath shaving hours; and surely Sabbath appointments must meet with their earnest and most pious attention. We have been particularly pleased with the following clause that appears in the draft of the new Sunday Bill :—

"AND BE IT ENACTED, that on and after Sunday, the of , it shall be lawful for any valet, footman, page, or servant whatever, to refuse to answer the bell of his master, if rung after ten o'clock, for shaving-water; and further, that the said valet, footman, page, or servant whatever, may, upon information before a police serjeant, recover of his master a fine of not less than ten shillings for the first offence, the fine to be doubled until it shall rise to £5 for every offence succeeding; and that in all cases the fine shall be paid to the informer; who from the time of such information shall further be entitled to claim of the offending master a clear year's warning, or a full year's wages."

When we have an enactment in which the wealthy and the educated are so stringently considered, we cannot but expect that some clause will henceforth notify the statute hours between which it may be lawful for the **J. WHITES** to call on the **MARY SWEEPS** on Sundays. If **J. WHITE** shall not be shavable after ten, why should **MARY SWEEP** be visitable after eleven?

### THE CHIEF OF SCUTARI.

There is a species of disorder which is cured with a hair of the dog that bit you. Such appears to have been the disorder at Scutari. Too many cooks had spoiled the broth: and now **M. SOYER** has put it all to rights.

### RUSSIAN SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

**MENSCHIKOFF** was lately reported to be dead. It appears that he was only in a trance, during which he had a dream, which he mistook for a revelation. In his last order of the day, on bidding his troops farewell, he assures those prodigiously faithful soldiers that—

"The Imperial leader of the Orthodox army, now passed into eternity, bestows his blessing from above on their fortitude and unexampled intrepidity."

No, **MENSCHIKOFF**, don't say so! Your late master, let us hope, is now at peace; his fight has been fought—he thinks no more of war: cares about no army but the Army of Martyrs, of which in his time he rather augmented the ranks. His thoughts tend upwards, not downwards to the earth; he has something better to contemplate than human fortitude and intrepidity, however unexampled. What, man, do not you believe that he is in the enjoyment of the beatific vision? Oh, **MENSCHIKOFF**! drag not down the spirit of your blessed EMPEROR to battle and carnage. *Non confundar in eternum!* he said himself, but the other day. Do not confound him, and mix him up now with villainous saltpetre and sulphur. Don't!—for his son succeeds him, and you will not encourage **ALEXANDER** to imitate his Papa by presenting him with that view of the state of sanctified **NICHOLAS**.

### An Old Woman Wanted.

**CAPTAIN SCOBELL** complained the other evening that the Government had not prevented a "count-out" a few nights ago: and he urged that the duty of keeping a House should be undertaken by the Ministers. If a House is to be kept, **MR. APSLEY PELLATT** must really hold his tongue, or, at least restrain his lucubrations within proper limits. Should Government determine that a House shall be kept, we recommend **LORD PALMERSTON** to advertise at once for a Housekeeper.

**A FALLACY FOR THE FACULTIES.**—Why ought a tailor never to begin to make a coat until he tries it on? Because everything in connection with business ought to be done at the fitting time.

### THE DEN DOWN UPON LAYARD.

WHAT may that frantic uproar mean; groans, hootings, shrieks, and howls,

The snarl and bark of angry curs, the screams of carrion fowls?  
 What makes St. Stephen's walls resound with cries more dire and dread,  
 Than you ever hear in the Regent's Park when the animals are fed?

**LAYARD** in eager zeal the mask from jobbery to strip,  
 Mistaken on a point of fact, has chanced to make a slip,  
 So down the vultures swoop on him, the ravens, and the crows,  
 The wolves, jackals, and poodle dogs of state that are his foes.

The little foxes snap at him for showing up the Whigs;  
 In angry chorus round him grunt and squeak official pigs:  
 With threatening horns and bullying roar the stalled placeman-ox  
 Assails him; **BERKELEY** groans at him, and bellows **COLONEL KNOX**.

"He's down; and now set on him; at him **LINDSAY**, at him **BYNG**;  
 Before the public teach him names of gentlemen to bring;  
 Give it him well; pitch into him; to lesson other snobs  
 In caution how they venture on exposing army-jobs.

"Down, down upon him, **PALMERSTON**, with final crushing stroke!  
 His is a mouth that must be stopped; a voice that you must choke,  
 Take we the opportunity that Fortune kindly sends,  
 Kick him, and hit him hard; he has among ourselves no friends!"

"Friends!" to the yell within the House an echo from without  
 Repeats, and thrice ten millions "Friends" unanimously shout;  
 "Hit **LAYARD**? hit him if ye dare! avast, dishonest crew,  
 Humbugs, get out and make room for a better man than you!"

### A RIDDLE, BUT NO JOKE.

WHICH is more probable: that **LORD DUNDONALD**'s proposals for putting an end to the war should be impracticable, or that Ministers should be incapable of comprehending their merits?



BAITING THE NINEVEH BULL.



THE GREAT GOD OF THE PHOENICIAN

A WAVE OF THE SPOON.



THE Spoon, has, at length, achieved a great victory. Fortune knows how much we have trusted to a spoon throughout the present War; especially to that sort of silver spoon that is said to be made by no silversmith, but, nevertheless, is ever and anon to be found, new and glistening, in certain new-born babies' mouths. JOHN BULL has, time out of mind, shown himself inordinately proud of this providential sort of plate; nor have the losses and the disasters occasioned by such conceit lessened, much less cured him of the weakness. True is it, he has wanted swords; but he

has, nevertheless, contented himself with the horn spoons,—for were they not spoons bearing dragons, unicorns, pelicans; all of them, in their antiquity, originally copied from the wild beasts and birds of the Ark? To these he has trusted, and let him count, if he can, the cost of his credulity.

At length, however, we are told of a "wave of the spoon" in the East that "has been as effective as the wand of harlequin." SOYER'S Spoon—though seemingly of plebeian wood—is plainly of wood of the beech-tree grown in fairy forests; a magical spoon that, with a motion, turns what before was "half-raw or boiled-to-rags mutton, cold potatoes, and greasy soup," to rations succulent, delicious! Much has SOYER been lauded; nevertheless, we may not be deaf to the further testimony of his merits, as gratefully acknowledged in a letter in the *Times*, dated "Scutari, Easter Monday;" and signed, "A Visitor at Scutari."

Easter, it is known, is the great national holiday of Russia: and Easter, with epigrammatic felicity did M. SOYER select, as the season to make a most powerful demonstration against Muscovy, in the hospital of the French and English sick. Who is to calculate the value of the reinforcements brought up to the bed-side of the wounded emaciated soldier?

"On Easter Monday," writes the visitor:—

"Of all days of rejoicing, M. SOYER, in the benevolent exercise of his art, provided a feast for the sick soldier, not for the day, but for his stay in hospital; the wave of SOYER'S spoon has been as effective as the wand of harlequin. On the kitchen table were displayed, to the wondering eyes of commandants, inspectors, doctors, ladies, nurses, cooks, and other critics, lemonade, rice water, beef tea, rice puddings, vegetables, cooked rations (boiled mutton), tea, &c. of a quality never before seen; and they were shewn the receipts and prices, and received an explanation of the process of preparing each kind of food."

And all this was, of course, at considerably less cost—for is not true science always economy?—than the old, nasty, greasy way of the greasy soup, and the nasty tea. Rations which "poor dysenteric and worn-out men have hopelessly, but uncomplainingly eaten or refused," became—under the Spoon of SOYER, nothing less than "delicious!" We thought that praises enough had been the fate of SOYER—himself, with the modesty of a great nature, more than sated with eulogy—but at this hour, and on such an occasion, with SOYER reinforcing the allied armies against the CZAR, we may not deny him further applause. What, if in every War Department the War Spoon of SOYER could be multiplied! For, consider it, what a savoury kettle of fish is SOYER'S, to the pretty kettle of fish of the Commissariat!

And how is this man of the wooden spoon to be rewarded? Of course the SULTAN will, in consideration of SOYER'S mutton miracles, make him a Pacha of Three Tails; three sheep's tails. But how will the British Government—at length so wide awake to merit—distinguish the man who is the benefactor of the sick and wounded British soldier! We can only guess by what has already been done to other patriots in this struggling season. Does not the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON preside at a luncheon given to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON? Does he not, with the greatest alacrity and the finest presence of mind, sit at the board where an EMPEROR quaffs champagne, and an EMPRESS sips tea? And for these services should not a grateful country reward a faithful, energetic LORD MAYOR?—unquestionably. Therefore, LORD PALMERSTON writes a beautiful letter, as the civic patriot himself observed, informing said patriot that he is straightway refined into a Baronet "as a mark of HER MAJESTY'S Royal approbation of the distinguished reception which

her illustrious guest the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH met with on the occasion of his recent visit to the City of London." This intimation was made the more emphatic by the after warning that—"it must be clearly understood that what is now done is not to be drawn into a precedent for the future." There cannot be two MOONS. An EMPEROR OF MOROCCO may take kabobs in the City in 1856, nevertheless the LORD MAYOR of the time shall be no more convertible into a Baronet than is LORD MAYOR SIR FRANCIS MOON convertible—even by M. SOYER—into green cheese.

If, however, a LORD MAYOR be turned into a Baronet for supplying an Emperor with luncheon, it follows that a wizard cook should be correspondingly honoured for solacing and strengthening the vitals of a whole army. With the LORD MAYOR a Baronet, we do not see how SOYER can escape an Earldom at least. We are already prepared for another beautiful letter from LORD PALMERSTON informing the culinary ALEXIS that he has been raised to the Lords. THE EARL OF SCUTARI! Truly a Spoon that must do honour to the Pécage.

BAITING THE NINEVEH BULL.

GONE are the days of the bull-ring at Birmingham,  
Stamford and Tutbury gather no more  
Curs, clubs, and blackguards (as we'd be for terming 'em)  
In the bull-runnings, so famous of yore.  
Malador, Picador, Paris can't stomach ye,—  
Spite of an EMPRESS of *sangre azul*;  
Only our Commons still keep up tauromachy,  
Baiting with war-dogs the Nineveh Bull.

Muse, who the garden which hears once were baited in  
Erst did'st preside over, under QUEEN BESS,  
Thence to the Commons' bear-garden translated, in—  
—Spire me with words fit the theme to express.  
Tell who the dogs were, and who were their masters,—  
Who bark'd the loudest where all bark'd so loud—  
Who round the ring threw up highest their castors—  
Tell how the bull was a bull,—and not cow'd.

LINDSAY, the led dog, and NORTH, the high-bred dog,  
Ever for barking, not biting, agape;  
KNOX, the numb-skull dog, and FRED PEEL, the dull dog,  
Tugg'd to the ring by a leash of red-tape.  
BARING, the rich dog, and BYNG (although which dog,  
The bull or the poodle, I doubt very much.  
If 'twas the bull, he behaved like a poodle,  
If 'twas the poodle, he acted as such)

Bettors and backers, excited and lowering,  
Lustily cheer'd 'em, and hounded them on;  
But with horns pointed, and red eye a-glowing,  
Bull kept his ground, though 'twas twenty to one.  
While PAM bottle-holder who may grow older,  
But ne'erless jaunty or devil-may-care,—  
Crack'd his jokes round, with his thumb o'er his shoulder,  
Happy-go-lucky, his nose in the air.

KNOX made a rush, but a lick from the macc, Sir,  
Of grave MR. SPEAKER, sent *him* yelping back:  
LINDSAY tried pinning, but there was no winning  
A grip of the bull by a cur of the pack.  
Donnybrook fight, Sir, ne'er showed such a sight, Sir,  
Of howling and growling, and pushing and pull,—  
Ne'er was so much of bark to so little of bite, Sir,  
Since a dog was a dog, and a bull was a bull.

Ended the match was, though never a scratch was  
To see on the bull, at the close of the fray:  
Cads with huzzaing spent, curs hoarse with baying, went  
Clubwards, and kennelwards, glorious, away.  
But though their pack, Sir, the Commons may back, Sir,  
Though of his clap-traps and jokes, PAM be full,  
Public opinion asserts its dominion,  
Giving its voice for the Nineveh Bull.

One praise is his—in these days 'tis no slight one—  
Straight at his foe he goes, never askew:  
Now and then wrong dog he *may* toss for right one,  
Horns will swerve sometimes, when laid the most true.  
So his Nineveh name-sake JOHN BULL for his aim's sake  
Excuses, if wrong in an instance he go;  
For he knows, though PAM'S thunder be hurled at the *blunder*,  
What it would crush, is the Truth hid below.

\* The Empress has the true "blue blood" of the Spanish Grandee in her veins.

## TURKEY IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

It ought to be generally known that Turkey may now be reached from any part of London for sixpence. Every one who wishes to visit the Turkish nation, should repair to St. George's Gallery, Knightsbridge; where it will be seen that instead of the Osmanlis being the weak and effeminate race that is generally supposed, they are "lads of wax" in the most literal sense, and that so far from having no confidence in our Turkish ally, we may repose on the Ottoman. The only thing that the "sick man" is really sick of is the style of his dress, which is rapidly undergoing reform, and the Ottoman calls for re-dress as loudly as he demands a remedy for his political grievances. The picturesque Turkish robe is rapidly being superseded by the more convenient but less graceful sarfout or paletot, and it is one of the objects of the Turkish Museum to secure an accurate representation of a state of things which would otherwise be without any other record than the wardrobe of a Theatre, or the second-hand stock of a Fancy Ball costumer. In a short time we might have nothing left on which to found our knowledge of Turkey but our Turkey carpets, were it not for this interesting Museum, which gives us much better ground to go upon.



## COUNTRY RACES.—STRIKING SIMILARITY BETWEEN AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

Starter. "You'd better be going, Sir: it's a start!"  
Gentleman Rider. "Oh, I'm ordered to ride a waiting race, and I may as well wait here as anywhere else!"

### EXTENSION OF FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

The excellent conduct of our troops, under the most trying circumstances of actual warfare, affords abundant evidence of the wisdom of that policy which has almost abolished flogging in the army. For the government of British soldiers the lash has been proved to be unnecessary, and the predictions of the cruel old military fogies who prophesied that the service would never get on without it, have been falsified. But though corporal punishment might be advantageously discontinued as regards the army

in general, those best qualified to form an opinion on the subject have come to the conclusion that its introduction, on the other hand, into a portion thereof would be beneficial. The serious attention of the Government has been called to the jocose practices prevalent among young Officers, and consisting in assaults and mischievous tricks, performed and committed on one another. To put a stop to such childish offences, the most suitable means is evidently a child's punishment: and although the men may not require personal correction, the boys who misconduct themselves as these do can be effectually dealt with only by being

whipped. Accordingly, we are in a position to announce that Ministers have in preparation, and will shortly produce, a Bill for rendering Officers in the army, under a certain age, liable, for any kind of disgraceful behaviour, to bodily chastisement. This act will not subject the young Officers and Gentlemen to the infliction of the cat: the instrument of flagellation will be the milder species of scourge ordinarily employed in scholastic discipline: and the delinquents will not receive its stripes on their shoulders, but *more inmerum*. For every rod to which a young Officer necessitates recourse, *2s. 6d.* will be charged; and will be deducted from his pay.





A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Dearest Rosalind, how delighted I am to meet you! One moment later, and my new Bonnet would have been utterly ruined."

## PRO BONO CLERICO.

SOMEBODY advertises a Book containing "150 Skeleton Sermons," which he calls *Outlines for Pulpit Preparation*. These "Skeletons" will, no doubt, be much resorted to by those Preachers who, vulgarly speaking, may be said to "bone" all their ideas from others. Such "Skeletons" will, of course, abound in denunciations of the flesh, and every Parson who cannot write a sermon for himself, will take care to have one of those "Skeletons" in his closet ready to be brought out to terrify the alarmed consciences of his parishioners. We fear that it is a common practice among Clergymen to resort to these "Skeletons," for to hear people talk of having heard a sermon which was "as dry as a bone" is a very frequent occurrence.

## MERRY MAY.

THE sky scowls,  
The wind howls,  
The leaves shrivel up in folds;  
The flocks and herds,  
And little birds,  
Are all suffering from colds:  
And my rose  
Is quite froze!  
With teeth chattering away,  
Let us sing  
Severe Spring,  
O miserable May!

THE GREATEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD.—  
The Organ of Speech in Woman;—an organ, too, without a Stop!

## WASPS OR BEES?

At the Warwick Meeting, the REV. SYDNEY TURNER—the earnest, hopeful Chaplain and Governor of the Philanthropic Farm School, at Red Hill—briefly gave the statistics of that Institution. Of the five hundred and fifty lads who had left the school he could say that "seven out of every ten had been substantially reformed and moralized—that instead of being wasps, they had become bees." We know it is a fact of the mysterious economy of the hive that when a queen bee is wanting, all that is necessary is to take a common bee, and to feed it upon a certain special food, until the royalty of the sovereign shall be fully developed by the process of digestion. The community of bees know this, and straightway make to themselves a queen by act of stomach. We as firmly believe that wasps are in like manner, changeable into bees: that is, the human wasp, plundering and stinging, may be made the human bee, working and singing. Not that even all bees are alike provident, temperate, industrious. There are drunken bees! It is a sad fact, a scandal on the morality of bees, to know that bees are to be found in suburban public houses. Bees that get drunk at the King's Head. Bees that die in their drunkenness in the Queen's Arms? But so it is. Bees, at times, lured by the odour of saccharine rum, may be seen at the bar, sliding, staggering up the side of a goblet, or lying dead drunk upon their backs at the bottom of the pewter quartern. They ought to be singing merrily in the cup of a flower; and lo! they are voiceless, heels upwards in the liquor measure! Such are some bees, and such are many men.

Let us return to the hopeful avowal of MR. SYDNEY TURNER. The wasps of Newgate may become the bees of the workshop. And by what means convertible? Purely by the difference of their moral aliment. They shall not be allowed to eat of the abomination of the alley and the cellar; the moral mud of the highway and byway shall not be to them as their daily bread,—but they shall be fed upon wholesome, invigorating tasks, strengthened by the atmosphere of daily example. And so, although originally swarmed as wasps, they shall, like queen bees, be made susceptible of higher change. They shall not sting and plunder, but they shall sing and work. This is the creed—the social creed—of the REV. SYDNEY TURNER, and may ten thousands of examples prove its reality and beauty!

And we now come to the three Bills at the present hour before the House of Commons; all of them having, for vital essence, the purpose and intention of rendering extinct the human wasp, as swarmed in dirt, in penury, and ignorance, and providing for the better production of

swarms of working-bees. Now this is to be done by means of education. LORD JOHN RUSSELL has his notion of the convertibility of wasp to bee. MR. MILNER GIBSON has his, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON his; but—we come to the sad, disheartening question—will either one of the three become the statute plan? We fear it. We fear that, rather than have bees made wasps, unless fed upon the bee-bread extracted from certain church flowers—each dissident lustily advocating the adoption of his own church nosegay—the floral champions will rather have clouds of wasps; for, truly, hives of bees, otherwise fed, could not but be worthless, if not dangerous.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON's bill has been most hardly used by SIR JOHN's dear friend MR. HENLEY, who, with the best conscience and tenderest heart, served SIR JOHN, as old WALTON ever served the frog stitched to the hook, sewing him up as though he loved him. MR. HENLEY thought the institutions of the country "were never more secure than at the present." Further, we "never could look with greater satisfaction on the state of the people." There never were so few wasps. Never did the working-bees work so merrily; never were they required to deduct so little from their personal honey and wax, so much for the common stock. Still joyfully they worked; and still, with happy hearts, hummed "God save the Queen Bee!" MR. HENLEY further praised English bees at the cost of all foreign bees soever. It was proveable, he said, that—"in that portion of Austria where education was the most extensively diffused, the moral condition of the people was the worst." But then, according to MR. HENLEY, education—such as it was—was commonly forced at the point of the bayonet; a course of instruction, we take it, by which the scholar is apt to think more of the weapon than the primer.

However, there have been two debates on SIR JOHN PAKINGTON's bill; and he is promised a third palaver on an early day after Whitsuntide. However, there are three Bills, all of which LORD RUSSELL suggests should have a second reading; and when read should be sent to a Committee; a skimming committee, that shall skim the cream of each measure. For ourselves, we would rather bet on the certainty that there will be no House on the Derby Day, than on the likelihood of agreement on any of these A. B. C. Bills. For a still longer time, we fear, the wasps will be allowed to swarm,—honourable and pious members shaking their heads, and crying No, at all bees that shall not be fed upon the flowers that grow in their own particular church-yards. "The bee" says the beautiful proverb, "extracts honey from a thistle." Would that hon. members would copy the wisdom, and from the very nettle of disputation, extract at length the honey of compromise!



LAST, THOUGH NOT LATEST.

*"It is extremely becoming, Mem, and is the last Spring fashion, I assure you."*

## A PLACE AT LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR'S.

How happy must be the man-servant and maid  
Who LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR as master obey!  
His Lordship—so zealous to stop Sunday trade—  
No manner of work makes them do on that day.

They've no grates to black-lead, they've no fires to light,  
No hearth-rug to shake and no carpet to sweep;  
All these operations are done over night,  
In order the Sabbath-day strictly to keep.

My Lord, whose new measure, with piety fraught,  
Forbids after ten every barber to wave  
The razor, will never have hot water brought  
On Sunday, that he may indulge in a shave.

There's no roasting, boiling, or baking; all cold  
The Noble Lord's meals are; so rigid is he:  
The man who attempts to stop food's being sold,  
Denies himself even warm coffee and tea.

If I were a Flunkey, 'tis LORD ROBERT'S plush  
Which I should desire of all others to wear,  
For I should on Sunday have no clothes to brush;  
Of boots not be called on to polish one pair.

No plates, knives, or forks should I then have to clean,  
On one day in seven should sweetly repose,  
My body at ease and my bosom serene,  
For twenty-four hours should be able to doze.

Groom, valet, and porter, and coachman, and all  
Of LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR'S domestics are blest,  
Peace reigns every Sunday in his Servants' Hall;  
Where not a bell rings to break anyone's rest.

## LITERARY LARCENY.

A PERSON who gave the name of PAUL JONES, described as proprietor of the *Literary Pirate*, a penny paper for the people, was charged with having in his possession several valuable articles which were reasonably suspected to have been stolen.

The first witness called was POLICEMAN A.B.C., who deposed that, in consequence of information he had received, he visited the house of the prisoner, who carries on the business of a Literary Marine Store Dealer. Witness stated that he searched the prisoner's house, and found the articles produced, all of which had been identified by their various proprietors. On a further search, a large pair of scissors, with a paste-pot and other implements, were discovered, by which, it is supposed, the prisoner has been in the habit of carrying on his nefarious practices.

The next witness was the Proprietor of the *Times*, who identified one of the articles as having been stolen in the course of the morning from that journal. In answer to some questions as to the value of the article, the witness said that it was difficult to name any exact amount, as the article was one of a large number, which were the work of a first-rate hand, who received about a thousand a-year for his services.

The prisoner cross-examined the witness, with the view of showing that a penny a line was the usual rate of newspaper pay, but the replies elicited went to prove that such articles as the one that had been identified, were paid for at the rate of from four or five to ten guineas.

On examining the mass of stolen articles that had been produced, the same witness identified a letter from the Crimea as the property of the *Times* journal. In answer to questions as to the value of this article, the witness proved that the cost of production was very great, as the materials had to be gathered under very great difficulties at the seat of war, where a correspondent was employed expressly for the supply of this article.

The prisoner, in cross-examination of the witness, asked whether it was not the practice to employ persons at home to write news from abroad, and whether it was not notorious that there was now living, in the New Cut, Lambeth, a person who was furnishing letters from the seat of war to several London journals? (a laugh). The witness in reply stated that he had heard of such tricks, but that they were never practised by any respectable newspapers.

The next witness called was the Proprietor of the *Daily News*, who identified a small article called a Telegraphic Dispatch which had been stolen from the journal about an hour after it was received at the office. The witness added that he saw a dirty-looking fellow whom he believed to be the prisoner hanging about the premises, and immediately on the telegraphic despatch being exposed to public view, he (the prisoner) snatched up the paper in which it appeared and

ran off in the direction of Holywell Street. One hundred pounds, the witness added, would not repay the loss incurred by the stealing of this small but valuable article.

Several other witnesses came forward to claim some of the articles produced, and among others the Proprietor of an evening journal, who claimed a foreign article as his own, but a gentleman came forward and proved that the very same article which was now claimed as the property of the evening paper had been stolen on the very same afternoon from a morning paper. The Magistrate upon this asked the Proprietor of the evening paper how he accounted for the possession of the article in question. The witness said he did not know, he supposed it had been picked up by some of his people, and seeing it in his own paper, he thought it must be his property. He did not attend much to the business himself, but left it to the Editor.

The Editor, a highly respectable gentleman, here came forward and said he had nothing to do with any but the leading articles; there was a Sub-editor who was employed to get the other part of the paper together: the Sub-editor was not in attendance.

The Magistrate told the Editor he was morally if not legally responsible for the respectable conduct of the journal. He, the Magistrate would suggest, that a word from the Editor might put a stop to the practice of allowing the establishment to be made a receptacle for articles that had been stolen. The Editor promised to attend to his Worship's suggestion.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, said that all he had done was for the good of the public, and his only object was to supply the public with good articles at the lowest prices.

The Magistrate said it could not be allowed that such an excuse should prevail, for if it were so, there was not a thief in the land who might not say, that he only robbed people of their goods in order to supply them to other people as cheaply as possible. He, the Magistrate, saw no distinction between the pickpocket who steals a handkerchief, or the burglar who appropriates a quantity of plate, and the prisoner, who confessedly lives by literary plunder. As to the wretched cant about this system being adopted on public grounds to give the public a cheap press, any other thief might as well say that his object was to supply the public with cheap watches or cheap pocket-handkerchiefs. The public have no right to literary articles any more than to other articles at less than their original cost, unless the owners of the articles chose to make the sacrifice. It would be monstrous to say that a stranger shall have my silver teapot for five shillings, because he buys it of a man like the prisoner; who, having robbed me of it and got it for nothing, can afford to sell it for very little. In conclusion, the Magistrate sentenced the prisoner to two months' imprisonment with hard labour.

## SOLDIERS OF THE PARLIAMENT.



ARE half ashamed to advert to the malignant sarcasms of the plebeians who have had the impertinence to suggest that soldiers of the class which produces such men as those

honourable and gallant Members of Parliament who so nobly chastised the libellous LAYARD, are mere drawing-room warriors, and that their military zeal is all affectation. But, as the immortal MILTON expresses it, "Mark, now, how a plain tale shall put them down." The modesty for which the soldier of fashion is remarkable, would be offended did we allude personally to the honourable and gallant Members who most prominently figured upon the occasion in question. But as HERODOTUS remarks, *noscitur a sociis*, and we are sure that we shall run no risk of wounding the delicacy of the NORTHs, PEELs, KNOXes, and other military ornaments of our Senate, if from the records of the services of the class of whom they are illustrious types, we extract a few details in order to confute the ignorant malice of their detractors. From among the number of gallant officers who have distinguished themselves by services which not one of their plebeian and pothouse assailants would have known how to render, we take some names at random, for light where we will, we find courage, chivalry, and devotion.

CAPTAIN GUFFAW happens to be the first whom we recal, and we mention him before his superiors in rank to show how base and mean is the accusation, that merit is not appreciated by the aristocracy, and those who, like ourselves, humbly represent them. CAPTAIN GUFFAW's services date as far back as the TAMBURINI affair, when that gallant officer went into the Opera pit without orders (being on the free list), occupied a place in the front of the trenches, or rather benches, and kept up a most damaging fire of Yah-yahs against every foreigner who dared to present himself, until physical exhaustion made it necessary for him to retire and recruit himself with pale ale. He then undauntedly returned to the attack, and having purchased a pint of nuts in the Haymarket, continued to throw shells against the curtain of the fortress, until an officer of the A division, appreciating his character, removed him to a station where his peculiar talents were better placed. For this exploit CAPTAIN GUFFAW received the Order of the Fine of Forty Bob.

Another of the gallant men of the same admirable class, COLONEL SPOONEY, distinguished himself during the arduous JENNY LIND campaign, when he took some boxes at a less sacrifice than any officer in HER MAJESTY'S service, besides once, on a wet Opera night, mounting the box of a carriage, and cutting out and cutting in, after a style which, though ignorantly censured at the time by those who are afraid of any spirited course of action, opened a communication between the DOWAGER LADY SLOBGOLLION (then besieged by linkmen) and her servants, and so enabled her to go home and throw supplies, including oysters and Madeira, into herself, at an earlier date than she had expected. For this he was rewarded with a Clasp of the hand by her grateful Ladyship.

Of the services of COLONEL BLOKE it is needless to speak. He was entrusted by a friend with the difficult duty of conveying a note to an heiress who sat in the centre of the stalls on a crowded night, and who was guarded by two vigilant sentinels in the form of aunts. The adroit stratagem, by which he contrived to effect this (by making his way to one of the aunt's stalls, claiming it as his own, searching his pockets for his ticket, and creating a confusion, in the midst of which he managed to stoop and squeeze up the note into the young lady's pocket-handkerchief), is matter of history at Doctors' Commons. He occupied a stall under the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON, whose attention, when in his box, the COLONEL more than once attracted, but the Iron Duke's habitual reserve prevented his taking any particular notice of the young officer. He was also engaged in several actions,

and in one of them, at the suit of a landlady, he lost all his baggage, and two guns, double-barrels, but he speedily retrieved his loss by his skilful management of a cannon, (at billiards) by which, and a bold stroke over a bridge, he completely defeated the enemy.

Lastly, we have to mention CAPTAIN WHYTE CHOKER, an officer of true British mould, and well known as a stormer, having stormed at his servant every morning for thirty years, until that menial declared he could no longer face such a storming party. When MR. HOPE, M.P., could not find his carriage one night, CAPTAIN CHOKER led the forlorn HOPE to the very place where it was. At the siege of Badajoz, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, he lost the sight of one eye, through some dust getting into it, but from this he recovered rapidly, but only to lose the pocket-handkerchief with which he had wiped it out. He was never actually engaged with the French, but has often fought cocks, which are the Gallic symbol, and those who have observed the extreme fastidiousness with which he selects his dentifrices, and the mode in which he rows the perfumers, if stupid, would not again assert that he never smelt powder in anger. Such are the men who are ridiculed and despised by a plebeian press and public for their exertions in putting down the Nineveh Nuisance.

## THE FEAST OF THE BOTTLE.

It seems that every year, on the First of June, there is held at a village, called Boulbon, in the department of the Bouches-du-Rhône, a grand festival in honour of the vintage. This festival is called "*La fête des Bouteilles*." The entire village assists at it, and each man takes with him to church a bottle filled with the best wine of his last year's vintage. After the wine has been blessed by the Priest, every one opens his bottle, and drinks a small quantity of it. Then the Mayor offers glasses to the Curate and the Priests, and fills them as well as one for himself. The organ strikes up, a hymn is sung, and the Mayor, Curate, and Priests "*trinquent*" their glasses, and drink solemnly together.

Now, could not the KING OF PRUSSIA institute a similar festival in honour of his favourite beverage? Why should he not ordain a *Fête de St. Clicquot*—for he is a Saint that the Prussians have every reason to regard as a martyr, considering the sacrifices their monarch makes every day and night in his honour? As a Saint that is the best beloved and the most worshipped by FREDERICK WILLIAM, he surely deserves some little homage? Besides the King himself has great interest in his character being duly honoured, and he should not be too proud to assist, even though it should be in a Catholic chapel, at a ceremony that tends to his glorification, and which may have the effect of keeping up the high quality of his Saintship's renown. Let him, then, see the wine he loves best, solemnly blessed with all the ecclesiastical honours, and his reward probably may be that the next year's Clicquot will be quite as good as the last. If he does this with proper seriousness, emptying a bottle of Champagne on the spot, we will royally dub him "*THE JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER OF EUROPE*," *vice* PALMERSTON, who has been holding the bottle lately anything but judiciously. Commend us to the man, who, whenever he opens a fresh bottle, never leaves it until he has gone regularly to the bottom of it.

## The Sabbatarian's Holy Office.

RELIGIOUS Persecution is erroneously supposed to have ceased in these dominions. It is true that the adherents of one set of opinions do not now absolutely burn people who differ from them: but, what is nearly the same thing, they prevent them from quenching their thirst; and how can it be said that persons of one persuasion no longer persecute those of another, whilst the Sabbatarians try to deprive the Excursionists of their beer?

## THE HERO OF A HUNDRED ACCIDENTS.

M. Huc's book upon China is filled with nothing but chapter after chapter of accidents. The trials and misfortunes he undergoes exceed those of the most persecuted heroine of domestic drama. A classical friend of ours suggests that an appropriate motto for the book would be "*Huc et illuc*" (ill-luck).

## Clicquot and Hock.

THE Berlin Correspondent of one of the papers stated that on the breaking-up of the Prussian Chambers, the members gave a *hock* for the KING. Shouldn't it have been *hoc*? THE KING OF PRUSSIA is neuter.

No doubt his Majesty himself would prefer *Hock*—without prejudice to CLICQUOT.

TO THE HUMANE.—A gentleman who has been heavily victimised by the Income Tax Commissioners, would be happy to communicate privately with any other gentleman who may be about to send "*Conscience Money*" to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Address "*Victim*," No. 1, Anywhere Place.

## THE VALUE OF FREEDOM!



THE Corporation of London is very fond of presenting illustrious persons with what is called the "freedom of the city,"—the last celebrity who obtained the precious gift being no less an individual than the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON. We have been induced to make some inquiries into the value of the article in question, and we have found that it confers no less than three privileges on the recipient. LOUIS NAPOLEON has gained by the freedom of the city—1st, the right to drive a cart through Temple-bar, without paying toll; 2nd, the permission to keep a shop in the city without serving an apprenticeship; and 3rd, his Imperial Majesty has become eligible to the occupancy of one of the almshouses belonging to certain city charities.

We do not know whether LOUIS NAPOLEON's long residence in England, and his knowledge of English institutions, may have enlightened him as to the value of the gift he was pleased to accept at the hands of the citizens. We cannot, con-

sistently with courtesy, wish him long life and health to enjoy the advantages with which the freedom of the city has invested him, for we cannot imagine the Ruler of France driving through Temple-bar in a van, and giving a wink, with an exclamation of "all right," as he points the attention of the toll-collector to the city arms on the vehicle.

## A SONG OF SPRING.

BY A SURGEON.

SPRING's delights are now returning,  
Tree and shrub begin to leave;  
But while the sun at noon is burning,  
The wind is in the East at eve.

Lovely woman, prone to folly,  
Too soon her winter clothing doffs;  
And the doctor makes up jolly  
Lots of draughts for colds and coughs.

Now gentle showers the hedges splash on,  
Each sprig its coat of green renews;  
But greener are those sprigs of fashion  
Who in damp weather wear thin shoes.

They who trust this treacherous season  
Venture out, and take a chill:  
Prudently the man of reason  
Stays within, and takes a pill.

## Origin of the Crimea.

A LEARNED philologist informs us that the Crimea was originally spelt very differently. He says, from its being the most beautiful spot that the Tartars held sway over, that it was considered quite the "Cream of the Tartars," and accordingly was so called, but that this got gradually corrupted into Creamea, Creema, and ultimately into Crimea. As a proof we are further informed that the French phrase "*La Crème de la Crème*" is still current amongst some of the most barbarous hordes, and is frequently applied by them to the Bashi Bazouks and other equestrian aristocrats. We must say that these derivations are a trifle too wordy, and far too learned for us.

NOVELTY FOR THE TRADE REPORT.—Indigo looks blue.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 7th, Monday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH announced (to the great discomposure of poor LORD PANMURE) that on the following Monday, he, E., meant to submit a set of resolutions, to the effect that their Lordships were determined to stand by the QUEEN in the matter of the war, were delighted at the excellent understanding between her and LOUIS NAPOLEON, were enchanted with the valour of the allied armies, were entranced with admiration at the patriotism of the people of England, were enthusiastic in their resolution not to yield to Russia, and—were disgusted with the way the Ministers were managing matters, besides being convinced that men ought to be selected for the public service only because they were fitted for it. This is an intimation of a dexterous Tory move, designed to make the present agitation for administrative reform useful for bringing the Derbyites back to office.

LORD CAMPBELL moved the second reading of a Bill for relieving certain Scotchmen from the necessity of swearing. If the fines for oaths were properly exacted, one could understand why this Bill was demanded, but as swearing costs nothing, one hardly knows why the Scotch "felt themselves hurt," as CAMPBELL declared to be the case.

Mr. Punch, having to thank the House of Lords for having, on divers occasions, 'squashed SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON's attempts upon Hampstead Heath, deems this a good opportunity to apprise their Lordships that Tom is at it again. Of course they will be ready with the right kick, in the right place, at the right time:—

"Tom, Tom, his father's son,  
Wants the Heath, but it can't be done.  
Heaths are sweet,  
And Tom gets heat,  
And Tom goes roaring down the street."

In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI pleasingly reminded Government that it was a fortnight since the Vienna negotiations had terminated unsuccessfully, and a week since the "Unsuccessful Negotiator" (rather supposed to be LORD JOHN RUSSELL) had appeared in the House, and yet there were no papers produced. The excuse was, that the only person in the Foreign Office who understood French, and could translate the documents, was ill. The Foreign Office clerks may be as ignorant as the answer implies; but even Members of Parliament can, generally speaking, read French, so that the papers might have been furnished

in the original. MR. STAFFORD then made an inquiry about the huts for the soldiers in the Crimea. MR. WILSON, thinking the hon. gent. had said hats, rose to improvise a reply, but was pulled down by FRED PEEL, who stated that "several" huts had been sent out. MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL then asked a question about the Militia at Aldershot, but of course FRED PEEL "could not give an answer."

LORD PALMERSTON, then, with something less than his usual tact, showed how apprehensive the Routines are of the motion which MR. LAYARD is to bring on about Administrative Reform. The member for Nineveh requested the Government to name a day on which it would be convenient that the motion should be brought on. PALMERSTON snapped at him with an answer which was not only not statesmanlike, but which was actually rude. "I can't give you a day, you may find one for yourself." The Opera Officers and their friends hee-hawed at this, as deuced smart, but MR. LAYARD quietly mentioned that he would find a day, and would interpose his motion the next time PALMERSTON came to the House for any of the public money. So, later in the week, PALMERSTON thought better of it, and proposed a day.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had also to ask for a day to resume the discussion on National Education, but LORD PALMERSTON (very politely, his interpellator being a rich baronet) regretted that he could not sacrifice important business to such a subject as that.

The Newspaper Stamp Duties Bill then came on for the third reading, but the dreadful nonsense which the SPEAKER has been hearing of late had made the right hon. gentleman so ill, that the discussion had been stopped. PALMERSTON made a little speech, asking the House to let MR. LEFEVRE off, but was not at all funny in his mode of doing it. One expected something of this kind:—"I beg to apprise the House that LEFEVRE has a fever—ha! ha!—and is quite indisposed—a—a indisposed to remain in his chair (laughter). He is the—a—organ of the House, and if the organ don't get tuned sometimes, the House will soon want a *Novum Organum* (laughter). I heard an hon. member say 'Pshaw!' well, I am saying SHAW, and saying that he is ill (applause). I hope he'll go home to bed, have some gruel, and put some of his own Mace into it (laughter), and if he puts his feet in hot water, he'll only put 'em into what he has often got us out of (applause). Sir, we are very sorry for you, you seem to have got a fit of all-over-ishness, and a touch of the wretchedables, and the first thing for you

to do is to take your way to bed, and the next to take your whey after you get there (*applause*). It is cur duty to support the Chair, and I move that a select committee be appointed to support him out of the House."

Lest *Mr. Punch* should be supposed to make light of a matter which might have been serious, he begs to add, with much gratification, that on the next day but one the excellent SPEAKER came back to his work, all the better for having escaped some ten or twelve hours of Bunkum. In his absence the Commons could, of course, take no business of an important character, so they went at the Estimates, and just voted away a few millions, *pour passer le temps*.

*Tuesday*. The Lords did nothing; and the Commons did better, for they would not make a House.

*Wednesday*. The Commons decided, by a majority of 8, that you ought to be allowed to marry your wife's sister, if you like—and she likes.

*Thursday*. LORD GREY astounded the Peers of England by announcing his intention of endeavouring on Monday next, to convince them that England ought to humble herself before Russia, and accept her "proposals."

In the Commons SIR ERSKINE PERRY brought forward the question of the Indian Army, and showed that it was a splendid force of nearly 500,000 men, who, if constituted a Royal Army, might, upon emergency be employed to do noble service to the Empire. HOGG, for the India Company, and VERNON SMITH for the Government, made such a desperate outcry against so novel a proposal, that the House got frightened and rejected it. The thing will have to be done, however, by a successor of LORD PALMERSTON.

*Friday*. In the Lords certain legal measures, of some merit, (if bit-by-bit reform of the law be tolerated) were discussed.

In the Commons MR. SPOONER was convicted of robbing a "mare's nest." (*Punch* uses the phraseology of LORD HARROWBY,) in order to obtain eggs to pelt Maynooth. But it also came out that a Popish member of the Maynooth Commission did most improperly send to PAUL CULLEN the evidence which that Commissioner received under trust. The poor creature who was guilty of this conduct, no doubt designed to "please his clergy," but (according to the custom of such donkeys) he injured the cause he meant to serve, for he showed that a man who is really in subjection to a bullying priest, will do acts at which a gentleman's instinct revolts.

Then came another proof of the terror which MR. LAYARD'S threatened motion has inspired. LORD PALMERSTON, quite irregularly and contrary to the rule for which he had stickled the week before (as MR. DISRAELI kindly reminded him) broke out, without notice, into a long description of some military reforms which it had occurred to the authorities ought to be made. The word "re-modelling" chiefly pervades the speech, as reported—the east winds have made *Mr. Punch* rather deaf, but to his prescient ear it sounded sadly like "re-muddling."

The Newspaper Stamp Bill was read a third time, and passed. Its pith might have been compressed into six words, "Stamp, or not, as you like." There is no copyright given to the London press. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who had intended to put a penny stamp on bankers' cheques, having been informed that such an imposition will interfere with business, renounced such intention, and the only stamp connected with these documents, will in future be that of the dawdler who reaches the bank door after four o'clock, and in this case (like that of some note-paper vendors) there is No Charge for Stamping.

#### A JOB FOR BRITISH DRAMATISTS.

WHEN the House of Commons complained of the non-production of the papers relating to the Vienna Conference, LORD PALMERSTON accounted for the delay by saying that "the gentleman who does the translations for the Foreign Office was suffering from indisposition." Surely there ought to be more than one individual at the Foreign Office who understands enough of the French language to enable him to do a French exercise. If the regular translator was on the sick list, there might have been somebody found, who, with the aid of a French dictionary for the hard words, might have given a pretty fair English version of the Protocols. If such another emergency should arise, we hope the protocols will be handed over for translation to the British Dramatists, whose proficiency in the art of translating from the French is proverbial. If LORD PALMERSTON had availed himself of this resource he would have accomplished a double object, for he would not only have got the work done, but he would have had the merit of patronising the British Drama, by giving a job to some of its brightest ornaments. If the Premier had put the protocols into the hands of one of those geniuses who turn a French Opera into English in a week, or—which is more like what had to be done—translate a Farce in a single night, there would have been no ground for complaint, as no delay would have been occasioned.

#### A PUZZLE BY POLONIUS.



THE *London Gazette* once more contains the following remarkable notification:—

"N.B. The Knights of the several Orders are to appear in their Collars at the Drawing Room on the 19th May next."

A philosopher, not exactly knowing what ridiculous trappings are worn by the principal performers of those absurd ceremonies which are wont, on state occasions, to be practised at the British Court, might be puzzled to understand what the Knights are directed to appear in under the name of collars. He would hardly suppose that collars for the neck are meant, as if it were feared that the Knights, if not otherwise admonished, would be likely to appear in the presence of Royalty without their "gills." He might,

perhaps have some indistinct idea that the collars intended are pantomimic horse-collars, of which the performers in the burlesque alluded to will make their appearance within the circumference, and solemnly grin.

#### THE SEVEN AGES OF A PUBLIC MAN.

Public Life's a stage,  
And all the men in office merely players:  
They have their characters and salaries  
And one man in his course plays many parts,  
And acts through seven ages. First the Infant,  
High-born, inheriting a coat of arms,  
And then the Public School-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining lot of fag, going by rail,  
Uncaringly to school: then the Collegian  
Boating and driving, with a comic ballad,  
And supercilious eyebrow. Then the Patriot  
Full of strong oaths, and moustached like the pard,  
Anxious for honour, not disposed to quarrel  
With any decent situation,  
Suffice that can one's mouth. And then the Member,  
Quoting old saws and modern instances,  
In fair round paunch, with public dinners lined;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered Minister;  
With spectacles, and prose, and votes on side,  
His youthful views renounced, a world too wide  
For his shrunk wits, and his once manly voice,  
Trying in vain to hoax the people, pipes  
A miserable sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this sad disgraceful history,  
Is childish Red-tapism, and mere Routine:  
Sans heart, sans brains, sans pluck, sans everything.

#### A MYSTERIOUS FOOTMAN.

WE find the subjoined announcement to the British Isles in the *Times*. We, however, churlishly omit the advertiser's address.

AS FOOTMAN, in livery, to a gentleman, on Sundays, and during the week of an evening, a respectable young man, of good character.

This footman, evidently with an eye to the success of the new Sunday Bill for the Better Observation of the Sabbath, wants an easy berth in a high family. Nevertheless, we think it is worth while for Peckham Rye, Kentish Town, and other genteel localities to consider the offer. It would give a dignity to the Browns to have a footman in livery, with their Sunday pudding, once a week. The advertiser is, moreover, desirous of an evening engagement during week days; and this circumstance somewhat quickens our curiosity to know how the remainder of his time is ordinarily occupied. Is he a Government clerk, with an industrious turn out of office hours? It has been hinted to us that it is the identical "PETERDICK," of whom MR. W. S. LINDSAY, in the House of Commons, painted so lively a picture.

#### THE HANGMEN OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy have been unjustly compared to executioners. They differ from CALCRAFT, in hanging the good men, instead of the bad, out of the way.

### THE JUDGMENT OF JENKINS.

"On revient toujours à ses premiers amours." Surely this saying has been verified by the return of our old friend JENKINS to the *Morning Post*. *Punch* took notice, the other day, of a Song by a Person of Quality, which can have been no other than the quality of JENKINS. Here is a specimen of prose, which, though not equal to JENKINS'S "mighty line,"—

"Nature on no serial duty,"

is yet manifestly JENKINS. MR. JENKINS is exercising his literary cane on the prostrate offender, PIANORI:—

"The life has been, as we trust the death will be, that of a malignant organisation, bad and mischievous to all around it, which society obliterates when it carries its animosity to a point that would be fatal to the greatest human interests."

"As we trust the death will be!" What does JENKINS mean by that? To express a hope that the man will die as he has lived—a trust that he will not repent? In whom or what does JENKINS trust for PIANORI'S final impenitence? To carry reprobation so far as this, in the enthusiasm of adulation, because the criminal's intended victim was an Emperor, is what MR. CARLYLE might well call "flunkeyism grown truculent and transcendent." The judge in the black cap concludes his remarks with a merciful aspiration; the very reverse of which appears to have been added by JUDGE JENKINS to the sentence pronounced by him in the hat with a gold band and a cockade.

QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.—If the drawer of a bill finds it lying on the pavement, is he bound to take it up?

A RELIGION AND ITS MINISTERS.—Red-Tapeism is the Religio Loci of Downing Street.



### THE WEDDING DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND SUCH A LOVELY BRACELET !!



### THE WEDDING DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BUNDLE OF ASPARAGUS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND THE NICEST DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR IN THE WORLD !!

### TE VENIENTE DIE.

OUR Chinese intelligence tells us that "a stir in tea has been caused by the movements of the rebels in the vicinity of Canton." If we are to judge by the accounts we have heard, we should be inclined to think that a greater "stir in tea" would be made by members of the Government than by the rebels, for the former are decidedly greater spoons than the latter. It is to be regretted for the sake of the masses who are devoted to the enjoyment of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," that the intelligence from the tea districts still has what may be called a "roughish flavour."

### STIR AND STRIKE.

THE *Scotsman* contains an advertisement to literary men, which, as literary men are not much in the habit of reading (or writing) Scotch papers, we beg to put into circulation. A certain publisher is willing to treat for what he is pleased to call "A Stirring and Striking Tale." We have not time to write it, but are happy to make the advertiser a present of a title, which seems to meet his requirements. "The Poker and the Clock; a Stirring and Striking Tale of Domestic Life." In return, when a work obtained in such fashion shall be published, we particularly request that a copy may not be sent to *Punch*.

A RAMBLING TRUTH.—It is in argument as in travelling, we never go so far as when we don't know where we are going to.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—WRIGHT at the Adelphi Theatre.



**MILITARY REFORM—A NOBLE BEGINNING.**

**H. R. H. P. A. Resigning his Field Marshal's Baton and Pay.**

MILITARY HISTORY OF THE WORLD BEGINNING

H. H. P. A. Residing in Field Marshal's Palace and Pav.



## THE FATHER OF ONIONS.



OME time ago, when the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH was residing in his fortress of Ham, he did what so many sages and philosophers have done,—he cultivated a little garden. Did not his uncle before him delve the ungrateful soil of St. Helena? LOUIS NAPOLEON then wrote—"I might, indeed, already gather a bouquet worthy of LADY —'s garden. Perhaps I boast a little in saying this; but then I look upon my onions with paternal eyes." It is not many men who could look long upon such a progeny (without weeping; but the father of onions was also doomed to be the father of the French people,—and tears under such circumstances would have been undignified, unmanly. An old legend tells us that at the first footstep taken by the Evil One out of the Garden of Eden there sprang up garlic; at the second, onions. We do not believe it; otherwise, we must even take both garlic and

onions as the progeny of the cloven foot. An EMPEROR, now in the very fullness of his purple, redeems the onion by having, in the hours of his captivity, fathered it. There is a story told of certain innocent settlers who once upon a time sowed gunpowder for onion-seed; whereas, we have here the reverse of the accident,—the onion-seed of Ham bearing in good time, the gunpowder of the Crimea and other places. We hope that the Imperial onion-seed is still to be had; and, if so, we counsel the City of London to beg a pinch or two thereof that, duly sown on a certain patch of City land may, for all time, supply Napoleonic onions wherewith to stuff the Michaelmas City goose. This, indeed, would be a further proof of the alliance; a proof fragrant to the nostrils and savoury to the palate of the wisdom of London. There will be a deep significance in the sentence of the future biographer of LOUIS NAPOLEON, when posterity shall read this of him—"He was at once the father of his country, and the parent of onions."

## PRINCE ALBERT'S EXAMPLE.

A CANKERWORM was gnawing at the heart of England's Oak,  
And palsy threatened its great arms that braved the thunderstroke;  
Its glorious crown was fading, and our foes began to hoot,  
"Behold the Oak is rotting and the axe is at its root!"

Aristocratic vermin did offices infest,  
Not the Best men, but such men as lackeys call the Best,  
Men with the very richest kind of fluid in their veins,  
But men whose little heads enclosed exceedingly poor brains.

We drew the sword for Freedom: the battle-flag unfurled  
Against barbarians marching to overrun the world;  
The sword was bravely wielded, the flag was nobly borne,  
But by unready Rulers were our arms of glory shorn.

Then rose a cry among us for a Government of worth,  
We said "Away with empty Rank, and down with stupid Birth;  
Incompetent Nobility shall us no longer rule,  
Born with a spoon of silver in its mouth; born, sometimes, fool."

These tidings heard PRINCE ALBERT at Windsor where he lay,  
And walked upon the Slopes and lunched at half-past two each day,  
And with a grand piano made the grander pile to ring,  
So as bescemeth him whose son hereafter shall be King.

"That cry," said he "is just; it is a shame and a disgrace  
That any but a proper man should be in any place;  
An end must to this wrong be put; there is no doubt of that;  
Some one the movement must begin—myself shall bell the cat."

FIELD MARSHAL THE PRINCE ALBERT then did order and decree,  
That in Hyde Park a Grand Review straightway should holden be;  
And thither he betook himself in sight of all the land,  
His charger prancing under him; his baton in his hand.

Before the troops assembled, in all the people's view,  
On the altar of his country the good PRINCE that baton threw;  
And thus he spoke "O public and soldiers! I resign  
The title with the token that ought not to be mine.

"Lie there, thou idle symbol of victories not won,  
Reward of warlike services which I have never done;  
And let that soldier win thee that shall have done the most  
In this our war with Muscovy of all the British host."

Then all the people shouted, and said "Long live the PRINCE,  
What truthfulness, what manliness, what greatness to evince!"  
"Hooray for good PRINCE ALBERT!" was the universal roar:  
They cheered him thrice and after that they gave him one cheer more.

Then every Lord incapable, and every booby Duke,  
Accepted at their PRINCE's hands a lesson and rebuke;  
They cast away their offices; their places up they threw,  
And England's Oak revived again and England throve anew.

## BARNUM'S ELEPHANT.

NEWS comes to us from across the Atlantic of BARNUM'S elephant. Poor creature! Here is another proof of the degrading condition of the state of slavery! To think of the majestic animal, free in his native savannahs, and then to behold him ploughing, carting loads of gravel, drawing stone on a dray, piling wood, and "making himself generally useful,"—for we are assured that the victim lord of the forest does all this—on the farm of P. T. BARNUM, Bridgefoot, Connecticut, is to fire us with indignation, to melt us with pity towards the "peculiar institution" to which, in America, men and elephants are alike a sacrifice. The descendants of Guinea kings and Gold Coast princes have, doubtless, blacked the shoes of free republicans, have served UNCLE SAM with sherry-cobblers, and supplied BROTHER JONATHAN with many a mint-julep. But such family declension, such sad descent, touches us not so much as the thought of the lordly elephant, the wise, the grand, the magnanimous, gentle elephant—"the truly great are ever gentle"—degraded to a piler of logs and a carter of gravel for—(and this is the sting)—for BARNUM! How wisely and well speaks MAJOR MOIR, in his *Oriental Fragments*, of the moral dignity of the animal. He says—"there is something in the elephant, independently of its bulk, I think, which distinguishes it from other quadrupeds. No person or persons would commit any act of gross indelicacy in presence of an elephant. The same feeling could not prevail touching the presence of a stupid rhinoceros, almost as bulky."

Nevertheless, even an elephant is susceptible of degrading moral influences. "Show me your company," says the proverb, "and I'll show you the man." Show me your BARNUM, and I'll show you the elephant. In his day, the elephant has kept the most glorious company; for there are extant several ancient medals on which the head of SOCRATES is found united with the head of an elephant. But—true is the saying—every medal has its reverse. Again; these SOCRATIC-elephantine medals are of gold and silver. Whereas the medal to be henceforth struck commemorative of the elephant and the owner of Connecticut, must be of basest brass.

We put it to MRS. BEECHER STOWE, whether the enslaved condition of this long-suffering elephant is not worthy of a tale illustrative of its sorrows? it is said that materials abound for its biography. We do entreat the benevolent HARRIET to undertake the goodly work; and further, to set apart a portion of the profits of the book to redeem the noble animal from the bondage of the showman. We hear among other incidents of its many-coloured life, that the elephant was last employed by BARNUM as money-taker; and such was the elevation of its moral sense in those days, it never took a bad shilling. When BARNUM retired from the cares of showmanship, the elephant bore him company; and was long employed in BARNUM'S Palace, as a domestic of all work: the elephant making BARNUM'S bed, bringing BARNUM'S shaving-water, cutting and curling BARNUM'S hair, and drawing the corks of BARNUM'S ginger pop. The best understanding long prevailed between the two animals; and was only broken by the fact that when BARNUM was about his *Life*, the elephant would not go down upon his knees—as BARNUM desired—to hold the showman's inkhorn. Upon this, the elephant was degraded to its present drudgery, from which we hope the pen of Mrs. Stowe will, like fairy wand, full soon release him.

## Storm of Sebastopol!

By the time when these lines shall have appeared in print, it is possible that LORD RAGLAN will have communicated to the Government intelligence of the storm of Sebastopol; but we are afraid the gallant meteorologist will have nothing of the sort to announce, unless Sebastopol should be visited with a tempest.

## A POPULAR NUISANCE MORALISED.

"The Red, White, and Blue."—Port, Sherry, and your Look when your wine-merchant's bill comes in.

## COLLECTIVE WISEACREDOM.



HEAR—we are happy in being once more able to say—MR. COBDEN :—

“ When he reflected on the state of public opinion out of doors, and then found the House spending whole days in this splitting of hairs (*hear, hear*), in this ecclesiastical casuistry worthy of the dark ages, he thought their conduct might almost be said to rival that of the inhabitants of Constantinople who were engaged in similar disputes, while the Turks were thundering at their gates, and the Byzantine empire was tottering to its fall.”

Now for a specimen of the splitting of hairs—the question under quirk having been marriage with a deceased wife’s sister :—

“ The prohibitions were introduced by expressions forbidding marriage between persons near of kin, and the cases of affinity were brought within the rule of nearness of kin by terms showing—to use the words pronounced at the creation—that those relative by affinity were related to one flesh.”

The foregoing specimen of “ Collective Wisdom ” was, according to the *Times*, a contribution afforded to that sum total of sagacity by SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE. The other Romanesque Member for Ox-

ford spun out a whole yarn of the same tangle: and really, to read the report of their discourses touching the matter in debate, one might well suppose that both of the honourable gentlemen were partners in the concern of LOYOLA AND CO.

What fun it would be if the House of Commons, so ready to laugh without a cause, could learn to laugh with reason: that is, at folly! But that merry assembly has no perception of the ludicrous. It does not see the absurdity inherent in a debate, such as that in which SIR

WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, with his flashes of argument, so nearly fired the neighbouring river; a dispute as to the meaning of a Scriptural command. As if the ordinances of the Bible resembled those of the statute-book: ambiguous enactments worded by blundering members of Parliament! SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, MR. ROUNDELL PALMER, and MR. GLADSTONE contend that the marriage alluded to is prohibited by the “ Divine Law.” MR. SPOONER declares that it is not, supported by MR. COBDEN, MR. LOWE, the ATTORNEY GENERAL, and all the Jews, the people to whom the controverted precept was first delivered. What an edifying sort of discussion for BABOO SUTTEE, or CHING-WANG, those heathen gentlemen being present perchance, in the Strangers’ Gallery! Not that there can be two opinions on the matter, considered with honesty and common sense; but if there could, which would be more likely, that MR. SPOONER should not understand his Bible, or that MR. GLADSTONE’S and SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE’S judgment should be warped by Puseyite prejudice? Does not every reasonable being feel convinced that if the ecclesiastical canons had prohibited marriage with a deceased wife’s dress-maker, those gentlemen would try to prove the prohibition to have been dictated by the “ Divine Law?”

However, the Marriage Law Amendment Bill has passed its second reading. In the meanwhile, in order to its consideration in committee, the more thoroughly in the spirit wherein they treated it on that occasion, let SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, MR. ROUNDELL PALMER, and MR. GLADSTONE, apply themselves to the study of those pages of *Tristram Shandy* in which that profound church-lawyer DIDDIUS, and his worthy brethren GASTRIPHERES and PHUTATORIUS, pursue a kindred disquisition in the same tone.

## NEIGHBOUR LONDON TO NEIGHBOUR PARIS.

“ DEAREST NEIGHBOUR,

“ Knowing that you were at least well satisfied with the hearty welcome and humble fare (for I confess it, I cannot cook as you can) offered to your distinguished friend on his late visit with his very beautiful wife; thinking that it would only make us the better friends, the better we treated each other’s countrymen,—I own I was a little hurt when I found myself spoken of in a manner, by one of your people, that I do not think I quite deserve. Now, mind, my dear PARIS, I dwell upon this in the best temper; and with no sourness, no ill-will whatever. Besides I know that lawyers *will* be abusive; nevertheless, I think even the lawyer went a little beyond his professional black, when—very properly denouncing a very wicked man, by name PIANORI, and by trade a shoemaker—the lawyer said,

“ But a month ago he left London, that centre of the most audacious agitators—of those men whom rage and defeat have driven to madness, and who have come to such a point that appeal to crime is their only means to serve their ambitious designs, their material appetites, and their lust for power.”

“ I confess it, when I found these very hard words flung at myself, I did for a moment feel in a pucker. What, thought I, and did I do my best to receive my Neighbour’s exalted friend with smiles and cordiality, and am I to be considered as a person who harbours the very wickedest of persons for the very worst of purposes. I know I *am* hospitable; and more than that, I can’t and I won’t help it. I know that many and many a time, poor hunted, desolate creatures, have almost fallen down upon their knees, ready to kiss my threshold; because, when there they were safe and sound, although roared and howled after as the sea roars and howls at times about my dwelling.

“ And dear Neighbour, it is not my fault—but rather, I think, it is the excellence of my constitution, which the sea by the bye, has ever done much to brace and strengthen—if I am alike hospitable to all sorts of people. Great Kings that have left their sceptres behind, and only come to me with a cotton umbrella—Prime Ministers with only the one shirt upon the back turned at a minute’s notice to their own country—lawyer’s clerks that have been dictators and have become as poor and helpless as lawyers’ clerks again. All of these have been alike welcomed by me, and will be, always and for ever. My sky is, I know, not as blue as yours! it is so often mixed with coal-smoke; and wash as one will, one cannot at times help having smutty spots upon one’s face,—but for all this, the air is very sweet and very comforting.

Some say, it is the unrestricted quantity of printers’ ink that is used, that, mixing with the atmosphere, makes it mightily wholesome.

Now I know, that people will take advantage of this easiness, one’s wish to be hospitable. It is the old story of ingratitude, as old as the poison in the frozen snake brought to the woodman’s fire-place. Still, I will say, that I have always endeavoured to preach peace and good-manners to the strangers who have sought me. And therefore, am I to be called the nurse of audacious agitators—the patroness of criminals and madmen—the easy looker-on of desperate lunatics, lusting for bulrush sceptres, and diadems of straw? I am sure, your excellent friend who lately visited me has no right to think this of me. I did my best to give him a kind welcome; and began to flatter myself with my success, but—so it is; when a lawyer opens his mouth, even LONDON is not safe.

I know and own that, now and then, I have—I am so hospitable—harboured strangers who have slipt away, and gone on board a boat, and made themselves jolly with no end of champagne, and afterwards, made a great disturbance when they got to the other side of the sea: but for all that, I do not think that—especially after what’s so lately happened, one of your lawyers should be allowed to abuse my kindness, when *certain people*—for I’m above naming names—have years ago done what they pleased, with their knees comforted at my fireside.

“ Now, my dear Neighbour PARIS,—I’m not angry, only a little sad at what your lawyer has said; but I defy his words; and—I can’t help it—shall go on my old way, opening my door to whatever stranger may knock, whether his name be AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, or JOHN SMITH; whether he comes with both his pockets crammed with gold snuff-boxes,—or whether he doesn’t bear his own likeness in a sou’s-worth of copper.

“ My dear Neighbour,—Let you and I continue to love one another, and we may defy all lawyers,—though they should go on abusing us, till their tongues were as black as the tongues of Poll-Parrots. And so I remain, Dearest PARIS,

“ Your Affectionate Friend and Neighbour, LONDON.”

“ P.S. Talking of gold boxes, and knowing how ready some folks are to take things in huff, I sent to my friend, my own LORD MAYOR, begging him not to think of what your lawyer had said of me, and not by any means—for my own LORD MAYOR is so sensitive—not to send back the gold box with the diamond N. I was much relieved when my own LORD MAYOR sent me word to say that—as for sending back such a box, such a thought would be the last thought in this world to enter such a head.”

## SOME AMERICAN CURS.



Know that America produces opossums and racoons, rattlesnakes also, and other reptiles. It may not perhaps be generally known that there exists also an American breed of curs—a remarkable species of animal, and principally remarkable for having two legs. Of these diminutive biped creatures of the canine species we have had one lately giving utterance to a yelp and a snarl in a letter to the *Times* on “The United States and Russia.” He answers to the name of A “STATES” MAN. This American cur is evidently

one of a pack, and whilst yelping and snarling in common with the rest of it, he whines and howls an apology for their common cry. Here is a specimen of this dog’s “pen and-ink.”—

“Without stopping to decide whether Americans are more benevolently inclined to Russia than to those who, in spite of negative protestations, are evidently straining every nerve to humiliate her, it is not difficult to comprehend why such a disposition should not be uncommon throughout the States. If I mistake not, there exists a strong and general conviction among disinterested persons that the present frightful struggle between Christian nations in arms is a disgrace to the nineteenth century; that the object of it is as unattainable and unwise as it is indefensible; that no contingent or prospective danger to Europe or to India was sufficiently menacing to justify in the sight of God the slaughter of His chief handiwork on earth at the rate of 200,000 souls a year, or in the sight of man the destruction of his hard earnings so as to outstrip the almost miraculous productiveness of the present day; and that when Russia consents, as she has done, to the demands of the Allies concerning the SULTAN’S Greek subjects, the protectorate of the Principalities, and the navigation of the Danube, to require her, in the plenitude of her strength and the height of her pride to assist in tying her own hands, is an indignity to which none would submit save a fool, who is more than one-half coward. Is it to be wondered at, then, if among other impartial observers, some Americans be found who, seeing Russia banned as an annexionist by the Allies, call upon these, as another set of self-righteous accusers were once exhorted to ‘cast the first stone.’”

Here the whine assumes a nasal twang, into which the American cur can never long give tongue without subsiding. He never fails to snuffle a text and a pious sentiment in the course of his howl. Considering who first uttered the phrase of Scripture which the “States”-man quotes, one cannot but think its adoption by those “some Americans” as rather cool, and very characteristic of the “some”—some Americans being, as aforesaid, curs. Is it not banning Russia as an “annexionist” that provokes the wrath, and evokes the piety of these brethren in annexation of the Russian orthodox?

For the rest, the cur howls that we interfere in American affairs, which he rather vaguely specifies; avoiding the mention of filibusterism in connexion with Cuba. Another American affair he omits to yelp upon: slavery to wit. In not referring to these, he passes over the very points on which “some Americans” particularly sympathise with the Czar. “Some Americans” are each of them a little Czar in himself, a tyrant of slaves; and a scoundrel who wants to “carry out the destiny of his country” by plundering his neighbours. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind to fellow-criminals, wondrous savage, malignant, and malicious against their prosecutors, whose acts are a protest against our own conduct. Add to this the pious sentiment of “some Americans.” NICHOLAS had, he said, the Sword in his hand and the Cross in his heart—he had indeed the sword in one hand and the knout in the other. So “some Americans” carry the revolver and the cow-hide: so do they sanctimoniously whine and turn up the whites of their eyes, whilst they scourge the flesh from the bones of miserable blacks.

The other chief reason why, “some Americans” hate us is, because the English Press abuses and ridicules the American nation. “Some Americans” are a very thin-skinned race of curs; with which remark we dismiss the consideration of the animal; rejoicing that “some Americans” are by no means all.

COME IN.—We blame Fortune for not visiting us, whereas in many cases the fault lies at our own door in doing nothing to invite her in.

## THE LAST STAGE OF PUFFING.

An action was brought the other day against a theatrical Manager for having omitted to do a certain Pantomime trick which had been paid for as an advertisement. Somebody’s patent something was to have been represented as doing something or other, such as turning a white house into a black one, to prove the virtues of somebody’s Indelible Ink; or to convert a black house into a white one, to show the power of somebody’s Patent Whitewash. We will not stop to inquire—for nobody will think it worth while to ask—whether the “author’s” permission is required to introduce these acknowledged puffs into his production, or whether he receives any of the profit arising from the interpolation, but as Managers seem to consider this mode of advertising a legitimate mode of increasing their receipts, we give a few hints by which the plan may be adapted to SHAKESPEARE’S plays, or any other stock pieces.

*Macbeth’s* speech to the *Physician* in the Fifth Act might be thus made the vehicle of a quack advertisement:—

Throw physic to the dogs! I’ll none offit.  
But let me have my ointment and my pill.  
This cures me always of rheumatic pains;  
The other frees me from attacks of bile:  
Both are procured of PUFFAWAY AND Co.  
Seyton send out, &c. &c.

In *Richard the Third* a very legitimate advertisement might be introduced at the point where *Richard* orders his horse. The passage might run as follows:—

Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow:  
And let the saddle be my favourite one,  
Complete, with all improvements, that I bought  
Of PEAT AND Co., the price was moderate.

Another fine opportunity for an introduced puff occurs in the Third Act of *King John*, when *Constance*, in reply to *King Philip’s* observation,

“Have I not pawned to you my Majesty?”

proceeds to observe—

“You have beguiled me with a counterfeit.”

And might go on to remark—

Oh! Let us all beware of counterfeits.  
For I have often been beguiled before,  
By purchasing an inefficient wash;  
Palmed off upon me as Macassar Oil:  
Though I confess I should have been aware  
That none are genuinc unless they show  
The signature—A. ROWLAND—on the bottle!

*Clarence’s* celebrated dream might be also made a vehicle—literally a vehicle—for a puff in the following fashion:—

*Clarence* is come—false, fleeting, perjured *Clarence*!  
Not such a Clarence as I lately bought!  
Complete with lamps and patent axle-trees,  
Constructed cleverly to carry four;  
But running lightly on its patent springs!  
So lightly, that a single horse may draw it.  
And yet where stylishness is much desired,  
’Tis easy to adapt the vehicle  
For double harness—as there is a pole,  
Which is attached—the shafts being taken off,  
And may be had at LAURIE’S well known mart.  
This were a Clarence worthy all respect:  
Not false, nor perjurd, though a fleeting Clarence!  
&c. &c.

The above instances, in which the puff is introduced into the high drama, will be sufficient to afford a hint to those town or country Managers, who, looking on the stage as a legitimate source of making money, are prepared to take advantage of any and every mode of increasing the receipts of a theatre.

## Weather or No!

WHY is LORD RAGLAN more fitted to defend a place that is besieged than to conduct offensive operations? Everybody will or ought to anticipate the answer, which consists in the fact, that he must be well fitted to resist an attempt to take a place by storm, because he is always ready to weather it.

THE RUSSIAN REBELLION.—We have fed the Russian prisoners at Lewes so well, that a few days since they broke into rebellion and showed fight. Now JOHN BULL cannot stand this. It is a little too much when his own beef rises against him.



PALMERSTON'S NIGHTMARE.

## SWABBING CRITICS.

"If you have only a plank to swab," CAPTAIN SWOSSER used to say, "swab it as if DAVY JONES was after you." Good advice, which the *Morning Herald* has borne in mind. Noticing a book, of which we will say more when we can hear of anybody who has read it, the *Herald* observes:—

"The Author possesses no common mind or attainments. The dignity and eloquence of a saga speak forth in every page, and the result is a novel that SCOTT or BULWEX may have equalled, but never surpassed."

That's the way to swab planks. That's the way to promote an author's reputation and the interests of a book. These are the gems that make the "opinions of the press" so invaluable—these specimens of scholarly recognition and discriminating eulogium. And how intellect advances too. We will be bound that the very "SCOTT" thus carelessly named for the sake of heightening a successor's glory, never deserved—stay, we mean never received such laudation.

We propose that a new order of critical merit be founded, its members to be called the "Swabbers," and the first Knight Companion to be the *Herald* reviewer. No such service is rendered to literature as is paid by the devoted and faithful Swabbers.

THE PROBLEM OF THE TIMES.—The Money Market may sometimes be easy, but does one man in a hundred ever understand it?

## HONOUR DEFERRED.

In the House of Lords the other evening—

"LORD VIVIAN begged to ask the Noble Lord the Minister for War how it happened that the honours usually bestowed on our soldiers for good conduct in the field had been so long withheld. The fortune of war had already carried to their last account many of the gallant men who had helped to gain the victories won in the Crimea, and he hoped therefore that the medals intended to be bestowed upon them would no longer be delayed."

The striking of these medals affords, we think, another striking proof of the way our Ministers now manage matters. Probably by the time they are ready for distributing, there will be no one left alive to receive them. National comparisons are odious, of course; but that it would be well for us to take a leaf from the Russian book occasionally, we think may be inferred from the EARL OF MALMESBURY'S statement, in the debate which followed, that—

"There were, it was well known, at the present moment in London medals taken from dead Russians, which were inscribed with the name of Inkermann."

*Fas est et ab hoste doceri* is a maxim not sufficiently acknowledged yet in Downing Street, and we think in this case it might be fitly studied. As far as money goes, JOHN BULL has always had the character of being a prompt paymaster; but in paying off his debts of honour, he has been too commonly allowed, we think, too long a credit. It was but yesterday that the Peninsula veterans were decorated, and it seems as if the old Peninsula precedent will be followed now in this respect as in every other. If we might propose a design in future for our army medals, we would suggest the figure of "Hope deferred," encircled with the motto "Necesse die."

## Patriotism and Perspicuity.

The letter of "A CONSERVATIVE" to the *Morning Herald* thus commences:—

"Sir, Conservatives are reluctant to incur the charge of faction, even without cause."

They would rather, then, incur the charge of faction without cause than with. How very good and patriotic! But did not the "Conservative" write rather the worse for old port, and should not "even" have been "especially?"

HOW TO COOK YOUR DINNER WITHOUT COALS, GAS, OR FUEL!—Have three Removes, for we all know that "three removes are as good as a Fire."

## THE SEA-SERPENT WITHIN HAIL.



or only does the following paragraph occur in the *Morning Post's* American news:—

"The *New York Herald* states that the renowned Sea-Serpent, after an absence of several years, has turned up off the Cape of Delaware. He is reported to be 100 feet in length."

But it also asserts that

"During a storm at Corning, hailstones fell that measured nine inches in circumference, and weighing eight ounces or thereabouts."

It is lucky for the Sea-Serpent that the hail-storm was confined to Corning; for if it had occurred off the Capes of Delaware when he turned up, the eight-ounce hail-stones would certainly have killed him.

## THE ENGLISHMAN'S (PUBLIC) HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE.

The *Morning Advertiser* is wrath with the *Times* for inserting letters from a correspondent who signs himself "AN ENGLISHMAN." The great organ of the half-and-half interest declares that the "only real Englishman," confines his contributions to the columns of that journal. Is it to be inferred that every other writer for every other portion of the newspaper press is a foreigner, and that the *Advertiser* is the only paper supported by "native talent?" Looking at the signatures to some of the correspondence of that foaming journal, we should have imagined that in the material of which it is composed there is a good sprinkling of what—instead of being pure British spirit—is evidently some foreign compound.

We cannot suppose that there is only one Englishman who writes in the newspapers, and that all the other contributors to the public press are representatives of some outlandish part of the world, and adherents of what are called separate "nationalities." It is not very politic on the part of the *Advertiser* to claim the ENGLISHMAN as the writer of particular portions only of the journal, for it naturally makes rather doubtful English of all the other articles.

OXENSTIERN AT ST. STEPHEN'S.—Behold, my son, by how small a joke the House of Commons is moved to laughter!



### HONOUR TO THE BRAVE.

*Flunkey (reads).* "Yesterday, thirty of the Invalids from the Crimea were inspected \* \* \* many of the gallant fellows were dreadfully mutilated at the Alma and Inkermann. \* \* \* After the inspection ten of the Guards were regaled in the Servants' Hall."

*Flunkey (log.)* "REGALED IN THE SERVANTS' 'ALL! EH? WELL, I DON'T THINK THEY'VE ANY CALL TO GRUMBLE ABOUT NOT BEIN' 'HONORED SUFFICIENT!'"

### PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*May 14th, Monday.* A great House was drawn by the announcement that the celebrated performing Elephant, ELLENBOROUGH, would go through a series of feats, such as spouting water over an enemy, trumpeting his own merits, picking up the largest and the smallest things as if they were of equal weight, and butting at the world in general. The Ladies of the Peccage came down in such numbers that LORD REDESDALE declared that they made the place "look like a Casino." The question occurs to one—how does LORD REDESDALE, Chairman of Committees of the Lords, know how a Casino looks? *Punch* hopes that LORD BROUGHAM, who is fond of seeing Ladies in the House, and once turned out an Ambassador to make room for some, will bear this matter in his mind. On the ELLENBOROUGH affair *Mr. Punch* will not waste many of his golden lines—it was all humbug. The demonstration was intended to do good to the DERBY party, by trying to make the nation believe that the followers of LORD D. are administrative reformers. LORD DERBY disclaimed any partnership with MR. LAYARD, but avowed his opinion that the member for Nineveh represented the feelings of the country. The debate was as lively and personal as possible, several anecdotes were told, the Ladies were much amused, and one of the Ministers implied that it was ridiculous to make a fuss about the 20,000 soldiers that we have lost, when we have reason to believe that Russia had lost 277,000. This is the way the Lords discuss the war.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON signified that he should give no day for discussing the Vienna business, nor should he raise the subject. He saw no fun in that.

*Tuesday.* LORD MALMESBURY, as usual, opened his mouth to let out nonsense. He made a complaint about the division on the previous night, when government "proxies" had been used, without notice. MALMESBURY with his habitual accurate information about everything, said it had *always* been customary for notice to be given. To which LORD BESSBOROUGH, who, having been a Précis-writer, (to the very

office by the way in which MALMESBURY muddled matters so miserably) was more precise, told MALMY that on the contrary, the practice had *never* been as he stated. Now here is a man who was a Cabinet Minister, and hopes to be so again, and yet has not observation or memory enough to be right on a matter which has been constantly coming under his notice since 1841, when he left off being JIMMY HARRIS, and, under the sobriquet of MALMESBURY, began to make laws for us.

LORD ALBEMARLE, who is a Lord of another sort, and a really able man, then brought forward a resolution affirming the necessity of injuring Russia by really crippling her commerce; instead of pretending to do it, as hitherto, but it is needless to say that Government set itself determinately against anything so rational.

The Commons did not do much, but SIR GEORGE GREY obtained leave to bring in a bill for the inspection of coal mines, in order to provide some protection to the miners against the frightful accidents to which they are at present exposed. The object is laudable, but unless the act calls the owners of mines over their own coals in case of negligence, it will be useless.

*Wednesday.* SIR WILLIAM CLAY moved the second reading of the bill for Abolishing Church Rates. LORD PALMERSTON thought the subject so difficult that nobody ought to try and deal with it. The House thought differently, and defeated the Government and the other opponents of the bill by 217 to 189.

*Thursday.* The Lords did not sit, because it was a day of religious observance. It is therefore to be hoped that they went to church.

The Commons had better have gone to church too, or even taken a secular holiday, for all they did was to shelve a measure for meeting a great public want—the appointment of Public Prosecutors—and to squabble over a Parish Constables' bill.

LORD PALMERSTON however made an announcement which had better be noticed. He stated that "informal" communications were still going on with the Continental Powers upon the subject of peace. SHAKSPERE uses informal in the sense of "deranged in mind," and LORD PALMERSTON must believe that JOHN BULL is in that condition, if his Jauntyship supposes that JOHN will stand any peace that is not based upon the humiliation of Russia.

AND JOHN RUSSELL as Colonial Secretary proposed an exceedingly objectionable plan for a New South Wales Constitution, which the New South Welsh are likely to treat with small ceremony.

*Friday.* In the Lords the War Minister expounded the Government plan for remodelling or remuddling certain military organisations. This attempt at reform has been forced out of the Ministry by sheer fright, and therefore the scheme, like all insincere things, is good for little.

In the Commons the only thing worth notice was another attack upon MR. LAYARD by the small fry of the opposition, backed up by SIR JAMES GRAHAM and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON. GRAHAM's intense love of candour and truth made him very indignant at an alleged mistake of MR. LAYARD's, and the other respected Bart., who, *Mr. Punch* has heard, was for some time qualifying himself for the trade of an apothecary, pounded away as if he were once more equipped with pestle and mortar. There was some hee-hawing, as usual, from the sham soldiers, but MR. LAYARD told them the truth, namely, that all the yelping and howling of the inferior creation would have no other effect upon the country, except to show how much reforms are needed, and how distasteful they are to the folks who thrive and batten upon the present rotten system.

### STATE OF THE BIRMINGHAM "IDOL" TRADE.

HAVING learned from the *Record* that a very brisk manufacture of Hindoo idols was carried on by a most respectable and orthodox house at Birmingham, we have, though we confess it, with some difficulty, obtained a list of the articles. The bill we have had duly translated from Hindostanee.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| YAMEN ( <i>God of Death</i> ) . . .         | In fine copper; very tasteful.   |
| NIRONDI ( <i>King of the Demons</i> ) . . . | In great variety. The giant he rides is of the boldest design, and his sabre of the present style.     |
| VARONNIN ( <i>God of the Sun</i> ) . . .    | Very spirited. His crocodile in brass, and whip in silver.   |
| COUBEREN ( <i>God of Wealth</i> ) . . .     | This god is of the most exquisite workmanship; having stimulated the best powers of the manufacturers. |

SMALLER DEMI-GODS, AND MINOR DEMONS IN EVERY VARIETY

*No Credit; and Discount allowed for Ready Money.*

GENTLEMEN'S SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1855.—Great coats will be worn so long, that it will require the assistance of a page, or a JEAMES, behind to hold up the skirts.



WHAT HAPPENED TO SMITH AFTER SENDING HIS WET UMBRELLA  
TO BE AIRED IN THE KITCHEN.

#### BISHOP BERKELEY *v.* DRUMMOND.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to LORD PANMURE, and begs to suggest that he should restore to BISHOP BERKELEY, author of *The Minute Philosopher*, his rightful property, unceremoniously handed over by his Lordship to MR. DRUMMOND. We mean the property in the figure of square men in the round holes, and round men in square. Nothing, it was alleged, could go well with us until we had the right men in the right places—

“Or, my Lords, to use the quaint expression of my friend, MR. DRUMMOND, until the square men shall be put into the square holes, and the round men into the round holes.” (*Laughter.*)

MR. DRUMMOND, of course, never reads the *Times*; otherwise he would, doubtless, have immediately written, disavowing all property in the “quaint expression,” too liberally given to him. “The world seems to me,” says the original author, “to be like a board pierced with square holes and round holes; with the round pegs in the square, and the square in the round.” Now let not a Cabinet Minister despoil of his own, even a Bishop. MR. DRUMMOND may be a great wit, but he is not yet up to BISHOP BERKELEY; hardly up to the Bishop’s beadle.

#### DOWN WITH THE LADIES.

WE never heard anything so ungallant as the remarks made by LORD REDESDALE on the presence of Ladies at the debate on the motion of LORD ELLENBOROUGH. The former Nobleman declared that the presence of the fair sex depressed the eloquence of the best speakers among the Peers, who were prevented from reaching the sublime by the counteracting effects of the beautiful. It is strange that a sex so remarkable for garrulity in itself should be the cause of the taciturnity of others. We presume, of course, that all the Ladies present on the occasion alluded to were beautiful, and it would have been more polite of LORD REDESDALE to have complimented them on this head at least, by saying that “the power of speech of the Peerage was taken away, by seeing so many regular stunners in the way of female loveliness.”

#### Not a Magic Minstrel.

HERR WAGNER, Professor of the “Music of the Future,” appears, in conducting at the Philharmonic, to have made strange work with the music of all time. He alters MOZART, it appears, if not exactly as a parish clerk once said that he had altered HAYDN for the singing gallery, yet in a manner nearly as audacious, altering “*allegro*” to “*moderato*,” “*andante*” to “*adagio*,” “*allegretto*” to “*andante*,” and “*allegro*” again to “*prestissimo*.” WAGNER would seem strongly to resemble his namesake in *Faust*, in the particular wherein that *Wagner* differs from his master—that is, in the circumstance of being no conjuror.

## THE QUESTION AS TOUCHING INDIA!

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

THE Indian Question is twofold, ordinary and extraordinary, at least the latter is stated by that talented journal, the *Press*, to be practised, as a means of judicial investigation, in a portion of our Indian possessions, by the officials of the East India Company. One branch of the ordinary Indian Question is the inquiry respectfully addressed to the

HONOURABLE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

BY MESSRS. WRENCH AND GYVES,

SHEFFIELD, CUTLERS,

*Manufacturers of Engines and Instruments in Hardware, &c.*

Whether that statement of the *Press* can be relied on as authentic? Because, if so, MESSRS. W. AND G. confidently invite the attention of the Honourable Board to their new and extensive Stock of

**Instruments of Torture,**

warranted to defy Competition, and exhibiting a great superiority to the Apparatus in use during the

GOOD OLD TIMES.

In particular, they would recommend an early inspection of their

**PATENT EXTRA-EXCRUCIATING THUMB-SCREWS!**

on a new and improved principle; warranted to extract the truth, or its equivalent, in five minutes, with a degree of pain infinitely exceeding that produced by the complicated proceeding of binding the fingers and toes with twine, and driving pegs between them, at present resorted to by the Company’s servants. W. and G. beg to submit to the notice of the Directors a large assortment of

**SELF-ACTING SYNCLASCELES FERRO-CALEFACIENT BOOTS!**

in which the Leg is crushed by Machinery, and at the same time subjected to the action of a high degree of Heat: thus possessing important advantages over the old Iron Boot unsuccessfully employed for the subjugation of the Scottish Covenanters. May be had of all sizes. This invention will procure, in a few hours, results, which by the Indian Stocks, with sharp-edged holes and ankle-pegs, are sometimes with difficulty obtained in as many weeks. An ancient invention for the infliction of suffering has been modified by W. and G., and is submitted by them for approval to the Leadenhall Street authorities under the appellation of

**THE SCAVENGER’S YOUNGER DAUGHTER!!!**

Through the judicious application of the lever, and other mechanical principles, this instrument is capable of being worked by a child; consequently saving the executioner an amount of muscular exertion unduly fatiguing in a warm climate. Whilst bending the body into an orbicular form it also, by means of a spring affixed to its lower end, applies the bastinado to the soles of the feet. The trouble of hauling a prisoner up to a tree by the arms tied behind him, and beating him at the same time with sticks on the shins, may thus be dispensed with, by an operation which is as easy to the official as it is intolerable to the native. POLISHED METAL REFLECTORS, for intensifying the effect of EXPOSURE in a state of nudity to the RAYS of the SUN; also CAYENNE-PEPPER INHALERS, for causing suspected individuals to breathe the fumes of Cayenne-pepper, volatilised by burning charcoal, which will be found much more convenient than the noscbag now employed, have also been manufactured by W. and G. in great numbers; but perhaps their most perfect agonific apparatus will be pronounced to be their

**STEAM RACK!!!!**

which, by the exquisite suffering which it is adapted to inflict, extorting any confession that can possibly be required, will altogether supersede all the other modes of torture described by the *Press*, as well as those which that journal refrains from mentioning. WHEELS, with Iron Bar, &c., complete. Pincers, Branding Irons, &c. &c.

W. AND G. N. B. WRENCH AND GYVES, Sheffield, Makers to HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF NAPLES.

#### A Poet’s Prayer Granted.

RECOLLECTING, as Mr. Punch sat with his toes on the fender, last Friday week, that this was the merry month of roses, he felt inspired, and began an ode. He had, however, only got as far as “Hail, May!” when didn’t it?

“A QUIVER FULL OF DAUGHTERS.”

HAPPY is he who—according to LORD GRANVILLE’S new version—has a quiver full of daughters; and happier still, if all that are in the quiver meet with the proper bow.

## THE PROTOCOL OF PRIVATE LIFE.



HE unfortunate differences which have arisen between various members of the TOMKINS family were taken into consideration at the recent Conference in Finsbury. The original dispute arose in the summer of 1854, about eleven months after the marriage of MR. THOMAS TOMKINS with Miss MARIA, the beautiful and amiable daughter of MR. and MRS. CHOWDERBY, of the City Road. MR. CHOWDERBY, a year before a coal-agent in apparently affluent circumstances, became, in June, 1854, from circumstances

over which he had no control, unable to meet his financial engagements. Previous recourse, (especially upon an occasion when an infuriate milkman urged his demand with some precipitancy) had been had to the Loan system, and MR. TOMKINS, who is engaged in the pickle trade, had discounted a series of (dishonoured) bills for his father-in-law. Deeming it necessary to restrict his cash operations, MR. TOMKINS had lately declined this course, and to his son-in-law refusing him money, MR. CHOWDERBY, with some plausibility attributes his being without any. Differences arose, which were rather suspended than settled by a visit, which at MARIA TOMKINS'S desire her husband requested from MRS. CHOWDERBY. It is here necessary to mention, that about December last, a baby was born to MR. and MRS. TOMKINS. MRS. CHOWDERBY accepted the invitation, bringing with her two younger brothers of MARIA, and they remained as guests until Easter, at which period the unsolicited superintendence of the elder lady with the management of the infant, the continual disarrangement of the pickle pots by the younger CHOWDERBYS, the incessant demands of the elder CHOWDERBY for money, and a final proposition that the whole CHOWDERBY family should come and live with the TOMKINS'S, brought matters to a crisis, which terminated in the expulsion of the CHOWDERBYS, and a total estrangement. MR. TOMKINS felt no discontent at this; but his wife and various members of the family considering it objectionable, it was agreed that a Conference should be held at Miss TIDDLES'S, (a maiden aunt of MR. TOMKINS), in order to endeavour to arrange matters.

The Conference took place at the above locality on Wednesday afternoon. Everybody attended on his and her own behalf. There were present, therefore, MR. SILAS CHOWDERBY, MISS TIDDLES, MRS. S. CHOWDERBY, MR. T. TOMKINS, MARIA TOMKINS, BABY TOMKINS, (provisionally registered THOMAS AUGUSTUS PICKLES), SARAH CARTER (nurse of the latter), MASTER PETER CHOWDERBY, MASTER JACK CHOWDERBY, MISS LOUISA TOMKINS (MR. T. T.'s sister), and MR. FREDERIC BINKLE (keeping company with the latter).

Miss TIDDLES could not understand why relatives could not live in peace and harmony. She hated to see family disturbances, and thought the shortest way was to forget and forgive, and try to bear with one another better for the future. She would express no opinion on any subject, except that THOMAS AUGUSTUS PICKLES was the loveliest little ticksywicky that ever was, so he was, and a duck of diamonds, and a treasure of the Indian seas, and the gold mines of America, chick, ebick, chick, ebick, ebick.

The initiative was then, at her own desire, conceded to MRS. CHOWDERBY, who expressed a conviction that things had come to a pretty pass, when a child forgot her duty to the mother that had weaned her, that the meanness of MR. TOMKINS did not surprise her, for it was well known that he came of a mean stock; but that MARIA should go against her was indeed a blow, which, when she was laid in the silent extramural cemetery, that undutiful girl would remember, in sacking and hashes. To suppose that a woman at her time of life did not understand babies better than a chit was ridiculous, but this was only a pretence for MISTER TOMKINS to get rid of his duty to his wife's parents. They happened not to be so well off in worldly things as he was, perhaps because they had not stooped to the same low means of turning cash—some people, respectable people too, had spoken of half-pennies boiled in pickles to give them a colour, but that was neither here nor there. MR. TOMKINS ought to be ashamed of himself, and as for his wife—(here MRS. CHOWDERBY wept).

SARAH CARTER had no right to speak, being only a poor servant, but sooner than see that blessed baby (*article produced*) physicked with the messes MRS. CHOWDERBY guv it when its mamma's back was turned, she would break stones on the high ropes.

MRS. CHOWDERBY insisted on that slut's withdrawal from the Conference; but after some discussion this proposal was overruled.

MR. TOMKINS had deuced little to say. He had married MARIA, and not the whole family; but he was a good-natured fellow, and so long as her relations behaved with any sort of decency, he had been glad to do his best for them. But there was such a thing as cutting it too f—(here MRS. TOMKINS gently suggested that her husband should vary his illustration). Well, he meant as riding a willing horse to death. He appealed to MARIA if he had not been a kind husband to her, in spite of her relatives. (MRS. TOMKINS here threw herself on his bosom, and sobbed).

MR. CHOWDERBY said that it was keener than a toothache to have a thankless serpent instead of a child.

MR. TOMKINS was willing to admit that proposition in all its fullness, but did not see the applicability.

MISS LOUISA TOMKINS was sure that her brother would do everything that was right, and suggested that he should give them a day on the water, and a dinner at Richmond, and everybody be friends.

MR. FREDERIC BINKLE cordially concurred in the last suggestion, and if the word champagne were not deemed inadmissible, he would venture to offer, on his own account, that addition to the proposed festivity. (Miss L. TOMKINS touched his hand, and said "Duck.")

MR. CHOWDERBY regarded all that as trash. If MR. TOMKINS would give him the money such a piece of foolery would cost, it would enable him to remove his silver tea-pot from the house of a supposititious relative, where, to the infinite disgrace of the family, it had long been deposited.

MASTERS PETER and JACK CHOWDERBY expressed an opinion that the party would be much more jolly, and bother the old tea-pot; besides papa never took tea, but gin-and-water. (*The extrusion of these members of the Conference occupied the next half minute.*)

MRS. MARIA TOMKINS cried for some time, and then stated, that except her husband, her blessed baby was the only comfort she had on earth. Her papa and mamma were very unkind, she was sure, and THOMAS had a great deal to complain of. She had tried to make peace, but she hoped she knew her duty as a wife.

BABY TOMKINS (*hearing his mamma's voice*) signified that she owed a duty as a mother which he called upon her in the most urgent manner to perform without delay. (*The proceedings became inaudible until his demand was complied with.*)

MRS. CHOWDERBY hoped that what the unmarried young lady had seen and heard that day, would be a warning to her in case she ever had the misfortune of having children. No girl could have been better brought up than MARIA, and now let them look at her.

MRS. TOMKINS begged, laughing, that they would do nothing of the kind.

MR. CHOWDERBY conceived that if they were going to have nothing but nonsense, they had better go. He was a man of business, and would make a business-like proposition. Would TOMKINS pay all his debts, and advance him £100 to buy him a milk-walk, taking the advance out, for he was a man of business, in milk on week days and cream on Sundays?

MR. TOMKINS, in justice to his adored wife, to that innocent babe, and to—well, never mind that—must decline doing anything of the sort. But a £20 note was heartily at MR. CHOWDERBY'S service, and there it was.

MR. CHOWDERBY would accept it, but without prejudice to his other claims.

MRS. CHOWDERBY would forgive her MARIA, if MARIA could forgive herself.

MRS. TOMKINS signifying that she was decidedly equal to this latter conciliatory effort, there was much mutual embracing, and tea at the expense of Miss TIDDLES.

## Short Lecture to Young Ladies.

HAVE a good piano, or none. Be sure to have a dreadful cold when requested "to favour the company." Cry at a wedding. Scream at a spider. Never leave your curl-papers in the drawing-room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are engaged if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know what there is for dinner. Nuts are bad if you are going to sing. Never see a black coat as long as there is a red one, and always give the preference to the elder brother. Get married at St. George's, if you can—at all events, get married.

A NOTED TRUTH.—If "every man has his price," as some human appraiser has said; so has friendship. And, in many cases, an Enemy is only a Friend returned dishonoured for want of funds to meet him with.



## FRIGHTFUL.

Clara. "WELL, ROSE, DEAR, AND HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER THE PARTY?"

Rose. "OH, PRETTY WELL; ONLY I HAVE HAD SUCH A HORRID DREAM! DO YOU KNOW, I DREAMT THAT THAT GREAT STUPID CAPTAIN DRAWLER UPSET A DISH OF TRIFLE OVER MY NEW LACE DRESS WITH THE BLUE SLIP!"

## AN OPENING FOR THE ARISTOCRACY.

THE demand for right men in the right places will have the effect of turning some of the wrong men out of the wrong places into which they have found their way, and it is possible that a large supply of aristocracy will be thrown adrift on society. In contemplation probably of a good deal of this material being sent into the market, some speculators are beginning to look for it, as it will in the first instance be obtainable for a very low figure. The following advertisement contains an offer which cannot be called liberal; but, as the advertiser is one of the first in the field, he may succeed in getting what he requires.

**WANTED**, to keep a set of books by double entry, and conduct the correspondence of a shipping house, where the duties are light, a GENTLEMAN of good family, from 25 to 35 years of age, who would not be entirely dependent on the salary he would receive.—Address, &c. &c., Manchester, with reference and stating salary required.

We should like to see the applications from "men of family," in reply to this advertisement, and we shall be curious to learn what portion of the aristocracy will become candidates for the occupation of keeping a set of books, without being entirely "dependent on the salary." It is certainly better that the allowances made to younger sons should be eked out by a small salary for keeping a tradesman's books, than by quartering the junior branches of the nobility on the public departments. These seions of high families would be much more appropriately occupied in conducting the correspondence of "a shipping house" than in mismanaging the public business in the government offices. We hail the advertisement before us as an eligible opening for the younger sons of the aristocracy, whom we hope to find usefully employed in keeping tradesmen's books, and learning the art of making out, and sending in, a bill, instead of knowing only how to receive—though not always to pay—such a vulgar document.

CURLS OF SMOKE.—False ringlets.

## NO RESERVOIR OF TALENT.

THE honoured name of the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE appears in the great ELLENBOROUGH debate. The Noble Earl told a story of the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON; how that his Grace would not fire a great gun against so small a bird as PALMERSTON. The benevolent MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, with great dignity, said—"He, too, could tell an anecdote, but would not." He would compress the jest within him; LORD ELLENBOROUGH being, perhaps one of those men who can be trusted with untold jokes. Perhaps it was something about an elephant, or a pig in a Somnauth gate; but whatever it was, history is left not to truly tell, but at least to guess at. The Noble Marquis, however, with reference to the popular cry for right men in right places, said:—

"It is a popular error to suppose that there exists in this country any great reservoir of talent or experience, which may be dipped into at any time, and will always produce exactly what is wanted."

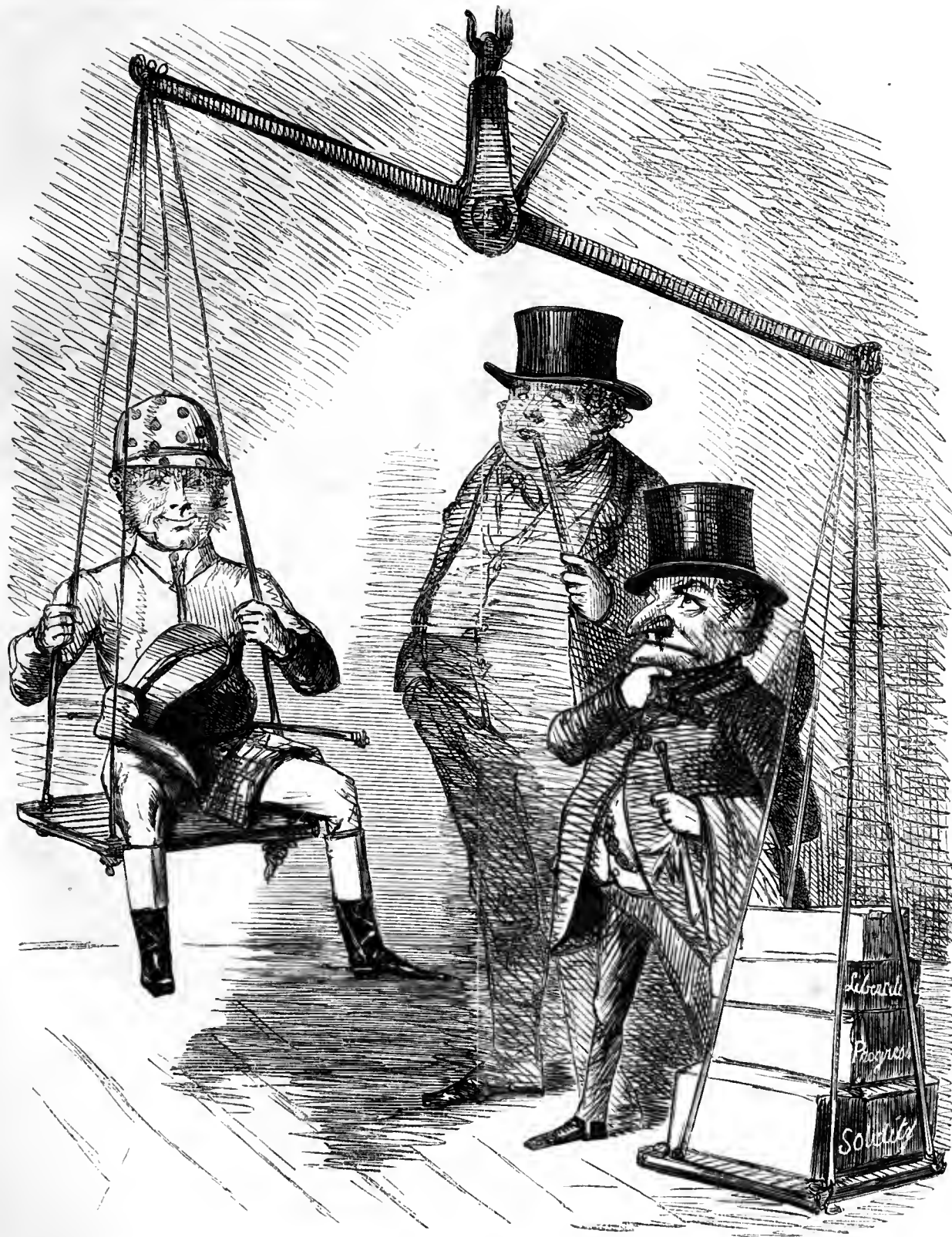
This may be. But if, in very fact, there be no great reservoir of administrative talent, is that any reason—asks *Mr. Punch*—that we should employ nothing but pumps?

## A Learned Master of the Rolls.

A POETICAL baker, whose imagination seems to have more flower than he needs for his business, advertises "A LOVING LOAF," the great salient quality of which seems to be that it consists of nothing but "Kissing-Crusts." He recommends it as being "highly digestive," being made of none but the very best "crumbs of comfort," and he declares it to be "the fittest ornament for any Board, household or otherwise, that is in the habit of quarrelling." The advertisement winds up by saying:—"This loaf should be on every married man's table."

**IF THE CROSSING SWEEPER**, who, on Thursday last, gave a lady a penny for sweeping his crossing with her dress, will call at No. 299 A, Belgrave Square, he will be handsomely rewarded for his gratitude.





## WEIGHING FOR "THE FAVOURITE."

*John Bull.* "POOR OLD PAM!—TOO LIGHT, I'M AFRAID, MR. PUNCH."



ALBION BOOK CO. BOSTON

100 N. BOSTON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

A CASE OF CLICQUOT FOR MR. GOUGH.

To MR. J. B. GOUGH, *Temperance Orator.*



ASTEMIOUS SIR,—Let me call your attention to a subject, or I should rather say to a King, on whose example you might exert your eloquence to great advantage. The Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* makes the following suggestive statements respecting the Monarch, of whose dominions that city is the capital, but whose favourite retreat is the more appropriate locality of *Potsdam* :—

“The King’s health continues to improve, but he is still far from entirely restored. All the stories about his having an interview very shortly with the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA (on occasion of the latter coming to Warsaw), and still more with the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, are entirely destitute of any actual foundation.

... The King’s visit to Konigsberg, where he is to inspect the flooded districts, and to be present at some municipal solemnities, has been put off till September. His visit to the Rhine to perform the same office in the inundated provinces there, and to be present at the laying of the first stone of the bridge at Cologne, is hardly likely to take place at all, so doubtful is the period of his being well enough to undertake these fatigues. His physicians are most anxious that he should retire for a short time to a private estate he has at Ermansdorf, in the neighbourhood of the Giant Mountains in Silesia.”

So this is what the KING OF PRUSSIA has come to—whence it is unnecessary for me to say. Small indeed must be the improvement which has taken place in his health! That fatal habit! Now don’t you think, MR. GOUGH, that in your Orations you would find a Monarch, cited as an illustration of its baneful consequences, an effective novelty?—ALEXANDER THE GREAT is the only prince that has hitherto been available for that purpose; but he is a classical personage; and the facts of his having murdered CLITUS, and ultimately killed himself, through

indulgence in you know what, are familiar to Schoolboys and uninteresting to the British Public. But a live King, not likely to remain so much longer if he goes on in the same way, affords a warning which would be attended to by a popular audience. Their minds are familiarized with the picture of the victim of that propensity in connexion with the shop-board or the workman’s bench. But they have never had shown them a creature in the same predicament tottering on a throne. Such a figure has often been presented to them in a brown paper cap. But, except in these pages, they have never beheld it with a crown on—to wit upon one side of the head. The portrait would be striking from its freshness—almost as much so as the original. You might hold it up, too, to the higher orders, to convince them that in all ranks the same deplorable results are occasioned by the excessive contemplation of the little finger. Then you might show that the moral and political effects of that practice correspond to the bodily—how it produces a vacillating line of conduct as well as a faltering gait, and a tortuous and feeble policy equally with a tendency to walk zigzag, and stagger first on one side of the way and then on the other—causes a duplicity of mind as well as of vision, and makes an individual shabby not only as a man but as a sovereign.

Nay you might—who knows that it is yet too late?—arrest that course which will otherwise soon terminate in a manner too plainly indicated in this further remark of the *Times* correspondent :—

“It must be some very unforeseen conjuncture indeed that within a considerable period brings the KING OF PRUSSIA or his Prime Minister again into the circle of European transactions.”

By the way, the Minister, you see, is as bad as the KING; like master like man: a Minister, prime always, and generally also, no doubt, pretty well primed. Both, however, may have some intervals of self-consciousness and control. In one of these, poor FREDERICK WILLIAM might read your Oration about himself (which I would send to him), and be thus induced, at the eleventh hour, to abandon his career. That career will at the best be suicidal. Cessation of existence is preferable to loss of faculties, and if he does not quickly destroy his own constitution, he will destroy that (such as it is) of his kingdom: and the slave of that predilection which it is your occupation to deprecate will have reduced his dishonoured and degraded subjects to slavery under the CZAR.

PUNCH.

THE NEW WIG CLUB.

A PAID paragraph in the papers informs us that a fashionable hair-dresser at the West-end, has turned part of his establishment into a Club, under the title of the New Wig Club, to which the “titled, the wealthy, and persons of fashion,” will have the exclusive privilege of *entree*. We have not been favoured with a sight of the rules of this Club, but we can imagine them to run somewhat after the following fashion :—

1. The New Wig Club is instituted for the purpose of promoting the privacy of persons who wear wigs or ornamental hair, or who resort to the dyeing process, to conceal their greyness.
2. The New Wig Club shall consist of any number of members, who shall be either grey or bald, and any one with black hair who is not bald will be black-balled.
3. Ladies and gentlemen whose hair is beginning to fall off or turn grey may be admitted as honorary members for one month, after which they must either purchase a wig or a bottle of hair-dye, in order to continue to enjoy the privilege of admission.
4. Each candidate for admission shall be proposed by one member who is bald or grey, and seconded by another; and a lock of the candidate’s hair, or, if bald, a curl of his wig, shall be hung up for at least one week before the day of election in the Club-room.
5. No member shall be allowed to vote at an election whose hair has not been dyed, or his wig dressed, within one month from the day of voting.
6. No wash or dye except that supplied by the Club, shall be made up in the Club on any pretence whatever.
7. No member shall bring a stranger into the Club on any pretence whatever.
8. The Club shall be open for the dyeing and hair-dressing of members from ten in the morning until ten at night, except during the London season, when the Club shall be open till midnight.
9. Any defect in a wig or a hair-dye, must be complained of to the Manager of the Club; and if a head is badly dressed, or not done to the turn of a hair, the complaining member may put the curl on the Secretary’s box, which must be kept under lock till the complaint is verified.

A FAIR ADVANTAGE.

WE all know how the serious thoughts of *Doctor Cantwell* were flustered and diverted by the low dress of *Charlotte*; we know too, how pious *Lady Lambert* goes shopping, and returns with thick muslin that the *Doctor* may be no further agitated or disturbed. Must LORD REDESDALE suffer confusion of intellect, and haply, palpitation of the heart from the presence “of a large number of ladies in the House of Lords,” at the cost of “a very prejudicial effect to the general appearance of the House.” ST. ANTONY was never more tryingly persecuted :—

“The habit of surrounding a house of debate with that which was, no doubt, most beautiful, but which here was out of place, made their Lordships’ House look more like a Casino than any thing else (*Oh! and renewed laughter*), and was not advantageous to the discussions carried on there.”

Out of place! No doubt, the old story with a variation. The right women in the wrong places! It is told of ST. AUGUSTIN that once to avoid the face of a woman advancing towards him, he jumped into a horse-pond; luckily for the Saint, the horse-pond was at hand; unluckily for LORD REDESDALE on Monday, there was no such retreat open for him. We are sorry for it; for the noble lord who can object to the presence of what is “no doubt, most beautiful,” certainly deserves all the comfort and consolation that a horse-pond can bestow.

Scientific Definition by a Young Wife.

ECONOMIC BOTANY.—Buying three bad geraniums with the price of FREDERICK’S second best vest and trousers, that froek coat, two hats, a pair of Wellingtons (they did want soiling), and the horrid rough outside great coat you always hated to see him in.

A WAR OF OFFENCE.

ANTAGONISTS in warfare should have no personal animosity against each other; but the Russians have some cause to be disgusted with our troops, whose conduct towards them, especially when they make sorties, must be admitted to be very repulsive.



### A DELICATE CREATURE.

*Youthful Swell.* "NOW CHARLEY—YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST—HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE?"

*Languid Swell (probably in a Government Office).* "THANKS! NO! I ASSURE YAH—MY DE-DAH FELLAH! IF I WAS TO TAKE A CUP OF COFFER IN THE MORNING, IT WOULD KEEP ME AWAKE ALL DAY!"

### LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S BIRDS.

THE EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, who so gallantly came forward in the House of Lords to help the country out of the frying-pan into the fire, is reported to have entertained their Lordships, in addressing them with that object, with the subjoined facetious anecdote and remark thereon:—

"THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON was called out of the House on the occasion to which I refer, and on his return he said to me, 'That was LOAN PALMERSTON who wanted to see me, in order to tell me that if HUSKISSON went out he would go too. I made no reply, for it is not for me to fire great guns at small birds.' (*Loud Laughter.*) Such, at that time, was the opinion of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Now, I will not pretend to say that the small bird may not in subsequent times have attained to the dimensions, and, perhaps, the character, of the eagle. (*Laughter.*)"

We hope we do not commit a breach of privilege in suggesting to LORD ELLENBOROUGH that this latter observation was a very dangerous one to make. What if LORD PALMERSTON had retorted in the House of Commons by saying, in allusion to an ornithological illustration ascribed to a Noble Lord in another place, that some small birds, in attaining to their full size, attain to the dimensions, and, perhaps, the character, of the goose?

Really, but that LORD ELLENBOROUGH is undeniably a Nobleman of considerable abilities, the JUDICIOUS BOTTLEHOLDER would have been almost justified in returning such a *Rowland* for the noble Earl's *Oliver* by the following passage in his Lordship's peroration:—

"We are here for the services of our ancestors. Is it for us, then, who sit here by that right, and enjoy dignity and honour by reason of their services and their fitness for public employment—is it for us to turn round and say, 'It is true our ancestors rose by fitness, but our relatives shall enjoy advantages from connexion with us, and from favour.' (*Cheers.*) No!"

"Yes!"—we should say—admitting, and approving of, the premises. LORD ELLENBOROUGH replies, "No;" but Logie would answer in the affirmative. If Noble Lords are where they are for the services of their ancestors, sit there by that right, and enjoy dignity and honour by

### A BRASS RAILING IN BAD TASTE.

["The pavilion is erected on a square raised platform or dais; it is open on the side facing the enclosure, having in front a handsomely finished brass railing, over which HER MAJESTY will present the decoration to the gallant recipients as they pass in succession."—*Times.*]

A BRASS railing between  
Our liege lady the QUEEN  
And the brave men who bled for her!—what could it mean?

Sure HER MAJESTY'S eyes  
Must have oped with surprise,  
When she saw this arrangement so very unwise.

Whose was this sorry job?  
Who proposed, like a mob  
From the SOVEREIGN to rail off her soldiers?—a Snob!

Did the creature suppose  
They would stamp on her toes,  
Upon wooden legs hobbling especially those?

Did he fear they would press,  
If permitted access,  
To her person so close as to rumple her dress?

Did he think that the brave  
Knew not how to behave;  
Like an ignorant flunkey and insolent slave?

Why not also, the pack  
To keep still farther back,  
Have appointed a groom with a dogwhip to crack?

O the honours of war,  
For the maim, bruise, and scar,  
To our heroes distributed over a bar!

If the taint to prevent  
Of the least touch were meant,  
Tongs were wanting alone to fulfil the intent.

Which the fellow no doubt  
Had suggested, without  
He had feared that they might be applied to his snout.

What a brute—what an ass  
He must see in the glass,  
Whosoever invented that Railing of Brass!

FAMILY TREES.—In many instances, these Family Trees are no better than—Ashes and Hoax.

reason of their ancestors' services and their ancestors' fitness for public employment, and not for their own personal merits, it is quite consistent of them to say that their relatives shall, in like manner, enjoy advantages from connexion with themselves, and from favour. Supposing—what we may suppose without asserting—any Noble Lord to be, as aforesaid, a goose, if honour and dignity are fit sauce for the goose, they are also fit sauce for the gander. Whether the goose is worth the sauce is another matter.

### "NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN."

A FEW days ago "We went, we saw, we purchased" a little book with this title, and we expected to get at least sixpenny-worth of information out of it, as it purported to be a corrective of "mistakes of daily occurrence." We must confess, however, that we felt ourselves rather insulted when we found ourselves called upon (in page 44) to "say *January* and not *Jennivery*," and we became still more indignant when we were cautioned against "leaving out the *u* in *February*, or calling it *Febbivery*." If the author of this little volume were to write a Book of Etiquette, he would no doubt tell the lady of the house to "say *Asparagus* instead of *Sparrow Grass*," and recommend the host to use the word "*oyster* for *highster*," when talking of oyster-sauce. The same refined authority would also suggest the substitution of "*Because why* for *Cos Vy*," and would recommend "*By no means whatever* as preferable to *Novays* *Volsumdever*."

### A Contradiction in Terms.

THE *Times* concludes its report of the dinner given at the Mansion House to the Ministers by saying "one or two other toasts of a purely civic character followed." Surely our contemporary has fallen into a contradiction, for it is impossible that any thing can be pure and civic at the same time.

JENKINS, "BAKED TATURS," AND REFORM.



JENKINS has declared himself against administrative reform. And wherefore? Why, the thing is low. Even as JENKINS would think it vulgar to eat periwinkles with a pin—and may revolution never drive him to that hard stress of stomach!—so JENKINS laughs plushonically, laughs until the powder flies from his head, at the cry raised at the London Tavern. "If the gents could only ha' met at the Clarendon, there would have been 'ope." JENKINS, in the grandeur of his contempt, unites the cry for administrative reform with the cry of "baked tatur's all 'ot." The LINDSAYS would sell their country, just as the GUTTERMUDS, with tin ovens, would sell their kidneys. But hear JENKINS upon "cries:"—

"A 'cry' is the resource no less of an overmatched party or a repressed politician, than it is of the Jew boy who has purchased a stock of refuse oranges, or of the vendor of brandy balls four a penny."

In the emotion of his scorn, JENKINS has made a slip. What can the sublime

JENKINS know of refuse oranges? how can he have learned even the vulgar name of the plebeian brandy ball? But highest natures are subject to these deceptions. "In troth," says PRINCE HAL, "I do now remember the creature small beer." It is upon this principle, and this alone, that brandy balls could ever have entered the head of JENKINS.

However, JENKINS has given notice to the malcontents that, even as the Persian blacksmith raised his leathern apron for a rallying standard—an apron in after-time bejewelled and begilt—so will JENKINS, upon his own cane, raise his own plush. Let cravens fail; but if the aristocracy be attacked—and even though GOG and MAGOG should march through Temple Bar—the heroic JENKINS is determined to smell powder to the last, and die at his *Post*.

A LIVING NOT A LIVELIHOOD.

COMPLAINTS have been lately published of the beggarly stipend allowed to the officiating Minister of Mortlake, who is allowed by Worcester College, Oxford, a paltry forty pounds per annum, on which he is expected to make a decent appearance, support a wife and family if he has any, and keep up the position of a gentleman. Unless his wife can go out as a governess, or do a day's charing now and then in the neighbourhood, it must be hopeless to attempt to make his income suffice for his expenditure. It seems rather hard that the inferior clergy are not allowed to keep a shop or enter into any trade, by which to augment their incomes; and indeed it is probable that many a luckless curate would willingly turn an honest penny by turning a patent mangle, if such a privilege were allowed. The incumbent who gets only forty pounds a year for the cure of souls had better undertake to cure hams or haddocks, as far as the profit of the employment is concerned. We really think the higher authorities in the Church should grant a license to some of the poorer clergy to enter into certain light and genteel businesses, such as the sale of snuff and periodicals, or hardbake and ginger-beer.

We are not aware whether waiting at table is prohibited, and we are disposed to think that some of those clerical looking gentlemen who have sometimes asked us at a dinner-party whether we will take "Ock or Sherry," have been Curates whose orthography and social position have been equally disguised. We feel so much sympathy for the reverend gentlemen who are doing duty in large parishes, at very little salaries, that we should be very glad to give out our washing to any respectable Curate's wife, and entrust our carpets to be beaten by the boys of the family, if they are strong enough for the job. We believe there is already in existence an old clothes club, for the purpose of bestowing worn out wearing apparel on the poorer members of the clerical profession, and if we are informed of the place of meeting of the society we shall be happy to attend with our contribution of discarded linen, including seven socks (sundries) four shirts, a wraprascal, and a wide-awake.

Accidence of Crowned Heads.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is Masculine, the QUEEN OF ENGLAND is Feminine, and CLICQUOT is Neuter. FRANCIS JOSEPH is held by some to differ from CLICQUOT in being Doubtful, but may with greater correctness be referred to the same gender with it.

ODE TO LORD DUNDONALD.

DUNDONALD, much neglected man,  
What is the nature of your plan,  
The Russians to destroy;  
Whether balloon, or monster shell,  
I do not know; I cannot tell  
What agent you employ.

But if its sole demerit be  
Its mischievous enormity,  
As I, indeed, have heard,  
For mercy's very sake, I say,  
Let us that scruple cast away,  
So empty and absurd.

Stand upon points with noble foes,  
Perhaps we might; not such are those  
Whom we have now to fight!  
No doubtful claim is to be tried;  
Wager of battle to decide  
On which side lies the right.

We war against a brutal, base,  
Feroocious, cruel, wretched race  
Of slaves, whose hateful aim  
Is to compel us all to bear  
Their own vile Tyrant's yoke, and share  
Their misery and shame.

O spirit named PANSLAVIC well!  
Just such incites the fiends who dwell  
In Evil's dark domain,  
To strive our souls to chain and bind,  
That over prostrate humankind!  
Their CZAR may also reign.

Our happy peace they needs must mar;  
The miscreants dragged us into war;  
Our proffered hand they spurn:  
And now, how we may quell the pest,  
How we may ban the vermin best,  
That is our sole concern.

Life, in destroying them, we save;  
And for the gentle and the brave  
The fewer tears will gush  
Of mothers; fewer wives, bereft,  
To mourn their dear ones will be left,  
The more of them we crush.

Is it a fact? we should inquire:  
Then—poison fumes, or liquid fire—  
Whatever be your plan,  
No measures with them let us keep,  
But simply to perdition sweep  
As many as we can.

THE DANCING SCHOOL OF POLITICS.

LORD PALMERSTON has been compared to a "dancing master." We only wish, that in that capacity he would play some tune, that would make our Ministers look lively, and at the same time lead the Russian Bear a good dance. For instance, what does he say to a new *Cracovienne*?—or why does he not introduce a few bold steps into the *Polonaise*, such as should set all the Cossacks by the heels, and produce quite a revolution in the *salons* of Europe? Let him do this—getting his friend WESTMORLAND to put a few notes to it, so as to gain the ears of the Austrians—and we will eat our dress boots if, in a very short time, LORD PALMERSTON does not find all England and France jumping in loud response, and echoing the spirit of his new measure.

Two Wonders.

I. WONDERFUL BRAVERY OF FACE.—Last week LORD CLANRICARDE addressed the House of Lords twice!

II. WONDER OF TOLERATION.—The Lords listened!



### APPROPRIATE.

First Citizen. "I SAY BILL—I WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HISSELF?"

Second Ditto. "BLOWED IF I KNOW!—BUT I CALLS HIM A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT."

### A NEW CHURCH CONDUCTOR.

THE *Caledonian Mercury* (but then the Scotch are such born wags!) tells a story of an infirm, bed-ridden old lady, who, incapable of going to church, took a house adjoining the building, and, that she might hear the service, "had a gutta percha conductor actually led into her bed." This is certainly "laying on" religion, and at High Church Service. We hear that, improving on this hint, a company is about to be started, to be called the "Belgravian Purple Stocking Redemption," which has for its object the laying on of Puseyism, with every variety of "intoning," from St. Barnabas throughout the adjoining district. A due allowance will be made to families. Sermons in stones are an old, familiar sort of discourse; but homilies through gutta percha must come with a very "melodious twang." Indeed, we do not see why the pipes might not be conducted from Rome itself, into the very hosom of Belgravia. It would be something to have the Pope, like rolls, hot every morning.

### A Cardinal Point.

As the Roman Catholics generally are rather clever in matters of evasion, especially in all legal cases where fines are concerned, we wonder they have never thought of disguising their BISHOP OF MANCHESTER under the more familiar and homespun title (providing MR. CHARLES KEAN has no prior voice in the adoption) of CARDINAL LINSEY WOOLSEY.

POOR RUSSIA!—We believe that the great wealth of Russia is fictitious. We imagine after all that the greater part of its wealth lies only in Tartar hordes.

### LORD MOON AND THE MINISTRY.

LORD MAYOR MOON has given his last Ministerial dinner. Nothing could be more delightful than the dishes, except the eloquence of the LORD MAYOR. It was wonderful to mark how Ministers gained confidence as SIR FRANCIS GRAHAM MOON expressed to them—for the country at large—his entire satisfaction with the policy of the present Cabinet. It was whispered that his Lordship had given orders for a medal to be struck commemorative of the double event of his own Mayoralty and the visit of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. However, the artist entrusted with the execution of the work had not completed it. Illness had been charitably suggested and adopted as the cause of the failure; but let the fact be told—the LORD MAYOR had paid the artist in advance. Nevertheless, the medal will be ready in a week or two, and then be duly distributed. Meanwhile, we hope we betray no confidence, when we state that in the handsomest manner, the LORD MAYOR offered to LORD JOHN RUSSELL to confer the honour of knighthood upon him. The Noble Lord had constitutional doubts of the LORD MAYOR's authority for such an act,—but SIR FRANCIS, heroically snapping his fingers, declared for himself, if LORD JOHN were willing, he'd chance it. We know not how the friendly contest was settled; but it is said that, at the breaking up, SIR FRANCIS followed LORD JOHN into the street, and knighted him behind his back upon the carriage step.

THE LORD MAYOR gave the usual toasts with unusual eloquence. He then proceeded to encourage the Cabinet. He would give the health of LORD PALMERSTON. His Lordship had been called a judicious bottle-holder. (*Laughter.*) He knew nothing of this, but this he did know. He knew he hoped that, on that occasion, his noble friend—as he would call him—would prove himself a bottle-emptier. (*Screams of laughter.*) Any way his noble friend might continue to smile at the abuse of a few bad City people. His noble friend was like a balloon (*sensation*); the more he was blown up, the higher he'd go. (*Cheers.*) Abuse was a good thing; like the spice to the loving cup, it gave a flavour to duty. Nothing is so bad as not to be noticed somehow: a man undressed was a man, he might say, unpublished. And, for his noble friend—for he would continue to call him so—he would rather see such a statesman in the pillory, than not see him at all. (*Great cheering.*) And therefore he would conclude by coupling with LORD PALMERSTON'S family, a sentiment just now very much in fashion—LORD PALMERSTON, or the right man in the right place. (*Drunk with cheers.*)

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON rose to return thanks.—The kindness of the LORD MAYOR had coupled his name with the pillory (*cries of No, no*). He begged pardon; such had been the compliment paid to the unworthy person addressing them—for as a compliment he viewed it, and was thankful for the allusion. He could only say that it must be a source of great satisfaction to him to know that he had received the approbation of the LORD MAYOR and those around him. There was nothing that could so cheer him through the drudgery of many political duties, as to know that the Mansion-house dinner-hour would come; and that the loving cup—he verily believed he could that night have partaken of that cup with even the hon. Member for Aylesbury (*cheers*)—the loving cup of which the LORD MAYOR was so judicious a holder (*great laughter, in which the LORD MAYOR joined*), the loving cup would circulate. His Lordship had spoken of spices (*hear*). Now, he did not mean to say that his position as Premier was altogether a spicy affair (*cheers*), and yet it was very like it. His characteristic and somewhat natural diffidence would prevent him—it always did—from speaking of himself (*cries of Go on*), nevertheless, he would return to spicca. The heart of a statesman was like a nutmeg grated by public opinion. (*Laughter.*) Was not the mace always on the table before him? (*Roars of laughter.*) Were not his best intentions too often trod upon by a foot of cloves—he begged the ABC-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S pardon—by a cloven foot? (*Great applause.*) And thus, from session to session, until at length a stick of cinnamon, in the shape of Black Rod (*roars of laughter*) dismissed the Minister to a little rest. (*Applause.*) He would conclude by proposing the health of the LADY MAYORESS. (*Cheers.*) And when he beheld the presiding influence, when he saw—that he did see—around him, he trusted the LORD MAYOR would permit him to observe with Horace (*"Hear" from HIS LORDSHIP*)—

"Jam Cytherea choros duet Vennis, imminente Luna."

(*Great laughter. HIS LORDSHIP vehemently applauding.*)

### A Device of the Enemy.

ACCORDING to intelligence published by the *Augsburg Gazette*, "At the upper extremity of the Bug, on the frontier of the Russian province of Volhynia, four heavy and as many light cavalry regiments have been concentrated." This concentration of troops on the Bug is evidently intended to constitute a bugbear, which, however, nobody is going to be frightened at.



THE HAPPIEST DAY OF HIS LIFE.

The Crimean Medal received from the Queen, and pinned to his breast by "the girl he left behind him." May 18th, 1855.

## THE ORDER OF THE HOT AIR BATH.

To the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

WHAT noble lord or lady, being heir,  
Or heiress, both of property and brains,  
Would barter for St. James's heated air  
The vernal breezes of their own domains?

Aristocratic noses are allowed  
The finest in this world of ours to be.  
Can they prefer a close, though courtly, crowd,  
To clover-bloom, and Zephyr breathing free?

The fair VERBENA, beautifully drest,  
Some hours was hustled in a crowd like that  
At the last Drawing Room, and so compressed,  
She passed before her SOVEREIGN nearly flat.

Her dress, of satin, silk, and *moire antique*,  
And *tulle*, was rumpled, crumpled, rent, and torn.  
And she looked quite a figure, so to speak,  
Of feathers, wreaths, festoons, and flounces shorn.

Through a long passage, striving, steaming, soaked,  
To fight by tedious inches it was hers,  
Now by ill-managed rapiers being poked,  
Now being scratched by clumsily worn spurs.

She blessed Court trains, of splendid matrons well  
Devised excessive ankles to conceal;  
Of those "potatoes" which refuse to tell  
Dug out of silken hose by rowelled heel.

OLONIUS! thou that, with thy white and long  
Stick, dost o'er courtly sacred rites preside,  
Canst thou do nought to thin this reeking throng,  
Wherein BRITANNIA'S noblest fat is fried?

Go, now to FARADAY; bid him declare  
If limewater will be made chalky less,  
By the carbonic acid in the air,  
Exhaled by Beauty and High-Mightiness.

And in a narrow space if, cheek by jowl,  
You pen folks up, the same result there comes  
Not equally in hot Calcutta's hole,  
St. James's Palace, or St. Giles's slums!

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Legislature devoted itself last week to the amusement of the public, and was remarkably successful. It was the Epsom week, and it led up to the Whitsun holidays, and the Senate showed that it could sympathise with the festive feelings of the nation. Nothing serious occurred in either House to mar the general mirth.

May 21, *Monday*. Even MALMESBURY was almost funny. It seems that a great many trees in the New Forest have been maliciously burned. This has been done, out of revenge, by the resident thieves who used to plunder the forest, until MR. KENNEDY (whom MR. GLADSTONE expelled) put a stop to the practice. LORD MALMESBURY suggested a new and curious plan for preventing this incendiarism. It was that the QUEEN'S hounds should hunt the New Forest. Poor stupid MALMY had been spelling over some book on the furniture of Windsor Castle, and found that the QUEEN had some remarkably fine fire-dogs in the hall, and these the poor man took to be HER MAJESTY'S Hounds, and just what were wanted to put out the fires. A little knowledge (especially such a very little as MALMESBURY'S) is a dangerous thing.

There was great fun in the Commons. On the previous Friday, and also in presence of the Sebastopol Committee, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, better known as PEEL'S Dirty Boy, had been making a desperate effort to damage MR. LAYARD. One CAPTAIN CHRISTIE, who mismanaged at Balaklava, had been called to account for his short-comings, but had died before the investigation, and MR. LAYARD had occasion to remark upon CAPTAIN CHRISTIE'S conduct. The Dirty Boy got up some sham pathos before the Committee, talked of "poor CHRISTIE'S broken heart," and "looked hard at MR. LAYARD," to imply that he was the breaker. And in the House on Friday, the Unclean Boy actually made that charge in the most distinct way; and, amid the applause of the Hee-haw Officers and their friends, asserted that no steps were taken to call poor CHRISTIE to account until MR. LAYARD had brought up the subject. The latter examines dates, and inserts in the *Times* a letter, in which he proves that SIR JAMES GRAHAM had dismissed CHRISTIE, and ordered a court-martial upon him, before MR. LAYARD

had spoken on the subject. As the Hee-haws can't yelp down the *Times*, the Unclean Boy was obliged to reply; so he confessed that he had made a "mis-statement," but appealed to the House whether it was likely that a man who had been thirty-seven years before the public would tell a wilful falsehood. Without troubling SIR JAMES with a reply on this point, *Mr. Punch* would be glad to know, first, whether the Dirty Boy thinks that a charge of wilfully breaking a man's heart ought to be made without previous enquiry into the facts; and, secondly, whether, had MR. LAYARD (who has been so yelped at for alleged and unproved inaccuracy) made such a false charge in his place in Parliament, the yowling of the Hee-haws would not have been heard up to Pall Mall?

Then the standing and standard joke—the War—was worked up into a little farce, very neatly played. MILNER GIBSON pretended to be about to bring on a peace-motion, but, PALMERSTON gravely assuring him that the Vienna Negotiations were not all exhausted, and some other amusing things having been said, he withdrew it, amid the laughter of the House. The only man who did not seem to like the joke was MALINS. Chancery practice does dull most wits. MR. MALINS'S terming the whole affair "a mock proceeding," was downright rude and uncalled for. If the farce had a fault, it was its length—it played from eight to eleven.

*Tuesday*. Some of the Commons sat in the morning, and just enough business was done with the Metropolis Management Bill to give them a zest for the sports of the evening, when MR. DISRAELI came out well. He insisted upon LORD PALMERSTON'S telling the House all about the Vienna Negotiations, and threatened, if he refused, to bring in a motion involving a vote of censure upon Government. PAM said he didn't care, he would fight the motion, but he would tell nothing. So they arranged a grand sham-battle for Thursday.

The prospect of this delighted the House so much, that, like little boys when some new excitement is promised them, they began dancing about and punching their best friends and one another, all out of ecstasy at the approaching lark. PALMERSTON could not keep them in order a bit. Wise, for fun, brought on a motion that our Diplomatic Establishments ought to be revised, but he had no intention of carrying it, and as soon as PAM had rebuked him, he tried to snatch it away; but the

bounding spirits of the other lads were too much for him—they would not give it up, hustled, hoorayed, and beat the proposer by carrying his motion against his will—and by a majority of 2 to 1, which shows the state they must have been in. However, they grew ashamed of themselves, and tried to make amends to their master, by rejecting BERKELEY'S Ballot motion by 218 to 166.

The Ballot was advocated and resisted only on the old hackneyed grounds, with one exception. LORD SEYMOUR, its enemy, objected to it for a reason which is worth notice. He said, that the persons who chiefly demanded the protection of secret voting were the £10 householders, usually tradesmen. Now, argued his lordship, these people deserve no protection; for they are unprincipled creatures. It is these very persons who want to vote in secret, who now, in secret (according to the *Radical Lancet*), adulterate bread, water milk, dust pepper, poison beer, paint sweetmeats, copper-stain pickles, chicorate coffee, and generally deteriorate, tamper with, and cheat in selling, almost every article of daily household use. First, therefore, they are dishonest persons who deserve no favour; and, secondly, those who do this kind of thing in secret are not likely to act more honourably with a secret franchise. *Mr. Punch* thinks that this difficulty might be met by every voter, as he came to the hustings, handing in a sample of his goods for examination; and if the legislature would order all such samples to be of sufficient value, *Mr. Punch* is willing to take the (salaried) office of Revising Analyzer to the Metropolitan District.

*Wednesday.* Parliament met at Epsom. The EARL OF DERBY had given notice of his intention, that a Rider to a favourite hobby of his own should be carried a certain stage; and one of the Judges had been summoned in order to give his opinion on the merits; but, the evening before, LORD DERBY renounced his idea, and it was said that the numbers, if taken, would have been 40 to 1. Some other business was, however, transacted, chiefly matters of course; several bills were passed—to discounters: and some Cockney horsemen took their seats, and soon afterwards the oaths in every form least binding—some of them with their hats off. LORD ANGLESEY, LORD ZETLAND, LORD DERBY, THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, LORD EGLINTON, LORD POWLETT, LORD GLASGOW, and other Noblemen, took part in the proceedings; and the Episcopal Bench was represented by the BISHOP OF BOND-STREET. A question of form arose, about 2 o'clock, from somebody wishing to stand upon a form without paying; but the previous question having been moved, how much he would stand, and satisfactorily answered, the subject dropped, as, later, did the whole row of people on the form. Some persons standing on a table, yet falsely stating that "they were off," were ordered not to lie upon the table.

A very impertinent person, who, having read in the debates that LORD PALMERSTON had said that it was impossible to afford a day for the discussion of National Education, had the audacity to hint that our senators might have given up their horae-race, and devoted the day to the welfare of the children of the country. But *Mr. Punch* is happy to say that he was immediately given into custody.

*Thursday.* In the Lords, it was explained that MR. PHINN, a clever barrister, had been appointed Second Secretary to the Admiralty, in order that there might be an educated man there to correct the insulting and ungrammatical letters which, according to LORD ELLENBOROUGH, that department is in the habit of writing to naval officers. The Newspaper Stamp Bill was read a second time, LORD MONTAGUE making some dreary observations against it, which rather expedited its progress with the bored Lords.

The great fun of the week began in the Commons, and lasted two nights. *Mr. Punch* will compress his report into a considerably smaller number of lines than the number of the columns his contemporaries have devoted to the farce. The Tories, knowing that the people are disgusted with the Vienna humbug, wish to avail themselves of that feeling, in order to damage the Government. MR. DISRAELI, as almost the only man of real brains on the Opposition side, was therefore employed to bring on a motion, involving a vote of censure. The Commons were in a dilemma. They knew the popular feeling, and knew that the Negotiations were humbug. But they knew something more, namely, that a vote in which the truth should be conveyed, would result in a change of Ministry, and a Dissolution of Parliament. So they had to find all sorts of reasons for resisting the motion. This ingenious exercise occupied them Thursday and Friday night. At two o'clock, on the later night, *Mr. Punch*, compassionating their condition, rose, and amid loud cheering, moved the following amendment to all the resolutions that had been proposed:—

"THAT AS A Dissolution of Parliament would, in the present temper of the British Public, indubitably send from one-third to one half of us to the right-about, it is most inexpedient and unconstitutional to run any such risk."

This proposition, which cut the Gordian knot, was received with tremendous cheering, and a division was carried by 319 to 219, majority against a Dissolution, 100.

It is hardly worth while recording that in the Lords on Friday night, LORD GREY brought forward his proposal, that we should eat humble-pie to Russia. He was snubbed so frightfully, and had to withdraw his motion so humiliatingly, that he shall be let off more easily than he deserves by the merciful *Mr. Punch*.

## OUR WAR MINISTER ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



AFTER the distribution of the medals the other day by the QUEEN in the Park, HER MAJESTY, it is well known, caused a good dinner to be given to the men in the Riding-school at Buckingham Palace. By this happy arrangement the gallant fellows obtained not only the honour that was their due, but the solid beef and pudding with which praise is not always accompanied.

It is not generally known that LORD PANMURE was—what he is seldom known to be—"very active on the occasion." The activity of the Noble Lord was not, however, exhibited to the public gaze; for the scene of his energetic operations was "in the Riding-school," and the time of his activity was "half-an-hour

before the dinner." The War Minister was in fact most anxious to see that everything was prepared; and he no doubt reviewed the whole of the plates, inspected the knives and forks, formed the bits of bread into squares, mustered all the salts, and reconnoitred all the mustard. It was, on the whole, a regular field-day for the Minister of War; who saw the mugs for the stout drawn up in double columns, and gave directions to the carver-in-chief with the temporary rank of General of Division. One of his commands was no doubt that the potatoes should take close order, and should all appear in their jackets. On the whole, the day was a very successful one: and we think it only fair to LORD PANMURE to let the world know the important part he took in the very interesting operations. It will henceforth be impossible for the most persevering calumniators of LORD PANMURE to say that he has "never been on active service;" for those who saw how active he was with the dinner service on the memorable occasion to which we refer, will be able to vindicate his lordship against the attacks of his enemies.

## A RUSSIAN COUNT "DISCOUNTED."

COUNT THOSS, said to be nephew to the Russian RUDIGER, was tried before MR. SERJEANT ADAMS for an excessive admiration of the fine arts. The Count had obtained a picture of the value of sixty guineas, with intent to defraud. The Count had been in trouble before, and was therefore sentenced to penal servitude for four years. In the course of the case, one of the counsel said—"Well, we all know what these Counts are." Whereupon MR. SERJEANT ADAMS, without waiting to consider a minute; not even half a minute, rejoined—"Oh, yes; discounts." So it is:—

"For gentle ADAMS ever loves a joke."

We understand, however, that—on the representation of LORD PALMERSTON—the learned Serjeant has received a first warning against the jocular vein from the Home Office.

With respect to the Russian Count, it is said that his Moscovite origin has touched the sympathies of a very distinguished statesman. Now, if the Count were left in his prison, even as the Austrian and Prussian negotiations for peace are left—with the door open, it would only be another compliment to the CZAR.

## Return of Spring in the Frame.

GRISI and TAMBURINI at the Opera once more! Our chest expands, our waist contracts, we feel four stone lighter, our hair has turned quite brown again, and so have our whiskers; the crows' feet at the corners of our eyes have disappeared: we seem as if we could hand over a railing, and stoop with ease. We feel at least fifteen years younger, and we must immediately get our tailor to remodel our costume, and must adopt a smaller and a thinner kind of boots.

## THE RUSSIAN BEAR IN GERMANY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL said that the officers of German forces were mostly in the pay of Russia. It is not a very ennobling employment for a man to feed a bear, but perfect dignity to the condition when the bear feeds the man.



THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S SALE.



**Command.**—THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN has the honour to announce that he will this day **SELL BY AUCTION**, at his Rooms, St. James's Palace, at 4 P.M. precisely, a large and valuable Collection of **DROPPED** and **TORN OFF** ARTICLES, principally of **LADIES' COSTUME**, left behind in the **PASSAGE** and the **"PEN"** at the last **DRAWING ROOM**, in consequence of the **CROWD** and the **SCUFFLE**, and unclaimed by the **OWNERS**. His **LORDSHIP** invites the attention of the female aspirants to **FASHION** among the **MIDDLING CLASSES** to a splendid **LOT** of **PLUMES** of **OSTRICH FEATHERS**, highly superb, though in a slightly crumpled state, from which, as is well known, they can be restored to their pristine **SPLENDOR** by the agency of the **STEAM** issuing from the **SPOUT** of a **COMMON KETTLE**. A few **SELECT SPECIMENS** of **JEWELRY**, consisting of **DIAMOND BUCKLES**, **BRACELETS**, &c., will also be submitted to **PUBLIC COMPETITION**; and the **L. C.** feels himself warranted in expressing the opinion that the majority of these articles have been pro-

bably lost by **DISTINGUISHED** and **ILLUSTRIOUS UNKNOWN FOREIGNERS**; whose ignorance of the **CUSTOMS** of the **BRITISH COURT** has extinguished in their minds the idea of recovering the **VALUABLES** in question. The **Catalogue** will comprise a **MISCELLANEOUS** but **SUPERB LOT** of **CHAPLETS**, **WREATHS**, **ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS**, **RIBANDS**, **LACE**, **TRIMMINGS**, and **FRENCH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS**; numerous **WHITE KID GLOVES** of **Superior Make**, and a variety of the most elegant **WHITE SATIN SHOES**, at an immensely low figure in consequence of being **ODD PAIRS**. Any **LADY** moving in an exclusively **CIVIC CIRCLE** will find this an eligible opportunity of putting her foot into what may, with a high degree of probability, be conjectured to have been the **SLIPPER** of a **DUCHESS**.

**N.B.** A **Tortoise-Shell SNOFF BOX**, and two **Papier Maché** ditto, for which no claimants have turned up; one **VINAIGRETTE**, and three blue **SILVER-MOUNTED BOTTLES** of **PRESTON SALTS**. To be **SOLD** without **RESERVE**. May be **VIEWED**, and **CATALOGUES** obtained at the **Office** of the **LORD CHAMBERLAIN**.

MADRIGAL OF ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

Stubbs, 1855.

No more will we be ruled by men  
Whose sole qualification  
Is not ability and ken;  
But lies in rank and station:  
None shall this land  
Henceforth command,  
No men will we submit to,  
But those who business understand;  
Practical men of ditto.  
Hey! ditto, ditto,  
Sing hey! ditto, ditto,  
To none we'll give the upper hand,  
But men of ditto, ditto.

Let men of ditto toil, no, no,  
Alone at ledgers heavy;  
In peace who how to govern know,  
And war as well to levy.  
Though pen appear,  
Behind the ear,  
We'll choose the man that's fit to,  
The country's bark of business steer;  
The clever man of ditto.  
Hey! ditto, ditto,  
Sing hey! ditto, ditto,  
The men whose heads are strong and clear:  
The men of ditto, ditto.

Gross Assault in the House of Commons.

MR. DISRAELI, on Thursday night, looking Mr. LAYARD "steadily in the face," said—

"So far as the Hon. Gentleman is concerned—I have known him from childhood, and have always had the greatest confidence in his abilities and character."

Next morning, enquirers at the Hon. Gentleman's house were informed that "MR. LAYARD was as well as could be expected."

POLITICAL ILLUMINATIONS.

(From our Special Penny-a-liner.)

AMONG the Illuminations on the evening of HER MAJESTY'S birthday, there were several of so singularly marked and political a character that we are surprised to find the papers have omitted to notice them. We have, however, vainly searched the pages of our various daily, nightly, and weekly contemporaries for what, in Derby-day language, would be called a "c'rect list;" and we are compelled, therefore, by our duty as correctors of the press to devote some valuable inches to supply its omissions. For the correctness of the following descriptions we have the authority of our own penny-a-liner to vouch:—

The house of MR. FREDERICK PEEL presented a somewhat singular appearance, the entire front being covered with party-coloured lamps, which on close inspection proved to be tied together with red tape. The devices were, as usual, somewhat stale, and it was noticed that the whole seemed on the point of going out.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL exhibited a dissolving view: War fading into Peace; the latter appearing in a most uncertain light, and in fact seeming a mere shadow. At the bottom of this was shown, in somewhat doubtful colours, the figure of an old whig, which looked we thought as though it wanted trimming.

At the residence of the Prussian Ambassador was exhibited a transparency: Prussia, in a neutral tint, going hand in hand with Austria, in green and gold: a bag of the latter being held up in the background by a figure which was thought to represent a Russian agent. The whole being a transparency, was of course very easily to be seen through.

The Member for Nineveh displayed, in vivid colours, the figure of Truth being gagged and blindfolded by a party of officials, others of whom were discovered in the background playing battledore and shuttlecock: the latter being labelled with the word "Responsibility." On the other side was parodied the well-known scene from *William Tell*, MR. JOHN BULL being represented as that personage, in an attitude of flat refusal to bow down to a peer's coronet, stuck upon a stick.

LORD PALMERSTON exhibited, in his upper story, the head of an ancient jester, which was thought by some to represent the head of the

Government. Underneath was an allegory: the vessel of the State having struck upon the rock "Routine," is in danger of foundering, while a figure of JOE MILLER, gorgeously arrayed in the embroidered coat of office, appears enveloped in a blaze of triumph, and points with a complacent smile to the scroll "*On recient toujours à ses Premier's amours.*"

Several members of the Peace Society showed a solitary star, the Star of Hope; but we observed that in most cases its light was very faint, and indeed in some it was completely blown out.

An exception to the general illumination must be noticed in the mansion of the EARL OF ABERDEEN, which exhibited an aspect of funereal darkness. It was, however, understood that the noble Earl was still in mourning for his friend, the late NICHOLAS, of RUSSIA.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that *Mr. Punch*, at his official residence, 85, Fleet Street, displayed his accustomed splendid illumination, consisting simply of the sheets of his last number, which were as usual scattered in the window, and by their surpassing brilliancy quite dazzled the mind's eyes of all beholders.

Aberdeen's Thistle.

WE are told by the historian of the late Drawing-room that "the EARL OF ABERDEEN wore, among other orders, the 'Thistle,' which his Lordship retains by special command of HER MAJESTY." Perhaps no statesman more richly deserved the Thistle, seeing how many thistles his policy has thrust in the pillows of others. What a nosy-gay may history, *Ophelia*-like, cull for the noble Earl from the grave-grounds of the Crimea! Rue and pansy for thoughts—and such thoughts! Of a verity the EARL OF ABERDEEN has earned a thistle of some sort, though hardly the one called *Carduus benedictus*.

A De-Tractarian.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM is said to have Puseyite leanings. These may account for his behaviour to MR. LAYARD, in attempting to shuffle on that gentleman the odium of having broken the heart of CAPTAIN CRAISTIE. The Puseyites admire the Saints of the monkish ages, who were chiefly remarkable for being shabby and dirty fellows.



### VERY PARTICULAR.

*First Railway Porter.* "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BILL?"

*Second Ditto.* "WHY HE SAYS HE MUST HAVE A COMPARTMENT TO HISSELF, BECAUSE HE CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS SMOKE!"

### A LENTEN ENTERTAINMENT.

MADAME GRISI has been prevailed upon to have a few more "Last Nights." We have nothing to say against this arrangement, as the public will be only the gainer by it, but it is scarcely fair that GRISI herself should be the loser. And yet there is the fact boldly stated in the advertisements, and where is the man of such little faith as to doubt an advertisement? By those oracles of truth we are informed that, under such and such circumstances, that are by far too pathetic to relate, MADAME GRISI,—

"With her accustomed kindness, has consented to lend the Directors her invaluable services."

There, you see, that GRISI does not give her services, but merely "lends" them. It is the first instance of a similar loan we ever met with, especially in an Italian Opera Singer, because Opera Singers have been rather distinguished in this country for getting as much as they could for their "invaluable services." How different to the mercenary feeling as displayed by one WAGNER, who laid down the bold axiom that "England was to be valued only for its money." The loan, too, is to be continued for ten nights! You never hear of a Prime Minister, or a Field Marshal, or an Archbishop of Canterbury, "lending" his services; no, the liberality is reserved for a Prima Donna, who delays taking possession of her villa purposely to ennoble the gift. However, we hope the Directors will never be mean enough to accept the "invaluable services" of MADAME GRISI upon the terms stated in the above advertisement; or, at all events, that they will be induced by a like spirit of liberality to lend her, in return for the services lent on the ten nights during this GRISI Lenten Entertainment, a small sum of several thousand pounds, in addition to the brougham, and the table, and the bouquets and diamond bracelets, that are usually "lent" to Prima Donnas on similar occasions. It would be too bad if GRISI, after stopping in this country on purpose, was a loser by her kindness; and we should not be astonished to hear of her having purchased another Villa with the proceeds of her liberality. It is but fair that a favour so handsomely "lent" should meet with a return as handsome as itself.

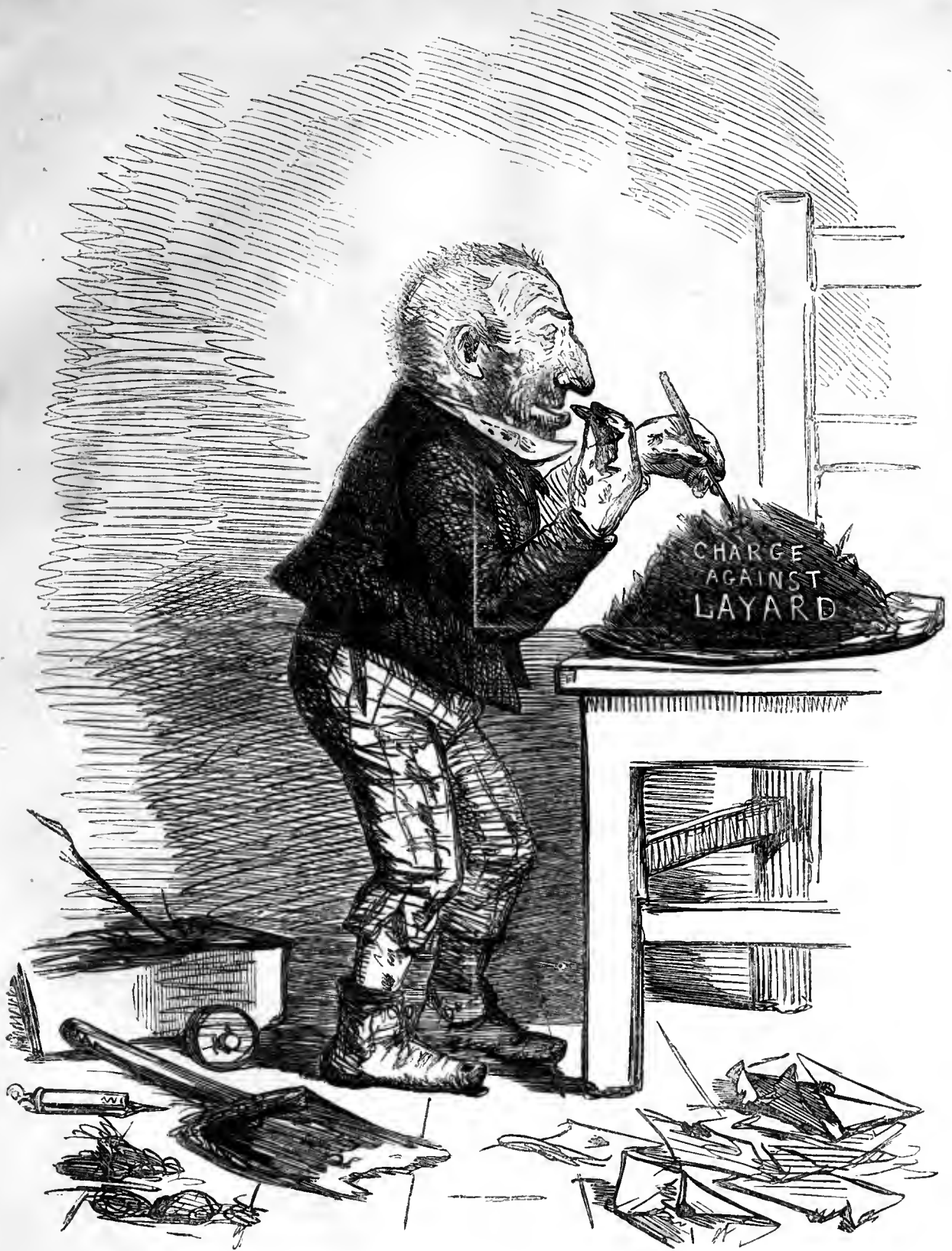
### TO THE DIRTY BOY.—(FROM HIS NURSE).

O, JIM, you should bridle your tongue,  
Or into grief it will get you—  
You should have corrected, when young,  
The vice that always beset you.  
Every time when you rise,  
My old heart in a tremor is,  
Proverbs I hate and despise,  
But—GRAHAMS should have good memories.

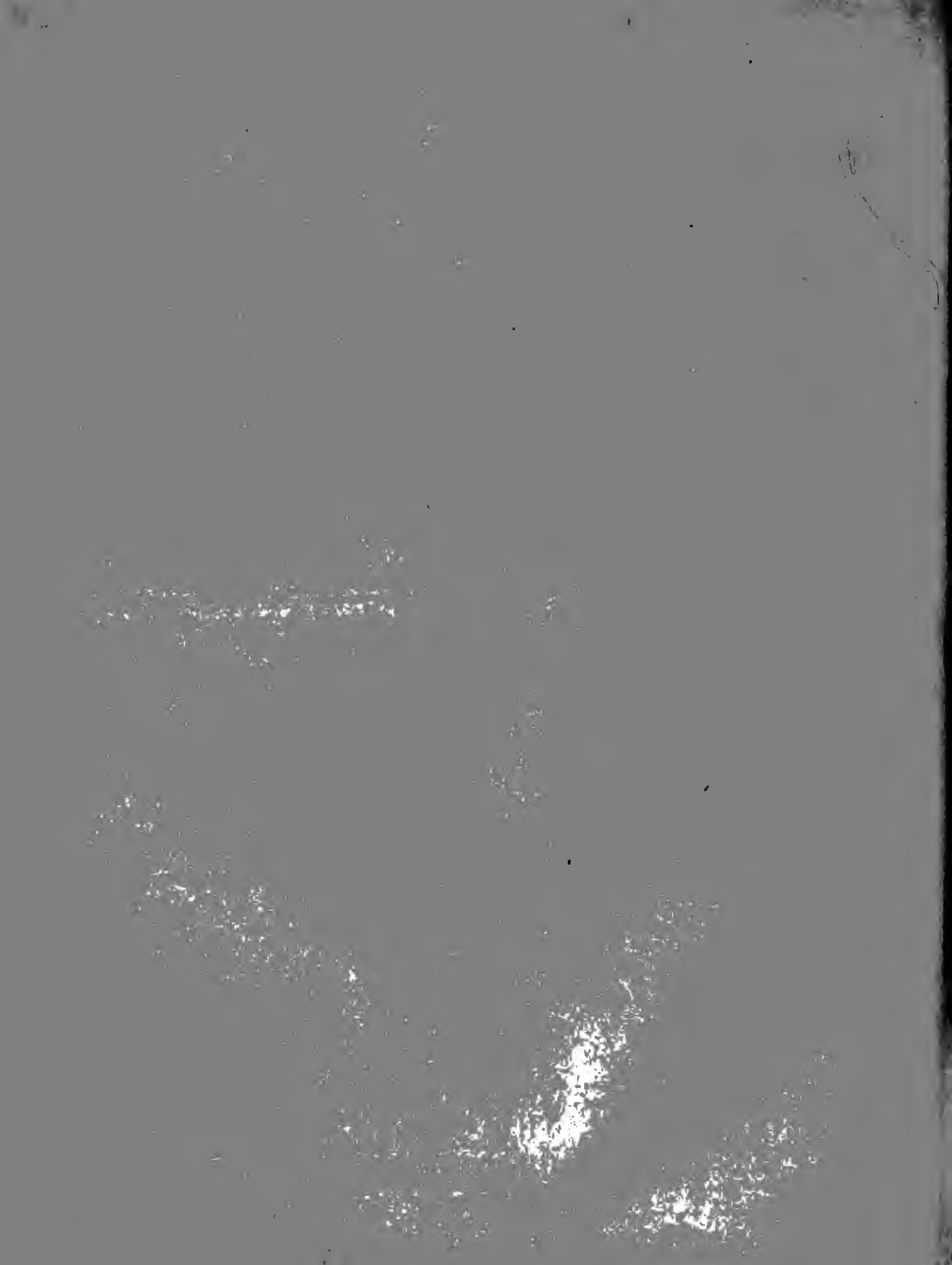
Awful complaints you lodge,  
Shaking your head imposingly;  
Coming the sorrowful dodge—  
Carneying, blarneying, glozingly.  
Even your north country burr,  
(Much like the late MR. EMERY'S),  
Helps your palaver and purr,—  
But GRAHAMS should have good memories.

How could you go for to charge  
LAYARD with slaying poor CHRISTIE?  
Invention may wander at large,  
But yours is so blessedly misty.  
Always beware of a fact  
Recorded in HANSARD'S *Ephemeris*,  
Character's easily blacked,  
But—GRAHAMS should have good memories.

Now, MASTER JIM, it appears,  
Of your words you've had to make luncheon,  
The public has met you with jeers,  
And *Punch* with a whack from his truncheon;  
Try, and in future avoid  
Rousing the national phlegm, or his,—  
Never mind how you're annoyed—  
GRAHAMS should have good memories.



JAMIE GR—H—M, THE UNPLEASANT BOY, WHO  
MADE A DIRT-PIE AND ATE IT.



THE CRYSTAL FLOWER AND WATER FROLIC.



BEFORE our number is published, Saint Stephen's will have left off spouting for a season (alas too brief!), and St. Sydenham's will be about to begin. The English Versailles opens out its Great Waters on Saturday next, and then to see whether the PAXTONIAN Crystal

is as brilliant, in solution, as in solidity. It seems too that the pardonable superstition of our British floriculturists has induced them to bring all their choicest productions together for that day, to receive lustration from the newly unsealed fountains. Such a show of Water and Flowers will fitly inaugurate the fine weather, which seems actually come at last. Perhaps Sunshine and Sydenham were waiting for each other, in the way CHATHAM and STRAHAN waited in the verse, which (in the original) no Member of Parliament has ever yet been able to quote accurately:—

"The English Summer, as we see,  
Was waiting for Sir JOSEPH P.,  
Sir JOSEPH (always punctual comer)  
Was waiting for the English Summer."

However, we are rejoiced to have all the pleasant things at once, fountains, flowers and fine weather; and Saturday next may be regarded as the real opening of the People's Palace. Great times for the pilgrims to the Hill of Glass. When their gaze is sufficiently filled with the cerulean hues within the building, they can stray, in all becoming reverence, to the basins without; and so, as SIR WALTER SCOTT singeth of ladies' eyes (expressly for this occasion):

"He that's sated with the blue,  
May bow before the Jet."

Sebastopol in Surrey.

At the Zoological Gardens—unsuccessfully stormed, and therefore not taken by the teetotallers—there is a capital view of Sebastopol, to be nightly assaulted until further notice. An early performance will be given under the patronage of the EARL OF ABERDEEN, who has been pleased to express his entire satisfaction with all the details of the siege; inasmuch as, though a considerable quantity of gunpowder is expended in the attack, no soldier is permitted to fire a single bullet.

King Clicquot's Glee:

On his recovery from his late "Indisposition."

"The King, I am told, is quite himself again."—Berlin Correspondent.

HICCUPY, hiccupy, dock!  
Champagne I prefer to hock.  
So bumpers fill,  
And let's get ill:  
Hiccupy, hiccupy, dock!

LUNACY AND LONGEVITY.

Lunatics live proverbially to a good old age, and one of the proverbs, upon which the fact is founded, is, we suppose, the old household truism that "Cracked vessels last the longest."

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE (1855).—Lamb, and plenty of mint sauce.

ANGLO-FRANCO MOTTO FOR AN ALLIED MERMAID.—Comb il faut.

A PROPOSAL TO THE PEACE SOCIETY.



THE war, Gentlemen, I believe, has already cost us £80,000,000. *Per contra*, the Russians have lost 247,000 men. Now, 247,000 men, in £80,000,000, is £323 17s. 8½d., and the fraction of a farthing, per man. Never mind the fraction. Suppose, therefore, that we have killed all those Russians—we have been killing them at the rate of £323 17s. 8½d. a-piece. This is awful work—I mean, extravagance. In the other point of view, it is no more—and no less—awful, than the execution of so many assassins might be reasonably considered. Two hundred and forty-seven thousand tools of a sanguinary barbarian have been smashed in being used by him with a view to subjugate Europe and Asia—that is all; and I can only say, that as the smashing of them has muled us in the sum of eighty millions, my sole regret is, that we have not smashed more. To rid ourselves of one Kalmuck or Cossack savage, £323 17s. 8½d.—all that money for the life of a single truculent slave; when a tenth of it would have made so many peaceable English workmen, with their wives and families, happy! Why it is like destroying rats, or fleas, or bugs, by a process which would relieve you of 247,000 only of the vermin, leave you infested with myriads of them still, and stand you for the 247,000, at 6d. a-head.

But, in fact, we did not kill all those Russians. GENERALS JANUARY and FEBRUARY, who are armed neutrals—differently from CLICQUOT and FRANCIS-JOSEPH—and who pitched impartially into the combatants on either side, probably destroyed more than we; and I admit, that Heaven, which rules the elements, does appear, by their effect upon armies, rather to discourage war in a general way—but, observe, only in a general way, and by general laws. Moreover, it discourages war by *destruction*—just mark that point. Well; but then if GENERALS JANUARY and FEBRUARY, with their BRIGADIERS FROST and SNOW, killed the majority of those 247,000 Russians, it is obvious that to kill each of the minority must have cost us a sum considerably exceeding £323 17s. 8½d.

With how small a result have we flung away eighty millions—uselessly fired and blazed away a large part of it! Think of that!—you may well say. I do. It seems as if we must have been firing golden shot—cannon-balls as well as Minié—and flinging shells of platinum charged with fulminating silver. This brings me to the proposal to which I wish to call your attention.

Like, you, Gentlemen, I detest war; and also, like you, I should wish to prevent it by arbitration. But arbitration was tried with Russia; and Russia would not abide by the arbitrators' decision. We—France and England—have been obliged to try and enforce the award. This is war, and must always happen in a like case—except when all the arbitrators consent to eat dirt, like Austria and Prussia. Some of you would advise nations to accept the alternative, in a spirit of faith and reliance that the probable consequence of doing so will be averted. But this is simply calculating on a miracle: have we a right to do that? and are not inoffensive old women, in spite of their non-resistance, pretty frequently murdered by housebreakers? Sacrifice no human life, if possible; but sacrifice human life to any amount to prevent the sacrifice of a larger amount of it. This is what you do with your money—with anything else that you hold precious, if you are wise. Now, therefore, I ask you whether, if, six months ago—and I by no means know that the thing is not possible—the night ascent of a balloon could have been effected at Sebastopol, and by that means a huge bale of gun-cotton, or a hogshead of chloride of nitrogen, have been dropped into the place, and its whole garrison blown thereby to atoms, the state of things at this present time would not have been better, not only for us, but for our Russian enemies themselves?

Accordingly, I beseech you, do the next best thing to preventing war by negotiation; endeavour, that is, aid in endeavouring, to put a stop to it by force. There is a plan proposed by LORD DUNDONALD for terminating the war by some operation which would, if effectual, be as destructive as an earthquake. It is "under consideration," and has been so for some time. Evidently, therefore, it is not mere moonshine. If adopted, and successful, it would save an indefinite, by a comparatively moderate, expenditure of human life, and—pray observe—a ditto of money. Then do, my dear friends, depute MR. BRIGHT to make every inquiry, and use all the influence that he possesses in the House of Commons, in order to prevent the plan of LORD DUNDONALD from being thrown over for any other reason than its demonstrable insufficiency for its purpose—that of annihilating the Russian strongholds and their occupants at a blow. That would be the best way, just now, of promoting the good cause, to which as anxious a well-wisher as yourself, is your humble servant,

PUNCH.

## DARING BRAVERY OF AN ALDERMAN.



a contribution to the Paris Exhibition.

UNJOINED is an interesting paragraph extracted from a weekly contemporary:—

"We are told that the most conspicuous figure at the opening of the Parisian Exposition was one of our London Aldermen, who appeared in his scarlet robe of office. The French could not make out who or what he was."

It was mentioned the other day in the *Times* that our Allies in the Crimea have an idea that the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON is to come there in person, as the British equivalent to the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON. The figure of the Alderman, as he appeared at the Palace of Industry, could hardly have been regarded by the French as the type of an Order whose Chief would be likely to attempt so perilous an enterprise; and yet our worshipful dignitary must have had immense courage to have afforded, in his own person and scarlet gown, so very remarkable

## UNIVERSAL MAINE LAW.

If a movement which has been for some time past in progress shall continue much longer, we shall, what with Sunday-bills, and such-like enactments for the curtailment of personal liberty, have arrived at the pleasant and enviable consummation of having put one another generally under restraint. We are to reform ourselves by a mutual agreement to submit to be disabled from being vicious. As an evidence of this point of not very masculine perfection to which we are tending, take the following paragraph from the *Times*:—

"MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—Last night a public meeting respectfully attended was held in St. Martin's Hall, convened by the 'United Kingdom Association for the total Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors throughout the United Kingdom' in aid of their movement. ALDERMAN SIR R. CADEX occupied the chair. The REV. J. HAMSON, the REV. Jabez BUANS, D.D., and other gentlemen having addressed the meeting, a resolution in furtherance of the objects of the meeting was adopted, and also a petition to both Houses of Parliament praying for the enactment of a law absolutely prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in this country."

Well, but if it be a right principle that we should have ourselves divested of the means of doing wrong, that method of getting prevented from the commission of excess ought not merely to be applied to the desire of drink. Gluttony is equally a vice with drunkenness, and if men do not commit ferocious assaults, and other crimes of excitement, in states of simple repletion, they are probably guilty of more deliberate evils, under depraved conditions of bodily health, producing mental ditto, and consisting in biliousness and superabundance of blood contracted through cramming and stuffing. If, then, we prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, why not also put a stop to the supply of stimulating foods; of all dishes and esculents of a provocative quality causing increase of appetite to grow with what it feeds on—to literalise what *Hamlet* says? Why not put ducks and green peas, especially with sage and onions, into an *index expurgatorius* of forbidden articles of diet; together with fried ham, bloaters, poached eggs, stewed and devilled kidneys, Welsh rabbit, and all and sundry *entrees*, fricassees, kickshaws, *hors d'œuvres*, and works of culinary supererogation? Why not enact, among other regulations for Civic reform, that Spartan black-broth shall henceforth be substituted for turtle soup by the LORD MAYOR? Why not declare that all the jam and jelly already eaten in this realm shall be *jam satis*—no additional quantity to be consumed under a certain penalty, to be in that case made and provided; that there shall be no more cakes as well as no more ale, that ginger shall not be hot in the mouth, except medicinally: that custards also shall cease to be compounded, and that, for the more wholesome nurture and education of youth, there shall be an end to lollipops, and Everton toffee and elecampane?

Besides, it is absurd to prohibit intoxicating liquors alone. There are other intoxicating things. Honours, titles, will intoxicate. Do away, therefore, likewise with coronets, peerages, Orders of the Bath and Garter, and gold-laced hats. A new and elegant bonnet, shawl, *corsage*, frock, slip, and so forth, will intoxicate the wearer—and the beholder too, sometimes. It was not in the intoxication of liquor that *George Barnwell* slew his uncle. Forbid the sale of intoxicating drink, and you should no longer permit the sale of rich brocade, black *glacé*, and lavender silks; Irish, Brussels, Guipure, and Spanish point

laces, whether in flowers, berthes, caps, or collars; *recherché* sleeves, parasol-covers, *fleurs*, plumes, *rubans*, *perles*, *fantaisies*, *bijouteries*, and gimcracks, the new and extensive stock of MESSRS. TRIMMINS AND CO. All these are intoxicating and infatuating superfluities of apparel; let us have a sumptuary, if we are to have a Maine Law; no more Opera Beauties, Flowers of the Season, and Belles of the Ball; indeed not any Ball, nor Opera, nor Elegance, nor Fashion whatever, if we are to behold the public-house abolished, and the occupation of BARCLAY AND PERKINS gone.

## LADIES' DRESSES.

THE ladies' dresses are ballooning out to such an enormous size, that we are informed that the following colloquy took place in the gardens of the Tuilleries, where it is the custom to charge a sou for every chair that is used.

*Chairwoman*. Madame has made a mistake—she has paid me only one sou.

*Lady*. Yes, my good woman—I have occupied only one chair.

*Chairwoman*. That is true—but there were two other chairs—one on each side of Madame, for the accommodation of Madame's dress, and that makes three sours.

*Lady*. Three sours! But it's scandalous!

*Chairwoman*. Far from that, I can assure Madame that a lady only yesterday paid five sours for the use of five chairs—and her dress I am sure was by no means so fashionable as Madame's.

[The three sours are paid contentedly, and Madame rises, displaying as she retires, the utmost breadth of her dress, which may be described, without any exaggeration, as being quite as BROAD as it is long.]



THE GAYEST MAN IN TOWN.—YOU MEET HIM AT ALL THE EVENING PARTIES.

## PHINN-IS CORONAT OPUS.

MR. PHINN, a very promising member of the Liberal party, has just been appointed Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty. His absence from Parliament will be a disappointment, for which his appointment will hardly compensate. He may be wanted at the Admiralty, but he can be ill spared from the House of Commons. As fish steer by the Fin, it is to be hoped those odd fishes who manage our naval affairs—and who are some of them never at sea until they get into office—will consent to be guided by the PHINN that is now sent to them. Though we congratulate ability and liberality on having obtained their reward, we cannot help regretting that, as far as his Parliamentary usefulness is concerned, PHINN has been brought to a finish.

## The Beleaguered City.

THE Allied Armies have been so long before Sebastopol, that some change or other must surely now soon take place in their position. We hope that the change will not be such that, instead of being simply before Sebastopol, they will have Sebastopol after them.

## MEDALS FOR THE MILLION.—THE CLOUD OF BEES.



IMULTANEOUSLY with the time when bluff JOHN BULL throws up his head, distends his nostrils, and fills his thumb and finger at the pomps and gim-crackeries of the aristocracy—JOHN has, by fits, such an indifference to a Lord—at the very hour of JOHN'S democratic philosophy—when he holds even LORD ABERDEEN'S blue riband of less worth than his little girl's little doll's sash—JOHN pauses to give ear to a suggestion that says, let the mil-

lions be decorated, let the popular button-hole carry a medal. Rejecting the notion of a Legion of Honour—(for why should we borrow from friends? borrowing being the sure decay, the inevitable dry-rot of friendship)—let us have an Order of our own. Suppose we say—The Cloud of Bees. The bees, even in the Garden of Eden, were shopkeepers, and would prettily enough represent the counter-industry and counter-sympathies of Englishmen. There is, however, a difficulty; and let us at once manfully wrestle with it. The difficulty is in the selection of the judge and bestower. Who shall determine upon the virtues worthy of the Bee? Who shall bestow it? What particular moral qualities shall the Bee reward? Shall it be claimable by the husband who, within an area of a given space—to be duly determined upon—has, ungrudgingly and with cheerful looks, eaten within a year the greatest number of dinners of cold mutton? Shall the Bee be given to the wife who “never banged the door?” Shall the spouse, who never kept even a night-light sitting up for him, be permissible, at the latter end of a long life, to claim the Bee? What we want to know is—are the household virtues—to be rewarded? Are Bees to swarm in the bosoms of families, rewardful of domestic goodness; and if so, who shall bestow them? The Parson of the parish, or simply one of the Churchwardens? The Order of the Legion of Honour numbers exactly 52,709 persons; a pretty fair per centage upon merely thirty millions of people. Indeed, in France, there must be some difficulty in avoiding a decoration; a philosopher must watch for and dodge it, even as we learn our English military philosophers watch and dodge a cannon-ball or bomb-shell. And even then, in France, a man may suddenly lose his head under a Grand Cross.

Our great difficulty is, as a nation, in our great excellence. We are such a virtuous people; our governors are so ready and anxious to reward merit, that every other man and woman would have a Bee about them. Consider, for instance, how GRACE DARLING was all but overwhelmed with honours! How she was summoned to the Court; and how she left it enraptured and enriched by courtly generosity, courtly admiration! Again; look at LIEUTENANT WAGHORN. He made India and England all but shake hands; and did not the East India Company present him with an elephant of solid gold, with a trunk of emerald? At this hour, is not the Lieutenant's mother—aged, honored woman!—amply and withal most delicately provided for by the British Nabobs of Leadenhallpatam? Have we not another instance of even the profuseness of reward in the right quarters—where the right hands are in the right pockets—in the case of NELSON'S daughter? It is true that NELSON'S Trafalgar monument is still unfinished; but the living monument of NELSON'S flesh and blood is enriched and honoured to the utmost. Our last instance—for we have really not space to give a twentieth of the number—shall be that of CAPTAIN SMITH, the genius of the Screw. BRITANNIA—with her characteristic magnanimity—as she gave that £100,000 to the man of brain, declared that she never did, and never could rule the waves, like CAPTAIN SMITH.

One DOCTOR BIGSBY in some way shares our fear that the Cloud of Bees would be so great that the undecorated only would be the distinguished. When LORD CASTLEREAGH attended the Vienna Congress his plain coat was of all diplomatic coats the most remarkable. DOCTOR BIGSBY, however, would have the Bee—should such be the

badge, as we have proposed it—accompanied with a lump of honey. He says—“Privileges merely honorary would be productive of no real advantage to the possessor in humble life, but rather tend to obstruct the welfare of the individual entitled to them.” In fact, very probably, he only another cross the more. “We may imagine,” writes the philosophic Doctor, “the probable disgust which a London rag-picker would feel, did he receive a mere badge as the symbol of his country's approbation of his individual merit.” We confess the disgust of the decorated rag-picker is beyond our imagination—for that rag-picker so distinguished will be found when a Unicorn is discovered to set him astride upon. It is very true that men have picked up Orders from out of the very mud, but then it was the mud of a Court; and that mud must be sweet and pleasant as black-currant jam, or so many folks could scarcely have swallowed so much of it. The Doctor cares not a straw for an Order of Merit if unaccompanied with an Order on the Treasury. The Order of Praise is very well; but the Order of Pudding is infinitely more sustaining.

Without the pudding in some shape, “how soon, indeed,” cries the pathetic BIGSBY, “would our pawnbrokers' windows teem with those tokens of national gratitude.” And therefore the Doctor proposes that an Order of Merit shall be synonymous with an Order of Mammon! The Doctor bursts into an aspiration!

“May we soon hail the institution of an Order which, while giving publicity to the exertions of deserving men, shall also confer a suitable honorary and pecuniary reward, in recompense of those exertions. Should such an institution be established, I trust that a proper discrimination will be evidenced as to the various kinds and degrees of merit, and that we shall not see the ‘glorious few,’ in whose privileged breasts are divinely born the loftier elements of a supreme genius—whose mighty destiny is to shed a planetary illumination over the darker recesses of the firmament of human reason—to add new conquests,” &c. &c. &c.

The claims of the “vulgar arts” and “mercantile enterprise” the Doctor would have differently rewarded; though we fear he can hardly improve upon the present system, as mercantile enterprise is illustrated by family carriage and family villa.

As genius cannot—like medals—be struck at the Mint, so think we that, as a mere badge and sign, no mark is necessary. Men's own works are their best Orders. Do we need a ROBERT STEPHENSON to carry a Bee at his button-hole to buzz to the world—“For the man who won that iron victory, the Menai Bridge, enquire within!” No; he is, though visibly undecorated, Knight of the Order of VULCAN. And in like manner so be it with all civil men of genius. Let their conquests be their decorations. APOLLO need not be ticketed, that the world should recognise the Godhead.

It is said—declares DOCTOR BIGSBY—that the idea of an Order of Merit was mooted and discussed and then abandoned by the EARL OF ABERDEEN. It sickens us with Orders that ABERDEEN himself should be finally tied up in the Blue Riband. Did ever leg so completely take the shine out of the Garter?

### OXFORD AND THE LITERARY FUND.

LAST week the BISHOP OF OXFORD put on a bran new apron to do work for the Literary Fund at the London Tavern. The institution has been deservedly mauled, therefore was Episcopial Oil the more welcome, as the more necessary. The Bishop feared for literature at the hands of the people. DRYDEN to be sure licked the shoes of any noble patron, going down upon all fours to do the job in his page of dedication; this was very bad, but matters might be worse—writers might go lower still, and bow down to the people.

“The patronage which literature now enjoyed was that of the people, and it was possible to have a depressing tendency, by bringing down the literature to the tastes and capacities of the people instead of strengthening and elevating their tastes to a higher and purer standard. (Hear, hear.)”

We trust that SAMUEL OF OXFORD only preaches to the very rich and the extremely respectable. Should he ever give way to the habit of delivering his sermons to the mere people, we fear that such discourses, instead of flowing with the best and purest oil as they now do, would lull soon have the vulgar flatness of the smallest beer. Imagine the “depressing tendency” of a ragged congregation on the homilies of an Episcopal Christian of £10,000 a year!

### A Lift for Maynooth.

SPEAKING of the Maynooth Report, the *John Bull* says—

“The atmosphere of Maynooth appears to have impregnated the very Commissioner themselves with the infection of Loyolistic principles.”

Would it not suit the purpose, and accord with the principles, of some of our Popish contemporaries, to quote this passage on Maynooth's behalf—making the second *o* in Loyolistic into a?

“THE MONUMENTAL BUST.”—A Yankee says that the Poet, when he alluded to the “Monumental Bust,” evidently meant to imply the “Crack of Dome!”



### FLATTERING.

Boy (in allusion to BROWN, who thinks he is well got up). "OH! LOOK HERE, BILLY, THEY'VE GOT A DINNER PARTY AT THIS 'OUSE—AND IF ERE AIN'T THE COVE WHAT'S A' GOING TO WAIT."

### THE ANTI-SMOKING SOCIETY.

NOTHING can be done in these days without a Society, and sometimes it happens that nothing can be done with the Society itself when it is formed. We have Associations for every object—good, bad, and indifferent, for a company may be got up complete, with deal table for the Board, and a set of six easy or uneasy chairs for the Directors, at a trifle under or over a pound. The air of Bloomsbury is particularly favourable to Societies, for rents are moderate, rooms are to be had singly, and there is a good margin of door-posts for the display of brass-plates, and a long series of bells. We have just heard of a company which has started up in this rather faded vicinity, under the title of the "British Anti-Tobacco Society," which fumes away vigorously in opposition to smoke. The name of the Society leaves us some reason to doubt whether its antagonism is to Tobacco in general or British Tobacco in particular. The Society seems to be so flourishing that it has published a "Prize Essay by Miss M. A. W., aged seventeen, Showing Why the Young Should Not Smoke." We dare say the fair combatant against Tobacco, who has come forward with the intention of putting the public pipe out, has made an excellent case against smoking, and we have no doubt that to a pretty girl of seventeen the habit of smoking indulged in by the young of the other sex must be objectionable in the extreme. We shall not be so ungallant as to criticise the production of the young lady, whose intentions we feel convinced are extremely honourable, but we cannot help feeling that Tobacco is an article which, by delicate hands, had much better be let alone.

We have as strong an antipathy as the fair essayist can feel against those smoking nuisances who perambulate the streets with their apocryphal Havannahs; but we do not go the length of regarding every smoker as, of necessity, under a cloud. It seems to threaten rather an uncalled for interference with the liberty of the subject, when a Society is formed to prevent the smoking of our pipes as well as of our chinnies, and we should not be surprised at an act being passed to compel any one who indulges in an occasional smoke to consume his

### THE POST-OFFICE IN A BLAZE.

WE lately had our eyes very uncomfortably dazzled by the sight of the Postmen in a glaring red uniform, more fitted for the Fire Brigade than for a peaceful body of men connected with the department of *litera humaniores*, as the carriers of letters. We cannot comprehend the taste which has pinned a large pair of scarlet skirts to the coat of the Postman, and caused us to mistake him for a sentinel off his post, by his resemblance to a Foot Guardsman in one of the new regulation wrappers. Considering that there is a Reward payable for the apprehension of a Deserter, we wonder that half the Postmen in London are not taken into custody every night on suspicion of their having deserted from one of the Infantry regiments.

We can see no necessity whatever for the military aspect which is given to these men; and indeed in these war times it is enough to alarm half the old women in London, to have their portals thundered at every hour of the day by men of military aspect. In the days of distinction between the town and country post there might have been some cause for the red coats of the latter, if it were only for the sake of the mild joke that used to be perpetrated, by asking the London Postman—"Well, Two-Penny, how's the General?" We recommend the immediate abolition of this very martial attire, which is likely to cause some delay in the delivery of letters, by elevating the Postman into a very formidable rival to the Policeman, in those little flirtatious with our female servants, which have often kept a sentimental Constable grunting hoarse nothings into our Housemaid's ear, while some burglarious gentleman has been emptying our neighbour's plate-chest. Now that the Postman is rendered so killing by his military costume, we can scarcely hope that the Cooks who take in the letters all the way down Fleet Street, will allow him to reach S5 with his usual punctuality.

The Post-Office is in every other respect a Model Department, and the new costume has probably not originated from its heads, which are too much occupied with improving our means of communication to be able to bestow much time on the cut and colour of the Postmen's attire. Perhaps the matter is of little importance, though we hear that the new hat weighs very heavily on the heads of the Department, on whose behalf we seriously suggest the removal of an invention which gives both heaviness and headache to a very meritorious class of public officers.

own. We hope the experiment will not be tried, for we are sure every pipe would be ready to burst with indignation, and if it would not it could be made of no common clay.

**THE BIRD OF PARADISE SALOON, RATCLIFF HIGHWAY.**—The Directors of the Bird of Paradise Saloon feel an inexpressible delight that no words can fully explain, in having it in their power—after more than Herculean labours—to announce that that most seraphic artiste MADAME GISELDA ROSSIGNOLA will again appear for the very shortest period on the stage of her former glories.—The Directors foding that circumstances had arisen to prevent MADAME ROSSIGNOLA'S departure for her lodgings at Helene Bay—the paint not yet being out of the parlour and the paper not yet dry in the two pair back—as she contemplated, when she finally retired from the Bird of Paradise boards—and moreover, that the world most probably, in fact it was quite certain, reside in Camden Town the greater portion of the present year—naturally, and like Directors, thought to induce her to return to the scene of her former nosegays.—MADAME ROSSIGNOLA was, however, inflexible; she would never return—never! The Directors continued to supplicate; and did not quit the presence of Madame until threatened with the immediate interference of two policemen. Subsequently, however, a communication was re-opened through the instrumentality of the milk-woman; that worthy person conveying a letter from the Directors—all previous epistles had been returned—to Madame's maid, who delivered it at the proper minute in the proper quarter. Still Madame was invincible. The Directors again obtained admission into Madame's dwelling; when Madame with her acknowledged decision of character, locked herself in her parlour. A negotiation as to terms was then opened through the key-hole but with no result. At length a black bank-check—merely signed—was slipped under the door; and, duly filled up by Madame, who then, with her accustomed kindness—(the cheque having been cashed)—consented to lend the Directors her unpurchasable assistance. MADAME GISELDA ROSSIGNOLA will—previous to her second eternal farewell—sing twenty nights at present. (N.B. Bouquets to be had at the saloon.)

### Strange Accident to Sir James Graham.

A FEW nights since, SIR JAMES GRAHAM met with a very sad accident. He had been in the Commons, as he affectionately observed, thirty-seven years, and had never before suffered such a casualty. The fact is, SIR JAMES was terribly tost, trodden, and gored by a tremendous bull. But the more extraordinary part of the story is this—the bull was of SIR JAMES'S own making.



## HOW TO DO BUSINESS.

## APPENDIX

TO THE SCHEDULE OF A BANKRUPT FIRM.



§ Mr. Punch has been requested to publish the following correspondence of a certain inquiry in a room in Basinghall Street, it should be explained that the firm of BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, Linendrapers in the City, had been imitating the mode in which their betters transact the business of the nation, and the result was a dividend of nothing in the pound.

Letter from JONES to BROWN.

"MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—I said the other day that I would speak to you upon the subject of the personal arrangements connected with the Shop; I believe, however, I can put the matter more clearly in writing.

"It is perfectly clear to me that ROBINSON is incapable of that active and efficient superintendence of the young men, which is essential to the working of each department. They do not respect him as they would respect a more vigorous character; and his orders, if not actually disobeyed, are very carelessly carried out. They have nicknamed him 'PELHAM,' after the dandy hero of some work of fiction, and also 'LINCOLN GREEN,' from his verdant and naive address. I am obliged to say that, though a most respectable man, our partner is a muff. His own private clerk, KIDNEY SHERBET, has, in the fairest and handsomest manner, said nearly the same thing.

"I have also told you that I do not think that the bills, made out in the Shop, should be presented to the customers by a mere clerk, and SHERBET'S rank does not entitle him to address the distinguished patrons who visit our Emporium. We are in the midst of a great war, and trade is very bad. It is therefore of the utmost importance that every consideration and delicacy should be shown to those who come to spend money with us. The Heads of the firm must be constantly urging, hastening, and completing the handing down articles, the measuring off lengths, and the making up of parcels, or else the junior partner must be strong enough to control the various departments.

"We have examples of both. Just before QUEEN ANNE died, JOBLIKENS, the head of the great mercery house in St. Paul's Churchyard, served MARLBOROUGH, with his own hand, with eight-penn'orth of red ribbon for a sword knot; while in CHATHAM'S time, twenty yards of flannel, for that nobleman's gouty leg, were sent home to him by LOBSCOUSE, a junior partner in the house on Ludgate Hill, within twenty-five minutes of young WILLIAM PITT coming in and ordering it.

"It therefore seems to me that if the considerations here presented lead to the conclusions I would deduce, they point to the necessity of having, as manager of the Shop, a man who, from experience of millinery details, from inherent vigour of mind, and from weight with the young men, can be expected to guide the operations of trade with authority and success.

"There is only one person belonging to the Establishment who combines these advantages.

"My conclusion is that, before opening on Whit Monday MR. STONEYPALM should be intrusted with the control of the Shop. With respect to other arrangements, I can feel no doubt that your influence with ROBINSON and SHERBET would induce them to acquiesce in such a distribution of offices as you might think most advantageous for the good of the business.

"I remain, my dear BROWN, yours truly,

"Adeliza Lodge, Tuesday."

"J. RUSSELL JONES."

Letter from BROWN to JONES.

"MY DEAR MR. JONES,—The letter which I received from you yesterday, just before dinner, spoiled my appetite, and contained a proposal

so unexpected, and which may have such important consequences, that you will not be surprised if I am unable, at the first moment, to express a decided opinion. But, as any suggestion made by you deserves the best attention, and as you do not call for an immediate answer, I will give the subject the most mature consideration, and will let you know the opinion I may form.

"Ever truly yours,

"Maria-Matilda Villa, Wednesday." "GABBERDINE BROWN."

Letter from JONES to BROWN.

"Counting House, Wednesday.

"MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—I did not expect any immediate answer to my letter of yesterday, and I think it quite right that you should have time to reflect. I regret to have spoiled your dinner.

"I wish, however, that before you decide, you should show my letter to MR. ROBINSON. It was my intention, in writing the letter, to avoid throwing any blame upon him; indeed, I think he deserves very great credit for the exertions he has made, but he has not had the authority requisite for so great a sphere, and has not been able to do all that might have been done with larger powers of control.

"I remain, yours very truly,

"J. RUSSELL JONES."

Letter from BROWN to JONES.

"The Villa, Thursday.

"MY DEAR MR. JONES,—I have shown your letter to ROBINSON, and also to KIDNEY SHERBET. They, of course, wish me to do what is best, but on full consideration I entertain great doubts whether your proposal would be advantageous.

"I think with you that a clerk ought not, as a rule, to address the customers. But looking at the present state of things as temporary, I do not see why a new office should not be created, the holder to be called Shop Supervisor. While this is being arranged, I really do not see why SHERBET might not continue to hand in the bills, and I should think that he would do so with the acceptance of the customers, with whom, I believe, he is deservedly popular, and likely to find favour.

"Your proposal would render the removal of ROBINSON from his present place unavoidable. This, all the young men would regard as a slur upon him, and I do not think that we ought to hurt his feelings.

"Now, with respect to STONEYPALM, I do not know whether he is aware of the burden you would place upon him, but, if not, I should greatly doubt his inclination to undertake it. STONEYPALM, within a few months, is as old as I am; and, without disparaging his inherent vigour of mind, he possesses no immunity from the effects of age. You will not attribute my making this remark to any invidious recollection of a phrase about 'antiquated imbecility' once attributed to STONEYPALM, but solely to my sense of what is right and proper.

"I do not know that we gain much by a reference to the times of QUEEN ANNE and LORD CHATHAM. QUEEN ANNE is dead, and CHATHAM is chiefly known to us by his Docks, and by Chatham Place. But, after all, instead of referring to these old times, perhaps it is more to the purpose to remember ALDERMAN WATTHAM, who managed his shop by means of shopmen and subordinates so well, that an Obelisk is erected to him at the top of Bridge Street. While WATTHAM was thus nobly occupied, your friend STONEYPALM, though only a clerk, was making out bills in a house in Westminster.

"Ever, my dear JONES, sincerely yours,

"GABBERDINE BROWN."

Letter from JONES to BROWN.

"Adeliza Villa, Friday.

"MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—As STONEYPALM'S answer is delayed, I will take the opportunity of answering your letter.

"You seem to me to agree in much that I say, and I should not mind meeting you half way, if I knew how. But with reference to ROBINSON'S feelings, I really cannot consider them. I had understood that our establishment was carried on upon the principle of doing what was best for the concern, without regard to the self-love, or even the acquired position, of individuals. ROBINSON would, I think, be the last man to wish for an exception to this rule in his favour.

"Your next objection is to STONEYPALM'S age, but when I see the vigour of his mind and body, I cannot attach much weight to this argument. He may be as old as you, by the almanack, but I should just like to see you jumping up, and joking, and bawling when needful, as STONEY can do at the shortest notice.

"Setting aside all historical references, which perhaps have not very much to do with the demands of the day and of the Shop, and mine, I think it is clear, either that the Heads of the firm must be themselves the active and moving spirit of the whole machine, or the Shop Superintendent must have delegated authority to control other departments. Neither is the case now. I will give you an instance but too pregnant with warning. On Tuesday se'nnight MRS. SAMUEL ISAACS, of the Minorities, sent a note desiring some patterns of rich satins to be

brought to her house, by four o'clock on Friday. I told ROBINSON to see to it. He informed me, in answer, that he had 'wished' to do this, and that he had also, wished, to send her some patterns in *moire antique*. But the young men took his orders listlessly, passed them from one to another, made excuses, and at last the patterns did not get to the Minorities till sunset, when, Mrs. ISAACS being of the Hebrew persuasion, her Sabbath had come, and she refused to take them in. Now, why was ROBINSON not able to carry his 'wishes' into effect? Because he could not remove the obstacles put in his way by other departments, and because the Head of the firm (no offence, MR. B.) did not at once overcome these obstacles, and so we lost a splendid order.

"I could give you many other instances of his inefficiency. There was a cheque dropped in the street by one of the porters. Instead of dashing off in a Hansom to the Bankers and stopping it, ROBINSON writes by post 'requesting that it may not be paid,' and is told, of course, that the lucky finder had cashed it hours before. Our fire Assurance money was overdue for nearly a fortnight, because ROBINSON thought it did not much matter, there were so few fires in summer-time. And for several nights in succession, goods were left upon the counter because the young men paid no heed to 'PELHAM'S' request that they might be put away.

"What you want, therefore, I must repeat, is a Manager of vigour and authority. As the welfare of the establishment and the success of our present business are concerned, I have no scruple in saying so.

"I am, my dear MR. BROWN, yours, very truly,  
"J. RUSSELL JONES."

Letter from BROWN to JONES.

"The Villa, Saturday.

"MY DEAR JONES,—In reply to your last, I am glad that you say nothing more about KIDNEY SHERBET. But as to ROBINSON, I apprehend that he has all the power that is necessary.

"The instances you adduce of his want of control are wholly inappli-

cable, and fail to establish the fact. The ISAACS case was awkward; but it is difficult to say how accidents can be helped, and when you allude to the 'Head of a firm,' allow me to say that, before the Head of a firm can remove obstacles, he must be made aware of them. As regards the cheque, I know that you are always for cutting about in cabs, and that you 'like flies,' but he preferred to wait; and, as to the Assurance, the result is the best proof of his foresight. Has the house been burned down?"

"I think your letter plainly reduces the question to the issue of a personal preference. I cannot consent to act unfairly to ROBINSON. Neither he and SHERBET, together, can do the work which the exigency of the times demands; nor can STONEYPALM do it single-handed. I therefore think that we ought not to annoy a partner by making any change.

"I am, my dear JONES, very truly yours,  
"GABRIELINE BROWN."

Letter from JONES to BROWN.

"Adeliza Lodge, Tuesday.

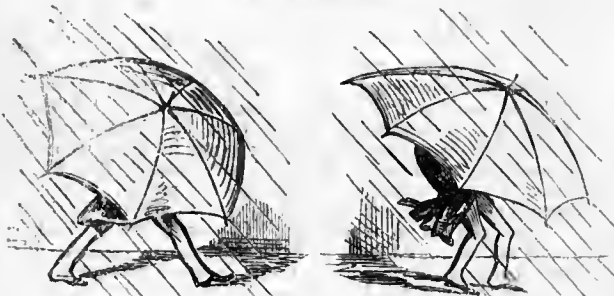
"MY DEAR BROWN,—I have not seen STONEYPALM, nor heard from him, but I have no hesitation in saying that I adhere to my original opinion that ROBINSON and SHERBET ought to be turned out of the Shop. And this I shall formally propose to the firm, and insist upon its being done.

"I remain, yours truly,  
"J. RUSSELL JONES."

[Here the correspondence ends. MR. JONES, finding that his senior partner was obstinate, took the advice of "some old and valued friends," and neither insisted upon nor even proposed the change which he deemed so essential to the general interest. Things went on in the way he describes, and ultimately there came a crash, BROWN and ROBINSON retired to the country, and JONES bolted to Germany, STONEYPALM taking to the business, and several of the old hands.]

## PORTRAIT

(IN WATER-COLOURS)



SPRING.

SUMMER.



AUTUMN.

WINTER.

OF 1855:

AS DRAWN FROM THE PAST AND PRESENT MONTHS, AND THOSE TO COME.

## Fish with Musical Scales.

In the midst of other interesting matter, in the "Commercial Intelligence," we read that "60 drums of Codfish had arrived from Newfoundland." We were delighted with the discovery that Cods were so musically inclined as to throw themselves, body and bones, into the depths of such a melodious instrument; and further, we were charmed with the happy reflection that it was owing probably to this very Drum that we were indebted for the delightful *Sound* of the Cod.

## AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

THE Train of LADY FIDDLE-FADDLE'S Court Dress started with her Ladyship inside from the station at St. James's Palace, at ten minutes to Three; and reached its destination in less than three hours and forty minutes. This trip has been cited everywhere as a marvel of extraordinary rapidity, and we are informed that it would have been even quicker, if there had not been so many trains starting at the same time. The most conspicuous of these was the well-known "Train of Confusion," arising from the fact of a thousand persons being crammed into a confined space scarcely capable of accommodating a hundred. The result was that this Train kept getting in the way of all the others, upsetting nearly everybody, until at last it completely blocked up the line. At one period, serious fears were entertained that her Ladyship would have to put back, for at one of the sharpest turnings her Train became entangled between two old buffers, supposed to belong to a parliamentary train, who ran against it with all their weight, and nearly tore it to pieces. However, by means of the most strenuous exertions, the buffers were removed, when it being discovered that her Ladyship's carriage was not much the worse for the violence of the shock, her Train was again put in motion, and proceeded along the remainder of the narrow passage with comparative ease and safety, accomplishing the journey in the above incredible space of time. We are happy to state that LADY FIDDLE-FADDLE reached home full five minutes before dinner was ready, and alighted from her Train amid the congratulations of her friends. From inquiries since made at her Ladyship's mansion, we learn that about half-a-dozen yards of satin and as many of gold fringe will cover the extent of the damage.

## KING CLICQUOT'S ADVICE TO FRANCIS JOSEPH.

Air.—"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

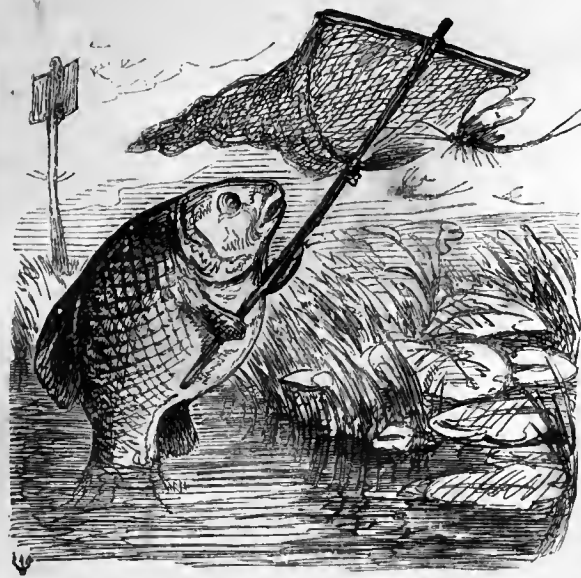
DRINK with me, Austria, if you are wise,  
For war's less sweet than wine;  
And when a king is in his cups  
No treaties he need sign;  
Then drink with me, Austria, if you are wise,  
And drown the war in wine.

## THE GREY GOOSE.

AFTER the speech which a noble Lord delivered the other day on behalf of Russia, people will describe a ninny as a man who can't say "Bo!" to EARL GREY.

REFLECTION OF A GENTLEMAN IN THE "PEN" AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE—I wish I were in the place of my own footman, outside my carriage, with a bunch of flowers under my nose.

## THE GO-AHEAD SAINTS.



we are told, has polygamy. As yet, this novel faith is in its infancy, although some of its disciples appear to be in their dotage. So young is it, that it has not hitherto received a name.

We have proposed one for its adherents. "The Go-ahead Saints," like the Saints just mentioned, resemble the Mahometans; not however in what they allow, but in what they deny. Going ahead of all churches (except the Turkish) they have formed themselves into a "United Kingdom Alliance," not merely for the propagation, but absolutely for the imposition of their doctrine. They hold that the sale of alcoholic liquors is unlawful morally, and ought therefore to be prohibited by statute law. This tenet they found of course on a prior axiom, which condemns the use of such liquors. The common religion of the Bishops and Clergy, Roman Catholic and Protestant, and of the Nonconformists also, only condemns their abuse. These Preterchristians—as we may also designate them—denounce as evil the sale of that fluid, which, at a certain nuptial festival, was supplied by a Doxor, all of whose gifts are considered by mere Christians to be good.

At the Exeter Hall Meeting of these religionists the object of their "Alliance" was stated by SIR W. C. TREVELYAN, who occupied the chair, to be the "total and immediate legislative suppression of the traffic in all intoxicating beverages," that is of all drinks that will cause drunkenness, if taken in excess. They want, therefore, to enforce their system of Preterchristianity by penalties, that is by persecution; and here again our friends the Preterchristians resemble our friends the Papists.

The Preterchristians, or Go-Ahead Saints, must not be confounded with the Teetotallers. They themselves deny the identity of those people with themselves. We find SIR R. W. CARDEN stating that

"The Alliance revered the Teetotallers, and he believed them to be a good and a great ally to the cause; but the Alliance and Teetotallers were two separate bodies."

Yes. There is a very important difference between them. The Teetotaller Proper, the Teetotaller Pure and Simple—is a person who, not being able to partake of the cordial glass in moderation, does the next best thing by abstaining from it. Such a teetotaller did SAMUEL JOHNSON become, and who does not "reverence the teetotallers" that are such as SAMUEL JOHNSON? SIR R. W. CARDEN'S co-religionists appear not so much to be practitioners of abstinence themselves as individuals who desire to enforce its practice on others. The EARL OF HARRINGTON stated that their object is only to prevent the sale of alcoholic liquors. They are quite right in repudiating the name of Teetotallers; to describe themselves accurately they should assume that of Teefactotallers. They appear to affect less the self-denial of indulgence than the denial of indulgence to their neighbours.

We cannot part with SIR W. CARDEN without quoting a specimen of his logic, which is aldermanic in the extreme:—

"MR. FORSTER appeared before them as an interested individual, and when that gentleman talked of interference with the liberty of the subject, he (SIR W. CARDEN) would ask, did the Legislature interfere with the liberty of the subject when they passed an act for the suppression of betting-houses?"

As if gambling in any degree were not wrong, and drinking beer in moderation were not right. The MR. FORSTER alluded to was a publican; he and the rest of his trade had better look out, or the Preterchristian Teefactotallers will, some of these fine evenings, get a Maine Law Liquor Bill, for depriving the poor man of his beer, slipped through Parliament just as the Sabbatarian Act was last Session. The serious merrymen—the grave jesters—of the present House of Commons, are just the gentlemen to pass any bill imposing a restraint on personal liberty—for fun.

## A Natural Delusion.

It is said that a noble Earl has ordered the removal of every mirror from his town and country mansions. He has declared to his physician that he cannot glance in a looking-glass without beholding the ugliest of Russians. His case has excited great sympathy in the peace circle. MESSRS. BRIGHT, COBDEN, GIBSON, and GLADSTONE—especially GLADSTONE—leave their cards daily.

## THE LOSS OF KERTCH.

TO GLADSTONE.

THE Russians a reverse have had,  
And lost some territory,  
GLADSTONE, thou canst no more be glad:  
For glad, I'll call thee sorry.

So now, according to the Church  
By PUSEY as expounded,  
Do penance for the loss of Kertch,  
And Muscovites confounded.

We drove them to destroy their corn,  
And made them burn their shipping;  
Therefore thy pate forthwith get shorn,  
—And give thyself a whipping.

One hundred of their merchantmen  
We have consumed with fire;  
In shirt of hair and sackcloth, then,  
Thy person straight attire.

Five of their vessels full of grain  
We've had the luck to capture,  
Wherefore from flesh thou shouldst abstain,  
Whilst we are filled with rapture.

More than a hundred cannon, too,  
We've taken; then what hinders  
That we sing cock-a-doodle-doo  
And thou lament in cinders?

One only cause I comprehend  
That thee can keep from fasting,  
'Tis that thou hast become a Friend,  
Traetarian habits casting.

Soon, I expect, thy gift of gab,  
Confused, but rather clever,  
That thou wilt exercise, in drab,  
Against all war whatever.

## ATTACHMENT TO PLACE IN ANIMALS.

SPEAKING of the Government buildings in Downing Street, the *Times* quotes a Report from the Board of Works in the terms ensuing:—

"That the walls having been cut through to form communications, are weakened; and that there are considerable 'settlements' the effect of which has only been counteracted by the use of iron ties, suspension rods and shoring. They further state that the principal apartments of the Foreign Office are unsafe, and have to be supported by shores whenever used for large parties; that a subsidence has taken place in the foundation of that part of the building where the Cabinet Councils are held, and other circumstances equally ominous with regard to the residence of the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY and CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

Considering how many members of recent Cabinets have changed their opinions in the course of their lives, we wonder that we have not seen more rats running away from the falling houses in Downing Street.

## A Genuine Diplomatist.

We can no longer give credit to our American brethren for attaching no importance to names, for they have selected as one of their ambassadors an individual who has been clearly chosen because his name represents the exact idea of diplomacy. America can never celo the inquiry "What's in a name?" without being liable to be reminded that she sent to Spain as a diplomatist no other than GENERAL DODGE.

## THE GANYMEDE OF POTSDAM.

LORD PALMERSTON may be justly denominated the Judicious Bottle holder, but the title of the Injudicious Bottle-holder is equally applicable to the KING OF PRUSSIA'S butler.



BEFORE PAYING HER RESPECTS AT ST. JAMES'S.



AFTER PAYING HER RESPECTS AT ST. JAMES'S.

### GLUT OF SUBURBAN NEWSPAPERS.

HITHERTO the suburban press has been limited to a few fitful efforts to give Lambeth a Gazette and Kensington a weekly newspaper, whose leading articles have occasionally consisted of a desperate attempt to give an impetus to local commerce by puffing the cheap wares of some resident tradesman. Now that newspapers are to be published without a stamp, every little outskirts is rushing headlong into newspaper notoriety. We shall no doubt have the *Chelsea Times* gushing over with antiquarian reminiscences of the Chelsea Bun, and the *Islington Herald* attempting to get up an interest in St. Chad's Well, and turn Gray's Inn Lane into a fashionable Watering Place.

The *Bayswater Advertiser* will probably spring into existence with its foreign correspondent at Shepherd's Bush; its musical critic for the Concerts at the Red Lion; its own reporter at Notting Hill; and all the other appendages of a regular newspaper.

Already has Clapham plunged into the literary stream, and gone head over heels into a not very profound affair, called the *Clapham Mercury*. The preliminary number of this new journal has reached our hands, and we find it is not so selfish as to serve the interests of Clapham alone, but it is also to be the organ of "Wandsworth, Battersea, Streatham, Tooting, and Putney." By the way, we would ask what has our poor little pet, Mitcham, been about to have deserved this pointed exclusion of her name from the great South Suburban Commonwealth. Why should Wandsworth and her flats, Battersea and her bulrushes, Streatham and her dusty ravines, Tooting and her sharp turnings, or Putney and her eel pies be dignified by a representative in the public press, while Mitcham and her monotony are left without an organ?

The *Clapham Mercury* promises much by its prospectus, and takes for its motto "Knowledge is Power!" though it is difficult to say what "knowledge" can be picked up exclusively at Clapham, or what "power" can be brought to bear on one of the purest beadledoms that ever flourished. The *Clapham Mercury* is pledged, by its prospectus, to a large variety of purposes, for it will "promote progress," by which is signified, no doubt, the quickening of the 'husses on the Clapham Road, and will "cultivate the chivalrous sentiments of olden times," by getting up probably an order of the Knights of Balham Hill, to call forth all the dormant chivalry of Clapham. Another pur-

pose of the *Mercury* is to encourage "the manly sport of hunting (within bounds)," though the sport will lose much of its interest if it is to be confined within such "bounds" as the limits of Clapham would render requisite. Hunting within bounds is something like fishing within water-butts; or racing within box-bordered gravel walks and flower beds.

We do not wish to be severe upon our infantine contemporary, the *Clapham Mercury*, which is at present scarcely out of the egg-shell, and is the merest chicken of the press; but we shall be happy to hail the strange bird when it comes out into full feather.

### THE CRUSH ROOMS AT ST. JAMES'S.

ANOTHER Drawing-room is about to take place at St. James's Palace, and another scene of crowding and crushing into the presence of Royalty will of course have to be enacted. We really wonder that the peers and peeresses manage to appear decently before the QUEEN; for if it happens to be a collar day, the collars must be fearfully rumpled, and many a lady must find herself decked in more ribbons than she bargained for by having her dress torn into the article in question. It is matter for some surprise that the affair does not assume all the incidents of a theatrical squeeze, and that cat-calls, whistles, and other signals, are not introduced by the parties to enable them to keep up a communication with each other in the QUEEN'S corridors, as they do on the Victoria staircase in the New Cut.

It could not excite much surprise if an aristocratic family, whose members might be separated in the crush at a Drawing-room, were to adopt the method of crying out to each other by their Christian names; and if shouts of "Holloa! SARAH!" or among the male branches, the more familiar shouts of "Ho! BILL!" or "Come on, JACK!" were to be heard in the Royal ante-chambers.

We feel satisfied that after the notice that has been called to this subject, some arrangements will be made for removing the Drawing-rooms to the more spacious apartments of Buckingham Palace "over the way."

A PRUSSIAN SAMPLER.—The KING OF PRUSSIA is learning Berlin wool work. At present, he has got no further than dropping "four points."



DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



## ORDERS.

At the first reception given by PRINCE NAPOLEON at the Palace Royal, we learn the gratifying fact that among the company "DOCTOR VERON and the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK were the most remarked, in consequence of the profusion of Orders which encumbered their breasts." Surely not encumbered. Encumbered is a vile phrase. Gentle reporter, henceforth say illustrated—enlightened—emblazoned—illuminated: anything but encumbered. Surely there is the want of another Order, the greatest of all, namely, the Order really suggested by MOMUS: the Order of the Pane of Glass. MOMUS, the profound and philosophic, the very depths of his laughter being unfathomable, proposed that every man should wear a window in his breast that his neighbour might see what was passing in his heart. Could this be done, there is no doubt that many of the glazed would very soon, if they might, put up the shutters. But with distinguished statesmen and illustrious warriors like the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK the Crystal Order, the Order of the Pane of Glass would be of especial use, for by its means the exterior world might contemplate and rejoice in the knowledge of the beauty and goodness of the inward workings of the man,—workings that had made his glazed bosom rich and sparkling as jeweller's window.

To leave the Orders of the Palace for the Orders of the Playhouse. CHARLES LAMB has written one of his pleasantest, and most sententious essays on the sound uses of the order theatrical. He has played with the subject gently, gracefully as a kitten plays with a ball of thread. But the days of playhouse orders are passed! The "cheap defence" of bad pieces and bad actors no longer exists; and however bald (or FITZRALD) the play, however dull (that is KEAN) the actor,—the baldness and the dullness have but little paper support *within* the playhouse. No; they depend upon their own demerits for their measure of success, and obtain the measure accordingly. We have now a Prima Donna—price sixpence! and wherefore? "To give a musical treat to suit all classes of society and to prevent the soliciting of orders." There is something a little too hard in this, but the point is—the prevention complete, certain. A real Italian Drury-lane Prima Donna, price sixpence! Shade of CATALANI! Were we ourselves *prime donne* we verily believe that, like skylarks, we would rather sing—singing in that blue gallery of the heavens!—for nothing. Price sixpence! We shudder at the prospect; for, who knows, we may have (and dear at the money) a *Cardinal Wolsey* at *Only a Halfpenny*?

There can be no doubt of it, there was great corruption in the old, old system of orders; but then, like the old corruption of boroughs—as now emphatically insisted upon—it was not without redeeming goodness. By means of rotten boroughs—did not the elephantine ELLENBOROUGH only a few nights since, declare the fact?—the services of able members were insured to the country: men, with neither means nor feelings to contest big, bellowing, hungry constituencies. In like manner, the playhouse order very often insured the attendance of the judicious friend, with no means or no intention to pay his ready money at the door. A touching illustration of the truth of this arises to our memory.

It is well known—for which reason, it may be, MR. DISRAËLI has not condescended to speak to it—that the Caucasian mind, in its large comprehensiveness, is singularly open to an Order—we mean, a playhouse order. The wealthiest of Hebrews, with emeralds big almost as cricket-balls upon their active fingers, have not disdained the small amenity that bears in printed characters—"Admit Two.—Pit." But we will begin, in received form, our little narrative.

—It is now five-and-twenty years ago, since an individual of Caucasian aspect was seen, anxiously eyeing the comers-in and goes-out of that temple of the drama,—Drury-Lane Theatre. The Caucasian—for why should we deal in mystery—sought an order. He had often sought it in the same place, and often been happily rewarded. And now he accosts many, and is rebuked and refused by not a few. At length his features lighten up, like brass-plate of door in the sudden sun; for he beholds a brother of the Circassian race, ISAAQ SOLOMONS, *basso*—of growing honour in the dramatic temple aforesaid. "SOLOMONS," cried our hero, "SOLOMONS, my poy, give us a horder." SOLOMONS sternly and steadily refused! "Give us a horder, SOLOMONS:" and still SOLOMONS was inexorable. "Vot! you vont give us a horder! You vont?" SOLOMONS, though followed and pressed by his brother Caucasian, would not vouchsafe the order. "Wery vell, then! You vont give a horder! Werry vell, then, I'll pay my monish, SOLOMONS: I'll pay my monish: and, SOLOMONS, my poy—if you hears hanybody hiss, you may know who it *his*, SOLOMONS." And the Caucasian went his way; and a legend tells us—when evening came, and SOLOMONS, the *basso*, had sung his first song—that Caucasian was as good and as bad as his word.

## University Education.

A STUDENT at Trinity College, Dublin, upon being asked at the last examination what were the Symbols of War, replied unhesitatingly: "Them tin things that the black man used to play with the big drum."

## A NIGHTINGALE IN THE CAMP.

THE men before Sebastopol! a more heroic host  
There never stood, in hardship and in peril, at their post.  
The foremost of those warriors 'twere a famous thing to be!  
And there the first among them goes, if thou hast eyes to see.

'Tis not the good LORD RAGLAN, nor yet the great OMAR,  
No, nor the fierce PELISSIER, though thunderbolts of war.  
Behold the soldier who in worth excels above the rest;  
That English maiden yonder is our bravest and our best.

Brave men, so called, are plentiful: the most of men are brave.  
So, truly, are the most of dogs, who reck not of a grave;  
Their valour's not self-sacrifice, but simple want of heed;  
But courage, in a woman's heart, is bravery indeed.

And there is Mercy's Amazon, within whose little breast  
Burns the great spirit that has dared the fever and the pest.  
And she has grappled with grim Death, that maid so bold and meek:  
There is the mark of battle fresh upon her pallid cheek.

That gallant gentle lady the Camp would fain review;  
Throughout the Chief escorts her with such honour as is due.  
How many a prayer attends on her, how many a blessing greets!  
How many a glad and grateful eye among that host she meets!

Now goes she to look forth upon the Enemy's stronghold.  
O damsel, when its story shall in after times be told,  
When not a stone of that thieves' den shall rest upon a stone,  
No name shall with its memory live longer than thine own.

Among the world's great women thou hast made thy glorious mark;  
Men will hereafter mention make of thee with JOAN OF ARC:  
And fathers, who relate the MAID OF SARAGOSSA'S tale,  
Will tell their little children, too, of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

## A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

WE find in the *Examiner* a paragraph which we think deserves the widest possible publicity, and we therefore willingly accord it a place in *Punch*:

"It only wants to be known to be responded to that the mother of LIEUTENANT WAGHORN (now in her 84th year) is at present in extreme poverty, the little competency she had having been advanced to her son, and lost in his great national undertaking, the Overland Route to India. A subscription has been opened at the Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill, on her behalf."

HAD LIEUTENANT WAGHORN been connected with the public service, and thereby lived a life of little service to the public, his mother might with reason have applied for Government assistance. But as her son was merely a national benefactor, she can of course adduce no precedent for a pension.

It is not charity, however, but simply justice we would ask for her. The "little competency" she possessed having been expended for the good of the Nation, she clearly has a claim upon the Nation for repayment; and if only a penny could be taken from each one of us in England who have profited in purse or person by the Overland Route, the account we are sure would be more than balanced. With a widow, "now in her eighty-fourth year," it is hard under any circumstances to have to couple "extreme poverty;" but under those we have alluded to, the case has somewhat of injustice in it also. We are convinced therefore that the reader who admits this claim on him for conscience-money, will hasten at once to clear himself from debt and obey the popular injunction to "Go to Jerusalem" by taking a cab and not a caravan.

## GRAND WRESTLING MATCH AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

A WRESTLING match of a novel and interesting character came off on the staircase of St. James's Palace on the day of the Drawing-room. The competitors were the LADY HONORIA HUSTLER, familiarly known as the Belgravian Pet, and the HONOURABLE MRS. CRUSHER, distinguished in fashionable circles as the Tyburnian Chicken. The match was commenced cautiously by the HONOURABLE MRS. CRUSHER, who cleverly grasped her antagonist by the skirt, but no advantage was gained, for the LADY HONORIA HUSTLER threw her off with great adroitness, and making considerable play with both her arms, planted them with damaging effect against the ribs of her competitor. The Tyburnian Chicken showed herself remarkably game; for, though disconcerted for a moment, she threw herself heavily on the Pet, and, driving her into the rear, succeeded in gaining the foremost position. The Chicken now had it all her own way; and making a final effort succeeded in throwing the Pet with much force down three stairs, when her fall was broken by the crowd of supporters on all sides of the combatants.



### CONSEQUENCES OF THE ADMISSION OF DISSENTERS INTO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

*Head of House.* "PRAY SIR, MAY I ASK WHY YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDING CHAPEL?"

*Sir Liabed Rattlecash.* "WHY SIR! THE FACT IS—AW—THAT—I—AW—HAVE BECOME A DISSENTER."

### RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

*How HER MAJESTY'S Commissariat were employed in the Island of ROUTINE.*

- SOME made black white, just throwing dust into people's eyes.
- Others drove baggage-waggons with dead horses, and thereby arrived in excellent time.
- Others purified water with mud, and cleansed sick rooms without chloride of lime.
- Others made coffee in homb-shells, boiling it without fuel.
- Others fleeced everybody, and sent the wool to the DUKE OF —LE,
- O the dainty senders of coals to Newcastle!
- Others took pickaxes turned up at both ends, and thereby did hew out vast roads.
- Others kept their feet warm, by selling boots without soles.
- Others out of promises did feed empty bellies, and out of tender regard gave the sick no medicine. Neither did those who died complain afterwards.
- Others packed quinine in pickle-bottles, and salt pork in pill-boxes, neither did the men over-eat themselves with the latter.
- I saw a cook, who did make a pound of meat into twenty ounces, and who did make pea-soup without peas, did flavour the sauce without seasoning, and did make all things out of nothing, and nothing out of all things.
- Others speared the enemy without bayonets, and bombarded walls with pillow-cases.
- Some looked out from afar with telescopes, and took sights at those who advised them to go nearer.
- Others made great coats for summer wear, and warmed themselves in winter by peeling their fingers in the snow.
- Others gave orders for what could not be obtained, and others kept back what could—and much the men got by it.

### AN INTERMINABLE FRENCH PLAY.

THE French dramatists are determined to make up for any deficiency in the quality of their dramas by an excess of quantity. A piece is now in preparation which is to comprise a period of about 2,000 years, and which is to occupy about four nights in the performance. This very prolix production is to be called *Paris*, and is to commence with the time of JULIUS CÆSAR, who is to be one of the principal characters in some few of the early acts.

It is to be presumed that the public will be allowed to remain at the theatre and occupy the private boxes as sleeping-rooms—which, by the way, is sometimes the case when the performance lasts for only a few hours, instead of occupying the best part of a week. An attendant of the theatre will probably be employed to go round for the boots placed at the box-doors, after the fall of the curtain at midnight; and shaving water will be brought round in the morning to enable the audience to get up and dress by the time the next act begins. The milkman will probably call on the pit at about 6 p.m., and hot coffee may be had, perhaps, at the stalls, by the usual breakfast hour.

Considering the high price of lodgings in Paris during the Exhibition, it will really be cheaper to take a box at the theatre for the few days which the new piece will occupy in performance; and opportunity may be taken to run out between the acts, for the purpose of seeing what else may be worth seeing in the Capital, besides the drama which bears its name. No prices of admission can be considered very exorbitant at a theatre where one is entitled to spend nearly a whole week in witnessing a single play.

The idea of uniting an hotel and a theatre—the seats at the latter being allowed to serve the purpose of the apartments at the former, is an exceedingly good one; and if the charges for refreshments are only moderate, the speculation will no doubt meet with very general patronage. The seats should of course be cushioned sufficiently to serve the purpose of beds for the audience; and there should be time enough allowed for meals, between the acts. If these arrangements are well carried out, the plan will, in all probability, be exceedingly popular.

### A Connubial Conundrum.

WHICH is of greater value, prythee say,  
The Bride or Bridegroom?—must the truth be told?  
Alas, it must! The Bride is given away—  
The Bridegroom 'a often regularly sold.

I saw two officers, one of whom disputed as to whether it were best to do much by leaving it alone, the other stoutly maintaining that it were better wait to see what others did.

I saw some who did stoutly and reverentially fall down and worship a huge beast named ROUTINE, the same beast having the body of a sloth, the snout of a swine, and the ears of an ass. Unto him they sacrifice men and things, and did waste time in following one another by staying behind.

Others went forward by standing still, and others remained behind by letting others go forward.

In a word, I saw jobbers, truck-workers, contractors, wooden spoons, muffs, mulls, culls, abstractors, shavers, placemen, nepotists, promoters, crabs that did walk on one foot, dealers in old clothes, sweaters, and the like, all of whom did thoroughly muddle, mess, confuse, obfuscate, dustify, disturb, agitate, hold back, fret, worry, cajole, cheat, outstrip, compliment, besoop, hepraise, one another, by the which they did produce a mighty pother, confusion, and mismanagement, and did make war out of peace and peace out of war, and yet neither, and did feed the sick with starvation, clothe the naked with promises, and heal the sick with filthiness. And this was all out of duty to the great beast ROUTINE!

### The Churchyard and the Faculty.

In the Consistory Court, last week, an application was made for a faculty to take up the head and foot-stones in the burial ground of St. Paul, Covent Garden, which has been closed for interments, and to lay them flat. The proper Faculty to lay the gravestones down, we should think, is that Faculty which probably occasioned the majority of them to be set up.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—It is so called, to distinguish those who go the entire Maine, from those who stop when they're only "half-seas over."



## THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.



See that MR. CHADWICK gives a fearful account of the alarming power of the female school-teachers of the Government Schools of Art. He has been informed—he avouches the fact in his last pamphlet—

“The females have been so far advanced in mental power and influence as to have been lost to the service by matrimonial engagements obtained with exceeding rapidity. To avoid these losses plainer candidates were selected for training, but they too have obtained preference as wives to a perplexing extent.”

Even as when a country is grievously taxed by war, the standard of the recruit is lowered; so, when the demand rises for accomplished wives, must the scale of loveliness be altered, that the governess should not be speedily lost in the bride. One cheering fact, however, we learn from the above. Beauty is a secondary consideration. Roses and lilies are very well, but mental power and influence, arising from the education of the higher qualities, will carry it in the contest for husbands. “Plainer candidates” are made so attractive, so beautiful by these qualities, that they too obtain a preference over mere prettiness to “a perplexing extent.” Let ANNA MARIA ponder this as she pulls back her hair à l’impératrice—let JOSEPHINE dwell upon it, as she pins the back of her nominal bonnet to her nominal head,—lest without that pin the head be shown as bare without as haply it is here within. Why should young women desirous of being about to marry, pay their money for an honourable introduction to a swindler HYMEN for an apocryphal husband, when, if they only resolved to study the True and Beautiful they would—on the faith of MR. CHADWICK—obtain mates “with exceeding rapidity,” and, in as far as concerns the Government, “to a perplexing extent.”

## ECONOMY AT THE EXPENSE OF LABOUR.

THE subjoined bill has been sent to us with the information that it is now in course of being circulated through the trade—we presume, the Slop-trade:—

“The unmanufactured portion of the Stock in Trade of the late firm of H—, H—, AND B—, has been finished, and will be ready for sale on Wednesday, the 30th instant.

“Advantage has been taken of the depressed condition of the Labour Market to secure a superior style of work, at ordinary rates of wages.

“SHIRTS,

“WOMEN’S AND CHILDREN’S UNDER CLOTHING,

“MEN’S AND BOYS’ CLOTHING,

“NECK TIES,

“BRACES, BELTS, PURSES, &c.”

The foregoing document is anonymous, which is not surprising; for though we see that some party has had the meanness to be the author of it, we can hardly conceive any party having also the shamelessness to put his name to it. The mean party does not merely state that he has had the advantage of a cheap labour market, but that he has taken advantage of that market’s depressed state. Perhaps in some future circular he will oblige us by describing the means by which he has taken that advantage—how he has contrived to squeeze the maximum, or superior style of work out of the unhappy seamstresses at the minimum, or ordinary rates of wages—how he has put the screw on, and how wrenched it.

We should recommend this individual, whoever he is, to relinquish the cheap salesman’s business for that of the Cheap-Jack—having his shop-front adorned with a lively representation of a distressed needle-woman with her nose to the grindstone; himself standing at the portal of his establishment, and inviting the passers-by to avail themselves of its “advantages” in an oration of this sort:—“Hoy, hoy, hoy!—here you are!—Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, and inspect our extensive stock. Here’s your first-rate DIVES Shirts, manufactured by the beggar’s daughter; superior style of work at ordinary rates of wages—DIVES Shirts of the finest linen! Here’s your slap-up Under-clothing, Ladies; under-clothes at under-price, the astonishing results of under-wages and over-work.—Here’s your cheap and splendid under-clothing for your upper classes! Necessity makes shift. Here’s your gents’ prime and elegant toggery and young gents’ ditto, of all sorts and sizes, manufactured by a squad of tailors on half-pay, in consequence of the war! Here’s your Starvation Neck-ties for the Italian Opera; here’s your Bread-and-water Braces, your Perspiration Belts, and Patent, Superior, Out-and-out Pauper-wove Purses. Hoy, hoy, hoy!” &c. &c.

In adopting this popular mode of effecting a sale of his cheap goods, we should recommend the party to stay where he is, and not transfer his establishment elsewhere.

## BARONETS OUT OF PLACE.

A RATHER funny letter, signed R. BROUN, BART., has appeared in the *Morning Post*. This epistle is addressed to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and its object is to complain of “the manner in which the Court Newsman prepares the published list of the Nobility and Gentry attending HER MAJESTY’S Levees,” which “is calculated to depreciate the dignity and status of Baronets in the estimation of society, both at home and abroad; and” SIR R. BROUN continues—

“As this officer is, I believe, connected with the department in the Royal Household, of which your Lordship is the head, I take the liberty to draw your attention to the subject in the hope that you will be pleased to give the instructions necessary to redress the same.”

The subject which SIR R. BROUN wishes the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to give the instructions necessary to redress—a puzzle, apparently, for the noble Lord—is a grievance inflicted on Baronets by the Court Newsman, in placing their names after those of Barons—such Barons “as now exist in every continental state as plentiful as cockchaffers,” and “who as a class are an inferior degree of lesser Nobility, being equal to an English Esquire of the third class.”

We are not very well up, we confess, in our footmanities; which may account for our ignorance of the fact of a classification of Esquires. From SIR R. BROUN we learn that there are at least three classes of the squirearchy; which, therefore, resembles a train of carriages in another respect than that of partaking largely of a wooden quality. However continental Barons correspond to third class passengers in the squirearchical train; but, affirms our baronet—

“Nevertheless in the published list of the company attending a recent levee, the Court Newsman interposes Barons between Honourables and Baronets; and under the former category he gives rank and precedence to BARONS DE GOLDSMID, and DR PALMEIRA, and DR ROEBECK, over all the Coronets of the three kingdoms.”

One of these Barons, says SIR R. BROUN, is also a British Baronet, although—

“He in ignorance, no doubt, of his real rank and position in the British monarchy, degrades the same by using an inferior Continental title which places him on a similar level with BARON STULTZ, the tailor, or any other person who may think proper to spend 200 ducats—i. e. something less than £100—for such an honour.”

It may be perhaps unpleasant to SIR R. BROUN to see his name in print under that of BARON STULTZ, or BARON NATHAN; but a Barony of the realm is a higher rank than that of a Baronetcy; and it must be difficult for the Court Newsman to distinguish between one Baron and another.

“A Baron in his courtly trim,  
A noble Baron is to him,  
And nothing less or more.”

By separating the British from the foreign Barons, and placing the latter after Esquires of the second class, which would be the proper place for them, according to SIR R. BROUN, he might perhaps involve his Royal Mistress in hostilities with one of those mighty German potentates who create these barons; some Prince who exalted the tailor or the moneylender thus insulted to the baronial dignity, for £99 19s. 11½d.

## ALONE IN HIS GLORY.

IN the advertisement of a Rural Concert, we saw, the other day, the name of a gentleman advertised as

“PRINCIPAL SOLO VIOLINIST OF HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.”

Considering that there is nobody at Her Majesty’s Theatre to listen to any Violinist (solo or otherwise), the individual who now exercises the office must be indeed a *famulico per la musica*.

We should be glad to have an opportunity of hearing the professor within the empty walls to which he is devoting his talents. We should like to see the programme of one of his performances, which no doubt give every opportunity for the most conscientious rendering of the composer by this singularly scrupulous executant. If we may be allowed to suggest a *morceau* for his performance, we would propose the Ode to Silence, with an appropriate accompaniment played on no string at all, by way of a sort of improvement on the achievements of PAGANINI and others upon one string of the instrument.

## The New Water Rate

*That is to be laid on to every Englishman’s House, Public or Private.*

“If you please, Sir, there’s a gentleman down below that’s called from the United Kingdom Alliance, and he says, Sir, that since they’ve got the Liquor Law in their hands, he’s come to turn on the Maine.”

LATEST FROM BEDLAM.

We have received the following from our Insane Reporter:

Why is the EMPEROR ALEXANDER like LORD CARDIGAN?—Because he’s a new CZAR (*an hussar*).

HOW MR. POPPLEWIT ENJOYED (?) A DAY'S ROOK SHOOTING.—PART I.



UNACCUSTOMED AS HE IS TO CROSSBOW SHOOTING, MR. POPPLEWIT DISCOVERS IT IS SOMEWHAT STIFFER WORK THAN HE EXPECTED,



AND RATHER MORE JARRING TO HIS NERVES THAN IS AGREEABLE;



HE THEREFORE EXCHANGES A FRIEND FOR A RIFLE, AND TAKING AIM AS STEADILY AS HIS STATE OF MIND WILL LET HIM—



— SUCCEEDS AT ALL EVENTS IN BRINGING DOWN SOMETHING.



HIS NEXT ATTEMPT IS MORE SUCCESSFUL: BUT THE BIRD IN FALLING



RATHER DISCONCERTS MR. POPPLEWIT,

“THE WARMEST WELCOME AT AN INN.”

SIR GEORGE GREY, waited upon by a deputation of the Tavern-keepers, gave our hosts the best and kindest advice. MR. BORRELL, chairman of the Association, boldly put it to SIR GEORGE (the Right Hon. Bart. is, of course, a member of the Athenæum) asking—“Did not Club-houses keep open on Sundays, in which the same things that Tavern-keepers supplied were used?”

SIR GEORGE made answer.—“Only to members of the Clubs. You might invite your friends, and entertain them.”

Is not this a great opening for hospitable Publicans? it is quite right that the forlorn



AND PUTS AN END TO HIS DAY'S SHOOTING BY ITS EFFECT UPON HIS EYE AND SPECTACLES.

party with neither interest nor means to assure himself election to a Club, where he may take his ease, his wine, brandy, and cigars into the bargain, during the otherwise prohibited hours of Sunday,—it is socially right and equitably just that this benighted creature should not be permitted, even with the shillings in his pocket, to give his orders at the “Cat-and-Bagpipes,” although at the same time the HON. MR. FITZCHICK with his friend, young SPOONS, may enjoy the weed at the Parnassus. What then? asks SIR GEORGE GREY. May you not be hospitable? Tavern-keepers and Publicans as you are, may you not invite your friends? May you not stand treat, opening your hearts, although keeping up your shutters? The logic is conclusive.

Esculapius's Rod.

It may be fairly inquired whether the regulations of the Army and Navy in regard to the surgeons of either of the two services can be with reason expected to provide either the one or the other with any medical staff much preferable to the old gold-headed cane.

Conjugal Candour.

“Oh! I've no patience with my husband, my dear. He's such a Silly! Would you believe it? but he went to the Town Hall last night to hear MOZART'S *Requiem*, and he put a quantity of wool into his ears, because he was afraid of catching cold.”



GLADSTONE'S LULLABY.

### PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE House of Commons, having relieved itself of its terror of a Dissolution, departed cheerfully for the Whitsun holidays, and, re-assembling on Monday, the 4th of June, resumed the discussion of the War in a very different spirit, and in the tone of philosophic calmness which people adopt when discussing the affairs of other folks. Nothing, in fact, could be much more stupid than the majority of the speeches which have been delivered during this supplementary discussion, which was protracted all through the week. *Ab ovo usque ad malum*, that is to say, from MR. MILNER GIBSON'S egg-otistic opening of the debate on Monday, to LORD PALMERSTON'S "bad" speech on terminating it on Friday, there were very few harangues which would have been tolerated in any assembly of intellect superior to that of the House.

The only excuse *Mr. Punch* can find for the halting orators of the week is, that the respected Speaker, being unfortunately lame, absented himself, and the House, out of a delicate sympathy with the Right Hon. Gentleman, delivered nothing but lame speeches. *Mr. Punch* is not going to waste his precious space in immortalising the discussion, though MR. DISRAELI did say that this debate would be regarded as one of the most important in our annals, a natural and pardonable delusion in him, inasmuch as he has enlightened the Senate with four or five speeches in the course of the affair. A few only of the Parliamentary flies will be preserved in the Punchovian amber. Be it remarked, that at the outset, LORD PALMERSTON declared that the Viennese farce was finally and formally concluded; the "door" which he has been keeping open is shut and locked, and the key has been flung by *Mr. Punch* into Sebastopol, where the Allies can pick it up at their leisure, after the capture of the place.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH vindicated his intellectual reputation by showing that, though a philosopher, he could come out valiantly at need. He declared that we were not only to repress Russian aggression, but to punish the offence of Russia, who was a burglar and a murderer. And he added, in scorn of the pitiful Peelite whining about respecting the dignity of Russia, that the Allies "having been compelled to draw the sword, and having expended in this War a vast amount of treasure, and sacrificed so many valuable lives, the chief reason for abating their demands no longer existed; they were entitled to stand upon their rights, and, if they thought proper, to increase their demands in proportion to the continuance of the War, and the success of their arms." Shall MOLESWORTH have a statue? That is a question for consideration hereafter. But, if he gets a statue, let these lines be placed upon the pedestal. In the meantime, *Mr. Punch* has rendered them imperishable.

MR. COBDEN spoke against the war, and intimated much aristocratic contempt for the "pot-house politicians," who denounced the enemy of England and of liberty. To prevent mistakes, it should be mentioned that the individuals thus stigmatised by this haughty patrician, are the same persons who, when he was gallantly overthrowing the Corn-laws, were the "intelligent operatives, who, assembling at evening for refreshment, joined in denouncing the class that taxed their loaf." MR. COBDEN also thought proper to make a very impertinent reference to the private friendship of two ladies, whose husbands discharge public duties, and this was a very small and unworthy sneer, almost as small and unworthy as its pretended explanation (given in club windows) with

reference to a third lady's involuntary absence from certain fashionable parties.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM completed the measure of his abasement by a dismal speech, in which he declared that the war ought to end, for we had got all that we wanted, and that the honour of Russia ought to be considered. He admitted that when in office, he had made the limitation of the Russian navy one of his demands, but said he had not intended that the demand should be adhered to, and now that he was out of office, he felt that it was unjust.

SIDNEY HERBERT took the same view, but his nature revolted against the humiliation which GRAHAM and GLADSTONE did not mind, and he was specially indignant at the idea of its being believed that he was a party to a wilfully inefficient prosecution of the war. *Mr. Punch* is willing to believe that SIDDY (who has many merits) did all that stronger men would allow him to do.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL tried to get rid of the debate altogether, but failed, as he now usually does, in most things which he attempts.

MR. BRIGHT made a pugnacious speech for peace, and bewailed the heavy taxation of the war, but *Mr. Punch*, holding all MR. BRIGHT'S premises to be rotten (he does not of course allude to his manufactory), all his arguments to be sophistical, and all his deductions to be ridiculous, is bound to say that the tone and manner of his speech was worthy of the occasion, and in strong contrast to the littleness of his protégé MR. COBDEN.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL delivered one of his rattling, smashing philippics. SIR ALEXANDER earned office by a speech in the Pacifico debate in 1850, in which he dashed at the great founder of Peelism, and with merciless sarcasms castigated his apparently insincere policy, and in 1855 *Mr. Punch* finds COCKBURN equally delighted to do the same kind office by the Peelites, whom he charged with trying to make the war unpopular, in the hope that the country might be discontented with it and with the Ministry, and that office might again open to themselves.

FINALLY, MR. DISRAELI delivered one of the four or five speeches which he thinks will make this debate so memorable, a point on which *Mr. Punch* has signified a slight dissent, and then LORD PALMERSTON, having discharged himself of a common-places, but loud-mouthed harangue, the best point in which was his telling the Peacemongers that most people thought they ought to be in Bedlam, the House was seized with a unanimous fit, and came to a resolution (BARING'S, but with the head cut off):—

"That the war should go on vigorously."

And perhaps this is a more satisfactory "tag" to the comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing* than the country had expected. It is gratifying to think that SIR E. LYONS and LORD RAGLAN are acting as if they had foreseen the decision of the British Senate.

Having thus summed up the great business of the week, *Mr. Punch* has only to add that the Maynooth squabble was renewed on Wednesday—and vituperation was duly exchanged between Protestants and Catholics until it was time to adjourn.

In the Casino nothing has been done worth remark, except that the Newspaper Stamp Bill has been passed. Henceforth, people may stamp or not as they like, pirate as much as they please, and need give no securities against publishing slander and scurrility, unless they wish to stamp. It is well that the public should understand the exact position in which the utmost exertions of senatorial wisdom have now placed and left the Newspaper Press.

### BETTY MARTIN'S COW.

THE *Elgin Courier* makes the following assertion:—

A CURIOUS FACT.—A Cow was killed in our shambles on Wednesday last, belonging to MR. RUSSELL, flesher, and a shoemaker's awl was found embedded in her heart. It had not the handle, but the awl was entire; and we shall leave veterinary surgeons and others to explain how the awl got there, and how Crummy could have thriven so well, and given so much milk with steel in so vital a part of her body."

"The awl was entire." Very likely: in which case should not the word have been spelt a-l-l? It is not, perhaps, too much to suggest that the awl in the heart of the live cow may have been "all my eye."

### A Deluge of Nonsense.

THE Maine Liquor Law is only an American dodge to pluck the trident out of BRITANNIA'S hand, and to institute in its stead a teaspoon; for if our Yankee Teetotalers succeed in passing their stupid Law in this country, how can BRITANNIA boast for the future of ruling the Main?

PUNCH'S LITTLE WARBLER.—The nightingale sings from the throat, and, more than that, it never sings unless it feels in the "jug-jug"ular vein.

## REFORMATORY FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.



idea, for it is suggested that "a boy should be kept at the School for a considerable time, as it is obviously impossible to effect a moral reformation within a limited period." Considering the tendency we have in the present day to make pets of our criminal population, we wonder there is not a proposal to send our young thieves to genteel boarding schools. We shall scarcely be surprised to find our criminal code so far altered in conformity with the spirit

NOT very long ago we called attention to the advertisement of a strong minded "mamma," who was anxious to place a little girl who "gave her trouble" under the charge of some Ogre in the shape of a School-mistress; a "Bogie," to terrify the infant into a state of subordination ending possibly in a result that would prevent her from giving any further "trouble" to any one. Perhaps it was this advertisement that suggested the idea of a School for "Young Troublesomes" of the superior class, whose Parents or Guardians it is supposed will "gladly avail themselves" of an Institution where it is proposed to collect those boys who, from some defect in their mental or moral constitution, have fallen into habits which, if not corrected, will inevitably lead to their "destruction." We presume it is intended to suggest to Parents and Guardians a species of genteel imprisonment for these unfortunate young gentlemen "whose friends are often at a loss how to dispose of them." The "stipulations" printed in the prospectus rather further this

of the age, that in a short time judges will be found sentencing pickpockets to four years' education at a Public School, while delinquents of a more advanced age, may be committed for three years to one of our Universities.

## THE GOVERNMENT HAUL OF PLACES.

It has been estimated by somebody that "in the army, navy, church, and colonies, the Government has 60,000 places to give away." According to the old dictum, then, that for every favour accorded you may reckon upon making out of every hundred persons ninety-nine your enemies, and the other one ungrateful, it is pretty clear that Government in the period of one year must, in exchange for the 60,000 places, be harassed by a host of not less than 60,000 ungrateful persons, besides being exposed to the assaults of some 5,940,000 enemies, making altogether a grand total of 6,000,000 persons, who are constantly arrayed in hostility against it. The wonder, therefore, is, not that the Whig Governments last for so short a time, but that they last even so long as they do. We are surprised that they are not turned out regularly once a year, and even oftener. The only remedy would be for the Whigs to keep the 60,000 places themselves, only we doubt if their party could muster (throwing them in all the GREYS and ELLIOTT'S) half such a numerous force throughout the United Kingdom. Perhaps the best plan would be for LORD JOHN, besides being a Minister, and an Ambassador, and a Member, and half a dozen things else, to fill the 60,000 places himself, and thus ensure the greatest amount of unanimity (and unity amongst the Whigs. But then there is another danger,—who could guarantee that LORD JOHN would screen himself from the acts of his own ingratitude, or that he would not turn out an enemy to himself? The safest expedient would be to abolish at least one half the places, keeping only those that were absolutely necessary, for Government may depend upon this truth in political warfare—the fewer the places, the fewer the enemies.

## THE FINALIST AND THE FATALIST.

## A Scene at Vienna.

"I had several conversations with the very intelligent and able ambassador of the Porte, and he protested against any article being entertained in the treaty by which the Porte should be called upon to renounce in any way her independence, and be made to depend upon the Christian Powers with regard to her own internal affairs."—LORD JOHN RUSSELL, *House of Commons, June 5.*

## CHARACTERS.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. AALI PASHA.  
THE PASHA'S INTERPRETER.

## Apartment of the Pasha.

*Lord John (entering).* Sail'em alike'em. (*Aside*) I know that's right. *Aali (smiling).* Alaikoom salaam. (*Conducts LORD JOHN to his seat.*) Hosh Geldin. [*Pipes and coffee are introduced. After some minutes,*

*Interpreter.* Is my Lord willing to commence the conversation?

*Lord John.* Yes, if it would be the polite thing, for I have smoked quite as much as is good for me, to say the least.

*Interpreter.* What shall I say for my Lord.

*Lord John.* Well, begin with some general remarks on the satisfactory character of our conferences, and express a hope that the negotiations may effect the desired result.

*Interpreter (translating).* The little English messenger compliments your Excellency on the excellence of your tobacco.

*Aali.* Why, if he likes it, does he grimace over it like a ghoul over an empty grave? Chabuk—get on.

*Interpreter.* My Lord, his Excellency reciprocates your sentiments, and fervently implores Allah that the objects the plenipotentiaries have in view may be accomplished, which he thinks they will be, mainly on account of your Lordship's wisdom.

*Lord John.* He is very kind, and I duly appreciate the compliment he is so good as to pay me, little as I may deserve it.

*Interpreter.* Some day, your Excellency, the small messenger hopes he shall see your Excellency at his poor house in London.

*Aali.* What does he think I should want to descend into that pit of Sheitân for? May his grandmother's wig be defiled.

*Interpreter.* His Excellency feels that though unworthy to be your Lordship's guest, he has now something to live for.

*Lord John.* Well, civilities apart, now to business. I want you to explain to his Excellency that, in consideration of the great trouble, expense, and loss which the Allies have incurred on behalf of Turkey, we expect that the SULTAN will enable us to say that Turkey shall be managed in a better fashion for the future, and that her law-courts, finances, and so on, will undergo administrative reform.

*Aali.* Will that fountain of muddy water bubble away forever? What does the Bosh-koku say? Speak—is your face blackened, dog?

*Interpreter.* Mashallah—Heaven forbid, your Excellency. I am but a spout before you, to convey the waters of that fountain, yet I fear to offend.

*Aali.* Beast of blackness, and ass of absurdity, speak. Do you presume to think that you are anything in our sight?

*Interpreter.* Mashallah, again, Excellency. The little man, from the nation of shopkeepers, would drive a bargain with our Sovereign Lord, the Father of all the Sovereigns of the Earth, the Refuge of the World, the Successor of the Prophet, the Shadow of—

*Aali.* Your feet thirst for the stick, nor shall they thirst in vain. What is his accursed offer?

*Interpreter.* May your slave quiet him with a word, and I will explain? (*To LORD JOHN*). His Excellency says, my Lord, that your She-king is a wise She-king, and that his Master is also wise, and that all shall be well; also that there is but one Allah, and Mahommed is his prophet.

*Lord John.* He is under a mistake in that last point, and I must lend him some of the works of my friend DR. CUMMING. But I am not bigotted, and I do not mind admitting that Mahommed was a leader of remarkable energy and genius, and that there are many passages of unexceptionable merit in the Koran.

*Aali.* We wait, dog. What was his demand?

*Interpreter.* Excellency, the small messenger intimates—on his head be the blame, not on mine—that the Infidels have done much for Turkey, and, in return, they wish that the management of the country,

especially the departments of the Ulemas and of the Dettardar, be altered.

*Aali.* Son of a burnt father, your stupidity must accuse him falsely. He looks valiant in a small way, but he has not that shameless audacity.

*Interpreter.* By the bells of Paradise, Excellency, I have laid his words at your feet.

*Lord John.* Do not press the theological question needlessly, my good man. I do not wish to hurt your master's feelings. But his answer to my requisition was rather general. I should be glad of a more distinct assent.

*Interpreter.* My Lord, his Excellency submits to you that the subject is a large and important one, and that its consideration may well be delayed until a future time.

*Aali.* You have told him to eat toads, dog?

*Interpreter.* The largest out of Jehanum, or in it, Excellency.

*Lord John.* This system of postponement, tell his Excellency, is one by no means conducive to the welfare of communities. I never postpone anything, except Reform Bills, the claims of the Jews, and other things which cannot be conveniently pressed.

*Aali.* What does he mumble?

*Interpreter.* Something about Jews, Excellency.

*Aali.* Are these his manners? What vulgarity is to follow? Pigs will probably proceed, next, out of his unseemly mouth—who knows? Bakalloom! tell him to wipe himself out of our eyes if he cannot behave like a gentleman.

*Interpreter.* His Excellency admits that your Lordship, as usual, speaks wisely, but one nation is in one place with its customs, and another nation is in another place with its customs, and the sky is above all, and what must be must be.

*Lord John.* I know that—*Che saru saru* is my family motto. But that is not the way to interpret it.

*Interpreter (siring up).* My Lord will look at my testimonials (*pulls out papers*). Here are certificates of my ability as an interpreter, signed by the greatest Lords in the world (*opens and displays them one after the other, with much fury*). Here is the great LORD SMITH, Lord of England, Beef-eater; and here is the LORD WALES OF JONES, Eater of Goats; and here is the great LORD SCOTCH, King of a million of Sulphur Mines; and here—

[*Proceeds to hand in about fifty papers, with similar Oriental appreciation of the social rank of their donors.*]

*Aali (surprised).* Wretched puddle, what devilish storm is stirring up your mud? We must lay that tempest with the wand of SOLOMON. Ho! the sticks of glory.

*Interpreter (tuning down and gathering up his papers).* Pardon, Excellency, but it was not in me to be silent when he said that your Excellency was a cow.

*Aali.* And would your dirty papers show that I am no cow, lying son of an uncomfortable jackass?

*Lord John (calmly).* Why are you producing those documents? It does not appear to me that his Excellency comprehends the reason more than I do.

*Interpreter (recovering himself and evading the subject).* Allah kerim! Heaven is merciful. My Lord, his Excellency hopes you have good health in your own country, and that all who are dear to you have the same, especially your brother the vigorous ABERDEEN, and your brother the violent PALMERSTON.

*Lord John.* O, they're well enough. But I want an answer. Will his Excellency undertake that Turkey shall be reformed, and may I write this home to England?

*Interpreter (translates faithfully for once).*

*Aali.* Tell him that if he were not a King's Messenger, the slipper of chastisement should fall upon the ultimatum of impertinence for such a proposal.

*Interpreter.* His Excellency protests against the Porte being called upon to renounce in any way her independence.

*Lord John.* Well, he has a right to take that view. I wished to ascertain his sentiments, and I am glad to have done so in a pleasant and friendly manner. I shall now bid him good bye. Assure him of my respect for his intelligence and his straightforward candour.

*Interpreter.* He humbly admits, Excellency, that he was wrong, kisses your slipper, and implores you to sponge out his error from the ivory tablets of your memory.

*Aali.* Let him go. His face is whitened again, and shines before me like a barber's basin.

*Interpreter.* His Excellency says that this is the proudest day of his whole life, and wishes you may reign a thousand years.

*Lord John.* Curious coincidence. DR. CUMMING expresses similar wishes. I must mention that at home. I have the honour to wish his Excellency a very good morning.

*Interpreter (whispers).* Say Allah ismarladuk!

*Lord John.* No, no, that's not right. Allah billah. Wollah billah! Bakalloom! Bosh!

*Aali.* Hath he drunk wine? But we must not forget our manners, if he does. Allah manet ola.

*Lord John.* Litera scripta manet, also.

[*Exit.*]

*Aali (to Interpreter, who is sneaking off).* Here, dog, you stop! How many of those abominable testimonials have you got in your intolerable pocket?

*Interpreter.* Forty-four, Excellency.

*Aali (calling).* The sticks of glory, and forty-four blows upon the feet of untruthfulness. (*Kindly*) Afiet olsun—may it do you good.

SCENE closes amid the howling of the INTERPRETER.

## THE POTSDAM AGUE PATIENT.



HERE are still very sad accounts of KING CLICQUOT. The *Times* Correspondent at CLICQUOT's capital says, referring to His Majesty:—

"Only the day before yesterday he had a return of ague, which a little time back had attacked him rather severely."

Yes, it is all very well to call it ague: but we know all about that—we know, and so does the *Times* Correspondent, what is the real nature of CLICQUOT's shakiness. This, indeed, is evident from what immediately follows the foregoing:—

"Though there is, perhaps, nothing at present in the King's state to inspire solicitude in those who are attached to him, it is known that he has been for a long time thoroughly out of health; he has become extremely stout, and anything but firm and healthy in flesh—proof of which is to be seen in the length of time that the wound in the garden at Charlottenburg, took to heal."

which he got on his foot and his cheek on two different occasions, while walking in the garden at Charlottenburg, took to heal."

There is, however, in the state of CLICQUOT, as described above, very much to inspire solicitude in us, who are so determinately attached to him, that we mean to stick to him, so long as he continues to be, as NICHOLAS desired him, "the same for Russia," that is, Russia's instrument. We are informed that "he has become extremely stout"—a very common consequence of imbibing an excess of fluid—and we are further given to understand that his fat is not healthy fat. CLICQUOT is spoiling his figure. He once, at least, had some taste for literature. If he can still read anything, let him read SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*, and learn what effect sack had on the person of *Falstaff*, and study the names which the *Prince of Wales* calls him on account of it, among the mildest of which are a "tallow-keech" and a "trunk of humours." The length of time which his nose (not cheek) took to heal when he "barked" it in the garden at Charlottenburg, shows what an inflammatory state he has brought his system into. We now find that he hurt his foot also on a different occasion; and that this second injury too was long in healing. The occasion on which he hurt his foot was different, indeed, but it is tolerably clear that the occasion of the hurt was precisely the same. These views of CLICQUOT's condition are confirmed by the previous statement of our authority, that he is, if well enough, after laying the first stone of the new Cologne bridge, going to inaugurate the Apollinaris Church. Now this is a Roman Catholic place of worship, and CLICQUOT is a Protestant; at least if he knows his own mind on the subject of theology—for just one thing. In what state, then, could he have been when he engaged himself to perform a ceremony so improper for a Lutheran king? "The Pope he leads a happy life," says the song: so does CLICQUOT, if such an existence can be called happiness: and perhaps, at the time alluded to, he had become so very happy that, like the minstrel in the ballad, he "fancied that he was the Pope."

We should be sorry for anything worse than deposition to happen to CLICQUOT, and we had rather amendment should happen to him than that. Instead of shaking with his so called ague, we should like to see him shake off his bad habits and bad connexions: so as to renovate his constitution, recover his health and character, and become once more a credit to his friends and the European family.

## The Smallest Case of a Gentleman.

In the Catalogue of the Royal Academy we stumble more than once over the curious discovery of

"The miniature of a Gentleman."

Now, in our time, we have met with very small men, and extremely small gentlemen; but we must say that we never met with a gentleman so minutely small as to approach to the brooch-like dimensions of a "Miniature." The nearest approach that we can imagine to the "Miniature of a Gentleman," would be a "GENT."

RELIGIO ROMANA PUSEYITICA.—This Religion would be all the better if there was more Light and fewer Candlesticks in it!



### A THOROUGH GOOD COOK.

*Lady.* "THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE, PRAY?"

*Cook.* "WELL, MA'AM, AFTER I'M DONE WORK I AM VERY FOND OF SINGING AND PLAYING ON THE ACCORDIUM, AND MISSUS HADN'T USED TO LIKE IT—AND SO I GIVE NOTICE!"

### RUSSIAN ACCOUNT OF THE LORD MAYOR.

(From the "Invalide Russe.")

THE visit of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON to the Hôtel de Ville confirms the report alluded to by LORD CAMPBELL at the Mansion House dinner, that, as a last resource, England would put forth all her energies against the brave defenders of Sebastopol by sending the LORD MAYOR of her Metropolis in person to take the command of her troops in the Crimea. But holy Russia, in the confidence of faith, anticipates her triumph over this tremendous adversary. Our readers may desire to obtain some authentic information respecting the powerful opponent with whom our valiant army will have to contend. The LORD MAYOR is the greatest man in the City of London, being of colossal stature, and proportional bulk, inasmuch that his weight amounts to many pood. He is, indeed, a giant of such enormous dimensions that more than 250 tureens (large soup dishes) of real turtle are required for the LORD MAYOR'S dinner. He is the chief of fifteen other monsters called Aldermen, and a head taller than any of them. His drinking vessel is termed the Loving Cup; when filled with spiced wine it takes two or three hundred ordinary Englishmen to drink up its contents. He wears a huge chain, by which he drags his captives, and besides a sword, which is as much as one man, that one being a man of his own order, can carry; he is armed with a huge mace, by which he is able to level a multitude at a blow. The mere sight of this terrible weapon suffices to maintain order among the London mob.

Besides the fifteen Aldermen, there are also two other Giants under the command of the LORD MAYOR, nearly as big as himself: they are called GOG and MAGOG, or the City Giants, and they will accompany their leader to the Crimea. Strong, however, in the orthodox faith, our soldiers will hurl back the impious defiance of this boastful Giant, and many a hero in their ranks will be found ready to go forth to meet him in single combat, nothing doubtful of gaining the victory over him, and laying his head at the feet of our august EMPEROR.

### SCHOOLBOYS' QUESTIONS FOR MR. COBDEN.

THERE are two passages in MR. COBDEN'S speech on the Prosecution of the War Debate, one of which he is invited to reconsider, and entreated to perpend a question suggested by the other. This is the first:—

"I say that you ought to have occupied the same ground that Austria and Prussia took, and if you had done so instead of rushing into war—driven into it, I admit, by the populace and the press—you would have been right, for you have it proved now that Austria and Germany would have averted these evils which you dread, for Austria and Prussia would have made it a *casus belli* if Russia had crossed the Balkan, and if she had returned across the Pruth."

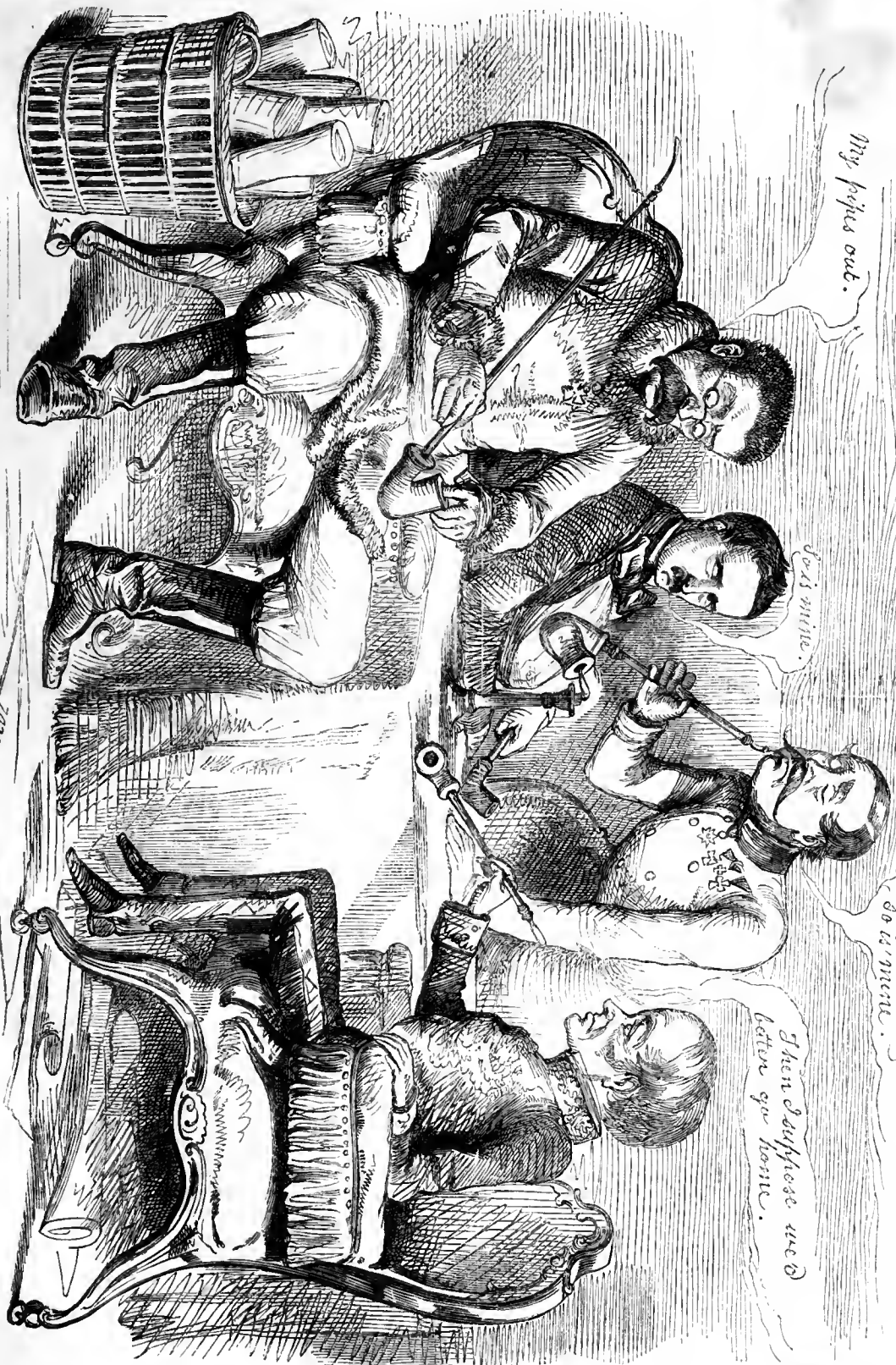
On second thoughts MR. COBDEN may perhaps apprehend that the only proof we could possibly have that Austria and Prussia would, under any circumstances, have made any act on the part of Russia a *casus belli*, would be the fact that the circumstances occurred, and that Austria and Prussia declared war.

Secondly, and lastly, or at the conclusion of his discourse, the honourable member for the West Riding made the following declaration:—

"If the Russians were besieging Portsmouth, I should not talk about what was to be done, and if I could not work in the field I would do so in the hospital."

No doubt MR. COBDEN, in such a case, would expose himself with the greatest alacrity, nor hesitate to get in the way either of the shot or the surgeons. The question is not whether MR. COBDEN would fight like a Briton against the Russians if they came to Portsmouth. The question is whether or not we ought not to prevent the Russians from coming to Portsmouth: and whether we should not very soon have them there if they got hold of Turkey, and possessed a seaboard, and established a Mediterranean fleet.

THE ROYAL HUNT.—The next meeting is appointed for the 14th instant, when HER MAJESTY holds another Drawing-room.



*My pipes out.*

*So is mine.*

*So is mine.*

*Then I suppose we'd better go home.*

THE PIPE OF PEACE SMOKED OUT.

P. P. Todd





## LAW AND LOCOMOTION.



NE of the great Railway Companies is said to have spent fifty-two thousand a year, for the last nine years, in law—a thousand pounds per week for nearly five hundred weeks in succession. If the Directors had only made the trains go as rapidly and regularly as the cash, the line would have been one of the fastest as well as the most punctual in the kingdom. Nearly half a million has been dragged out of the pockets of the public on one line alone, and we may therefore give a guess more or less wide at the amount that is consumed in litigation on all the railways in the kingdom. Perhaps it might serve as a check on the Directors if the fares were to be estimated according to

the proportion rendered necessary by law expenses and the amount required for the legitimate purposes of locomotion. It would be instructive, if not amusing, to railway travellers to be made aware in the pages of *Bradshaw*, that on a first class ticket for which a pound may have been paid ten shillings will have gone to the lawyers, leaving ten for the shareholders of the company. Cheap trains might be advertised at tariffs, deducting the amount of law costs, and the public might also be inclined to feel more confidence in the safety of such trains, from the reflection that the lawyers have nothing to do with them.

It is not very satisfactory, however, to second and third class travellers to feel that they must sit on hard boards, knock their heads against low roofs, and have their legs cramped in narrow carriages, because the lawyers are running up a bill of costs of several thousands per annum in protecting the interests of the Company.

## OUR CORINTHIAN COLUMNS!

THE Corinthian columns of polished society, whatever may be democratically uttered to the contrary, are the fashionable columns of the daily newspaper. These columns support the structure of our national and social life. The independent, free-born Briton, peruses these columns with an earnest mind and a heart bent upon serious gatherings, even as a student and philosopher wrinkles the brow, bent upon deciphering Babylonian paragraphs printed in Babylonian bricks. Your Briton, however, has a quicker and a surer reward than the old-world student; for sudden and delightful is the hopeful strength communicated to his nature by the revelation that

"The DUKE and DUCHESS OF CLOUDBLAND, with LADY PRETTYPOLIT, left Baby Castle on Tuesday his Grace proposing to dine at Runnymede on Wednesday."

This is the daily knowledge that supports—far more than beef and beer—the stalwart Briton. He is much composed to hear that the DUKE OF CLOUDBLAND has left Baby Castle, and moreover that the fair human flower, LADY PRETTYPOLIT accompanies her illustrious parents.

Neither is the Briton merely crammed with news; he is further excited by expectation. Thus, his hopes are set in a flutter by the announcement that—

"The DUKE OF BUCKLELOW is expected to arrive at Mountebank House."

With this assurance, early obtained from the morning paper, the Briton is mightily helped to get through the day, when days are at the worst. The domestic feelings of the Briton are further enlarged and gratified by a knowledge of the fact, that—

"LORD and LADY SILVERSPoon are staying with her Ladyship's father, MR. MYSTIC BODRUM, M.P., at Shiloh Park, near New Jerusalem."

We might multiply many beautiful examples of the evident social uses of these announcements—to be found only in English journals, for continental papers are not yet sufficiently enlightened by them—but *Mr. Punch* will content himself with the broad and no less deep assertion, that the strength of England is not in its constitution but in its columns—its Corinthian columns.

MOTTO FOR THE EARL OF HARRINGTON, OR ANY OF THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW GENTLEMEN.—"*Maine's Insana in Corpore Sano.*"

## THE CZAR SHALL HAVE THE RHINE.

(DRINKING-SONG FOR GERMAN STUDENTS.)

DRINK, brothers, drink; Man's life is but a bubble,  
Dancing a moment in the cup of Death.  
Smoke, brothers, smoke, and blow away all trouble;  
What better use for transitory breath?  
Sink Fatherland!—some feet its surface under  
A hole will soon be all that 's yours and mine:  
What will it matter then to us, I wonder,  
Who reigns above?—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Behold, how fast the tide of Time is flowing!  
But let our nectar be a swifter stream.  
How quick the scythe, us, blades of grass, is mowing!  
And then eternal slumber ends the dream.  
Why vex our souls, my brothers, in defending  
What you and I, at least, must soon resign:  
Then we shall not know who their necks are bending  
Under the CZAR's yoke—let him have the Rhine.

The Rhine runs on with one continual motion,  
Its fated course pursuing to the sea,  
And, as its current hastens to the ocean,  
So to the gulf of nothingness do we.  
Our blood is dearer than our river's water;  
When we are gone, get they who can its wine;  
We won't expose our carcases to slaughter.  
Keep whole your skins—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Fellows, like leaves, are falling every second;  
Each moment rings out some companion's knell.  
Letters and arts—at what can they be reckoned  
Which we to-night may have to bid farewell?  
What if a despot check all speculation,  
And tongue, and pen, and range of thought confine?  
They that remain will mourn the deprivation?  
But not we dead!—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Vanity all!—that is the sum of thinking.  
Darkness will be the end of all our light.  
Happy are we so long as we are drinking:  
Better to tope, for shadows than to fight.  
Before his time who runs the risk of dying,  
He is a fool! a hero's name is fine,  
But who can hear it in his earth-bed lying?  
Honour?—a straw!—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Shame will be nothing then to us, or sorrow.  
What is our fame, when we have passed away?  
The end of all things is at hand to-morrow:  
Stuff we the pipe and fill the bowl to-day.  
Tobacco clouds are curling dim around us:  
In darker shades ere long we shall recline.  
'Twill be all over when the shroud hath bound us.  
Give me the cup—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

What do our brains, with metaphysics muddled,  
Teach us except that all is empty here?  
All but this glass: 'tis sweeter to be fuddled  
With the profound philosophy of beer.  
Draining the beer-pot therefore, brother sages,  
Let us roll wisely down our little line:  
Live in the present, not for future ages.  
We'll have the swipes—the CZAR shall have the Rhine.

## The Full Moon at Paris.

It seems from the correspondence of the *Morning Post* that the LORD MAYOR is roaming about Paris, having at his heels six footmen in the gorgeous City liveries. We cannot quite understand the necessity for this exuberance of funkeyism on the part of LORD MAYOR MOON, unless his footmen acted as train-bearers to the skirts of MOON's surtout, or the pockets of his paletôt. Of course if he goes to make a morning call he may possibly find employment for the entire half dozen, by giving his hat to the first, his stick to the second, one of his gloves to the third, the other glove to the fourth, his spectacle case to the fifth, and to the sixth his—what shall we say—his snuff-box, his tooth-pick, his card-case, or his comforter?

THE CRY OF TEETOTALISM.—"All hands to the Pump!"



Dean. "WELL, SIR?"

Small University Man (under the impression that he has irritated the DEAN by his conspicuous moustaches). "I BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR, ABOUT—ABOUT—MY MOUSTACHOS!"

Dean. "SOME MISTAKE, SIR! I DIDN'T PERCEIVE THAT YOU HAD ANY!"

#### WHERE DOES THE RAIN COME FROM?

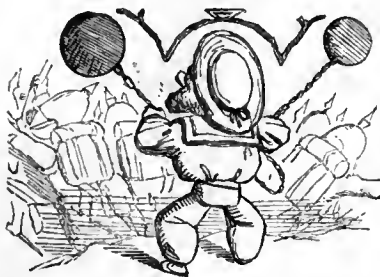
It is most surprising the quantity of rain that has fallen lately, and we cannot find a cause for it. We have even rushed to that great spring of all overflows, that mighty fountain-head of all cataracts, Vauxhall, but as we find its doors closed in our face, we are at a loss to find the key—the turn-key that is to open the mystery of the prodigious reservoir of water that AQUARIUS has recently let loose over our heads. It is cruel to be denied even the comfort of attributing to the barometrical influence of Vauxhall opening the calamity of so much pluvial moisture. The beauty is, that Vesuvius has been quietly smoking all the while, and yet you would have supposed that the rain, every drop of which was worthy of a fine day at Manchester, would have effectually put its pipe out long ago.

We call entreatingly upon SIR PETER LAURIE, if he wishes to rescue the sinking fortunes of Rosherville and Cremorne from drowning, to exercise his magisterial authority in "putting down" the rain. If not, we shall have no ducks and green peas this year; for our provincial meteorologists inform us that every gosling is dying as fast as it can from premature rheumatism, brought on by having slept for the last five weeks in nothing but damp beds. They haven't as much as a dry feather about them; even their web-feet will no longer act as goshes in keeping out the wet. For the love of onions, then, we implore of SIR PETER to take a judicial mop in hand, and to twirl back again in the face of nature a few buckets of the dirty water that she has been amusing herself for days past in chucking over our poor drenched bodies to that monstrous extent, that we fancy you might take up a policeman, and squeeze him until the water ran out of him as out of a sponge. We feel as though it would require nothing short of a Fire of London for our bodies to get warm, and our clothes to get dry again.

#### Presumptive Hydrocephalus.

A CELEBRATED Hydropathist, who is a bit of a wag—quite a little water-wagtail in his way—says that there is the best foundation for supposing that the New River Head is troubled with water on the brain, and the best cure he can recommend for it would be tapping.

#### THE LANGUAGE OF THE COUNTRY AS TO THE WAR.



I have been favoured by an agricultural gentleman of some eminence, MR. BUSH-ELL, of Stoke Bovis, with a few observations in reference to the prosecution of the war. MR. BUSH-ELL says:—"I ha'n't got no patience wi' COBURN and JIMMY GREAM, and BRIGHT and GLADSTONE and them. Now, just when we've turned the corner, arter all the lives we've lost and all

the money we've spent, and all the sogers ha' gone droo; now, just when we seems, by all accounts, in the way to ghee them Rooshans a precions good hidun; to ving up the game that's afore us now, why we should be a larfun-stock to the whole world. Tell 'ee what 'tis, Mr. Punch: the case is just this here. S'pose you was a farmer like I be; well, one fine marnun as you be a go'n your rounds look'n over your lands, you sees a gurt Bear broke loose from zum wild bycast show, or menadgery, galloparaavun over a Common close by arter a Turkey. Well, it so happens there's your neighbour, MOUNCER within hail: neighbour MOUNCER, of Goodman's Acre, and you and he, that used to be at varance, be putt'n your hosses together just now. You hollers to MOUNCER, and MOUNCER hollers to you, at the right o' the Bear, 'cause you knows that as soon as ever he've ate up the Turkey on the Common the next thing he'll be arter your own stock. So you lets your dogs loose, you and MOUNCER, and off you goes to tackle the Bear, wi a pitchfork a-piece and a blunderbuss. Meanwhile Turkey, he'n a cocky sort o' bird, ups wi his leg and gives the Bear a good kick in the eye, and vetches un a smartish peck in 'tother eye wi his bill. What wi that, and see'n you

a comin', Bear drops Turkey, and falls back on his haunches. Well; you let's un have the innards o' the blunderbusses, right and left, and sets the dogs at un. The slugs sticks in his hide, 'tis so thick and tough, and though the dogs pins un, and punishes un, and makes un rhwooar, ther's a good many o' 'em squished and tore to pieces, besides which your clothes gets scratched off your backs, and your pockets turned inside out. But one down 'tother come on: you ats un agin: you puts about six inches o' pitchfork into 'n in sundry places; you and MOUNCER. You lets daylight into the bycast, and he begins to see as how he's like to get the wust on 't. So he makes signs which you, understandin' the language o' bycastes, knows is as much as to offer to lave Turkey aloan. Yes; says you to the Bear, but thee must get back to thy den and ghee's zum security that thee't bide there, or else agree to let's chaa'in thee up to a puoast. At that the Bear shakes his head, and you says to 'n: Woo'stn't?—drat thee, then, we'll meak thee. Then up comes a Quaker, and a Bagman, and two or dree Clarks out o' place, and says: 'Poor Bear! Don't be too hard upon the Bear. Don't shove un to the wall. You've made un drap Turkey; what moor d'ye want?' What moor? says you, we means to muzzle un—that's what we means to do, if so be as we can. Trust un?—no vurdner nor we could throw a bull by the tail: 'tis the most treacherous animal as is. Trust un?—did, what d'ye think he'd do? get behind that there hedge and bide his time, and then come down agin upon Turkey the fust opportunity he zee. As to any pity for 'n, I hau't got a mossul. Think what a happy, quiet neighbourwood 'twas 'till this here cruel, cussed bycast of a Bear come and upset all, and lugged us into all this here blood and sniffer'n. Drat un! let's pitch into un now and serve un out. What I should like to do to 'n, if we'd got safe hold of un 'ood he to vlea 'n alive, and to nail up the skin of un agin a public wall to larn others not to do likewise. Consider what a mint o' money he've cost us in powder and shot; and what a lot o' the beautifullest bull-dogs we've lost by 'n; we must ha' zum return vor all them out-go'ns. We must muzzle this here Bear, and not only that—we must draa the teeth of un, and clip his claws. Cost us moor? I dare say 'twool; but tell 'ee what, Measter Quaker and Misters Clarks and Bagman: 'two'd cost us a precious sight moor to let the Bear get away and lurk about the place, waiting his chance, we meanwhile always in

a fever 'bout un, and 'bliged to hire a lot o' hands to keep a look out arter un when they'd be ever so much better employed at plough. Noa, zur, the vaet o' the matter is, we've got to take Siberiastopole—don't, we shall ha' to keep up a standum army and nyaavy to watch them there Cossacks. There'll be a everlastun Inkum Tax to pay, and nuthun to show vor't; whereas our comfort now is we've got zum dree or vour thousand head o' them varmint bagged for valley received."

### THE MUSICAL APOLOGIST.



minous series if they were to be put together in the way we have suggested.

We should be glad to see a work on the pathology of the operatic artist, with an exposition of the diseases to which great singers are subjected. We think it would be discovered that the maladies to which they are liable vary according to the seasons, and that the *Bronchitis Derbyitis* or the *Influenza Ascotica* will be found at about this time of the year, extremely prevalent. We have known also some very severe cases of a sort of theatrical syncope, attended with pressure on the chest, and a sense of emptiness, which has been observed to come over a singer or actress going up a flight of stairs to the door of the treasury. These and other maladies would fill a volume, if the subject were to be taken up by a professional man of adequate knowledge and experience.

Our object, however, in commencing this article, was to furnish a few musical apologies to be used at Operas and Concerts in the absence of any celebrated artist, attacked with sudden indisposition. In order to give a medical certificate a character of fitness to the occasion required,

We have numerous collections of music in the shape of "Treasures," "Bouquets," and other forms in which "Music for the Million" is administered; but considering that some of our celebrated vocalists are in the habit of not singing when advertised, almost as often as they do sing when announced to appear, we think that there is room for a new musical publication, to be called the "Musical Apologist." It is all very well to furnish a series of the popular airs of some celebrated tenor, but his unpopular airs are almost as familiar to the public ear, and would form a very voluminous

it would be advisable that it should be adapted to the air advertised to have been sung by the absentee, and it should then be confided for execution to some substitute for the missing vocalist. Supposing, for instance, that a *prima donna* were announced to sing *Una voce* at a Concert, and in consequence of the money not being forthcoming, or from some other cause, she were suddenly to be seized with a severe hoarseness, the following air might be given with great effect by the *seconda donna*, who may have taken the place of the indisposed *artiste*.

#### RECITATIVE.

You know what we artists are,  
When on payment we rely:  
Disappointment brings catarrh,  
Or may to the ankle fly.

#### AIR.

I'm griev'd exceedingly to come before you  
For indulgenza—I must implore you.  
La prima donna—can't get her salary,  
And sprain'd her ankle—in crossing a gallery.  
If they don't pay her—why should they use her?  
She's indisposed and—she hopes you'll excuse her.

The following specimen would furnish a good musical apology for an operatic tenor—absent we will say from a promised performance of some Italian opera, and having an excuse sung for him to a well-known air in *Fra Diavolo* :—

Upon his couch reclining,  
Our tenor you might now behold  
With a slight attack of cold—  
'Tis his complaint of old.  
Last night he went out dining,  
And feeling just a cup too low,  
Whene'er the bottle round did go,  
The wine was let to flow.  
Tumblers! While the brown meats they're eating,  
Hock and champagne repeating.  
Diavolo—diavolo—diavolo.

Although he should be playing,  
To night—he doesn't feel inclined,  
And trusts—he shall the public find,  
As they are always, kind.  
No more I need be saying,  
For you the old excuses know,  
How a tenor's voice can go,  
When he has been so-so!  
Trembling! caused by the last night's meeting,  
His burning head is beating,  
Diavolo—diavolo—diavolo.

### FASHIONS FOR CLERGYWOMEN.

AMONG the Winchester news of the *Hampshire Independent* occurs the following paragraph, which will be perused with pleasure by all those who entertain enlarged ideas of the Mission of Woman :—

"THE PRIMITIVE METHODISTS held special services at their chapel, in Parchment Street, on Whit Sunday, in aid of the fund for the purchase of an organ. Lady preachers were the attractions held forth to invite the attention of those not within the Primitive fold—Mrs. TASKEN, of Southampton, and Mrs. Z. SHERM, an American lady of colour, conducted the services."

One of the ladies read prayers, we suppose, and the other preached. Really, this is very interesting. We are deriving many improvements on the old state of things from America. Clergywomen is one of these. From Methodism, in these fast times, they will soon, perhaps, be adopted into the Church. A very important question will then arise; a question of much importance among parsons, as it is, but one which will be of much greater importance in regard to parsonesses. We need hardly say we allude to costume. Of course, every clergywoman will preach in her gown, as well as in her petticoats; but both will be short; for it is obvious that the most suitable dress for the reverend lady would be a Bloomer's. The following notion for female canonicals may be suggested. In respect of colour the dress shall be of clerical black, with a neckcloth of white satin, and hands of the same material. A vest, or waistcoat of black silk buttoned over the bosom on one side, shall be worn nearly up to the chin. The frock shall be of black velvet

with hanging sleeves, the skirts reaching a little below the knee, and set off retroversely with a crinoline *sous-jupe bouffante*. The trousers shall be gathered in rather above the ankles, and trimmed at the termination with a lace frill: plain linen cuffs to be worn at the wrists, with lavender kid gloves. The *chaussure* shall consist of *brodequins* and black cloth gaiters. The costume shall be completed with a shawl bonnet; to be worn, however, only during the promenade; for there is no reason to prevent a woman from being bareheaded, any more than there is to forbid her officiating, in church.

#### The King of Berlin Wool.

WE saw written up over a wool establishment the other day, "THE BERLIN TRIMMING SHOP." The only place of this kind that we were previously acquainted with was the *Punch* Office, where there is always a quantity of "Berlin Trimming" on hand, the KING OF PRUSSIA being trimmed generally once a week.

A PALMERSTON PROVERB.—There are some politicians who so cleverly poise themselves, that they manage to maintain their footing even whilst the Wheel of Fortune is turning round under them.

THE FOUR POINTS, AS NOW FINALLY ADJUSTED BY THE ALLIES.

"Kill, Sink, Burn, and Destroy."

## RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

*How we arrived at the Island of Sound, and of the noises we heard therein; and of the huge cat NIMRODUS, and how the people of the Island of Sound were affrighted.*

THE wind blowing merrily, we did pass by the Island of Tools, for that certain of the crew did affirm that all the chief tools were transplanted to another island, where they did live merrily, talking all day.

So we passed on, discovering nothing but a wonderful apparatus for converting clean water into foul, the which we were assured did much for the public health, until we came to the Island of Sound, where indeed "we heard a kind of a confused and often repeated noise," that seemed to us, at a distance, not unlike the mixture of crows, geese, cocks, asses, bulls, bears, men, and old women, all united at once to confound misunderstanding itself. There was a mighty fair and wondrous palace, built, we were told, solely for the purpose of preventing sound being heard, and therefore admirably and cunningly fitted for a place of debate. It was a fair structure, delicately picked out with little figures of great and little men, with dainty *pinnaclets*, pretty little bits of iron casting, extravasated towers, the which were to be finished by the wondrous architect *SOME-OF-THESE-DAYS*, and goodly flats without projection, the which we were told were allegorical of those within; but, as saith *HERODOTUS*, upon this I forbear to speak, knowing much.

In this great palace in the Island of Sound, there was a mighty row, noise, coil, hurley-burley, pother, confusion, wrangling, quibbling, jargon, hooting, hissing, screaming, laughing—the which latter was always increased when anything like distress or starvation was mentioned. For be it known that your grave and lusty toppers and talkers in the Island of Sound, in that they be refugees, recreants, and run-aways from the Island of Tools, do likewise partake of their hardness, insomuch that you would as lief make them pay their own debts when they could escape them, try to catch honest Cathedral Chapters with a Commission, or make the sun turn backwards to gaze upon *LORD A——*'s garter, as try to make them do ought but jeer, and sneer, and bully, and leap alternately from the cock to the ass, insomuch that when one doth crow the others do bray, and when one doth bray the other doth crow, both the which do much to settle mighty and grave questions about taxation, finance, order of precedence, promotion on purchase, starvation, levees, workhouses, field marshals, fighting, curates, commissariats, thieves, woolsacks, deal boards, prime ministers, and the like subjects.

In this great palace men did variously dispute, but among them none more noisily than they who had transplanted themselves from the Island of Tools. These same did talk small to prevent great, these same did haggle about the marriage of grandmothers, the punishment of little sinners that great ones might have a monopoly, the

## HOW MR. POPPLEWIT ENJOYED (?) A DAY'S ROOK SHOOTING.—PART II.



MR. POPPLEWIT CONCLUDES THE DAY AND ALARMS HIS FAMILY BY DISPLAYING, ACCIDENTALLY, THE TOWER OF HIS WEAPON.

skinning of eels lest they should grow fat, and the stoppage of beer on Sunday lest people should not purchase it on the Saturday. The same did talk about the mighty war that was waging in the Island of Bears, and did show how picking pockets may be honesty, how telling of lies may be truth, how starvation may be plenty. They also, with much ado and noise, did prove, or thought they did, that cold and heat are the same thing, that horses can live without eating, that men require nose-bags, and that selling yourself is the best and cleanest means to preserve the freedom of your country. But chiefly did they haggle, hiss, hoot, quibble, scratch their heads to find what wasn't, gape, cackle, star-gaze to find an excuse, bite their nails to obtain clenchers, and fairly cudgel their emptiness to find solidity, when the great monster *COMITY* did lay hard about them, setting on his huge and famous cat *NIMRODUS*, who with his claws did scratch up many wondrous things out of earth, clods, and men. Which wondrous cat, even as *PEGASUS*, whom, as *PERSIUS* saith, the nine Muses tend, foster, rub down, and fondle on Mount Parnassus, had wings, at the very flapping of which flies, earls, doctors, commissioners, hambugs, and other evil matter did dissipate and vanish, while he did stand firm, and spit, and bristle, and show fight, insomuch that even the great *Sloth A——* and the like, did shrink, and very fairly betray themselves for having betrayed others.

And they did pelt, blur, assail, abuse, bully, crow down, bespatter the great Cat with all manner of ribald, rub-bishing, twaddling stuff called *Bosb*, the which stuff *NIMRODUS* did throw back again very artificially into their own faces; neither were their faces dirtier than before, seeing that impossibilities cannot amount to probability. And they quibbled because the great Cat sometimes made a small mistake in trying to do a great good, and they screened themselves behind apologies, cooked accounts, *tu quoques*, and the like, and for their defence they had much to say. They didn't remember this, they couldn't be certain of that, they were not aware of something, they couldn't anything; they believed things might be so, and felt assured they must be otherwise; they had every faith in nothing, and couldn't believe anything; they wouldn't venture to assert, and they felt morally certain; they regretted, deprecated, and felt free to confess; they could lay their hands on their hearts, solemnly assure, and think that a question would paralyse the person asked; they objected, counted out, were inaudible in the gallery, divided upon nothing, and gave the profits to the Nation; but above all they did pelt the great Cat with little pellets made of personality, place, lick-system, and other filthy stuff; but the wondrous Cat stood firm, and pawed and scratched, as though he wanted to dig up something. And the people of the Island of Sound did look on in terror, fearing lest the mighty *LAPIS REFORMATIONALIS* should ever be clawed up to light, for that they would lose their places, even as men did lose their senses at the sight of the *GORGON'S* head.

A SALLY IN FAVOUR OF OLD HARRY.

Of all the Peers within the House,  
(And pretty well I know 'em),  
There isn't one with half the nous  
Of gallant HENRY BROUGHAM.

If others won't amend the laws,  
There's one the way will show 'em;  
One who's in earnest in the cause—  
The zealous HENRY BROUGHAM.

If foolish arguments are raised,  
He to the winds will blow 'em;  
And dull obstruction falls amazed  
Beneath the weight of BROUGHAM.

If difficulties mark his course,  
There's none aside will throw 'em  
With half the intellectual force  
Of gallant HENRY BROUGHAM.

We for his equals look in vain,  
'Twill take some time to grow 'em;  
So let us hope we shall retain  
Some long time yet—Old BROUGHAM.

MORE BISHOPS!

THE great want of the day is Bishops. MR. OSBORNE some time since asked for "gig bishops," that is, a sort of bagman bishop, going round the country with samples of faith, hope, and charity. We have no objection, none, to such travelling episcopacy. The Cathedral Report, however, suggests twelve new Bishops of another sort, the round dozen to have each £3,000 per annum. Bishops, with trimmings, would stand thus:—

|                  |        |                   |
|------------------|--------|-------------------|
| " 12 New Bishops | ... .. | £36,000 a-year.   |
| 12 New Deans     | ... .. | 18,000 "          |
| 45 New Canons    | ... .. | 36,000 "          |
|                  |        | £100,000 a-year." |

After all, no more! And when so much good is to be done, the money ought to be had,—and after this fashion. Deal with the Bishops existing as it is said certain Hebrews deal with the QUEEN'S sovereigns; namely, *sweat* them. That is, put them all in a bag, and shake out of their incomes the small £100,000 needful.



Charles (who is rather addicted to betting, and talking of Goodwood Races). "WE'VE GOT SUCH A JOLLY SWEEP AT OUR CLUB!"  
Constance. "A SWEEP, CHARLES!—WELL! I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF YOUR CLUB FRIENDS, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU ASSOCIATED WITH PEOPLE OF THAT SORT!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 11th, Monday. THERE used to be an Irishman, called ROCHE, in the House of Commons. In the old times he was rather vigorous in his co-operation with the Irish agitators, but having set his mind upon an Irish Peerage, he became, latterly, a very decorous bore, and behaved as dutifully to the Government as such an aspirant is expected to do. So PAM gave the decent man his peerage the other day. But the law enacts that in order to prevent the country being over-run by aristocrats with the brogue, these Irish peerages shall be limited in number, and LORD DERBY contended, to-night, that the law had been violated by turning ROCHE into LORD FERMOY. It seems a small matter to squabble about, but it is referred to a Committee of Privileges to find out whether ROCHE is a rightful Lord or not.

In the Commons, one of the Education Bills was again discussed, and after a sensible speech from MR. ADDERLEY, and we need hardly say a silly one from LORD JOHN MANNERS, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON addressed himself to answer MR. HENLEY'S speech of the 2nd of last May, and implored the House not to mind a word that HENLEY had said. The debate was again adjourned.

Tuesday. LORD SHAFTESBURY incurred the wrath of the Bishops by proposing an alteration in the law which makes it illegal for a member of the Church of England to assemble more than 20 people for religious purposes in his own house. The BISHOP OF OXFORD was very pathetic in his resistance, and was good enough to explain that he saw no very particular harm in laymen assembling to read the Bible, and offer petitions to the ALMIGHTY, but that he was afraid that legalising the practice would induce people to pretend to be members of the Church of England, when they were really wicked Dissenters. This horrible possibility compelled him to resist the Bill, which only just escaped rejection. It may as well be mentioned here that the same conviction wrought so mightily upon the pious spirit of that eminent Christian and Horse-racer the EARL OF DERBY, that, later in the week, he felt himself bound to shelve the Bill, by referring it to a Select Committee. Perhaps he thought the next innovation would be the singing a

hymn in the Grand Stand at Epsom, while the course was being cleared.

The Commons discussed a very important subject, capitably initiated by MR. W. BROWN, namely, the Decimal Coinage. As most of the speakers (except LORD PALMERSTON) understood what they were talking about, there was a very rational debate, which ended, as *Mr. Punch* thinks, in a very rational manner; that is to say, in the affirmation, by a large majority, that the introduction of the decimal system, by means of the Florin, had worked satisfactorily. The public (including LORD PALMERSTON) must be made to comprehend the subject a little better before legislation proceeds further.

Wednesday. The Sunday Trading Bill was debated in the Commons, and the discussion was a strong contrast to that of the preceding night. The most painful nonsense was talked, especially by LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR. To be sure, no great wisdom can be expected from a man who is the patron of attorneys and homeopaths, but one scarcely expected to find a Lord ignorant of the physiology of Hyde Park. He actually adduced, in proof that the rich respect the Sunday, the fact that there are far fewer carriages and horses in the Park on Sunday than on week-days. As if *la crème de la crème* did not make a practice of keeping out of the Park on that day, and going into the country, because it is the Snob-day,—not because it is the Sunday. *Mr. Punch* repeats his protest against shutting the market against the working-man's wife, before compelling his employers to pay him his wages in time to enable her to buy by daylight on Saturday; and, while he is about it, he may as well protest generally against all partial interference with liberty. If a milkman is to be arrested for carrying his pails—the lawful calling by which he earns his bread—let a flunkey be arrested for carrying his lady's bag of books—the lawful calling by which *he* earns his bread. And, as the legislators may like to see how astonished a flunkey would look, if the Sabbatarian were really consistent, *Mr. Punch* has this week afforded them the means of doing so.

Thursday. The case of the poor needlewomen of London was brought before the Lords, and it was proposed that the number of hours during which these unfortunate creatures are obliged to labour should be

limited. If the Bill passes the Lords, political economy will prevent its going further. But if the Ladies who are good enough to attend the Opera would exert themselves,—first, by giving their milliners ample time to make their dresses, secondly, by refusing their patronage where over-severe labour is known to be demanded, and thirdly, and chiefly, by discouraging the system of employing able-bodied young fellows (who ought to be in the Crimea) to stand behind counters and sell feminine flannels and stockings, to the exclusion of the shopwoman, they might render invaluable service to their humbler fellow countrywomen.

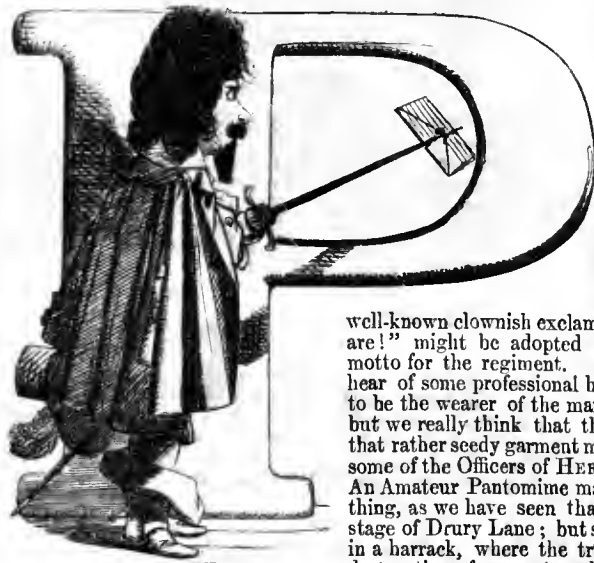
The Commons actually gave up nearly the whole sitting to subjects affecting the interest of the Colonies—the exception being the time occupied by the tools of the Scotch clergy, in impeding a measure for promoting Education.

*Friday.* The debate on Administrative Reform at last commenced. The Member for Nineveh, in a manly, candid, and energetic speech, in which every statement was substantiated by evidence, exposed the present system of mismanagement in the various Services. SIR BULWER LYTTON, for the Conservatives, charged the existence of the present system upon the Whig Oligarchy, and upon LORD PALMERSTON; and MR.

GLADSTONE, for himself and LORD ABERDEEN, said that they had been going to do wonders of reform, only they were turned out before they could accomplish it. He, however piously bid MR. LAYARD "God speed." The adjournment of the debate was carried, on division. MR. LAYARD's dissection of the Army system was very complete, but none of the Heehaws answered him, preferring to have Saturday and Sunday to blunder and stumble over the report, and to get some civilian to explain to them "what the fellah was driving at." The military utterances were reserved for a later part of the debate. The only exception was a little Hee-haw called—"by Jupiter, forgot"—Brickdust—Bath-brick—Bathstone—no, *Mr. Punch* can't recal it, but it was some name that reminded him of the kitchen floor—and the owner was desperately anxious to have it known that he was not at Drury Lane Theatre on Wednesday night. As if anybody cared where he was, or knew who he was, or would think the better or worse of a cause for its being honoured with his countenance.

This same Friday the Royal Assent was given to the precious Newspaper Stamp Act—so in fourteen days from that date it comes into operation.

## MILITARY PANTOMIMES.



PANTOMIMES NEVER resembled anything in real life until the antics of some of the Officers and Gentlemen belonging to the British Army. We are not aware whether the 6th Dragoons have any inscription on their flag; but we think the

well-known clownish exclamation of "Here we are!" might be adopted as an appropriate motto for the regiment. Now and then we hear of some professional buffoon, who claims to be the wearer of the mantle of GAIMALDI; but we really think that the real inheritor of that rather seedy garment may be found among some of the Officers of HER MAJESTY'S ARMY. An Amateur Pantomime may be an admirable thing, as we have seen that it can be, on the stage of Drury Lane; but such a performance in a harrack, where the tricks involve a real destruction of property, where a real uniform

is thrown into a real bath, and a real tail cut off a real horse, can only bring discredit on the actors.

Canterbury has been famous for its private theatricals; but henceforth its harracks will be the reverse of famous for its Amateur Military Pantomime. The victimization of a young Cornet as "a Swell," whose clothes are torn off his back by his brother Officers in the character of Clown and Pantaloon, and the tricks of the bed-room scene, with the destruction of a set of shirts, are all within the scope of such a Harlequinade as we might expect to see during the holidays. We have no doubt that the Pantomime writers of the day will avail themselves largely of the contributions of the 6th Dragoons to the "business" of a Christmas piece of the old school, and the "mock duel" will form a very telling incident. Each theatre will probably take the point most suited to its own peculiar resources, and while Astley's will give preference to the docking of the horse's tail, Sadler's Wells, with its reservoir of real water, will most likely illustrate the Military Pantomime trick of soaking the uniform.

We will not conclude without offering a suggestion to the NELSON LEES and other kindred geniuses who are usually charged with the important office of furnishing Christmas Pantomimes. We would propose that one of the most remarkable changes that was ever witnessed on the stage might be effected if Harlequin were, with a touch of his wand, to turn certain Officers of the 6th Dragoons into real Gentlemen.

## TO-MORROW MORNING'S REFLECTIONS.

*By a sharp-sighted Clairvoyant.*

THE name of the architect who builds most of the castles in the air is "To-morrow," and Hope lays the foundation.

The Pride that holds its head too high rarely picks up anything; whereas Modesty, like a diver, gathers pearls by keeping its head low.

Blows and cuts are felt more keenly after a dispute, in the same way that wounds hurt a great deal more when the battle is over.

A Man pauses, hesitates, and requires time to study a woman, whereas a Woman will read you a dozen men at first sight.

## THE FYNN CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIETY is indebted to SIR R. W. CARDEN for the publication of an interesting series of letters, which may be termed the Fynn Papers. They form a correspondence between a gentleman with the signature of R. V. FYNN, and certain young ladies who have replied to advertisements inserted in the papers by that gentleman. For some years, it appears from MR. FYNN'S advertisements, MR. FYNN has been on the point of making a tour through Athens, Smyrna, Sicily, Spain, and other parts of the globe, and has wanted a travelling governess to instruct two boys who were to accompany him on the excursion. He has been willing to give the governess a liberal salary, say £100 a year, but has required her to bring £70 or so with her, as a sort of security, to defray therewith her own travelling expenses during the trip. He has expressed a preference for a candidate under the tender age of 21. These advertisements have been replied to by various young ladies; who in return have received elaborate letters, explanatory of the writer's views, especially with reference to the £70 and the means of its safe conveyance by the proprietress to a rendezvous. One of the epistles is dated from Hamburgh, and another from Heidelberg; which localities would be rather inconveniently distant from England for a girl under 21, without friends, and without money; having been dished out of her entire capital—amounting to some £70.

But can the fraudulent acquisition of that sum have been the design of MR. FYNN in putting forth his successive advertisements? Has he been employing a considerable time in plotting and planning schemes for swindling young and helpless females? Had not the police of the country, which he honours by residing in it, therefore better be advised to look after him? Oh!—certainly not. By no means, of course. Still it would be satisfactory to submit a letter of MR. FYNN'S to one of the professors—if their profession can be trusted—who profess to discover character by handwriting, in order to remove any little doubt that a suspicious mind might entertain on that subject. SIR R. W. CARDEN appears to have none, and evidently regards MR. FYNN, in the character of advertiser, as somebody very like a whale; though perhaps others may consider the shark more analogous to FYNN than any other individual of the funny tribe.

## As Good as Gold.

A NEW Bill relating to the qualification of Justices of the Peace has recently been introduced into the House of Commons. When we saw the announcement we were in hopes that it was intended to provide a body of really qualified men for the position of County Magistrates. We find, however, that the old system of qualification by money is still to be kept up, and that the money is to continue to make not only the man but the Justice. Gold is still to be the standard of value, in morality as well as in means, and SHYLOCK'S theory of "a good man" being a "sufficient man," is to continue to be the rule by which we estimate private worth and public virtue.

DR. JOHNSON IMPROVED.—The first Whig was a regular "OLD SCRATCH."

## SAYINGS OF ENGLISH SAGES.



**IBTHORPE:** The Whigs have plenty of confidence, but inspire none. Rogues generally hang together in ropes, like onions. An auctioneer does as he is bid—a postman as he is directed. Chaff generally arises from treading on a man's corn. For bringing up a picture, there's nothing like beer—and it's the same with a voter at an election. Algebra-

ical problems are mostly solved by the power of "x"—political problems by XXX., and both unknown quantities. The militia is the mainstay-at-home of the country. The Cap of Liberty is almost always a Mob-cap. The Crown of France is now having its Third NAP. Bread may be the staff of life—but to get the Staff, you must first produce the Tip. Show me a man's sole, and I'll tell you the size of his understanding. If the world is a "Veil of Tears," it may be as well to get some one to take up the Tears, and have the Veil fresh sown. What would the Cream of Life be without Strawberries? When a politician turns his coat, it's a sign he's getting a little out-at-elbows. I never met with but one perfect specimen of Dog-Latin, and that was "Cave Canem." The most sheepish eye is decidedly a pope's eye in a leg-of-mutton. There is a F. PEEL in every administration! At a charity sermon the "Collect" comes after the Service is over. The only nickname that was literally a nickname was Old Nick for NICHOLAS. I have no confidence in the following things—in railways, in sausage pies, in Ostend rabbits, poetry, cheap clothes, patriots who make a practice of dying upon the floor of the House of Commons, Radicals, MR. H. DRUMMOND, the Crystal Palace, or in Whigs—much less in Ministers, or in newspapers, street music, or any other kind of organs.

## THE ROYAL PENSION LIST.

ABOUT the richest paragraph we have lately read in the public papers, is one consisting of a few lines headed with the interesting words, "The Pensions of the Royal Family." We learn from this pithy little article, that while we pay foreign princes for marrying our princesses, we pay our own princesses when they are married to foreign princes,—a state of things not very complimentary to the ladies of our Royal Family. Surely our AUGUSTAS and SOPHIAS ought not to be considered such very bad bargains that we should be expected to pay the MECKLENBURGS and other small German potentates who take them off our hands, and who are in a position to support their own wives and families. We can only hope that we shall get something by way of compensation when our own little Princes are old enough to marry; for if a German Prince is worth fifty thousand pounds a year—the sum we give LEOPOLD—an English Prince ought to be well worth double the money.

## The Millennium of Teetotalism.

(To be drawn by GE-GE CR-KSH-NK.)

WHEN every drunkard shall be seen dipping his mug into the Well of Truth.

## A CON FOR THE AGRICULTURAL MIND.

WHEN does a Cow make good meat?—When it's (S)potted.

ECONOMY.—Economy is the art of 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 COBDEN PROVERB.—A man may hold a candle to enlighten the People, so as to burn his own fingers.

## THE DRAMA IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

CERTAIN managers keep, as they keep maids-of-all-work, dramatic poets. It is of course indispensable that they should speak a little French. Generally, foreign couriers have, we have heard, the preference. Be this as it may, the manager keeps his dramatist upon a weekly salary, and for such salary has the whole run of his head. Some of these persons have a happy knack of mixing half-a-dozen French farces in so original a manner that they make one English "screamer." They take French vaudevilles, as you would take French eggs, and breaking them and heating them all up together, they make thereof a thorough English pancake. We know a distinguished egg-cracker who begins to grow gray, another who is wholly bald, upon pancakes so compounded.

However, it is a very laudable custom, and is only another proof of the high estimation in which the drama is held in England—in the county of Surrey particularly—that sometimes as much as four pounds are given for an affecting play. Last week there was a trial in the Court of Queen's Bench corroborative of this cheering fact. Such a play had absolutely been produced at the Theatre Royal, St. George's-in-the-Fields. The Eton Grammar tells us (Boni pastoris est, &c., &c.) that it is the part of a good shepherd to shear but not to skin his flock. The manager of the Royal St. George's was a beautiful illustration of this merciful axiom. He had employed a poet, named CATCHPENNY, to go to Paris to "procure materials for a piece." Most perseveringly, most industriously, did CATCHPENNY fulfil his mission. The very earliest of chiffonniers, he might be seen at daybreak, now before the doors of L'Ambigu, now at the Odeon, raking and poking about whatsoever lay there. So much had he at heart the interests of the Royal St. George's that one morning he had a manly stand-up fight with SMALLBEER, the English author of the Theatre Royal, Oxford-street, over the body of a dead rat before the door of the Porte St. Martin. CATCHPENNY, with his educated eye, seeing the rat, and thereupon believing that it might be resuscitated—or galvanised, or in some way "originally adapted"—for the Royal St. George's was about to whip it into his basket, when the priceless vermin was espied by SMALLBEER, and laid claim to. Whereupon, the two artists commenced a fight with a vigour and earnestness of which such artists alone are capable. They had had several rounds when, in the scuffle, another rat was kicked up from the rubbish. There now being a rat a-piece, the fight terminated, and the combatants embraced. That rat, originally adapted, will be brought out at the Theatre Royal, Oxford Street, next season; its skin embroidered with cloth of gold regardless of expense; with a new tail of Malachite (the history of which will be given in the bills); and real diamond and emerald eyes:

the rat is expected to run a hundred nights; and reasonable is such expectation; for it will run upon nothing meaner than the most sumptuous carpet of velvet-pile, surrounded by the most costly furniture. The piece is to be called "A Rat! A Rat! Dead for a Ducat," and will have the advantage of being represented with the entire strength of the omission of *Hamlet*. However, to return to the Drama in the Queen's Bench. MR. SERJEANT BYLES irreverently observed of the talented CATCHPENNY, that he had been engaged by the Managers of the Royal St. George's, "as their stock author, just as a horse was used at Astley's to attract."

"THE CHIEF JUSTICE. Or an ass. (A laugh)."

Now, our respect for the drama compels us to protest against the irreverence of the SERJEANT, further blackened into profanation by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND. In the first place CATCHPENNY was not hired and considered as a horse. The creams and piebalds at Astley's have their full feed of oats and hay, with medicinal green food, warm mashes, and so forth as they require. Moreover, their coats are always in the very best condition, with never a hole in them. Is it ever thus with the dramatic bard? We fear not. We beg to state to MR. SERJEANT BYLES, on behalf of CATCHPENNY, that if he were engaged as a horse—it was the horse Pegasus! Yes; my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, contemptuously jocular in your ermine!—Pegasus; and not as you would infer—Pegasus! If you must have your joke, my Lord, with genius, at least your wit might have stood upon something higher than a donkey,—it might at least have taken a zebra. (That, between ourselves, would have been a juster description of the dramatist of the day. A poor donkey, that suffereth stripes.)

However, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE tried to make some amends. For in summing up, he "commented on the wretched spectacle of men of genius and talent, supposed to be writing pieces which were to live for posterity as samples of the literature of the age at £1 a job." The inference was very kind of LORD CAMPBELL; but really there is no such thing. CATCHPENNY would as soon think of cutting his hair for posterity. As well believe that the poodles at the Pont Neuf are trimmed for posterity, as that the pieces originally adapted from the French, are supposed to be as everlasting as the Bulls translated from Nineveh. Besides, we are credibly informed—need we say, that we are only too happy to give currency to the cheering truth—that CATCHPENNY had more than £1 a piece, although with the generosity of noble natures, the managers of the Royal St. George's refused to plead it. MR. CATCHPENNY had a very comfortable truckle-bed under the stage—with the run of the gallery, after the fall of the curtain, for the chance of dropt half-pence.



### A LARGE BUMP OF CAUTION.

*Flora.* "OH, LET US SIT HERE, AUNT, THE BREEZE IS SO DELIGHTFUL."

*Aunt.* "YES—IT'S VERY NICE, I DARE SAY; BUT I WON'T COME ANY NEARER TO THE CLIFF, FOR I AM ALWAYS AFRAID OF SLIPPING THROUGH THOSE RAILINGS!"

### INTERESTING TO PORTUGUESE BONDHOLDERS.

THESE naturally-anxious individuals will be happy to know that his young and green MAJESTY OF PORTUGAL is now in Paris, and so full of money, that he is giving away orders in all the prodigality of youth. He has just bestowed upon PRINCE NAPOLEON the Order of the Tower and the Sword. This Order gives the lucky knight the privilege to wear a silver collar (at his own cost) with the inscription—"Valour, Loyalty, Merit." The Portuguese Government—now happily represented by HIS MAJESTY PEDRO II.—have bestowed Orders of a very different sort upon its English Bondholders and Creditors. They have in many cases revived the Order of the Queen's Bench and the Key, with the privilege of wearing a collar of parchment, with the inscription,— "Gullability, Poverty, and No Credit."

As another delightful instance of the moral heroism of the young King, we have to state that His Majesty last week visited the French Mint, where "he followed the operations of coining"—say the accountants—"with great attention." How like his progenitors! "Plates of gold were cast for his inspection, and there was shown gold ready to be thrown into the crucible to the amount of nearly a million." Surely this was very unnecessary trouble. Had the gold been placed in the hands of His Majesty, to the credit of Portugal, it would have been as completely melted as in any crucible aever. Bondholders have already seen more millions of theirs melted in the national crucible of Portugal,—nine millions subjected to "the different operations of coining" by the Portuguese State, and followed by Portuguese royalty "with great attention." For our vulgar, common-place part, we wonder that any King of Portugal could touch a piece of his own coin without remorseful shuddering. There is a monkish legend, that money being extorted by a sinful tax, a piece of the coin dropt blood in the hand of the ruler who had levied the impost. Could this miracle be repeated in Portugal, how much of its coin would weep the blood and tears of cheated Englishmen, their widows and orphans?

### BRIGHT IDEAS.

STICK wholly to business and mind nothing else. If you go to war you are sure to lose men and spend money. The worst that could befall you in consequence of not resisting Russia would be subjugation under the CZAR. If all the world would submit to the CZAR there would be no fighting. There would be no armies and navies to maintain; and the expenses of mankind would be almost limited to the sum required for the maintenance of one man and his family in luxury. The monarch could have no ambition to gratify, as he would be master of this planet, and it would be impossible for him to invade the moon. The satisfaction of any other passions that he could have would cost comparatively little. Taxation would be moderate under the government of a universal despot. The people at large would not suffer much from any tyranny which they were content to obey. They would be deprived of very little true liberty. They would enjoy all the liberty of the Press that is worth having; the liberty of printing and publishing news.

No tyrant, whose power was unlimited, would have any inducement to restrict manufactures and commerce. Perfect freedom of trade would exist; that is, perfect freedom of all desirable action. Very few tyrants inflict upon their subjects injuries wholly gratuitous. The most malevolent despot would torture but small numbers of an unresisting people. The sum total of atrocities which such a sovereign could perpetrate would fall far short, in amount, of the horrors of war. Individuals and families, here and there, might be subjected to unjust exaction, outrage, and whipping. But the majority would escape the extortion, the dishonour, and the lash. The maximum of income and the minimum of taxation constitute the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and the political *summum bonum*. If this end can be obtained by representative and constitutional government, that government is preferable to absolute government, and not otherwise. If it is likely to be obtained by submission to Russia, the best thing we can do is to let Russian encroachment take its course.

### GROSVENOR FOR EVER!

*Song by an Elector of Middlesex.*

I'm a Middlesex Elector; equal rights, I say for all:  
Sauce for goose is sauce for gander; make one law for great and small.  
That, I fancy, 's what LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR calls his Sunday Bill;  
At the next Election won't I vote for him?—of course I will!

Trade to check upon a Sunday, to secure a day of rest  
For the servants of the trader, is his Bill's intent professed,  
Milk and mackerel crying after nine on Sunday morn 'twill stop;  
And against the hungry close the butcher's and the baker's shop.

Whilst this Lord regales on dainties, whilst on luxuries he dines,  
Whilst he gorges on rich viands, whilst he swills delicious wines;  
He deprives his poorer neighbours of their humble Sunday cheer,  
Baked potatoes, shoulder of mutton, onion sauce, and pot of beer.

He, whose Act betimes to breakfast will compel all common men,  
Will he take none on a Sunday, should he lie abed till ten?  
Will he, self-denying, practise the religion of the Tub?  
Poor folks of refreshment barring, will this man frequent his Club?

You, on others Sunday's burden, grievous to be borne, who lay,  
Do you, with your little finger, touch it not, my Lord, I pray?  
From the bondage you impose on them do you yourself exempt?  
If you do, oh, how you merit indignation and contempt!

Brother Middlesex Electors, independent, though not free,  
That's your liberal Member! shall he ever more your Member be?  
Oh by all means let us choose him us to represent again!  
And he'll soon stop every Sunday steamboat, omnibus, and train.





SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

*Policeman.* "I SAY, THIS WON'T DO. YOU MUSTN'T FOLLOW YOUR OCCUPATION ON SUNDAY."



SAUON FOR THE GOVERNMENT FOR THE GARDNER.

THESE ARE THE NAMES OF THE OCCUPANTS OF THE HOUSE.

THE HOUSE

NO. 12

## THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

HOW TO GET HIM THERE?

(An Imaginary Conversation.)

## PERSONS.

IL CONDE DI PALMAPIEDRA . . . Prime Minister of Barataria.  
 DON GULIELMO ABORECEDEDOR . . . Patronage Secretary.

SCENE—A very Private room in a Public Office in Barataria.

IL CONDE DI PALMAPIEDRA and DON GULIELMO DE ABORECEDEDOR  
 discovered at a table with papers.

Il Conde. But about that vacancy, DON GULIELMO?

Don G. Oh—the clerkship of the kitchen?

Il Conde. Exactly:—snug place, you know—capital finger-licking—I have been deluged with applications for it.

Don G. Oh—of course. But don't be in a hurry about filling it up. I've had a hint that DON TORNADO—(mysteriously).

Il Conde. What—DON TORNADO—the immaculate—the incorruptible—

Don G. (smiling). That DON TORNADO has a cousin, who sadly wants providing for, and—

Il Conde (refers to a pile of letters).—who would just suit the place?

Don G. Or whom the place would just suit—it comes to the same thing.

Il Conde. Caramba! DON TORNADO is worth muzzling. Do you know anything of the cousin?

Don G. (shakes his head doubtfully). Shy—I fancy. As you say, DON TORNADO is worth muzzling; but I fear we can't venture—just at this moment—you know—

Il Conde (laughing). Ah—DON GULIELMO! The political revivals that we have seen in Barataria! The sudden convictions of public sin! The miraculous awakenings to public duty! The glorious self-denials of our Baratarians! Well, well—we shall survive this last outburst too, I think; Eh, DON GULIELMO—(rubbing his hair cheerfully).

Don G. (laughing shortly). I shouldn't wonder, your Excellency;—but at present, as Barataria is in one of her hot fits of virtue, we must leave DON TORNADO to the privity of his patriotism, to seek her own reward from Virtue—whatever that may be—and find a man for the place who can do the work.

Il Conde. What a bore it is to have so many friends one would like to oblige, DON GULIELMO! (Pointing to a heap of letters.) See here! All about this Clerkship!

Don G. Then, there's DON HERCULES—

Il Conde. What! The cleanser of the Angean stable himself! Is he ready to wallow in the litter!

Don G. He writes—on public grounds, he says—in favour of a man from the country—

Il Conde (referring to memorandum). Oh!—yes—the nephew of the vine-grower who proposed him for the Cortes at the last election—

Don G. He gives the strongest assurances of his eminent fitness—

Il Conde. I dare say! But I've enquired, and that cock won't fight. It can't be done—not even to oblige DON HERCULES—and you know whether that Cerberus has not earned his sop. (Sighing.) No—I really think, DON GULIELMO, we must be particular this time.

Don G. I was afraid your Excellency would think so; in fact, I have said as much to everybody who has been at me about the place. "His Excellency," I said, "does really mean to appoint the best man this time—so it's no use talking."

Il Conde. You pointed out how impossible it was to do otherwise just at present? Of course you didn't put it offensively.

Don G. No, no—I flatter myself I know better than that; but argument is wasted on them. They're so hungry—and then they would fling in my teeth those appointments of PAN-Y-MURO's the other day.

Il Conde. Ah—They were really too bad; he must take the responsibility of them. But he is a Valencian. Your Valencians have all so many cousins!

Don G. And such thin ones! There is no post so small but one of them will fit into.

Il Conde. Oddly enough, there is a good man in the field this time. HIJO-DI-VILLA knows him to be up to his work.

Don G. (doubtfully.) H'm! HIJO-DI-VILLA?

Il Conde (re-assuringly). I know—but this place is in HIJO-DI-VILLA's line you know; come—he does understand cookery.

Don G. He should, if a man is to learn it by burning his fingers.

Il Conde. He tells me this fellow has been clerk of the kitchen to two English ambassadors.

Don G. Nay, then, he must have had practice.

Il Conde. Besides being head cook to an English hospital.

Don G. H'm—not a good line of practice there, I should have thought.

Il Conde. Oh, a Bishop was master of it: the charity was episcopally administered.

Don G. That alters the case:—at all events HIJO-DI-VILLA's protégé is a practical man.

Il Conde. Eminently; and that's what the Baratarian oracles keep dinning in our ears. Practical men! Working men! Men of actual experience! Well, for once, we will give them their Phoenix—the right man in the right place!

Don G. After all, it isn't much of a place.

Il Conde. True. And none of my colleagues had anybody they were particularly interested in. VILLA GRANDE gave up his protégé in the most handsome manner; and DI ARGILA, to my knowledge, has positively refused to back applications from six several members of that extensive and noble Valencian family, DI CAMPO BELLO.

Don G. Well! I hope they'll give you credit for it out of doors. But don't expect it. The Baratarians, though they talk, are not used to this sort of thing; and—mark my words—they won't believe it.

Il Conde. Have I not served the Baratarians these fifty years? Do I not know them, DON GULIELMO?—And now about that Commissionership of the BORRACHOS. (Left Consulting.)

## AN INTERVAL OF TWO DAYS.

(From the Independenza, the Baratarian Administrative Reform organ.)

"WILL nothing correct Ministers? Are they deaf to all appeals, dead to all influences? Is the miserable experience of failure to remain without effect? Are the indignant demands of a public, happily at last aroused to a sense of what it has a right to look for and the power to insist upon, to remain unanswered? Are the obligations of public duty nothing? These questions are naturally suggested to us by the last appointment, by which Ministers have disgraced themselves, insulted the public service, and mocked an indignant nation.

"We announced last week that the post of Clerk to the Kitchen of his Excellency the Governor was vacant. The post is one of trust, honour, and emolument. The salary is large; the perquisites are understood to be considerable. In short, it is a prize worth getting, and, of course, a boon worth giving away. But it is more than this. It is a place on which depends, to a considerable degree, the regulation of the Palace Kitchen, and, consequently, the digestion of his Excellency the Governor. On that digestion may often hinge the weal or woe of Barataria. And thus, by an easy connection of cause and effect, it may rest with the Clerk of the Kitchen whether we are to be oppressed or well-governed; to flourish under the enlightened influence of a TORNADO, or to wither beneath the blighting incubus of a PALMAPIEDRA.

"And how has this important place been filled?

"It has been given to a mere turnspit,—a trencher-washer,—a scullery boy—onc, however, whose menial position has not stood in the way of intimacy with a convenient, if not very creditable underling of the Minister's. This appointment is, no doubt, the reward for services which it might not be so easy to lay before the Cortes in the shape of a debtor and creditor account. Perhaps SENOR HIJO-DI-VILLA will understand what we mean. And this, when the merits of really good and efficient men are daily pressed on the notice of Ministers,—when his Excellency's Kitchen is notoriously the worst managed of all the ill-managed departments of the Household—when patriots like DON TORNADO DI BOBADILLA are thundering, night after night, into Ministerial ears, the unpalatable lessons of truth, and the glorious gospel of public duty; when energies like those of DON HERCULES DI SOUND-Y-FURIO are being devoted, without recompense or reward, to the reform of our public service.

"To what purpose do we boast a mild and parental Governor, in his Excellency DON SANCHO, the constitutional bulwark of an elected Cortes, and the enlightened influence of an unfettered press, if these things are to go on? We trust that at least they will not be allowed to go on unquestioned. We call on the Cortes to do their duty."

## SITTING OF THE CORTES.

The same Evening.

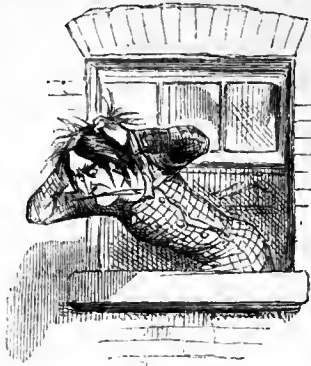
DON TORNADO DI BOBADILLA, seeing his Excellency the CONDE DI PALMAPIEDRA in his place, would ask whether his Excellency's attention had been called to the manner in which the vacancy in the Clerkship of the Governor's Kitchen had been filled up? The public attention was fixed, and not without reason, on the manner in which places were bestowed by the Government, and it did appear to him that at the present critical emergency it behoved patriots to scan sharply every exercise of Ministerial patronage. The circumstances under which this appointment had been filled up were most suspicious, and it had been hinted, in quarters likely to be but too well informed, that political services rather than the public interest had guided the selection of the person, who to the disgust of the public had been foisted into the office. (Hear, hear.) Perhaps SENOR HIJO-DI-VILLA would explain whether there was any ground for these suspicions? (Cheers from the Opposition). He put this question to SENOR HIJO-DE-VILLA. He

understood that the person in question had owed the appointment to his recommendation. He trusted that the explanation would be given, and that if given it would satisfy that House and the public. For his own part he had no private motives for curiosity in the case. His anxiety was now, as it always had been, to serve the public, and watch over the interests of the public service—interests which he begged to tell his Excellency, would never be really consulted, until merit and merit alone was recognised as the ground on which offices were bestowed. (*Loud cheers*).

DON HERCULES DI SOUND-Y-FURJO would add his entreaties to those of his honourable friend. When, he would ask, was this miserable truckling to private interests—this wretched predominance of backstairs influence—this fearful tampering with all that was most sacred in public duty to cease? (*Ironical cheers from the Ministerial Benches*). When would the man arise to sweep out the corruption that preyed like a vulture on the vitals of the country. (*Cheers*). He did not mean any allusion to SENOR HIJO-DI-VILLA. But he would say, that if what he had that day read proved, on inquiry, to be based on truth, then indeed—among all the jobs ever perpetrated by a shameless and unblushing Administration (*Hear, hear, from the Opposition*)—this would be found to be the most flagrant, the most bare-faced, the most utterly and entirely indefensible. (*Loud cheers*).

IL CONDE DI PALMAPIEDRA courted inquiry. (*Cheers*). He was perfectly prepared to defend the appointment—if necessary—(*a Laugh*). DON TORNADO had no doubt of that. [*The matter then dropped.*]

THE ORGANIC DISEASE OF LONDON.



POET (*loquitur*).

THOSE organ boys, those organ boys,  
They make a very dreadful noise;  
At morning, noon, and many a time,  
When I am puzzled for a rhyme.



ARTIST (*loquitur*).

An hour at least has passed away,  
Since that young scamp began to play.  
It half my precious time employs,  
To drive away those organ boys.



PATERFAMILIAS (*loquitur*).

The more I tell them to begone,  
The more they will go grinding on.  
An end is put to all the joys  
Of home, by those rude organ boys.



THE LORD MAYOR'S VISIT TO PARIS.

WE are happy to find that the LORD MAYOR will have a chronicler worthy of himself and the great occasion that took him to Paris. When HENRY THE FIFTH invaded France, he took with him certain court historiographers who, each with book and stylus in hand, sat on the baggage-waggon, and took notes, as we say now, of the meeting. When HENRY THE EIGHTH went to the Cloth of Gold, he too carried with him a cunning writer to set down all the events of the scene. We are happy to find that London's LORD MAYOR has been similarly attended upon in his visit to the land of the Gaul, where was so magnificently celebrated the Field of the Table-Cloth. It is said that his Lordship, in imitation of HENRY THE EIGHTH after the third bottle, jocosely laid his hand upon the collar of BARON HAUSMANN, Prefect of the Seine, and said,—"Will you wrastle, brother?"—but that the baron, in condescension to his Lordship, courteously declined. We have grown wiser, more refined, since the days of FRANCIS, and do not now, out of sheer hospitality, lay our guest under the table.

We are bound to state that the LORD MAYOR has very beautifully represented the genius, the worth, the eloquence of the City of London; for he wore his magnificent state robes, and had his mace carried before him, whilst six footmen, with many ingots beaten out upon their backs, were behind him. From one of these footmen—the rogue thinks that *Punch* does not know him—we have received the subjoined advertisement, in which, we rejoice to find, that the world will possess a chronicle, lasting as the lines of Fabian, Stowe, or Holinshed, of the progress of LORD MAYOR MOON from the Mansion House to the Seaside, his Voyage, and Further Progress to Paris, with all that awaited him there.

The reader will be fully convinced that the Chronicle will, in every way be worthy of the theme, when he is informed that it is the work

of—JENKINS himself! That distinguished individual, for the occasion donning the MOON livery placed himself amidst the meaner flunkies attending his Worship; and the result is a book, of which the subjoined is a tempting advertisement. As JENKINS in his happiest vein is wont to say, we anticipate a rich treat from the work of so talented a creature. *Domine dirige nos!*

inn' the preasee Inn Swo.

#### THE MOST NOBELL THE LORD MARE'S VISIT TO PARISS.

By 1 off is FURMAN has thay appear in there golden liveriz at the Otell de Weal. This A Count will containe the hole Jurknee from the Manshun Ouse across the C to Bullon-sur-Mang. with the Trana to the Stashuo at Parice wheeir his lordship was meat by the Perfect of the Seen. Alsoe the wist to the Too-ral-loo-ralliee to kisse the end off the Emp'rur. The persion by the Bullyvarts to the Shams Elitza. Garding de plants—the Pountings of Worse-Alea. Wist to Not a Dam, with a peepe into the Mogg. The Theatr Francis with MARESSLL RACHAL weepinge for her childrn. Wist to the Symmetry, or Chaise-and-Pair. With the dluser given to is Lordshippe att the Otal de Weal, with his Lordshippe's speach Tran Slated from Freneche backards into Englishe, with the Bill of Fair which containe alle the Indelikiease of the giesin. Diparcher from Parice. His Lordshippe harks for Dovor. Ome! Sweate Ome!

The booke to be hadde at the Manshun Ouse. Please ring hairy bells. Plana 2 shillius, cullurd 2 & 6; a few koplea bounde in silke plusshe 4 shillius, with the City daggur on the backs. Hurly aplicashun desirabl.

A curious coincidence—as JENKINS himself in a moment of inspiration might observe—revealed to our knowledge the authorship of the book. We shall not disclose it. Let it suffice to be known that JENKINS was seen, with an ass-skin pocket-book ever in his hand, making notes with one of his own golden tags. We doubt not that the work will be as precious as the metal of the *stylus* and every bit as pointed.

### MUSIC REALLY FOR THE MILLION.

AMONG the wonders of the Polytechnic Institution is an arrangement by which music is laid on from a band on the basement, to a set of instruments upstairs, which produce all the effect of an orchestra. The process seems to be similar to that by which water is laid on to houses; and there is no doubt that in time we shall have a company established for the supply of liquid harmony to the inhabitants of London, from some enormous musical reservoir. There is no reason whatever why sound should not be conducted by some sufficient process to our homes; and why we should not have the opportunity of turning on our music, and turning it off again, just as we would regulate the operations of our water-butts.

It will be extremely pleasant to be able to run to a tap in our apartment, and let in a gush of the most exquisite melody, of which we can drink just as long as we find it agreeable. Of course there will be rival companies, just as there are rival water-works; and each company should be permitted to place its musical mains wherever they may be required. Some would prefer the West MENDELSONN, while others would rather draw their Supply of Melody from the Grand MOZART and BEETHOVEN Junction; leaving the lighter tastes to be gratified by what might be called the South DONIZETTI Milk-and-Water Works. A few would, perhaps, evince a predilection for the produce of the Great Hydraulic Processes of VERDI, which are known to require a tremendous power of pumping; which, though very wearing to the human machine, might not be too severe for the mechanical contrivancies that will be employed in laying it on to the inhabitants of the metropolis.

We shall look anxiously to the carrying out of the design we have conceived; and we shall hope to find it superseding that unpleasant mode of supply by which music is now brought home to our doors, through the medium of itinerant brass bands and Italian organ-grinders. The invasion of the latter is becoming every day more formidable, and their attacks are conducted with such skill, that a column of Milanese hurdy-gurdies will often be supported by a Sardinian contingent, in the shape of a gang of desperadoes with their instruments of torture from Genoa. Such is the audacity of these foreign troops, that they are not to be repelled when threatened by the Civil Power; and we can only hope that they may be persuaded to volunteer for the Crimea; where, we feel perfectly persuaded, that if they were properly organised with their own frightful organs, and brought well into play, every Russian would give his ears, rather than remain to endure the cruel infliction to which they would be subjected.

#### Lord Robert Grosvenor's Sunday Bill.

WILL mackerel, oysters, milk, and cream,  
From nine to noon on Sunday keep?  
O House of Commons what a theme  
To drivel on, whilst angels weep!

#### A NICE MAN FOR A SMALL TEA PARTY.

THE fluctuation for the last few years of the duties upon Tea—jumping up and down, and going through all sorts of figures—have made grocers, in their facetious cups, nickname the Tea Circular as “GLADSTONE'S *Thé Dansante*.”

### RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

*How the huge cat NIMROD did feed people upon words, and how some people fared upon the same, and how the inhabitants of the Palace of Sound went out in order to come in, and came in in order to go out.*



UT we did stay, tarry, not perambulate (for that your parliamentary spozidators, or converters of sense into cinder-ash, do ill like walking and talking), fidget, feel pins and needles, fancy ourselves happy, try to smile, and did tickle our fingers with the little ornaments of the palace to prevent ourselves laughing at the builders thereof. And then, lo and behold! up rose certain dealers in chequered plaids, Roly-poly GREYS and HUMS, the which were likewise objectionably surnamed and cognomened as H—MB—GS. And with them did consort and mismanage himself (for he was fit for better things) a certain dreary, learned, tasteful, dealer in pinnacles and stained glass and *rubricate* and genuflexions and little bits of sackcloth, and did try to show how that the Great Cat did persecute the Great Bear, and did show that people who do nothing do little, and that people who tell falsehoods do not stick to the truth, and that those who forget are not given to remember—all the which the Great Cat did stoutly maintain, claw, scratch, throw alabaster bulls'-heads, and do battle for. And this, hark you, learned, ignorant, and irreverend sirs, was all for your own good, if that JEAMES had not shied cold blood, or that PAM had not grinned, or that “LAUGHLESS-STONE” (of the which ARISTOPHANES doth speak) had not volunteered a white tie in lieu of a horse-collar.

But the Great Cat did much for some people, and especially for the great man JEAMES, for that he did try to teach him to speak the truth, did try to make him remember what he perfectly knew, and to forget that he had fancied himself honest. And albeit the said great man JEAMES did lay about him lustily with his trusty sword, NONMIRICORDO by name, and did fix his eye, get up a compassionate show, try to catch flies out of his own milk of human kindness (just as the great LAUGHLESS-STONE got University Reform and no Popery out of his own head, or as the Peace Association scratched brains out of chaos, and left them to remain there,) and try to talk about compassion, humanity, respect for the dead, bunkum, bosh, and other things, for all which he was equally partial, still the Great Cat did make him go down, swallow very humble pies made of his own eloquence, inasmuch that he and the like of him did banquet unluxuriously on their own words. Oh, the dainty starvation!

And in this wonderful Palace of Sound, everybody did go out in order to come in, and did come in in order to go out—the which certain folk did say, was only because they told lies in order to tell the truth, did good that evil might come, went in drunk that others might come out sober, gave up situations they couldn't keep that others might not be able to keep the same, and did what they could not help doing to prevent others not doing the same.

And all this, we were told, was mightily useful and profitable unto the making of wars, the education of the wise, the prevention of knowledge among the ignorant, the stability of rotten foundations, the payment of much out of nothing, the feeding on feast days, lest others should lack for abstinence on fast days, the shirking one's own duty lest others should stand a chance of doing it, the doing of small things to prevent other people being troubled by doing great, the doing of everything when it is not wanted, to prevent people complaining of nothing when everything has not been undone, and, above and beyond all, to stifle those who speak what they know, to the end that all who know nothing may have something to say. And this was why the great and little people (of which the latter did predominate) went in and went out, in the which proceeding they did differ from candles, inasmuch as they gave no light when they were in, albeit they were unsavoury to the smell and the remembrance when they went out.

OLD BROOMS FOR NEW.—It's all very well to talk about new Brooms sweeping clean, but there's an old BROUGH'M in the House of Lords that sweeps away rubbish like a new 'un.



### A DELICATE HINT.

*Brighton Boatman.* "THERE'S A WESSEL OUT THERE, SIR, A LABOURIN' A GOOD DEAL, SIR! AH, SIR, SAILORS WORKS WERRY 'ARD—PRECIOUS 'ARD LINES IT IS FOR THE POOR FELLERS OUT THERE!—PRECIOUS HARD IT IS FOR EVERYBODY JUST NOW. I KNOW I SHOULD LIKE THE PRICE OF A PINT O' BEER AND A BIT O' BACCA!"

### THE SUN ON SUNDAY.

PHOEBUS APOLLO, THE SUN.

LUNA, THE MOON.

*Luna.* Hail, Phoebus! Thou lookest not as bright as thou art wont; what, now, is it that hath taken the shine out of thee?

*Phoebus.* O Luna, it is no wonder that my aspect should be dull; since in London, at least, the Day of the Sun will henceforth be gloomier than ever.

*Luna.* Who intercepting, or standing in the way of the sunshine?

*Phoebus.* LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, indeed, and the Sabbatarians in the House of Commons, who are passing, if they have not already passed, an Act to hinder the poor inhabitants of London from rejoicing in meat and drink on the day of the Sun, if, perchance, they shall have not been able to purchase provisions before 9 o'clock in the morning.

*Luna.* Therefore it will behove them to rise early as thyself in winter, lest they starve. But some say, truly, that this is no Sabbatarian measure, but a law to secure a day of repose to the tradesfolk and their slaves; whom, otherwise, competition would compel to toil.

*Phoebus.* Falsely, rather, do they say so. For if, on the one hand, they legislate only to secure needful rest on this day for the tradespeople and their slaves, why, on the other, do they hold it an unsound thing to legislate for securing needful rest to grown-up cotton-spinners, also, and their slaves of mature age, by limiting the hours of labour every day?

*Luna.* But how do they maintain that to be an unsound thing?

*Phoebus.* They say that it is unwise to interfere with the law of Supply and Demand, and to step in and arbitrate between Labour and Capital when Labour is free to choose.

*Luna.* But if, nevertheless, they do this on the day of the Sun, they are inconsistent.

*Phoebus.* As hypocrites always are. If they were actuated by principles of reason and justice, and not by a sanctionious spirit of domination—if they resembled philosophers rather than headies—they would seek to secure rest to the labouring people on the day of the Sun simply by taking care to render trading on that day as little necessary as possible.

### THE POET IN SMITHFIELD.

I STAND in Smithfield—but in vain  
I list to hear the drovers swear;  
My nose will never catch again  
Those scents that used to fill the air.  
No more I see the tortured brutes  
Pok'd with the pike that drew their blood:  
And through my saturated boots  
No longer penetrates the mud!

No more along the crowded street  
The weary sheep the butchers pull:  
In thoroughfares no more we meet  
The wild infuriated bull.  
Fleet Street we now can freely cross  
Without our former anxious care,  
Lest some eccentric ox should toss  
Our body high into the air.

The nursemaid walks in peace, nor dreads  
To hear a loud and savage roar,  
And see above the people's heads  
Her child pitched to a second floor.  
The applewoman at her stall  
No longer agitation feels,  
Lest she be pinned against the wall—  
By playful heifer at her heels.

The Omnibuses pass along,  
Down Snow or Ludgate's slippery steep;  
Nor fear to slide into a throng,  
Of worried and bewilder'd sheep.  
The nuisance which had long been proved,  
At length to condemnation yields—  
The Cattle Market is removed  
Away to Copenhagen Fields.

### L. S. D. in Danger.

MR. LOWE deserves the thanks of all unready reckoners, that is, of the majority of people, for having done his best to rescue them from being bothered by changes in the coinage. He has stood manfully by the old shilling, with which we shall always recognise a pleasing association in the name of BOB LOWE.

*Luna.* By what contrivance?

*Phoebus.* By enacting a bill to provide that all working persons should be paid their wages at so early an hour on Saturn's day, as to admit of their purchasing beforehand the provisions necessary for the day of the Sun.

*Luna.* Which if they forgot to do, what then?

*Phoebus.* It would then remain for them to buy their victuals and drink at such butchers', bakers', and fishmongers' shops, and taverns, as should be open on the Sun's day.

*Luna.* But if all those shops should have been willingly shut?

*Phoebus.* In that case they would only have to blame their own forgetfulness. For then the shops would have been shut for want of custom, by reason of the customers' early receipt of wages, and not upon compulsion. And thus the rest of all would be duly provided for, without interference with the liberty of any.

*Luna.* Couldst thou not, O Phoebus, enlighten those Legislators sufficiently to enable them to perceive so plain a precept of wisdom?

*Phoebus.* O Luna, the blindest of all are they that close their eyelids of their own accord against the beams of light! But see, here comes my Tiger, with his thumb reflexed over his shoulder, informing me that my chariot is now ready. Farewell!

### ONE DRESS (OF MANY) AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ROUGEDRAGON.—Train of rich blood-coloured *moire antique*, trimmed with the small hours of the morning. Petticoat, of hectic consumption colour. Bouillons of fainting-fits; ditto tunic, trimmed with hysteria. Stomacher and other ornaments, faded eyes. Magnificent tiara of white coffin-nails.

[*Mr. Punch* is particularly requested to state that the dress was made at the establishment of MADAME SYCORAX, whose 'prentices are too happy to give their days and all their nights to the nobility and gentry. A hall-porter always up and wide awake upon the premises' MADAME SYCORAX need hardly observe to her noble friends and patronesses that she does *not* make for the MARCHIONESS OF SH—FTES—R—RY.]



A DAY'S FISHING AND A RUN WITH A FRIEND'S HOUND.

Owner of Attached Quadruped (frantically). "Let him go! Give him line! Hold on! Take care! I'm coming with the landing-net!"

## TERPSICHOREANA.

WHAT is the difference between a *soirée dansante* and a *thé dansant*?—a dancing evening and a dancing tea? There were eight of the former to one of the latter announced the other day under the head of "Fashionable Arrangements for the Week," in the *Morning Post*. Is a *thé dansant* a dance plus tea, and a *soirée dansante* a dance minus tea? If minus tea, is it plus sherry-cobbler? or do fashionable arrangements include an arrangement so mean as that of dancing without anything to drink? Such dancing must be very dry work; no *thé*, not even any *bière*!—hops without malt.

A *thé dansant* might, on superficial consideration, appear to have been probably the invention of BARON NATHAN, who used to dance within the interspaces of a set of tea-things: but on profounder reflection we discern that it was the BARON alone that danced, and not the cups of tea; neither could the eggs that were added to the tea have taken an active part in the performance. However we find that a Polka and a Waltz are advertised, termed respectively the "*Hatching Polka*," and the "*Hatching Waltz*:" whence we infer that either BARON NATHAN, or some rival of that Noble, has devised a novel dance, which consists in capering between sets of eggs under incubation, without disturbing the hens.

THE BEST LOOK OUT FOR PARSONS.—A Bishop's See.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 18th, Monday.—THE voice of HENRY BROUGHAM has been twice heard in the House of Lords this past week, both times in utterances worthy of him. On this Monday he ably pleaded the cause of the poor, oppressed by County Court extortions, and on Thursday he gave vent to his fierce and righteous indignation at the Hango atrocity, declaring that "if ever the nation called for blood it was now."

In the House of Commons, the adjourned debate on Mr. LAYARD'S motion was resumed. LORD GODERICH *naïvely* complained that the aristocratic composition of the present Government was unfair to the aristocracy, for when people saw Lords thrust into every office, and the work of every office was bungled, people got the impression that Lords were good for nothing, to which he, as a Lord, objected. The debate was dull, but still worthy of notice. LORD PALMERSTON, seeing the direction that popular opinion takes upon the subject of administrative reform, threw over the plea he had instructed his CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to make, namely, that Government had reformed things as far as possible, and he accepted SIR BULWER LYTTON'S amendment, which declared that a great deal more ought to be done. This little illustration of the sincerity of our rulers should be noticed. Moreover, LORD PALMERSTON affected to be dreadfully angry that he had been accused of making jokes on serious subjects. This was an inaccurate way of putting it. Nobody said that the Viscount made jokes—it requires a better man than a Parliamentary "star" to do that, but he certainly indulged in flippant levities, and if he denies this again, *Mr. Punch* will desire one of his office-boys to look up a dozen or so of them, of course paying that young person extra for exposing himself to the influence of non-sanatory matter.

The House was also favoured with what somebody has called "oozings from the cracked brain of HENRY DRUMMOND," who is the queerest mixture of NESTOR and THERSITES that ever amused rational men. This Angel having played such fantastic tricks before the House as made the members laugh, MR. DISRAELI likened him to RABELAIS, a higher compliment, perhaps, than MR. DRUMMOND deserved, but still one of significance and appropriateness. MR. DISRAELI himself declared that he had invented the phrase "Administrative Reform," and knew what it meant, too, and would preciously soon let them all know, if LORD DERBY only came in again. The division against MR. LAYARD was 359 to 46 a result which might have been expected from a House composed like the present. The story of this reform movement may be closed by *Mr. Punch's* mentioning that SIR B. LYTTON'S amendment was agreed to,

unanimously, on Thursday, and carried—the people may just as well be told this—"amid general laughter."

Tuesday. In the "Casino," the Bill for regulating the affairs of Friendly Societies was read a second time. *Mr. Punch* wonders how many of their lordships knew, until told on Tuesday, that three millions of persons, and six millions of capital, are connected with, and invested in, these societies.

The City Corporation is respited. The bill to reform it is not to be introduced this session. Government thought that it would be cruel to inflict another blow upon the Alderman GRUBBS and GARBAGES, immediately after depriving them of the comfort of the stench of the Smithfield.—*Mr. Punch* is no opponent of mercy, as a rule, but he cannot but think that the two nuisances might have been dealt with at once.

A select committee was appointed to enquire into the circumstances of the expedition commanded by the gallant CAPTAIN M'CLURE, who has solved the mystery of the Arctic sea. The hero of the Northern Ocean deserves a noble reward, but it is to be feared he will be insulted with a knighthood—the sort of thing stuck on a provincial cheese-monger who happens to be a Mayor when a Royal personage happens to have a baby.

MR. LOCKE KING stated to the House that it, and its predecessors, had made 10,047 laws, all of which were obsolete, and he moved a resolution that a bill should be prepared for abolishing such laws. Of course the Government resisted such a proposal, but MA. LOCKE KING, who has a habit of beating Governments, defeated LORD PALMERSTON by a majority of 17.

A motion of MR. HEADLAM, for securing to the family of an officer, slain in battle, the value of his commission, now absolutely lost to them, was resisted by MR. F. PEEL in his usual petty way, but LORD PALMERSTON took a somewhat larger view of the case, and agreed that an officer should have the option of saying whether he would prefer that his family should receive the amount in one sum, or the pension. The sad news, which came a few hours after this concession, told of the fall of many fathers, husbands, and brothers, men to whom it might have been a boon, had it been accorded earlier, and not withheld until extorted.

Wednesday. The House of Commons went into Committee on the bill enabling you to marry your sister-in-law. Its opponents fought very doggedly, and were defeated on three divisions, but young ladies had better defer buying the Berlin wool for slippers, and beginning to embroider braces, and otherwise preparing to make themselves acceptable to widowed brothers-in-law. For there are bishops in the Casino.

*Thursday.* The Peers of England spoke out boldly and nobly about the Hango outrage, a matter apparently beneath the attention of the representatives of the people. LORD MALMESBURY (actually arousing, like LORD VERISOPHIT) for once behaved in a manly and euergetic manner, as did LORD CLARENDON and others, LORD BROUGHAM's fiery words have been echoed all over the land. LORD COLCHESTER was the exception, who talked about as well as one of his brothers, the oysters of Colchester, might have been expected to do. He wished another flag of truce sent—that more ruffianly murder might be done, one supposes. But the Government have demanded, through Denmark, whether Russia will punish the guilty parties. As a lying version of the affair is already promulgated by the Court of St. Petersburg, it is certain that no punishment will be inflicted. Far better to let the sailors in the Baltic Fleet, whose comrades have been murdered, be distinctly apprised that England leaves the work of punishment to them.

The House of Commons was in a merrier humour, had nothing to say about Hango, but had a good roar at the termination of the attempt to satisfy the popular cry for administrative reform.

*Friday.* The Lords read, a second time, a meritorious bill for expediting the trials of persons charged with various offences. The proof that it is needed lies in the fact that, out of 28,000 persons brought to trial, 6,200 were acquitted or discharged for want of evidence.

The report of the Sebastopol Committee has been presented this week. What *Mr. Punch* thinks of it, he may say elsewhere. What MR. ROEBUCK thinks of it may be gathered from the following resolution, which he launched, like a thunderbolt, at LORD PALMERSTON'S head. On the third of July MR. ROEBUCK will move

“That this House, deeply lamenting the sufferings of our army in the Crimea during the winter campaign last year, and considering, in accordance with the Committee, that the conduct of every member of the Government engaged in the management of the war was the first and chief cause of those sufferings, does hereby censure the conduct of every member of the Cabinet.”

*Mr. Punch* need not remind his friends that, except the Peelites, almost everybody whose “conduct” is thus to be “censured” is a member of the present Administration. On the whole, therefore,—and considering that MR. ROEBUCK habitually fulfils all his menaces—*Mr. Punch* may congratulate his friends aforesaid (he alludes to the civilised world) upon the prospect of an unmistakable Shindy.

### PUNCH TRAVELLING BY POST.



MORE seasonable present at any season of the year can be made to any one than a number of that popular periodical which is now before the reader, and which has just completed its Twenty-eighth volume. In consequence of the recent alteration in the Newspaper Stamp law that most acceptable present can now be sent by post for the small charge of one penny. Four numbers of *Punch*, when decorated with a QUEEN'S head, will go to any part of HER MAJESTY'S dominions at that extremely moderate fare, whereas the shortest journey, by the Royal mail, of *Mr. Punch's* entertaining miscellany involved, heretofore, an expenditure of fourpence, unless previously stamped. Henceforth, four numbers will go to JOHN O' GROAT'S house for one quarter of the sum from which the gentleman so called derives his name.

An immense multiplication of copies of *Punch* will necessarily result from the increased facility of its transport, since vast additional numbers of persons will be induced to purchase this pleasant publication by the knowledge of having the potentiality of stamping it themselves in ease of wishing to send it to their friends. Thus the loss to the revenue, apprehended by some timid legislators from the repeal of the stamp duty, will be amply compensated; particularly as the unparalleled lightness of these humorous pages will render their transmission a matter of the greatest ease to the State.

### Calcraft for the Baltic.

THE name of Hango has an ominous sound—especially as denoting the scene of an atrocious murder. If our sailors contrive to take the place, they will be justified in taking the last letter from its appellation, and acting, in reference to every miscreant they can catch there, on the hint suggested by the remainder.

### “HOW TO CUT OUT A BODY.”



IF we read some directions with the above benevolent object, we found that the advice applied only to dress-making. In our disappointment we have indited the following simple rules necessary to be observed by ladies in the envious art of “cutting out.” First of all, the smaller the body, and the softer it is, the better for the experiment to be practised upon it. You take your body, and press it gently until it is made to sing. During this operation you should cough slightly, or order JOHN to hand round the muffins, or else you go skipping about the room, talking in the gayest manner to the greatest

gentlemen. Then, at the end of the first or second stanza, you rush up to the piano, and assure the poor body that “you are extremely obliged, to be sure,” and leave her to her surprise before you are made conscious of your mistake. Shortly afterwards, as a great favour, you consent, “if the gentlemen only will be quiet for five minutes,” to sing yourself; and having, by an impartial distribution of your gloves, and handkerchief, and bouquet, and vinaigrette, secured a goodly attendance round you, you warble away, and lavish the resources of your beautiful contralto voice in the most prodigal and effective manner. The “cutting out” has been perfect, and you proceed to your discomforted rival in the most affectionate manner to ask “if she has a partner for the next waltz.”

Another plan is not to ask your rival to sing until the gentlemen are all downstairs at supper. In bonnets and gowns there is abundance of material for the most conspicuous forms of “cutting out;” and the most popular form, though perhaps a trifle vulgar, from having been so much over-done, is to ascertain by some secret diplomacy what is the precise pattern worn by your rival, and then, on some public occasion, to wear it first yourself. As a matter of course, you accuse your rival of imitation, and wonder “how any one can be so mean?” In marrying, it is dangerous to attempt any “cutting out,” for we have known instances of persons cutting their fingers terribly in the operation, and when once you have been cut out, it is not so easy to cut in again. In fashionable life, the success of the art depends greatly upon the resources that you have at your command to practise it. If Mrs. SO-AND-SO has but one gray, then it is your duty if you wish to get a-head of her, to come out instantly with two grays. If she has only one hundred persons to her *soirées*, then you must secure at least two hundred. If her diamonds represent so many hundreds of pounds, you must take the shine out of them by seeing that yours represent so many thousands;—and so on, with your establishment, your children, your servants, and everything else in the same proportion. In “cutting out,” the great essentials requisite are a long purse, a cool head, a cold heart, and a sharp tongue: with a stock-in-trade like that you are sure to “cut-out” everybody.

### Antidote to Dissent.

THE *Examiner*, on the one hand, says that the last report of the Cathedral Commission “winds up with a proposal of founding a round dozen of new bishopricks,” and, on the other, that “the last census return proved that of the population of England and Wales attending divine service on a Sunday, more than one half of them dissented from the Church of England.” The prevalence of dissent may be ascribed by some to the circumstance of the country having had too much instead of not enough bishop: if that is the case, the recommendation of the Commissioners must be regarded as the prescription of “a hair of the dog that bit you.”

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT QUESTION.—Stir it, and sound it as you will, there never will be, with our present Conservators, any other Settlement of this Question but—MUD.

MECH'S PROFESSION.—In agriculture as in business, to make two blades where there was only one blade before.



## FRUITS OF THE FORCING-PUMP.

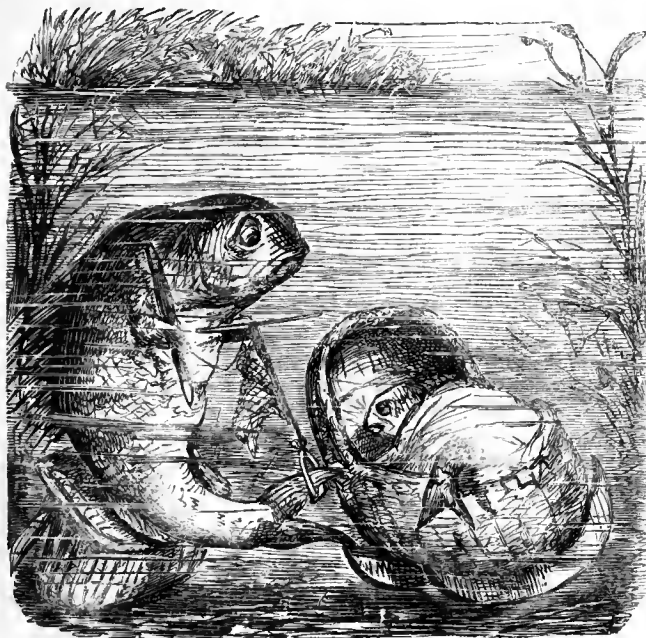
THE Maine Law works well in America. Oh, beautifully! If you have any doubt of that, read the account of the little excitement—not occasioned by “intoxicating beverages,” oh dear, no!—which recently arose out of that enactment at the place of its origin—the very fountain-head, if one might say so, of Pump-water. But one could not say so with propriety, for the fountain of Pump-water is the abode of Truth, whilst the source of the Maine Law is the residence of Humbug itself, embodied in an individual impostor. Witness the following extract from the American news of the *Morning Post* :—

“THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW CHEATS.—The fanaticism of the advocates of the prohibitory liquor law at Portland, Me., has found vent in riot and bloodshed. It appears that Nell Dow, Mayor of Portland, and author of the Maine Law, purchased a quantity of liquor, expecting to sell it at a profit to the town agency.”

This Dow would be better known and understood if he had less name—if it were minus a letter, simply Do. The Maine Law, we perceive, was originated by Mr. Dow, or Do, in order to serve as the basis of a speculative operation in liquors; and great, doubtless, is the envy of Mr. Dow by MR. BARNUM. MR. Dow’s imposture has, however, if successful, nevertheless been hazardous. According to the account above quoted,

“The agency, however, did not purchase, and complaint was made against Dow for violation of the statute. While the complaint was pending, the Mayor induced the City authorities to purchase his stock. Incensed at these proceedings, the mob collected about the building where the liquor was stored, and threatened its destruction. The military was called out; and, as the rioters persisted in their application of the search and seizure principles, fired on the mob, killing one man, and wounding several others.”

MR. Dow narrowly escaped losing the reward of his fraudulence; and his loss of that would have been somewhat less lamentable than the loss of life at which the liquor stores of the author of the liquor law were protected. The first fruits of your Maine Law are a riot attended with bloodshed and death. You see, Gentlemen of the tectotal platform, that people can be disorderly without being drunk. Will you any longer adduce the fact that some drunken ruffians beat and stamp upon their wives as a reason why a human being is not to be allowed to purchase a pint of beer? Perhaps you will; for you already know that total abstinence from “intoxicating beverages” does not render a brute incapable of atrocious crimes. You knew that our allies, the Turks, as long as they believed in MAHOMET, were strict teetotalers, notwithstanding which they were mostly ferocious wretches, and if they were not accustomed to dance upon their wives, they were very much in the habit of drowning them. But, you no-bottle-conjurors! it is as idle to offer you logic as to ask you to take wine.



## Sense and Sensibility.

IN reply to a Speech of MR. DISRAELI on the subject of morning sittings, LORD PALMERSTON began by saying, “I am quite as sensible as the right honourable gentleman opposite.” This is the most remarkable piece of modesty on the part of the PREMIER that we can at present call to mind.

## A TALE OF A (WASH) TUB.

WE wonder if the washerwoman to the British army was paid by piece work—which is not likely in the midst of war—or by time;—whether, in a word, she was allowed to charge by the day or by the dozen. We ask the question because we find by the report of MR. ROEBUCK’S Committee, that while there were about 2000 patients in the hospitals at Scutari in the month of November, the “whole number of shirts was only six.” This disgusting state of affairs allowed something less than a shirt and a half per week amongst two thousand persons; and we can conceive the frightful struggle for clean linen that must have ensued when “the things,” or rather “the thing,” for in some weeks there could not have been more than one shirt, came home from the wash.

We should like to know the number of laundresses employed in “getting up” this paltry amount of linen, and if we were in the House of Commons we would call for a return of all the washing-bills sent in to the Hospital at Scutari during the celebrated month of November, in which the supply of shirts averaged one and a half per week among two thousand men. We suppose we shall be told by LORD PALMERSTON or some other factious authority that though the men were short of shirts they made capital shifts for themselves.

## MY BANKER!

Who puts my money in his till,  
And when in difficulties will  
Employ it to take up a Bill? My Banker.

Who cuts a very pretty dash,  
By spending other people’s cash,  
And ends with a tremendous smash? My Banker.

Who has a pleasant country seat,  
With park and grounds and all complete,  
And is a thorough going cheat? My Banker.

Who goes to church and says his prayers  
And gives himself religious airs,  
And pawns my bonds, and sells my shares? My Banker.

Who when convinced the house must go—  
Hints to a friend to let him know,  
’Tis well to keep his balance low; My Banker.

Who lives in most *recherché* style,  
And wears the very blandest smile,  
Though he’s insolvent all the while? My Banker.

Who may a lesson yet be taught,  
And find himself some morning brought  
Before the Central Criminal Court? My Banker.

## RUMOURED LAST APPEARANCE IN THE PULPIT.

OUR true blue contemporary, *John Bull*, perplexes us with the following paragraph :—

“DR. McNEILE.—It is stated that the REV. DR. McNEILE, having by the death of a near relative come into a handsome competency, is about to retire into private life.”

We can understand that the succession to a handsome competency might induce an actor to retire into private life from the stage fast enough; but cannot well conceive it occasioning a clergyman to “cut” the pulpit with similar alacrity.

## PREMIUMS FOR PUBLIC SERVICE.

IN advocating the claim of CAPTAIN McCLURE, the discoverer of the northwest passage, to a reward for his services on the ground of precedent as well as justice, the *Times* says—

“SIR EDWARD PARRY, who reached 110° west longitude, received £5000 and knighthood.”

Such a man as PARRY is rewarded with £5,000 for his services once in his life. An average Bishop is rewarded with the same sum every year. How much more serviceable than such a man as PARRY ought an average Bishop to be to the British public!

THE ANSWER TO THE MAINE LIQUOR QUESTION.—The answer to the gentlemen who are agitating this question is a decided negative—and that negative comes with a twofold strength—for not only does it say you May’nt, but you Shan’t.

ROOM FOR ADMINISTRATIVE IMPROVEMENT.—The work of Government is no longer peace-work; we wish we could also say that it has ceased to be job-work.



### THE TOO FAITHFUL TALBOTYPE.

*Georgina (in riding habit).* "WELL DEAR! I DECLARE IT'S THE VERY IMAGE OF YOU! I NEVER!"

*Sarah Jane (who insists upon seeing the plate).* "LIKE ME! FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, GEORGINA. I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY ABSURD! WHY, IT HAS GIVEN ME A STUPID LITTLE TURN-UP NOSE, AND A MOUTH THAT'S ABSOLUTELY ENORMOUS!"

### THE VICTORY OF HANGO.

*(For the Invalide Russe.)*

'Twas off the port of Hango that the good ship, *Cossack*, lay;  
From us the British pirates had taken her away.  
She sent her cutter to us, a flag of truce that bore;  
And our hearts beat high as their bark came nigh the holy Russian shore.

There stood one gallant Muscovite alone upon the strand;  
But he retired, with reason good, before they gained the land.  
And, when our brave compatriot on the Britons turned his rear,  
From his right-about the dogs, no doubt, surmised the coast was clear.

Keep close, ye slaves, and quiet, our brave Commander cried,  
And we crouched us down as tigers crouch, their time to spring who bide.  
And whilst we lay in ambush, there landed in our view:  
A band of men, in number ten, from that presumptuous crew.

Their boat was moored securely; ashore we have that band;  
A flag of truce is waving in their officer's right hand.  
Now, Russians, down upon them! our daring Chieftain said.  
Five hundred you to five times two! what, rascals, should ye dread?

With rifles primed and loaded against them did we go;  
There were fifty Russian bayonets for every single foe.  
The British waited timidly the onslaught of the brave;  
And the foremost goose his flag of truce did nothing else than wave.

Our dauntless fellows levelled their weapons at his breast;  
The wretch was a Lieutenant, the name of him GENESTE.  
He said that he had disembarked no army on our shore;  
But some Fins had brought, whom, prisoners caught, he had landed to restore.

Our lion-hearted Chieftain then this stern defiance flung  
Back in his teeth; our Chieftain well could speak the English tongue.  
We care not for the flag of truce—we hold such matters light—  
But we'll let thee see how gallantly the Russian troops can fight.

Thereon one hundred Muscovites their triggers boldly drew;  
And first they shot the men ashore, then fired upon the crew.  
Ho, ho! beneath that fire they fell, the British, Fins, and all,  
Before our aim, as the feathered game—as the robin-redbreasts—fall.

As fierce as bears, as brave as kites, on board the boat we sprung.  
Some of the wounded, to the waves, with fearless hearts we flung,  
And others on the jetty to our valiant comrades threw,  
Who there and then those helpless men in cold blood stabbed and slew.

A heap of five we left for dead within the boat that day;  
But one, reserved to tell the tale, revived and got away,  
To teach the British dastards, and the cruel curs of France,  
What Russians true are the men to do, if they have but a chance.

Of Alma and of Inkermann we leave the Allies to boast,  
So glorious a victory now we've won on Hango's coast.  
Aloft the flag of truce shall hang—a trophy for the CZAR—  
They cannot brag of such a flag among their spoils of war.

All Europe with the stirring news of our exploit shall ring;  
And Austria's generous Emperor, and Prussia's lofty King,  
Our empire of Humanity and Honour to extend  
Will be less afraid to afford that aid which they so fain would lend.

**FEAR OF FACING THE TRUTH.**—The reason why Photographs are not generally liked (excepting amongst ladies), is because there is no flattery about the sun—he's an artist that will not be blinded, for he's up to every wrinkle.



RUSSIAN SAVAGES PREPARING TO RECEIVE A FLAG OF TRUCE.





- A**Asons' Collection (The), 142  
 Accounts from the Academy, 157  
 Adam's Antiquities, 150  
 Admiralty in its Childhood (The), 71  
 Admiralty Intelligence, 88  
 Aggravated Assault on a Female, 113  
 Agriculture in the Suburbs, 62  
 Aim in a Name (An), 161  
 Alexandrow (a Rural Ballad), 150  
 Alone in his Glory, 231  
 Amateur Olympians (The), 149  
 Ammunition for the Crimea, 49  
 Anecdote from Clapham, 134  
 Answer to the Maine Liquor Question (The), 255  
**A**ntidote to Dissent, 254  
 Anti-Smoking Society (The), 222  
 Antiquities on the Shortest Notice, 49  
 "Any Old Clo'" of Nicholas, 114  
 Apollo Sims Insurance (The), 97  
 April Fool (An), 160  
 Army Promotion—A Woman's Question, 99  
 Army, Navy, and Navvies! (The), 149  
**B**ARRING the Nineveh Bull, 189  
 Balaklava, 67  
 Ballad of the Boar (The), 142  
 Balloons for Warfare, 4  
 Barnum's Elephant, 199  
 Battle of the Pianos (The), 144  
 Bear Mourning for Nicholas, 109  
 Berlin Wool Gathering, 53  
 Best Boots for Shooting (The), 93  
 Best Partners (The), 173  
 Betty Martin's Cow, 233  
 Beware of the Dog, 182  
 Bird of Paradise Saloon (The), 222  
 Black Church (The), 24  
 "Bo-Peep" with Buckatone (A), 7  
 Brass Kaiting in Bad Taste (A), 210  
 Bright, 13, 246  
 Brown and Jones, 89  
 Bubble and Squeak, 10  
 Bullet-Proof Hero (A), 27  
 Butt of Europe (The), 23  
**C**ALCRAFT for the Baltic, 254  
 Candidates for a Rope, 70  
 Cant in Crystal, 7  
 Case of Cliequot for Mr. Gough (A), 209  
 Cast of the New Ministry (The), 57  
 Case of Real Distress (A), 229  
 Chancery not to be Despised, 29  
 Character of Anora. (By a late Riser), 150  
 Christmas, 3, 13, 27  
 Church of Gold (The), 118  
 Civic Hospitality and Self-Denial, 168  
 Civic Sublime and Beautiful (The), 171  
 Clamharcade to the Rescue! 178  
 Clear the Ship, 83  
 Cobden Proverb (A), 245  
 Collective Wiseacreedom, 200  
 Colonel Sibthorpe, 62, 83, 132, 245  
 Column for Old Boys (A), 147  
 Coming Speech by a Gallant Colonel (A), 62  
 Common Things, 59, 137  
 Commonplaces out of Place, 185  
 Concerts in the Open Air, 152  
 Conference Polka (The), 141  
 Con for the Agricultural Mind (A), 245  
 Conjugal Candour, 232  
 Coniunctio Conundrum (A), 230  
 Conspiracy! Police! 120  
 Contributions of Nicholas, &c., 30  
 Cost of a Woman's Tongue (The), 90  
 Criminal Law Reform Wanted, 142  
 Cruelty Mania (The), 154  
 Crush-room at St. James's (The), 226  
 Cry from a Police Court (A), 132  
 Crystal Flower and Water Frolic, 219  
 Culinary Enlistment, 43  
 Curiosities of London, 63, 79  
 Curious Coincidence, 147  
 Czar in Pewter (The), 27  
 Czar shall have the Rhine (The), 239  
 Czar's Nursery Rhyme (The), 23  
 Czar's Serenade from Below (The), 14  
**D**AAGON, 99  
 Dainty Dish to Set before, &c., (A), 174  
 Dances of Death, 73  
 Dancing-School of Politics (The), 211  
 Dame Durden Diluted, 97  
 Dead Bargain (A), 109  
 Death by Official Routine, 158  
 "Delicate Criminals," 113  
 Den down upon Layard (The), 186  
 Difference (A), 87  
 Different Circles of Civilisation, 142  
 Difficult Message to Deliver (A), 85  
 Dirty Trick Defeated (A), 109  
 Dishanded Band (A), 168  
 Distinction without a Difference (A), 73  
 Divorce by Purchase, 98  
 Doubtful Position (A), 182  
 Down with the Ladies, 204  
 Dr. Johnson Improved, 244  
 "Dragon's" Share (A), 77  
 Drama in the Queen's Bench (The), 245  
 Dry Leaves from the Tree of Knowledge, 82  
**E**CCECTRICITIES of Genius (The), 163  
 Elizabeth Brown, 69  
 Englishman's (Public) House is his Castle (The), 202  
 Epaulet in Turkey (The), 12  
 Epitaph on a Prize Pig, 8  
 Etiquette in Mourning, 51  
 Every Dog has his Day, 143  
 Express Train (An), 224  
 F. S. A., 10  
 Fair Advantage (A), 209  
 Fashions for Clergywomen, 241  
 Father of Onions (The), 139  
 Fear of Facing the Truth, 256  
 Feast of the Bottle (The), 193  
 Field Marshal for the Church Militant, 87  
 Finalist and the Fatalist (The), 234  
 Fire Brigade under Government (A), 80  
 Fish with Musical Scales, 224  
 Five Minutes with a Regular Dustman, 7  
 Footsteps in the Snow, 117  
 Four and Five Thousand Pounders, 58  
 Friendly Advice, 113  
 Fritz at the Door, 133  
 Frozen-out Lawyers, 87  
 Fruits of the Forcing Pump, 255  
 Fynn Correspondence (The), 244  
**G**ENERAL Fast and General Slow, 127  
 "Gentlemen, make your Game," 139  
 George Robins Redivivus, 53  
 Glee: Cliequot's Tear, 119  
 Glut of Newspapers, 236  
 Go-a-head Saints (The), 235  
 Godfatherly Hint, 19  
 Good Heartless Joke (A), 70  
 Good Thing for Early Rising (A), 47  
 Government Hall of Places, 234  
 Government of Tailors (A), 170  
 Grand National Picture (A), 133  
 Grand Wrestling Match at St. James's Palace, 229  
 Grate-ful Return (A), 11  
 Great Devonshire Mystery (The), 119  
 Great Lion of London (The), 164  
 Green Geese, 103  
 Grosvenor for Ever! 246  
 "Guesses at Truth" in the Dark, 110  
**H**ANOVERIAN Royalty in Danger, 67  
 Happiness! 150  
 Hard Necessities of the Law, 82  
 Hard Work in High Life, 159  
 Hay (es) Fever in Australia (The), 49  
 Height of Politeness (The), 142  
 Here, Stop, You, Sir! 171  
 Home Bay Policeman (The), 93  
 Hero of a Hundred Accidents (The), 193  
 High-Mettled Guardsmen (The), 22  
 Hints to Potichomaniaes, 79  
 Honour Deferred, 202  
 House of Interests (The), 79  
 House of Laughter (The), 182  
 "How to Cut Out a Body," 254  
 How to do Business, 223  
 How to get Double Rations, 142  
 How to Treat our Convicts, 91  
 Humiliation with Some Reason, 98  
 Humours of the Markets, 123  
**I**MPERFECT Insolence, 164  
 Improvement, 71, 73  
 In the Name of Napoleon, "Figs!" 160  
 Income Tax Restitution, 150  
 Interior of the Bank, 141  
 Intermediate French Play (An), 230  
 Invaluable Hints to Nurses, 65  
 Irish Babies, 21  
 J. N. S. Pride, 68  
 Jenkins, Baked Tatturs, and Reform, 211  
 Jenkins in Amhor, 173  
 Job for Dramatists (A), 195  
 Joke to a very Pretty Tune (A), 12  
 Jokes for Army Juveniles, 180  
 Jolly Siego for Sebastopol, 147  
 Joseph Hume, 91  
 Judgment of Jenkins (The), 196  
 Judicial Claptraps, 20  
 Justice for the Doctor, 94  
**K**EV to Prussia's Politics (The), 17  
 King Cliequot, 27, 123, 178, 219, 224, 241  
 King of Berlin Wool (The), 241  
 King of the Third Gender (The), 27  
 L. S. D. in Danger, 252  
 Labour and Capital Combined, 147  
 Ladies at the Bar, 74  
 Ladies' Attention, Please, 108  
 Ladies' Dresses, 220  
 Lady's Postscript (A), 152  
 Lamp that Wants Trimming (A), 181  
 Language of the Country as to the War (The), 240  
 Last Stage of Puffing (The), 201  
 Learned Master of the Rolls (A), 206  
 Leave Well Alone, 92  
 Legal Studies, 79  
 Legal Weather (The), 92  
 Lent-ten Entertainment (A), 216  
 Less Laughing Matters, &c., 181  
 Lines Drawn in a Circle, 59  
 Living not a Livelihood (A), 211  
 "Look on Diss Picture," 42  
 Lord Campbell on Ornaments, 123  
 Lord Chamberlain's Sale (The), 215  
 Lord Chancellor in Danger, 124  
 Lord Ellenborough's Birds, 210  
 Lord John's Travelling Expenses, 84  
 Lord Malmesbury on the Aristocrat, 73  
 Lord Mayor's French (The), 179  
 Lord Moon and the Ministry, 212  
 Lord Palmerston's Puzzle, 132  
 Lord Raglan's Almanacks, 88, 173  
 Lord Robert Grosvenor's Sunday Bill, 257  
 Lost, an Opportunity, 174  
 Love Song in High Life (A), 78  
 Loves of the Second Column (The), 101  
**M**ARRIAGE, 215  
 Marriage in very Mediocre Life, 51  
 Martyrs in the East, 54  
 Materfamilias to Mr. Pnuch, 171  
 Mary and Maynooth, 154  
 May Day at Wolverhampton, 183  
 Mech's Profession, 254  
 Medals for the Million, 221  
 Members' Horses, 19  
 Melancholy Laugh (A), 160  
 Merry May, 191  
 Military Authorities at Astley's (The), 50  
 Military Horticulture, 139  
 Military Market (The), 113  
 Military Pantomimes, 244  
 Millennium of Teetotalism (The), 245  
 Ministerial Mocha-ry, 17  
 Ministers Gone, Gone, but not Going, 129  
 Miracles Wanted, 103  
 Mission for a Marquis (A), 83  
 Model Coroner's Inquest (A), 28  
 Monument to Joseph Hume (A), 101  
 More Bishops, 213  
 More Plagues than Prophets, 113  
 Most Desirable End (A), 28  
 Most Noble Order of the Garter (The), 61  
 Mother's Advice (A), 133  
 Mr. Tom Noddy's First Day with the Honours after the Long Frost, 100, 104, 114, 120  
 Mr. Spoonhill's Experiences in the Art of Skating, 70, 80, 90  
 Much Ado about next to Nothing, 30  
 Mull by Muller (A), 41  
 Museum Flea (The), 151  
 Music really for the 1,000,000, 251  
 Musical Apologist (The), 241  
 My Banker, 255  
 "My Lords are not aware," 94  
 NERIGNOUSA London to Neighbour Paris, 200  
 Nelson Vindicated, 124  
 Never too Late to Learn, 210  
 New Church Conductor (The), 212  
 New Parisian Horse Etablissement (The), 97  
 New Sunday Bill (The), 186  
 New Water Rate (The), 231  
 New Wig Club (The), 203  
 News and Nuisances, 49  
 Nicholas and his Rhine, 82  
 Nicholas' Crosses, 27  
 Nicholas' Hamper, 59  
 Nightingale in the Camp (A), 229  
 No more Bad Legs, 89  
 No more Pills! 2  
 No Reservoir for Talent, 206  
 Noble Animal Food, 81  
 Noonday Truisms, 128, 149  
 Notice—If the Gentleman on the Second Floor, &c., 52  
 Notion for a New Tax (A), 130

Onk to Bacchus, 57  
 Ode to Mr. Layard, 138  
 Official Demand without Supply, 152  
 Old Bailey to Wit, 19  
 Old Clo' and the Army, 60  
 Old Men's Mutual Improvement Society (The), 149  
 "Old, Old Story (The)," 151  
 Omugawaya (The), 168  
 On Lord Lyndhurst's Speech, 130  
 "On Parlera Gulzol," 158  
 One Dress at the Drawing-room, 252  
 One of "Black's Guides," 174  
 Opening for Aristocrats (An), 206  
 Orders, 48, 213, 229  
 Organic Disease of London (The), 250  
 Organisation for the Army, 18  
 Ornamental Fretwork, 154  
 Ornithology of the City, 151  
 Our Brave Fellows at Home, 69  
 Our Corinthian Columna, 239  
 Our Dust Cart, 111  
 Our Insanitary Report, 112  
 Our Octogenarians, 73  
 Our Pet Prisoner, 14  
 Our Russian Prisoners, 102  
 Our War Minister on Active Service, 214  
 Ourselves Russian Spies, 42  
 Out! John? Out! John? 42  
 Oxenstiern at St. Stephens', 202  
 Oxford and the Literary Fund, 221  
 PALMERSTON Proverb (A), 214  
 Parks and Park Keepers (The), 77  
 Peace and Pizoty at Manchester, 14  
 Peace Policeman (The), 103  
 Peel on the Pavement, 72  
 Peelite Education (A), 87  
 Philosophy in Ermine, 109  
 Philosophy for the Fair, 151  
 Philon-la Coronat Opus, 220  
 Photography for Criminals, 19  
 Physic for Infantry, 142  
 Pluralists of the Mormon Church, 20  
 Poet in Smithfield (The), 252  
 Poetical Trimming for Ladies' Bonnets, 159  
 Political "Cross" (The), 41  
 Political Illuminations, 215  
 Political Potichomanie, 118  
 Political Zoology: the Red Tape-Worm, 71  
 "Pop Goes the ——" 163  
 Portrait and a Puzzle (A), 119  
 Portrait of 1855, 224  
 Post Office in a Blaze (The), 222  
 Pranks at the Post Office, 12  
 Potichomanie, 18, 98, 169  
 Potsdam Agree Paileot (The), 235  
 Pranks at the Post Office, 12  
 Premiums for Public Service, 255  
 Pretty Follow for a Bishop (A), 153  
 Prevention of Shopping, 30  
 Prince Albert's Example, 199  
 Pro Bono Clerice, 191  
 Progress in Waxworks, 67

Prop... to the Peace Society (A), 219  
 Prospects of the Commonwealth, 178  
 Protocol of Private Life (The), 205  
 Proverbial Philosophy, 167  
 Prussian Cavalry, 185  
 Prussian Standard Bearer (The), 177  
 Prussian's Sword (The), 47  
 Pudding-headed Puffers, 13  
 Punch's Essence of Parliament, 1, 44, 57, 62, 78, 81, 92, 101, 111, 121, 131, 161, 177, 184, 194, 203, 213, 233, 243, 253  
 Punch, the New Racing Prophet, 143  
 Punch Travelling by Post, 251  
 Puzzle by Poloolus (A), 195  
 QUEEN'S Visit to the Crimean Imbeciles (The), 114  
 Question as Touching India (The), 204  
 Questionable Delicacy, 19  
 Questions that Don't Answer, 137  
 Quiver Full of Daughters (A), 204  
 RAUFLAIA in the Crimes, 230, 242, 251  
 Rambling Truth (A), 196  
 Raw Material of Barristers, 14  
 Raw Recommendation (A), 155  
 Reformation for Young Gentlemen, 224  
 "Rest, Warrior, Rest," 49  
 Retired Bishop (A), 141  
 Return of the Admiral (The), 124  
 Return of the Traveller (The), 173  
 Right Man in the Right Place (The), 247  
 Room for Administrative Improvement, 255  
 Royal Pension List (The), 245  
 Royal Letters—Victoria, 21  
 Rules for Self-Government, 118  
 Rumoured last Appearance in the Pulpit, 255  
 Russian Account of the Lord Mayor, 236  
 Russian Count Dis-courted (A), 214  
 Russian Eagle (The), 3  
 Russian Labels on English Noblemen, 22  
 Russian Spiritual Intelligence, 166  
 SALE of Clerical Commissions (The), 103  
 Sally in Favour of Old Harry (A), 243  
 Same to the End of the Chapter (The), 174  
 Sayings for Circulation, 8  
 Sayings of English Sages, 245  
 Schoolboys' Questions for Cobden, 230  
 School for Embezzlement (The), 117  
 Schoolmistress Ahead (The), 231  
 Scutari, 61  
 Sea Serpent within Hall (The), 202  
 Seaman of the Old School (A), 130  
 Sense and Sensibility, 255  
 Sentimentalities, 143  
 Settlement of the Thames Embankment Question, 254  
 Seven Ages of a Public Man (The), 195  
 (Sewer)age before Honesty, 12  
 Short Lecture to Young Ladies, 205  
 Shropshire Rabbits, 133  
 Sisters of Belgravia, 164

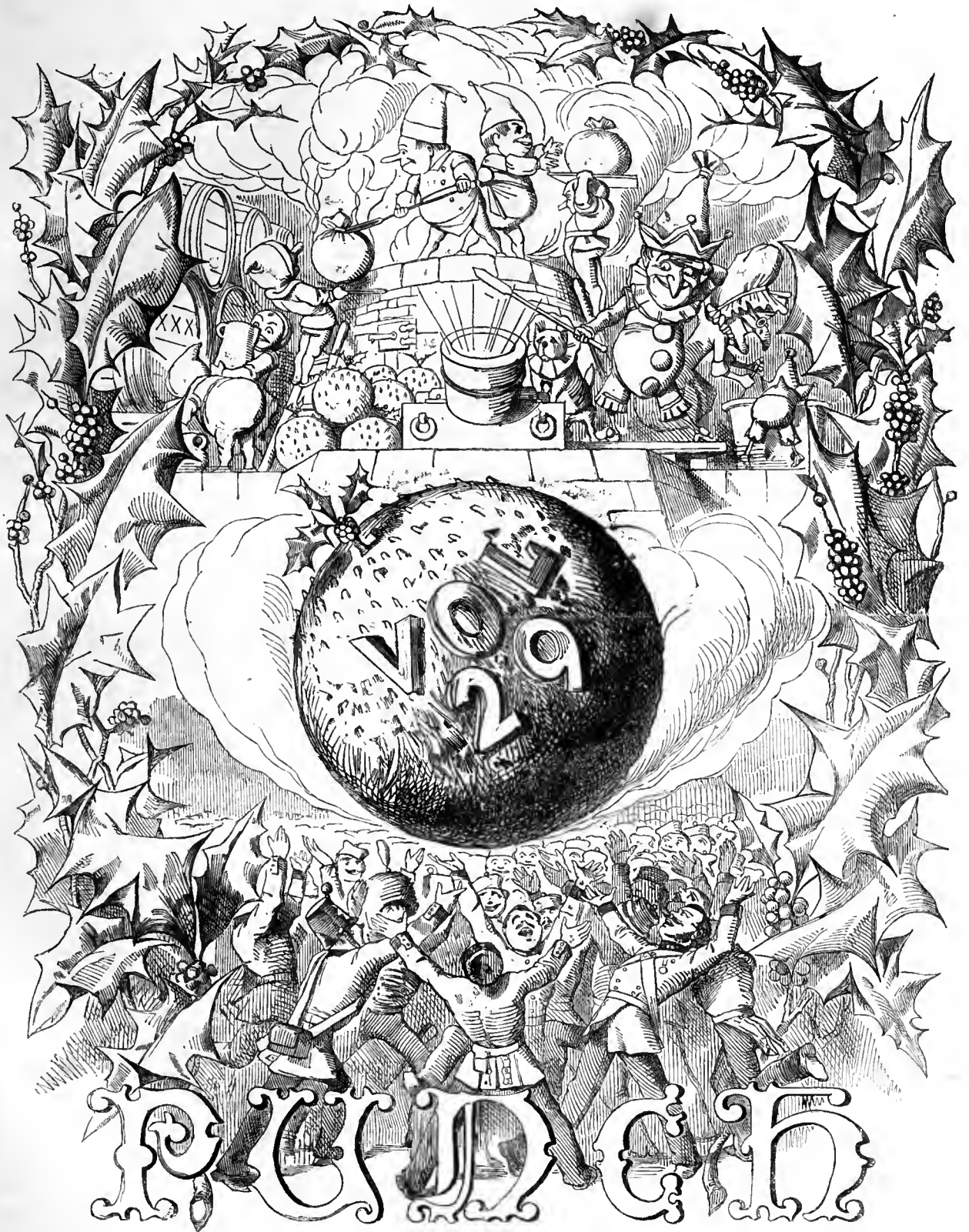
Slaves for the King, 9  
 Smallest Case of a Gentleman (The), 235  
 "Smaah in the Family (The)," 52  
 Soldiera of the Parliament, 193  
 Some American Cures, 201  
 Song of Spring (A), 195  
 Song of the Season, by a Solicitor, 154  
 St. Peter's and St. Paul's, 163  
 State of the "Idol" Trade, 203  
 "Steamer that Nene Stowed (The)," 172  
 Stir and Strike, 196  
 Sun on Sunday (The), 252  
 Sunday for the Single, 9  
 Sunday of the Future (The), 127  
 Surly Sentiments, 137, 151  
 TAKING Places in Parliament, 131  
 Tale of a (Wash) Tub (A), 255  
 Te Veniente Die, 196  
 Teetotal Waistcoat (A), 43  
 Terpsichoreana, 253  
 Theatres Royal, Old Bailey, 167  
 Theatrical Loog Range (A), 54  
 "They are Coming, and They are Three," 21  
 This Morning's Reflection, 163  
 Thoughts on Thoughts, 183  
 Thrashing by Steam, 102  
 Three Stones (The), 158  
 To-Morrow Morning's Reflections, 241  
 To the Dirty Boy, 216  
 Transparencies, 153  
 Tribute to King Clichou, 71  
 Troops led by Faocy, 121  
 Two Visitors, 162  
 UGLY Facts for Ugly Customers, 180  
 Ultra capital Punishment, 58  
 Unacknowledged Captains (The), 150  
 "Under Consideration," 107, 122  
 "Under the Turf," 169  
 Underdone Heroe, 161  
 Universal Maine Law, 220  
 University Education, 229  
 Un-Ministerial Movements, 67  
 Unmistakable Voice in Europe (An), 91  
 Unreported Address to Louis Napoleon (An), 170  
 Urquhart's Views of Palmerston, 11  
 VAN Enquiry (A), 170  
 Value of Freedom (The), 194  
 Vice King Carlisle, 134  
 Victory of Hango (The), 256  
 Visible Decrease of the Police Force, 111  
 Voice of the Omnibus (The), 179  
 Volunteer Countryman's Question, 29  
 WAG on Wagner (A), 127  
 War and the Country (The), 3  
 War Companies Wanted, 42  
 War Conjuror (A), 98  
 War in Black and White (The), 138  
 War in Marylebone (The), 24  
 Warmest Welcome at an Inn (The), 232  
 Warning to Clichou (A), 149

War Poets (The), 17  
 Wasps or Bees? 191  
 Waterloo Avenged, 43  
 Wave of the Spoon (A), 189  
 Way to the Crystal Palace (The), 132  
 We are not a Nation of Shopkeepers, 139  
 What Constitutes a Traveller? 169  
 What's in the Wind? 19  
 What the Country is Coming to? 12  
 Where are the Park Keepers? 118  
 Where does the Rain come from? 240  
 Where is Lord Clarendon? 182  
 Whigs Trimmed on the Shortest Notice, 173  
 Who are the Parties who Write to the Papers? 93  
 Windsor Fairies, 184  
 Wiseman, an Index of the Mind, 27  
 Wilters (The), 17  
 Woman Weighed in the Scales of Justice, 77  
 Wonder at Wolverhampton (The), 112, 138  
 Word to Mr. Layard (A), 97  
 YANKEE Allegory (A), 183  
 Yankee Attempt to "Claw" Punch, 124  
 Yesterday Morning's Reflection, 163

## LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

BATTING the Nioevch Bull, 187  
 Barring of the Ministerial Pipes, 55  
 Conference (The), 125  
 Defeat of the Russians, 227  
 Dirty Doorstep (The), 45  
 Four Points (The), 25  
 General Paet (Asleep) (The), 115  
 "General Février" turned Traitor, 95  
 Great Exhibition of Strength, 165  
 Jamie Graham, the Dirty Boy, 217  
 Member for Nioevch digs out the British Bull (The), 135  
 Military Reform. H.R.H. P.A. resigning his F. M.'s Batou and Pay, 197  
 Mr. Bull wants to know "the Reason Why?" 85  
 Now for it! 65  
 Pipe of Peace Smoked out (The), 237  
 Queen Visiting the Imbeciles of the Crimea, 145  
 Return from Vienna (The), 175  
 Russian Savages Preparing to Receive a Flag of Truce, 257  
 Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander, 247  
 Seeing the Old Year Out and the New Year In, 5  
 Shopping! 75  
 Spades are Trumps, 15  
 Weighing for "The Favourite," 207  
 Who would have Thought it? 165  
 Young Czar Coming into his Property (The), 105

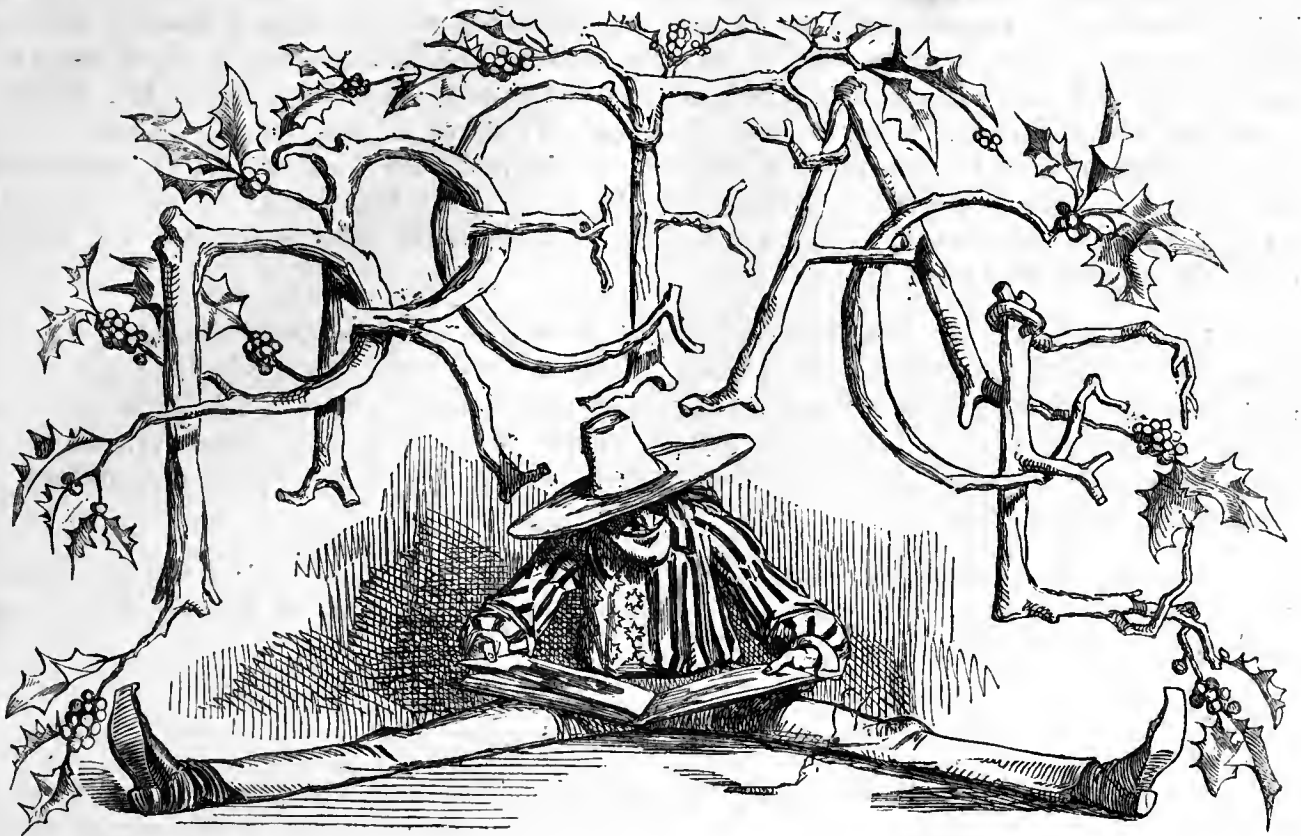




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**B**ROTHER JONATHAN,—Your friend PUNCH makes you the very handsome Christmas offering of this, his TWENTY-NINTH VOLUME. The best of friends will now and then have little wrinkles of temper; but then a little calm consideration, a little tolerance towards one another, smoothes them out, and all is clear again. So, dear JONATHAN, let it be with you and me, even with JONATHAN and PUNCH, as the two representatives of the great Saxon family; between whom let there be nothing rougher than Atlantic billows.

Long before GEORGE WASHINGTON spun his peg-top, your friend PUNCH was a bit of living, stirring wood—the real *lignum vite*—in hearty England. Genealogists, with a small envy, have dated the family of PUNCH no later than the time of QUEEN ANNE. I have, I hope, a very proper contempt of this heraldic disparagement. I believe the family tree to have sprung from an acorn dropt, and mysteriously picked up, and as secretly dropt again in more congenial soil, from an oak of the Druids. Be this as it may, the deeds of PUNCH have become his ancestors: and how many of your forefathers have laughed and meditated, and given their coppers, small but willing oblations at the shrine, that is, stage, of PUNCH. You and he, JONATHAN, both speak a common language. When PUNCH cries out in the streets, does not JONATHAN regard him?

I am most happy to find, dear friend, that Christmas will close in about us, and find us once more heart-whole and amicable. Pray give a hint—and one of the strongest—to PRESIDENT PIERCE to put a muzzle now and then upon his ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Here has that amiable lawyer been doing his best to blow red coals between England and the States, and that too at a time when the heartiest good wishes and best sympathies of JONATHAN ought to attend upon his relations. *Ought*, say I? Why, they do. This is plain enough: for hardly has the lawyer aforesaid blown-off half his steam of verbiage, than the strong common sense, the good kindly heart of America spoke out, and warmed up, and declared that the very thought of another quarrel with England was a monstrous folly and a huger crime. And so MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL nationally snubbed, became suddenly as quiet and as dumb as a defunct raven.

Among other scandals, it was wickedly preached to your discredit, JONATHAN—rather let me say to your indignation—that the American eagle was to keep company awhile with the eagle of Muscovy, swooping alike at the same quarry, ravening alike on the same victims. We should as soon think of seeing the small pig-tail of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—(a relie, of course in the possession of the respected Mr. BARNUM)—enlarged and elongated into the knout of the CZAR. We should as soon believe that the key of FRANKLIN that sublimed his soul with the conviction that he had drawn down the electric fire from the clouds, could be fitted to the lock of a dungeon for the liberty of the human race. No; no, JONATHAN! As it is sometimes said of cocks, so PUNCH says of the likelihood of the conjoined American and Russian eagles,—those eagles won't fight!

Let us, then, for all future time take good heed that we be mutually moderate; mutually forbearing. As for that matter of Cuba, I confess, I can hardly see why, if you paid for it, you should not have it. I don't think it would prove the bargain, even at a gift—(and Spain is quite as likely to give as she is to pay)—that you in your present exaltation believe it. Cuba is called a jewel: nevertheless, is there not a little too much black blood in the ruby to make it very valuable to yourself, all Southern circumstances considered?

Any way, JONATHAN, let us, at this season, making long arms, shake hands across the Atlantic, Let our amity remain as green as holly leaves, our hearts unspotted by black as the holly berries. And so to the end let all "asperities" be worn away.

"That the smooth temper of our age may be  
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree."

You may acknowledge this Christmas tribute in any cordial manner—after your own cordial nature—you may please. A few bouquets the more, an extra cheer or so, to our literary plenipotentiary, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY now in the States, will be blithely taken in full quittance, by

Dear JONATHAN,

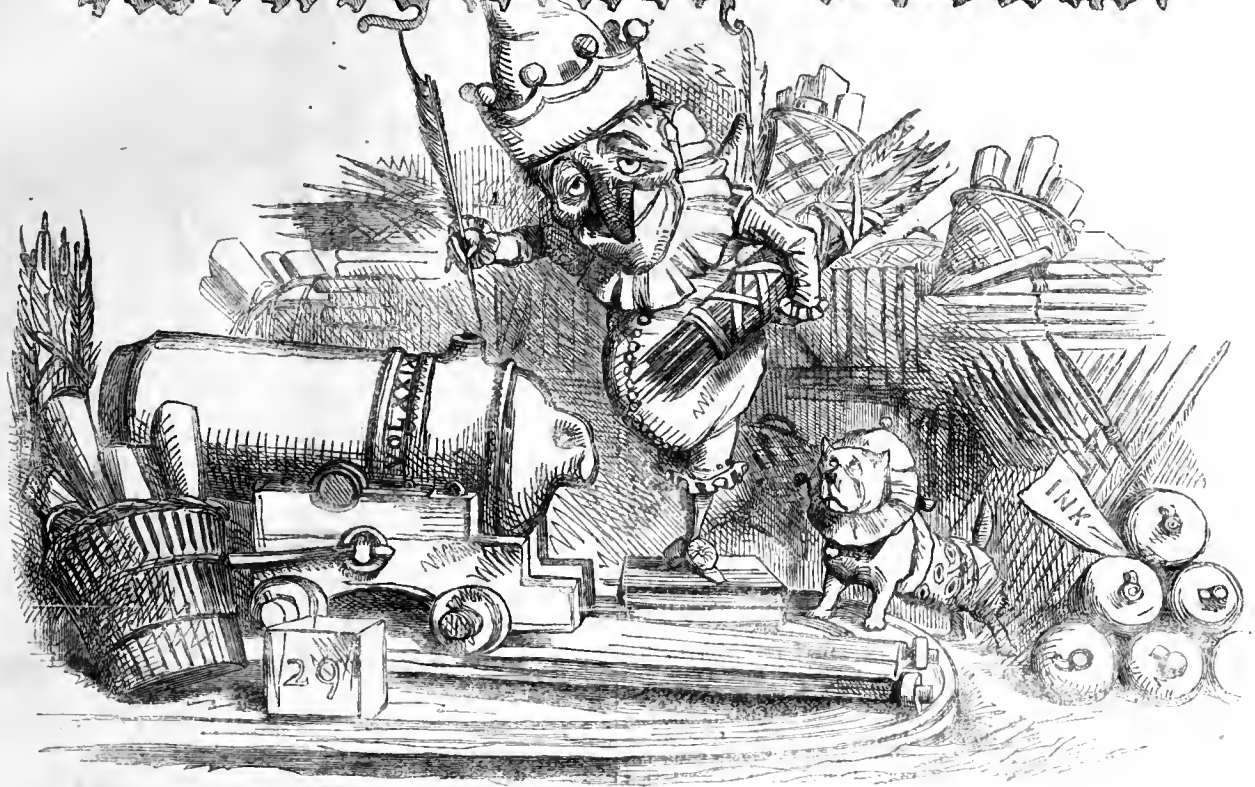
Your Affectionate Friend

(FOR THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND),

**PUNCH.**



# the twentieth volume



A PORTRAIT OF M<sup>r</sup> PUNCH ABOUT TO FIRE HIS 29 POUNDER.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

**MONDAY, June 25th.** IN the Commons the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY apprised the house of the actual extent of the Hango atrocity; and also mentioned the contradictory lies by which the Russian authorities affected to vindicate it. It appears that the ruffians at Hango murdered outright but six of the boat's crew, (two their own fellow-subjects), and wounded the same number, the remainder of the party being made prisoners. The Russians pretend, first, that they did not see the flag of truce; and, secondly, that they had been irritated into firing upon it, by learning that elsewhere soundings had been taken under the protection of such an ensign; a third lie, no such thing having ever been done. From the contemptuously inconsistent character of the answer, it is manifest that the Russians glory in one of the foulest crimes ever perpetrated.

LORD PALMERSTON announced, that the government meant to throw over the bill for dealing with Doctors' Commons, and some important Scotch and Irish bills. He also proposed that the question of education—about which there could of course be no hurry—should stand over until next year. He would pass, if he could, the bill for transferring the Ordnance property to the SECRETARY AT WAR, the bill regarding Limited Partnership, and the Board of Health bills. *Mr. Punch* reserves his sentiments upon the utility of Parliaments until he sees whether even this modified programme be carried out.

The Premier made a much more satisfactory announcement, in stating that our losses in the late gallant attack on the Redan, though they are not to be spoken of lightly, were very small compared to the estimate at first made.

The rest of the night was occupied with LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S unconstitutional constitutions for Victoria and New South Wales, and towards the end of the debate many members had acquired a tolerably distinct idea as to what part of the world these places were situated in.

*Tuesday.*—In the Lords, LORD LYNDHURST made another of his masterly exposures of the conduct of Prussia, Austria, and our Foreign Office, in regard to the war. He deliberately declared, that he had no confidence in Prussia, and that the "subserviency" of that wretched nation to Russia, deprived her of "the title to be called an independent power." He owned to having had some hope of Austria, as a military country under a young and spirited monarch, but she had also turned craven, and was in a state of "humiliation." He showed how Russia had first bamboozled and then scoffed at our negotiator, of whom the old Tory was unkind enough to say, that he never knew a man involved in difficulties and perplexities extricate himself from them with more address and dexterity than that noble lord, and he believed that the noble lord would voluntarily place himself in situations of difficulty, in order to exert his skill in escaping from them. But upon this occasion the artful dodger had been done. Finally, he was so good as to remind LORD PALMERSTON that the present crisis was one of exceeding difficulty, and that though he had come into office amid popular applause, he must mind most particularly well what he was about, if he meant to preserve either applause or office. LORD CLARENDON grumbled that Austria, and Germany in general, should be spoken of disrespectfully, but admitted that we had failed in bringing them to behave decently, and added, that the result was that France and England were now unfettered, and might make any peace they pleased—a great triumph, as those nations must feel. However, they have a little more war to make before they make any peace.

In the Commons, LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR intimated that he did not believe that the people were opposed to his Sunday Trade Bill, and that he meant to go on with it. How is this man to be convinced? He has written a letter objecting to being thrown into the Serpentine, and really one does not know what process of conviction would be

acceptable to him. MR. MILNER GIBSON, who has had no indignation to spare for the Hango massacre by the Russians, had, and let off ever so much about some old pots and pans, which have been smashed by the Allies in the Kertch museum.

MR. TOM DUNCOMBE raised the question, whether BARON ROTHSCHILD, by taking the Government loan, had not disqualified himself from sitting in the House, which will not admit him because he is a Jew. A select committee is to consider the matter.

The Sunday Beer Act was then made the subject of an edifying discussion, in the course of which SIR GEORGE GREY, following LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, expressed his belief, that it was not the humbler classes who opposed the measure, but their betters, whose amusements were interfered with. Will SIR GEORGE GREY do MR. PUNCH the honour of taking a seat in his pew next Sunday morning, and afterwards of accompanying the reverend gentleman on a round of visits among his poor. It would be a work of mercy, and therefore quite proper on Sunday, and it would prevent SIR GEORGE from talking, in future (upon one subject at least) what MR. PUNCH must, in the politest manner, characterise as abominable nonsense. The act has been, in the meantime, consigned to a committee, who are to inquire into its working. The people will now have an opportunity of stating their grievances.

Leave was given to bring in a bill, which will not be allowed to go much further, by reason of its evident justice, namely, a measure for giving a vote to everybody who pays income tax, and a resolution was carried to the effect, that the present duties on stage-carriages were unjust. When the requisite alterations are made, a law should be passed prohibiting omnibus proprietors from varying the rate of their fares more than five times in one week.

*Wednesday.* The Maynooth nuisance.

*Thursday.* The War Minister announced a very excellent step. We recruit 1000 men a-week, but this is not enough, and therefore it is intended to double the pay of the soldier who is actually in the field, and to invest this additional money for him in a Savings Bank (guaranteed, we trust), to be paid either to him on his return, or "to those whom he may hold most dear," should he fall.

The Commons made some progress with the Metropolis Management Bill, and with an Irish Tenants Compensation Bill, into the discussion on which latter were imported some of the usual amenities which many Irish members mistake for dignified self-assertion.

*Friday.* In the Lords, LORD BROUGHAM called attention to the present highly satisfactory system by which Appeals are to their Lordships are disposed of. These Appeals are naturally left to the law-lords, and if only two of these personages attend, and happen to differ in opinion, the decision of the Court below is always confirmed. BROUGHAM seemed to think that the unlucky appellant ought to have a little fair play, and that more lords ought to attend. But he quite forgot that the LORD CHANCELLOR, when he sits in the Lords to hear an appeal against his own decision below, wears an entirely different and far more imposing wig than that in which he sits in Chancery, and this gives great consolation to a suitor.

In the Commons, PALMERSTON admitted that Austria was sending home an immense number of her soldiers, and thereby rendering invaluable service to Russia, by releasing a proportionate Russian force from the duty of observation. But PAM said, that the plea was that the health of the Austrian soldiers required this change. MR. PUNCH has always believed Austria too indisposed to fight.

MR. CAYLEY made a great complaint, that LORD CANNING should be the new Governor-General of India, when he, CAYLEY, had considered that LORD ELGIN ought to be the man. MR. PUNCH really does not see what right old MR. CAYLEY has to nominate the representatives of HER MAJESTY in India, and suggests to that ancient agriculturist, that he had better mind his chaff-cutter, and leave Cal-cutta alone.

SIR CHARLES WOOD announced, that the Government will not have anything to do with LORD DUNDONALD's annihilating invention. That being settled, if we were LORD DUNDONALD, we would make the experiment off our own bat, in a way which should convince everybody. Let him utterly annihilate some abominable place in the very heart of London. A happy thought. MR. PUNCH hereby offers him Holywell Street. Let that nuisance, and all that therein is, disappear, some night, and the very next *Gazette* will announce that LORD DUNDONALD, with a step up the peerage, is gone out to pulverise Cronstadt.

The very useful Bill by which it will be made possible for a person to invest his money in assisting another's business or speculation, without involving himself beyond the amount so invested—in other words, a measure for preventing partners from ruining one another, was read a second time.

The evening and the week were brought to a pleasant termination by another Irish row, upon the subject of Lunatic Asylums in Ireland. Money has been advanced for these institutions, and the Irish, when called upon to make arrangements for repaying it, naturally try to pick a quarrel instead. Still, MR. PUNCH does not think that MR. BULL would object, if ten times as much money were expended in this method of providing for people, who are evidently unfit to have charge of their own affairs.



### PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"The Sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door."—

*Henry IV., Part I., Act ii., Scene 4.*

### A HOPELESS CASE IN HANOVER SQUARE.

THE old Philharmonic on Monday evening last week closed a career, which, there is too much reason to apprehend, it will never resume. The aged party had been in declining health for some years, but might, perhaps, have gone on for a few more, at a jog-trot pace, by sticking to that. Urged, however, by the advice of some well-meaning but injudicious friends, the unhappy invalid, with impaired faculties, attempted to advance to some extent in accordance with modern ideas, but halted far behind them, and got exhausted in the effort. The supporters failed and refused their office, and the constitution was threatening to break up, when DR. WAGNER was called in as a desperate resource; but under his hands the patient became rapidly worse, and now lies in an insensible state with little hope of recovery.

### The Sharp Shooters of Hango.

A DOVE once brought, to NOAH'S Ark,  
The Olive-Branch of Love:  
Had Russians been on board that Bark,  
They would have shot that Dove.

### Lord Grosvenor's Revenge.

SOME people—we do not profess to know them—may regret to hear that in the event of LORD GROSVENOR's Black Sunday bill being thrown out, his lordship has determined in commemoration of his barber clause, to cease to shave for all future time; and further, in imitation of the Wandering Jew, will take up his staff, and become a *bonâ fide* traveller for the rest of his days. We can only say—*Bon Voyage!*

### Real Kindness.

IT having been buzzed about Belgravia, that the mob intended on Sunday last (see his lordship's letter in the *Times*) to throw LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR into the Serpentine, a few benevolent ladies of the neighbourhood, late on Saturday evening, sent his lordship a very handsome cork jacket.

THE TICKET OF LEAVE.

(As sung by the Holder, amid a convivial Circle in the Slums.)



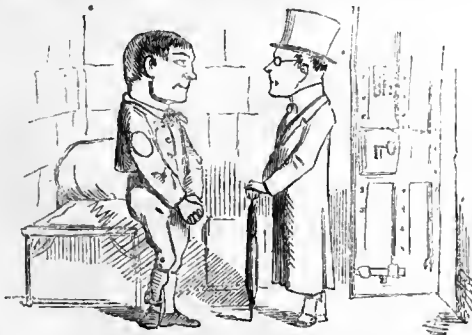
VEN a prig has come to grief,  
He 'a no call for despera-  
tion;  
Though I'm a convicted  
thief,  
Still I've 'opes of libera-  
tion.  
The Reverend Chapling to  
deceive  
A certain dodge and safe  
resource is,  
Whereby you gets a Ticket  
of Leave,  
And then resumes your  
wicious courses.

(Spoken.) I vos lagged, my  
beloved pals, on a suspicion  
of burglary, 'ad up afore the  
Recorder, and got seven  
years' penal acrwitide and  
'ard labour. Hand preshus  
'ard labour and 'ard lines I  
found it at first, mind you.  
Vell, I says to myself, blow  
me! I aint a goin' to stand  
this 'ere, you know; but  
'taint no use kickin agin

stone walls and iron spikes: wot I shall try and do is to gammon the parson. For

"Ven a prig," &c.

Them parsons is so jolly green,  
They're sure to trust in your conversion.  
Which they, in course, believes 'as been  
The consequence of their exertion.  
You ahacka your 'ead, turns up your eyes,  
And they takes that to be repentance;  
Wherein you moans, and groans, and sighs,  
By reason only of your sentence.



(Spoken.) Wen in a state of wiolent prespiration smokin' 'ot from the crank, the Chapling comes into my cell, and he says, says he, "My man," he says, "how do you feel?" "Appy, Sir," says I, with a gentle aithe; "thank you, Sir: quite 'appy." "But you seem distressed, my poor fellow," says he. "In body, Sir," says I; "yes. But that makes me more 'appy. I'm glad to be distressed in body. It serves me right. But in mind I'm 'appy: leastways almost 'appy." "Ave you hany wish to express," says he; "is there any request as you would like to make." "AWKER's Hevening Potion, Sir," says I, "and the Dairymen's Daughter: if AWKER's Hevening Potion was but mine—and the Dairymen's Daughter—I think, Sir, I should be quite 'appy." "My friend," says the parson, "your desire shall be attended to," and hout he valked: me a takin' a sight at 'im he'ind 'is back; for as soon as I thought he wos out of 'earin', sings I to myself—

"Ven a prig," &c.

In the chapel hof the Jug,  
Then I did the meek and lowly,  
Pullin' sitch a spoony mug  
That I looked unkimmon pure and 'oly.  
As loud as ever I could shout,  
All the responses too I hutter'd,  
Well knowing what I was about:  
So the reverend Gent I buttered.



(Spoken.) Won day he comes to me arter service, and axes me what I thought I could do for myself in the way of yarnin a honest liveliwood, if so be as I was to be allowed my liberty and to go back to the world. "Ah! Sir," says I, "I don't think no longer about the world. 'Tis a world of sorrow and wanity. I havn't given a thought to what I should do in it." "Every one," says the Chapling "has his sphere of usefulness in society; can you think of no employment which you have the desire and ability to follow?" "Well, Sir," says I, "if there is a wocation which I should feel delight and pleasure in follerin' 'tis that of a Scriptor Reader. But I ain't worthy to be a Scriptor Reader. A coalporter of tracts and religious books, Sir, I thinks that's what I should like to try and be, if the time of my just punishment was up. But there's near seven year, Sir, to think about that—and p'raps 'tis better for me to be here." That's the way I used to soap the Chapling—Cos vy?

"Ven a prig," &c.



So he thought I kissed the rod,  
All the while my 'art was 'ardned;  
And I 'adn't been very long in quod  
Afore he got me as good as pardoned;  
And here am I with my Ticket of Leave,  
Obtained by shamming pious feeling,  
Which lets me loose again to thieve,  
For I means to persewere in stealing.

(Spoken.) With which resolution, my beloved pals, if you please I'll couple the 'clth of the clergy; and may they bever continue to be sitch kind friends as they now shows themselves to us when we gets into trouble. For,

"Ven a prig," &c.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. PUNCH is never too proud to accept assistance from his humbler fellow-labourers in the great work of civilisation. Having recently observed, in the columns of a provincial contemporary, the following vigorous reply to some presumptuous person who had offered strictures on the Editor's conduct of the paper, *Mr. Punch* immediately embalms and adopts it. He requests that this model sentence, which he quotes *literatim*, and in which severity, determination, and terseness are combined with unparalleled felicity, may be accepted as *Mr. Punch's* answer to any and every person who may henceforth dare to complain of anything in these pages, or to request abstinence from future censure:—

"We have, evidently, gall'd the withers of some miscreant, mayhap some political adventurer, or blackleg, and we shall not withdraw the lash, till the beast, whoever he may be, has spared Creation the infamy of his presence."

EXQUISITE!—A Term generally applied to fools, fops, torture, and VERDI'S music.

## INDEMNITY FOR THE WAR.



THE Cochin-China Cock—that vain long-legged nuisance in scanty feathers—is the allowed disturber of the peace of families. All orderly people have a crow to pick with him. We are, however, rejoiced to learn, that another sort of cock—a cock from the Black Sea—according to the papers—is likely to prove a formidable rival to the Chanticleer of Confucius. It is altogether a more handsome, more delicate bird; for “it is crested, and has feathered legs;” whereas the manner in which the Cochins stalk about before their pantaloons are feathered is, at least, uncomfortable to the eye of the benevolent. Now, as respects the Crimean Cock:—

“Its most distinguishing peculiarity is in the arrangement of the tail feathers. These are very few, and do not project as in other birds, but drop down and lie close to the body, so that the creature appears tailless, and when its head is erect scarcely has the appearance of a bird.”

How capitably will this Crimean Cock—with his feathers down, with no appa-

rent tail—remain to us in our farm-yards, a living useful testimony of our triumph over Russia. JOHN BULL will fondly treasure the bird as his own—the Cock of the Black Sea. But the great blessing bestowed upon quiet people will be in the utter destruction, as promised, of the Cochin-China Cock by the Cock of the Crimea. At present Cochin-China is horribly obstreperous! How frightful, in these early mornings, is Cochin-China’s “cock-a-doodle-do!” How pleasing to think, that with the triumph of the Crimean Cock, the Cochin’s “cock-a-doodle-do,” will be a “Cock-a-doodle-done!”

## SOYER'S BIVOUAC COOKERY.

M. SOYER has favoured the *Times* with “some of the most important receipts concocted out of the soldier’s rations.” Marvellous has been the Frenchman’s cunning exercised on mere salted pork, and common household onions. He has immortalised the great Turkish General in a dish of “Stewed Salt Beef and Pork à la OMAR PASHA:” he has, moreover, stood sponsor to a mess of raisins, fat treacle, &c., calling the compound—“Cossack’s Pudding.” Now these things, with others, M. SOYER has made known to the *Times*. To *Mr. Punch* alone ALEXIS SOYER has communicated the receipts subjoined:—

## POTAGE à la ABERDEEN.

Take the leanest rib of the leanest Isle of Skye sheep: if a sheep is not to be had, try the old leather of the regimental bagpipe. Take three thistles; pluck away the down, and carefully skin the thistles. If for two quarts of soup, split two peas. Skimming is not necessary.

## MONSTER PLUMPUDDING à la GLADSTONE.

A pudding for six hundred and fifty-eight. Take a handful of raisins, stone them; divide the stones into, say a hundred equal parts; and after shaking them together, divide the parts into five hundred more. Crack three eggs (from any mare’s nest) and beat together. Let your shreds of lemon-peel be excessively candied. Take another handful of raisins of the sun, with half as many currants of the moonshine. Thicken with flour at will. Stir with an Exchequer tally, and boil in a pudding-cloth from an Oxford surplice.

## BOILED BEEF à la SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Choose any beef, except the beef of a Ninereh bull, for it is too tough for the purposes of a *bonilli* (bully)? Boil in salt water, and flavour with onions (the Netherby sort are the best if at hand). Flavour the liquor with a yarn of any sort.

## PIGEON PIE à la PEACE PARTY.

If no pigeons or doves are to be had, take a Russian duck. If a duck is not to be had, take a gull. If no gull is at hand, anything will do as well. The only necessary precaution to be taken for a Peace Pie is this,—whatever may be contained within the dish, there must be pigeon’s feet peeping out of the crust. These made with paste, and varnished with egg—(if Manchester-laid the better)—will serve all purposes.

PARISIAN BAKINGS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.—It must be confessed, that our dramatists and actors of the present day make their bread mostly out of French *Rôles*.

## LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR’S CANTICLE.

THE mansions of the just I’ll share,  
Nor live where sinners dwell;  
My heart delighteth in May-Fair,  
But hateth Clerkenwell,  
My house shall in Tyburnia be;  
My home in Pimlico;  
I will not rest in Bermondsey,  
Or sleep nigh Bunhill Row.

Mount Pleasant is a wicked place;  
A naughty folk’s abode.  
And let me not, in any case,  
Reside by Goswell Road.  
But on Hay-Hill I will rejoice,  
In Grosvenor Square the same:  
The latter place give me, for choice,  
By reason of the name.

Oh! come on Sunday from your lanes,  
And courts, ye straying sheep;  
And here behold what quiet reigns,  
And how we Sunday keep!  
You’ll see no fish for sale, nor meat,  
No public-houses here,  
Whence ragged girls, with slipshod feet,  
Are fetching pots of beer.

You’ll never, on that holy day,  
Unhallow’d shoulders view,  
Of mutton, brought from o’er the way,  
Our blessed gates unto,  
With baked potatoes under that,  
Upon a tray of tin,  
All smoking hot, and soak’d with fat,  
But steep’d still more in sin.

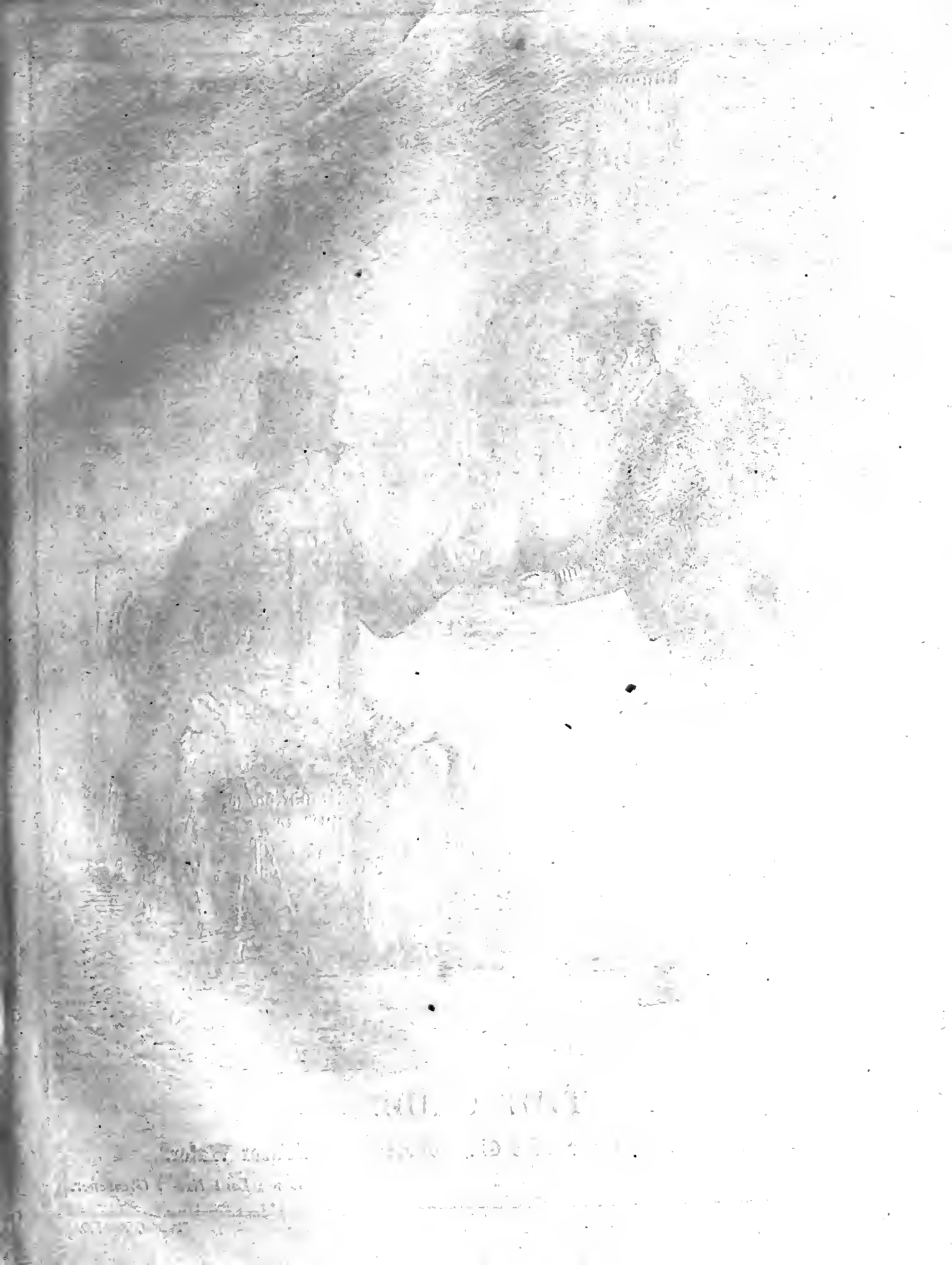
No kind of work our servants do,  
(For aught that you can see;)  
That we are even such as you,  
And eat and drink, deem ye?  
Make others cook that we may dine?  
That we can do such wrong?  
So grossly break the law divine?  
O misbelieving throng!

Though every day, on sumptuous fare,  
I feast, of all the seven;  
And purple and fine linen wear,  
I still may hope for heaven.  
Because on Sunday my repast  
A righteous meal will be,  
Since I shall make the poor man fast,  
And pray—perhaps!—for me.

## THE DANGERS OF THE THAMES.

WE read in the account of the Henley regatta, that one of the boat races was “lost by Misadventure, in consequence of MR. LEWIS, of Chelsea, having broken his scull.” This announcement is somewhat alarming, and indeed it is rather unintelligible, for we do not see how MR. LEWIS can have caused the frightful fracture which incapacitated him from further exertion; though it is possible that he may have received from his competitor in the heat of the moment—which appears to have been the Second Heat—an injury of the kind described. We are great admirers of aquatic sports, and we have often “pulled up” a cabman, which is no very easy or agreeable task; but when we find we are liable to have our scull broken, we are almost determined to keep out of anything in the shape of a row, or a rowing match as long as we live.

LORD PALMERSTON’S EVIL EXAMPLE.—There’s SOYER now—that other Minister of the Interior,—who not satisfied with attending to the different Messes in the Crimea, is actually making jokes!



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## THE CLUB.

Just a Sandwich and a Nice Glass of Hock and Seltzer Water.

*[Dedicated to my Lord Robert Grosvenor.]*

JULY 7, 1855.]

[PUNCH, No. 730.]





## THE ROADSIDE INN.

A Mouthful of Dust and a Full at the Pump.

*[Dedicated to my Lord Robert Grosvenor.]*



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Department of the History of Art and Architecture

Chicago, Illinois

## THE TWO SABBATHS.

Rich man's Sabbath is the easiest day of an easy seven;  
On oiled springs and well-stuff'd cushions in its carriage goes to  
Heaven.

If the road be steep and rugged, what are horses for? To pull.  
If the turnpike tolls be heavy, what then? His purse is full.

Poor man's Sabbath must be a work-day, his other six to suit:  
If he must go to Heaven—let him find his way on foot.  
Is he thirsty? Close the taps: or Poor man will be boozing:  
Is he footsore? Fence the turf: or Poor man will be snoozing.

Rich man's Sabbath takes its extra-hour of a downy bed:  
Lingers o'er its breakfast: Can it pray, till it hath fed?  
In trim garden, or snug parlour, wiles its time away,  
Till JOHN brings the gilt prayer-books—and Rich man rides to pray.

Poor man's Sabbath stifles in its attic foul,  
Visits its bare cupboard with a grumble and a growl.  
Its children's hungry bellies with a cuff or crust assuages,  
Then goes to Sunday market, with Saturday night's wages.

Rich man's Sabbath reads his Service, at a guinea, velvet-bound,  
To match the velvet cushions of the saug pew, curtain'd round.  
That if the parson droneth, Rich man at ease may snooze  
Out of the reach of nasty draughts, and envious free seats' views.

Poor man's Sabbath sitteth with its feet on the cold stones,  
Rests on a hard and unback'd bench, as it may, its weary bones.  
If it understand the parson or not is little odds,  
Out of pulpit ear-shot are the seats, where Poor man's Sabbath nods.

Rich man's Sabbath has its club-house for needful sustentation,  
Its Zoological Gardens for harmless recreation,  
Its Ring to ride or drive in—hack-cabs are not admitted—  
In short, let Rich man's Sabbath form a wish, and it is fitted.

Poor man's Sabbath if it will walk has the City streets to walk in:  
If it *must* have society, there's its own one room to talk in:  
But it must not see Rich man's wild beasts, or smell rich man's sweet  
flowers,  
It *will* drink: but it gets no beer unless at legal hours.

Let Rich man make a Sabbath for Rich man: 'tis his due;  
But why should he insist on making Poor man's Sabbath too?  
There was Poor man once who said (he was under Rich man's ban),  
"Man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath made for man."

Thus far I had written, balancing my lines with labour'd art,  
When something said—"Shame on you! If you *must* write, write your  
heart—"

Pharisees! that with upturn'd eyes, clasp'd hands and saintly drone,  
See notes in your poor brother's eye—what beams are in your own?

Is this God's world or the devil's? Six days to Mammon given,  
And one to make your souls in, and square accounts with Heaven?  
In street and mart and senate is the devil free to perch—  
And God Almighty shut within the four walls of your church?

You talk of Sabbath-breaking—for Sunday bills you seek!  
Is not God's Sabbath broken every day of all the week?  
Live lives that prove *you* Christian, and I warrant you will prove  
There *is* a power in godliness, words of truth and works of love.

Do you your best to make this world, what God meant this world  
should be,  
Look abroad and read what *that* is, in blossom, flower, and tree,  
In the love as in the loveliness sown broad-cast over earth,  
And for both within the heart of man a yearning and a death.

Find food for these: Lift piggish life out of the filthy sty,  
Where your vested rights have plunged it to struggle, curse and die.  
Find a light for those dark places *your* lights can never reach:  
Go to the Book, whose lesson men must live, or need not preach.

Feed the hungry: clothe the naked: teach the outcast: free the slave.  
"This is my Sabbath," saith the Lord, "the offering I crave."  
Is Heaven above our heads? Not so: God's kingdom is on earth:  
All days are his, for rich and poor, that lie 'twixt death and birth.

## Handsome Compliment.

"The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," must have been a complimentary allusion by one of our juvenile poets to MRS. GAMP, the Old Woman, who still lives in Shoe Lane, and keeps up to the present day the *Morning Herald*, as a nursery of newspaper literature.

## NELSON'S DAUGHTER AND GRANDCHILDREN.

An advertisement in the *Times* tells the world, that the eight children of NELSON's daughter HORATIA—NELSON's grandchildren—are "more or less provided for." Perhaps a little less than more; but let that pass. At length a long, long standing debt has been paid, or rather compounded at something less than nineteen shillings in the pound. The government, as the government, has done nothing. The stiff, whalebone virtue that set up the back of QUEEN CHARLOTTE against NELSON's daughter—GEORGE THE THIRD thought NELSON's funeral had too much state in it for a mere subject; such pomp "was for kings"—still kept the government aloof from all help of HORATIA and her children. At length, however, the press spoke out. The "ribald press" for a time laid aside its ribaldry, and condescended to champion the claims of NELSON's daughter upon NELSON's fellow-countrymen. Well, something has been done; and thus much in explanation we take from the advertisement in question:—

"The eight children of HORATIA, MRS. WARD, are all now, more or less, provided for. Her eldest son has been presented to the living of Radstock, by the DOWAGER COUNTESS OF WALDRGRAVE; the second son had been previously appointed by SIR W. BURNETT Assistant-Surgeon in the Navy; to the third, LORD CHANCELLOR CRANWORTH has given a Clerkship in the Registry-Office; the fourth son received a Cadetcy from CAPTAIN SHEPHERD; HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT conferred a similar appointment on the youngest son; and HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to settle upon the three daughters a pension of £300 per annum. To this last result the exertions of the late MR. HUME, M.P., mainly contributed. MESSRS. GREEN, of Blackwall, and MESSRS. SMITH, of Newcastle, conveyed the two Cadets to India free of expense."

To this may be added "a small cash balance" paid to MRS. WARD, "after investing £400 in the funds." Altogether some £1,427 have been subscribed in the cause of NELSON's daughter. We state the sum, and will not pause to calculate whether the amount be the tenth of a farthing or even a whole farthing in the pound, for which England is NELSON's debtor. Let us any way thank those who have helped HORATIA's children. They have all done well, from the Dowager-Countess to the QUEEN, ending with the prince ship-owners of Blackwall and Newcastle. Their ships will not have the worst fortune of wreck or storm for having borne, passage-free, the grandsons of NELSON to their Indian work. Let us, too, pause to thank the shade of JOSEPH HUME—the strong, sound, kind, old heart!—JOSEPH, who "mainly contributed," with those earnest, honest fingers of his to undraw the royal purse-strings, so that the three granddaughters may now keep the wolf from the door, as their immortal grandfather kept the foe from the "silver-girted isle."

Of course, from motives no doubt most delicate, most honourable, and therefore to be most profoundly respected, the names of all the helpers of HORATIA and her children are not given. For we nowhere see in the list the name of the present EARL OF NELSON, of the man who is now a peer because a certain glorious sailor—son of a humble Norfolk parson—bled out his life in the *Victory's* cockpit. The living peer lives a noble life, walks on velvet and sleeps on roses,—the velvet and flowers all in some mysterious way, fashioned from the thunderbolts cast about him by the DUKE OF BRONTE. But then, of course, the living EARL has made some offering—has rendered up something of the wealth of which the first Parson LORD NELSON a little smugly fobbed the naughty LADY HAMILTON. For somehow that EARL—can the story be too often told? we think not—somehow he forgot to make known NELSON's codicil, fearing that the sum of £120,000, about to be voted for the support of the new peerage, might be affected by the publicity of the document. The codicil was waste paper, and the EARL OF NELSON, with his thumb at his nose—for he was capable of the gesture—showed LADY HAMILTON to the door; though when she died, the Parson-peer anxiously crossed the sea to Calais in search of her property, but only found the pawnbroker's duplicates.

Well, there were some amends to be made for this; and of course the present EARL OF NELSON has made all graceful reparation. He has no doubt done good by stealth; and so stealthily that he will never blush to find it fame.

## Who shall Decide when Bishops Disagree?

THE Bishops met the other day in convocation, when the BISHOP OF LONDON brought up a report which some of the other Bishops declined to swallow. The BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH "objected," and the ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY said "the report was in direct opposition to that agreed upon last July." The proceedings then took a turn, which reminded one somewhat of an altercation about a game of billiards, for the BISHOP OF OXFORD defended the BISHOP OF LONDON, on the ground that he did not want to make a "Canon." The probability is that several of the Bishops would readily forego the pleasure of "making a canon;" and that their game would rather be, to put something into the pocket.

WAGNER'S HERO.—The best singer of the *Music of the Future* is MR. SEMI-BREVES, for whenever he is advertised to sing a song, it is sure to be postponed indefinitely to some future period.



## TASTE.

Shop-girl (who has been expected to possess TENNYSON'S "Miller's Daughter"). "No, Miss! WE 'VE NOT GOT THE MILLER'S—BUT HERE 'S THE RATOACHER'S DAUGHTER, JUST PUBLISHED!!"

## TWO SUNDAY TRAVELLERS.

SOME controversy has arisen as to the definition of a *bona fide* traveller travelling on a Sunday. One kind of traveller, at any rate, has a reasonable claim to that title—the person who, being confined by business all the week, travels on the Sunday for the sake of his health; for such a person not only may, but ought to, take that opportunity of exercise. But a question which may also be mooted is, who is the *malá fide* traveller on the day of rest? Surely, if anybody is to be considered such, it is he who not only travels himself in his carriage, but also compels men-servants to travel behind him, on that solemn day, with their heads absurdly powdered, and their persons preposterously attired in coats and waistcoats and breeches of sky-blue and crimson, drab and scarlet, or chocolate and gamboge, causing them to exhibit a droll and unseasonable resemblance to bullfinches, cockrobbins, and yellowhammers.

## RUSSIAN JOKE.

If the Red Indians should, like us,  
Ever at war be with the Russ,  
Of course they'll never be the geese  
To offer them the Pipe of Peace,  
Knowing who at Hango broke it;  
Sure that a bullet would be sped,  
For answer, through the bearer's head,  
With these brief words, jocosely said,—  
Alluding to the ounce of lead,—  
"Put that in your Pipe and smoke it!"

THE LAST WORD.—Finis.

## HOW TO RESTORE CONFIDENCE IN PRIVATE BANKS.

AFTER the recent disgraceful smash of the Bank of PAUL, STRAHAN, and Co., whose principal partner was remarkable for his seriousness, and for his punctuality in taking the chair at pious meetings, it is quite evident that the religious dodge will no longer serve the turn of commercial swindlers. We are opposed to prejudice of all kinds; but we are forced to admit, that we have long had an antipathy to men who interlard their conversation with texts from Scripture, and sign their letters "Yours in the true faith," or with other cant phrases which touch upon the borders of blasphemy. We once knew two serious tailors who were brothers, and in partnership, but who had not spoken to each other for years, though they both went on talking about "grace" and "works" till they wound up their career in a Court of Bankruptcy, when each proved the other a rogue to the satisfaction of everybody.

The frightful collapse of religious cant in the case of the banking-house which has just broken down, will cause such a revulsion of feeling against the mingling of the outward appearances of piety with commercial concerns, that we should not be surprised if a private bank were to introduce a "fast partner" for the purpose of inspiring the confidence of the public. Instead of the language of the conventicle, we may expect to hear a little of the slang of the night-house, from behind a Banker's counter; and, indeed, it would be no bad speculation to engage some great representative of the flash school, to deal with those customers, whose suspicions will be aroused by anything in the shape of religious hypocrisy.

For the benefit of those firms who would like to adopt our hint, we furnish a few specimens of the mode in which the flash element might be introduced into the ordinary transactions of a Banker's business. The customer presents a cheque for payment, upon which the fast partner exclaims, "Now, my r-r-r-rummy customer, how will you have it, when will you have, where will you have it? Will you take it in fimsies, or will you have it all in tin? Come—look sharp, my downy one, and I'll fork out the brads like bricksey wicksey."

An individual presents himself at the counter with some money to be placed to his account, when the fast partner, or the flash clerk greets him somewhat in the following fashion. "Come along, come along, come along! Is your money safe with us thinks you? I believe you my boy! says I. There! Nix my dolly pals draw away. Are your securities safe? to be sure they are. Right as a trivet. (Sings.)—

"In the box of a stone jug they are born."

Would you like to see them? No you von't, von't you? (Sings.)—

"If I had a customer vot wouldn't go—  
To see his securities down below,  
I'd say—"

"No never mind what I'd say, for as you don't want to look at them, why then. (Sings.)—

"Down among the dead men,  
Down among the dead men,  
Down among the dead men,  
Let them lie!"

## TRIAL IN THE COURT OF HYMEN.

DESCRIBING a "Marriage in High Life," our fashionable contemporary says—

"The mother of the bride was unequal to the trial, which her presence at the church would have imposed on her."

Trial! What trial? Surely there was no bigamy in the case; and if there had been, the offence was not one to which the lady, by her attendance at the nuptials, would have subjected herself to indictment for being an accessory.

## Anglo-American Institutions.

THOSE sumptuary quacks who are trying to get the Maine Liquor Law introduced among us should consider that Yankee Legislation is a game that two parties can play at. Notwithstanding our hostile relations with Russia, this country contains abundance of tar, and plenty of brushes; in addition to which, it is amply supplied with feathers; and the gentlemen who are attempting the importation of a Liquor Law from America, may find that other people have imported a Lynch Law.

"WHERE ARE YOUR MORALS?"

WHY, they are mostly to be met with now-a-days in company with "Rum-ti-iddity," or "Tooral-looral-looral," or "Flibbitigibbity-Wisky-Bosky-Bang" at the end of a comic song.

## A PARLIAMENTARY DIVISION.

THE parties, who in Parliament are opposed to the present war, may be divided into two large spinning-classes; those who, like BRIGHT, spin cotton, and those who, like GLADSTONE, spin long yarns.



TOO LITERAL BY HALF.

SCENE.—A “cheap” chop-house not a hundred miles from L—nd—n.

Waiter. “Paysir? Yessir—Whataveyeradsir?”

Matter-of-fact old gentleman (who has been reading the “Quarterly” on “Food and its adulterations.”) “Had? why, let me see: I’ve had some horsetail soup, spiced with red-lead and shop-sweepings: a plate of roast cow, and cabbage boiled with verdigris: a crust of plaster of Paris, baked with alum and bone-dust: half-a-pint of porter brewed from quassia and strychnine: and a cup of charred liver, annatto, and other unknown ingredients.”

[Exit Waiter for a Straight-Waistcoat, and a Stomach-Pump

A SPOKE IN THE COMMON WHEEL.

WHAT is to be done to cut down the length of the Parliamentary debates? Everybody admits that talking is the great obstruction to legislation, and everybody feels that it is of no use talking, for it is quite impossible to talk the Members out of their propensity to long harangues. It would be worth almost any money if a discovery could be made, by which to induce Parliament to hold its tongue. Many of the talkers are looked upon as nothing better than long-winded pumps, the effect of which would be invaluable if the pumps could be got to act as air-pumps upon one another, and mutually exhaust each other, as well as themselves. The vehicle of legislation is brought to a dead standstill, because Mr. SO-AND-SO’s flatulence stops the way. The other evening an honourable Member began by declaring, that “it was with unspeakable anxiety he rose,” and he went on speaking his unspeakabilities for near an hour and a half.

Speech is said to have been given to man to conceal his thoughts, but Parliamentary speech seems to have been given to some men to expose their thoughtlessness; for if they considered for a moment, they would never allow their love of talking to put an end to all legislative action. In matters of ordinary business it is considered a sound principle that a thing should be no sooner said than done, but in the House of Commons a thing is no sooner said, than it is tolerably sure not to be done till a year at least from the date at which it was spoken of.

Lord Hahnemann Stiggins.

It is well known that LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR is a Homœopathist as well as a Sabbatarian. His fanaticism explains his quackery. He patronises infinitesimal globules, because, owing to their utter inertness, they are medicines which cannot possibly desecrate Sunday.

A PRETTY SENTIMENT FOR A LADY’S ALBUM.—The wings of Love fly away with the strongest o’ pinions.—*Jenkins.*

SABBATH-BREAKING AND SWEARING.

SWEARING is now not only unfashionable, but both unusual and vulgar. An oath is rarely uttered by any individual of the First or Second Class, even when the Collector calls for the Income-Tax. Yet many persons now living can recollect the time, when almost every man, except a clergyman or a dissenter, was accustomed to mingle his discourse with imprecations. At present scarcely anybody whatever in a black coat, or a coat of any other cloth of a woollen texture, and ordinary boots, is in the habit of cursing and using bad language. That habit is nearly confined to the wearers of fustian and velvet jackets, smockfrocks, nailed highlows, and ankle-jacks. In passing a group of these Third Class people at the corner of a street you too often hear one or more of them pronounce words which cannot be quoted. Now the pronunciation of these words is unnecessary on the speaker’s part, offensive as regards yourself, and revolting considered in relation to hearers of a tender age or gentle sex. Nobody doubts the wickedness of this abuse of speech; though a few may possibly question whether the First Day of the week is the Seventh.

If, therefore, LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, LORD EBRINGTON, MR. WILSON PATTEN, and the other Sabbatarians, persist in pressing or maintaining their Coercion Bills for obliging the common people to observe Sunday by fasting and abstinence, it may be expected that one or more of them will call upon the House of Commons to take some steps to prevent swearing in the streets.

Already there exists a law which renders any person guilty of swearing liable to be apprehended by a policeman, taken before a magistrate, and fined 5s. per profane oath. This law has been lying dormant all that time during which the practice of indulging in execrations has been on the decline.

Will LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR and his holy friends let the decline of bad language go on, or will they create a reaction in favour of blasphemy and foul-speaking by reviving the statute against swearing with additional penalties, and with provisions for being duly enforced?

If they do, of course these polite persons will take care that the act shall apply only to the unfashionable streets and places of public resort, lest the punishment designed to prevent the Whitechapel costermonger from addressing his donkey sinfully, shall alight on the gentleman using a casual expression of a similar quality in Bond Street.

It will then be for the House to consider, whether any person, who can speak good English, habitually employs improper expressions; and whether the swearing which the Saints unite to suppress would not be most effectually put down by the education which the disunited Saints render impossible.

At the same time, perhaps, Parliament will be pleased to inquire, whether the most promising way of getting the people to observe Sunday as the Hebrews observe Saturday, is not to provide them with adequate spiritual instruction—that is to say, with a simple index to those texts which enjoin that observance.

MR. SPEAKER’S GLEE.

MERRILY to our work we go,  
With a hear, hear, hear! and a ho, ho, ho!  
We mingle our grave debates with chaff,  
And now a cheer, and anon a laugh;  
We titter, and roar, and shout with glee,  
Hip, hip, hooray! and he, he, he!

With War for the Order of the Day,  
We break forth in mirth as the donkeys bray,  
The talk is of slaughter, perhaps, and rout,  
But we cannot refrain from bursting out,  
Though the reason why may not appear,  
With a he, he, ho! and a hear, hear, hear!

Let the question be whatsoever it will;  
An Income-Tax Act, or a Sunday Bill;  
Your House of C—mm—ns, always gay,  
Your money and liberty votes away;  
With a gentle giggle, or loud guffaw,  
With a ha, ha, he! or a haw, haw, haw!

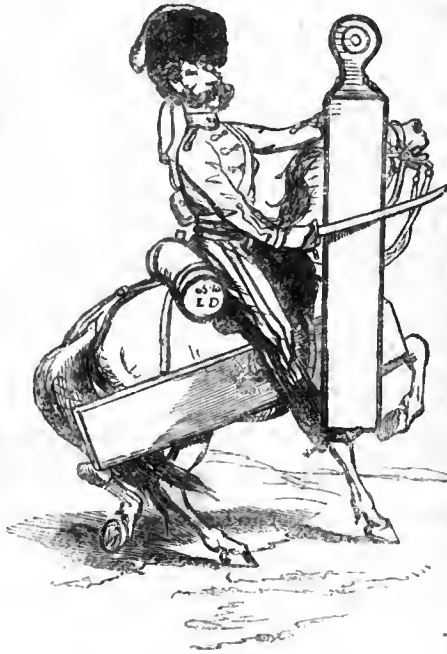
Future Flags of Truce.

It has been made known by the CZAR to the English Government that, in future, all English Flags of Truce will be respected, if made of Manchester cotton. By this concession, his Imperial Majesty would wish to mark his sense of the benevolent endeavours of MESSRS. BRIGHT and COBDEN.

THE MOST TUNEFUL CHOIR.—A Quire, every Note of which is a Bank-Note.

## RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

How RABELAIS did consult BRIDLEGOOSE touching the prognostics of the War, and of the prognostics themselves.



SOUGHT in vain for a milched craw-fish for lunch, for the gentleman in waiting did assure me that such creatures he never beheld, and that they, like LORD A's political talent, JEAMES'S power of speaking the truth, or the same individual's humanity, were simply fabulous. So I took a very light lunch off the brains of a Drum, washing it down with something Bright, albeit and notwithstanding it was not a Cobbler. A debate upon such a supper! quoth I (for no worse anathema could be found). Verily this diet is too light, and this drink too thin for an intellectual eater and drinker like myself. LORD

A—take the dishonest and all the humbugs, if I will not seek the great BRIDLEGOOSE, and see whether out of his food that he giveth forth daily and weekly, I cannot get something that will keep me from starving on short Commons. As to banqueting on Lords, may the great DUKE HUMPHRY feed them with their own understanding!

So I went into the great palace of INK, in the which did live all manners of what some did call *diaboli imprimatorum*, the which did work all day and all night, ever relieving each other, as they did compose, set up, correct, return for revise, correct again, break up, work, machine, stereotype, work off, turn over at case, distribute, and the like, certain curious bits of lead, zinc, brass, copper, and the like, and did swallow up whole magazines of sheets of paper, whole heaps of copy, whole volleys of punctuation, inasmuch that notes of interrogation came to an end, exclamations of indignation fell short, and all they could find were *full stops* about the great war and the Lords, and the geese which were in want of bridles. Over the which did rule the great BRIDLEGOOSE, whom some did call *Times*, others *News*, others *Press*, and the like, for he had as many *aliases* as a thief at the Old Bailey, or a Lord's funeral speech by the Garter King at Arms. And the said BRIDLEGOOSE did introduce to us, right courteously, his trusty Secretary, DONTCARE, and he did yet more courteously present to us a very big, huge, ponderous, and right well written volume of prognostics, upon the which we did feed, and continue to feed right well.

And as he that catcheth to repletion lacketh not for food, even as he that hath more than enough hath what he may well spare, so it irks and ill becomes me that I pour not forth from the plenitude of the Holy Bottle of ink, by the which the wonderful prognostics were unfolded. *Audite Quiritis! procul este profani!* People, attend! Peace-pawnbrokers and Lordly-slop-sellers, out of the way!

"This year," saith the prophetic chronicle, "there will not be peace until the war is at an end; more men will not die than are killed, starved, or left to die, neither will horses live for the sake of learning how to live without eating. Lords who are foolish will not become wiser by remaining as they are, nor will the Great Bear be satisfied with a sore head if they will prevent him being hurt. Speeches will not make foolish speakers seem wise, nor will the listeners believe them so, unless it is worth their while; fools and folly will not be parted more than usual; old women, prime ministers, and children will remain old women, prime ministers and children; neither will people get meaning out of sound, figs off Thistles, wisdom out of Argyle Street, or honesty out of those who sell themselves. Garters will not be given till legs are vacant; fools will not rise by their own merits as long as they can by the reverse; promotion will be given to the undeserving only when deserving men are neglected; and discipline in the army will not be enforced by dancing in shirts, swallowing of candles, or the like, except when head-quarters think otherwise.

"As to the war, walls will stand unless they are beaten down, guns will be taken if they are left behind, and the same will be useless if

spiked beforehand. Gunpowder blown up will hardly furnish cartridges to the enemy, nor will sunken ships be valuable prize-money. Shells and bombs will not be agreeable to those struck by them, nor will a horse ride well with three lame legs. Granite will hardly prove as soft as a woolsack or as the milk of JEAMES'S kindness; Emperors will not be more humble than they are obliged to be, nor will their merchants grow rich by the sinking of their vessels. Buildings set on fire will suffer from heat, and the Greek Calends will come when the Great Bear's dispatches speak the truth. More men will fall, than bears be slain for pomatum; those who run away will hardly do so without pursuit; those who die for their country will gain more memory than medals, and those who were loved will be well wept for.

"But, hearkye, ye aged, worn-out, champagne-fed, high-dried grinnera on a monument, ye who gibe with skulls as empty as a death's head, without its lesson of mortality. Be assured that ye shall not grin at suffering when ye suffer yourselves; be ye assured that life will not be longer than itself for *your* sakes, and that the memory of the scoffer will not be had in reverence. Horse-collars will not be wanting for those who grin through them, soft *Palms* will forget *dates*, the moon will be safe from the wolves as long as it has no cabinet to guard it; monuments in an abbey will give a stone to those who gave the same when bread was wanted; owls will sing sweetly when Lords talk wisely; the weather will be talked about when it is convenient to forget other things, officers will give evidence when they cease to forget; and the huge cat NIMRODUS and the flunkey JEAMES will make peace when honesty tells what it is impolite to tell a man he does, and when Falsehood kisses Truth for correction. Failure and success will not be identical, glory will be talked of when the weather ceases to be interesting; other skulls will grin at the skulls of the Westminster *Yorick* when they meet in the same quarter; and those who stand in the pillory of the present day will scarcely be honoured hereafter."

## "PLAYING PEOPLE OUT."

At the Panopticon, in Leicester Square, is one of the finest organs in the world. But, from a correspondence which has been published, it would appear, that whatever stops the instrument may have, the *vox humana* of the proprietary emits very objectionable noises.

MR. BEST, who has been acting as organist, and who has certainly made the organ discourse most eloquent music, complains of having been treated, by those who engaged his services, as an artist ought not to be treated; and the first time the owners of the instrument send their bellows to mend, they had better send their manners to undergo a similar reparatory operation.

Not satisfied with Mr. BEST'S scholarly exhibition of the varied powers of the grand organ, by the performance of a series of compositions to visitors who listen, the directors of the establishment call upon a gentleman and a musician to "play the people out." He is to accompany the shuffling of feet, the racing down stairs, the calls of parties to "keep together," the requests "not to shove," the squabble for canes, parasols, and umbrellas, and the recitative in which cabs are summoned to the door. And when the last lounge is out, the gentleman and musician may leave off. But this is not all. The direction is good enough to select a composition fit to be applied to this noble art-purpose—and they select MENDELSSOHN'S "Bridal Chorus," which, as everybody knows, is just the thing to be trampled to pieces by a crowd of wearied sight-seers, anxious to escape. If the directors could get a RAPHAEL, they would, in the same spirit, lay it down as a door-mat, for the greater luxury of their departing patrons.

MR. BEST, having in vain remonstrated against the vulgarity, very properly resigns. He will not desecrate MENDELSSOHN, and "play the people out." If the Panopticon people conduct all their arrangements in this fashion, and without regard to what is due to art, the public, which soon comprehends such things, will discover it. And then the next organist will have a very much harder task to attempt than "playing people out," namely, that of "playing them in." The directors have got a *Novum Organum*, and a noble one, but they need not therefore behave like fat Bacon.

## The Bitters of Repentance.

THESE Bitters are taken generally the first thing in the morning, when a fast young gent(leman) wakes up with a bitter headache, and before he can eat his breakfast has to fly to gentian, quinine, ainsinthe, and such like bitters, or else rushes frantically into Bitter Beer. An "embittered existence" means the life that is eventually led by one who, for any length of time, has been in the habit of taking the above "bitters."

PICTORIAL COMPANION TO LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.—LAUNCE, and his Peacock.

FLOWERS THAT ARE ALWAYS FALLING OFF.—Bachelor's Buttons.



PROPOSED NEW UNIFORM FOR THE POLICE,  
WITH LETTERS AND NUMBERS PROPERLY MARKED.

**PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

ONE graceful duty has been done, not ungracefully, by Parliament this week. In compliance with an invitation from the Crown, provision has been made for testifying the national sense of the character and services of the noble soldier who has died at the head of the English army in the Crimea.

"Ornantes supremo funus honore."

July 2nd, Monday. LORD ST. LEONARD'S called the attention of the Lords to the Ticket of Leave System, which he described as having worked very badly. LORD GRANVILLE, in reply, said that it had worked very well. LORD MELVILLE and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE expressed great anxiety that none of the Ticket of Leave Men should be allowed to enter the military service, which was a profession of honour. There is much to be said, of course, both ways, but there might be a worse recruit than a reprieved Burglar, who would break into Sebastopol, or a reprieved Smasher, who should take to smashing its defenders.

In the House of Commons, the Sabbatical homeopathist, LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, manifested an infinitesimal quantity of sense, by withdrawing the Sunday Trading Bill, as reluctantly, however, as if he were a martyr making a sacrifice, instead of a muff retracting a blunder. It is difficult to say, who has behaved worst in connection with this bill; the silly Lord, who brought it in; the timid Government, that was afraid to take one side or the other; the apathetic House of Commons, that did not thrust the bill from the threshold, which would have been (*Mr. Punch* mentions for the benefit of certain ignorant writers for the Sunday press) to Eliminate it; the unfaithful metropolitan members, who did not whip up the said House to its work; or the police, who instead of battering the swell-mob and the stone-throwers, brutally beat inoffensive persons, children, and cripples. The whole business is especially discreditable, but the lesson may not prove useless, if it teach the Sabatarians, that they are not to begin religious teaching at the wrong end. You can and may "make people religious by Acts of Parliament," and *Mr. Punch* hopes to see the process carried out with the utmost vigour, but the Acts will not deprive poor people of their Sunday dinner. A set of Six Acts, providing the means of ordinary cleanliness, providing that in poor homes tenants' Decency shall not be sacrificed to landlords' Avarice, providing cheap and wholesome education for the child, providing for the punishment of the parent who withholds it, providing holidays, and places where such days may be rationally, yes, and comfortably spent, providing that Wages shall be paid twenty-four hours before the Day of Rest—that Setsett of Acts would go a very long way towards making people religious by Act of Parliament—the rather that such legislation would bring us up to a point at which the professional Teacher of Religion could address the people, and feel that he was not mocking the victims of dirt, squalor, ignorance and misery, by calling on them to be decorous and devotional. *Interim*, be it

said, that *Mr. Punch* accepts with pleasure, but without the faintest blush on his fine countenance, the snow-storm of acknowledgments he is receiving for his noble and philanthropic conduct in defeating the Sunday Bill.

The Educational prospects of the country, however, are not very brilliant. On this Monday night, the Scottish Education Bill made some little progress, and the Senators, deeply impressed with the serious business on which they were engaged, roared and roared again with laughter, because on one of the amendments the members were equal; but SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had to throw over his English bill, in despair of getting attention for it this Session. However, LORD JOHN RUSSELL consoled him by promising, that the subject of Education should not entirely escape the consideration of Government. And thereupon the three bills with which Parliament has been playing,—namely, two Education Bills and a Free School Bill—were pitched out of the House. Gaols, it would seem, are cheaper than Schools.

Tuesday. Both Houses were occupied in the way mentioned in *Mr. Punch's* first paragraph. SHAKSPEARE felt that the effect of the most solemn business was heightened by the artistic introduction of a bit of contrasting chatter and absurdity, and MR. MILNER GINSON, recognising this truth in art, broke into the homage which the Commons were rendering to a departed hero, with some petulant peace-monger's trash, for which he received a stinging rebuke from LORD PALMERSTON, who was probably not aware of the high art of the interruption, and only saw in it a piece of low taste. Finally, MR. RICH (MR. HENRY DRUMMOND's little pig that squeaked because unable to get at the conduit of natural diet), endeavouring to set forth certain notions about the army, was cruelly counted out, about dinner time.

Wednesday. The Commons got through some work without much unnecessary talking, and especially made progress with a useful Coal Mines Inspection Bill. It seems necessary that there should be very stringent control, by disinterested persons, over mines; and as minors are entitled to necessities, it is to be hoped the bill will pass.

Thursday. It would, of course, be too much to expect, that our Government, or the War-Minister, should be able to do a proper thing properly, or without bungling attempts, and alterations. LORD PANMURE announced, that he had reconsidered his plan for giving our soldier double pay, and investing half in the Savings Bank, and that he should pay him sixpence extra, as field allowance, and enable him to appropriate another sixpence for the benefit of his family. LORD ELLENBOROUGH stated, that he was doing all in his power as a recruiting serjeant, for whenever he met a man who looked as if he wanted advice, his Lordship told him, "to discard all worldly considerations and to become a soldier, for the first of all professions was the military profession, and the first of all rewards was military honour." It was remarked that the Bishops and Law Lords cheered this announcement with almost unseemly vociferation.

The Commons went at the Nuisances Bill, and LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR actually had the egotism to speak on the subject. As a fitting chastisement for his personal vanity, the Hyde Park affair came up again, and MR. TOM DUNCOMBE brought forward a number of instances of the misconduct of the police, nearly all of which SIR GEORGE GREY refused to believe. The Tenants Compensation Bill, an Irish measure, was then discussed, the debate being only remarkable for the coarse language used by the majority of the Irish Members who spoke. Their provincial petulance and arrogance at last drew from LORD PALMERSTON a damaging castigation, which, by way of example, he laid across the shoulders of their grumbling Corypheus, SHEE, an Irish lawyer of much vulgar volubility. The PREMIER told this SHEE, that he had begged the Government to take charge of the bill, but was doing all he could to impede its passing, in order to maintain a grievance which would be a good hustings' cry. The House, perfectly understanding that this really was the Irish game, applauded the exposure, which so enraged SHEE, that he poured out a whole flood of Billingsgate, and then defied LORD PALMERSTON to rebuke him again. To this LORD PALMERSTON quietly observed, that he "certainly would be guilty of that presumption whenever he thought proper." *Punch* has had to touch up his friend PAM on occasion, but never denied him the credit of having inherited from their mutual and lamented friend (whose son is just going to India in the office his father should have lived to retain) the art of dealing most efficiently with the "Yelpers."

There was then a renewal of a discussion, whether Members ought to vote on questions without having been in the House—a mode of taking things easy, which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and others seemed to have been practising. The SPEAKER thought that they really ought not.

Friday. The Lords discussed LORD DERBY'S plan for preventing family prayers. LORD SHAFTESBURY opposed it, and the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, thinking that things are best as they are (a way of thinking popular with ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY), also objected to it. The bill was therefore withdrawn. One can understand the noble Racer DERBY'S objection to seeing a Horse upon his knees, but cannot exactly comprehend his having a similar objection in the case of a Christian.

In the Commons a pledge was extorted from SIR GEORGE GREY, that he would institute a *bona fide* investigation into the conduct of the

police in the Park, on the previous Sunday. In answer to the intimation that there was a probability of another disturbance on the following Sunday, a gentleman whose name, *Mr. Punch* being merciful, would suppress (only remarking that it sounds very like *GEORGE DUNN'S ASS*), suggested the very strong antidote of *Six-Pounders*. He, however, afterwards qualified this suggestion, by saying he only meant that he hoped Government would take every necessary precaution. *Mr. Punch* owns to blind, nay, abject devotion to the aristocracy, both heraldic and pecuniary, but he is bound to say, that he would almost sooner see one of those dear old wrinkled, painted, wiggled bags of dowagers sent away from the Park gate, with her carriages, flunkeys, lapdogs, prayer-books, toadies, and all, than that her distinguished presence should occasion the spilling of plebeian blood. This may be a republican sentiment; but *Mr. Punch's* tried loyalty, and the confidence placed in him by his Sovereign, permit him to say bold things, from which the herd would shrink.

By way of closing the week in a dignified manner, LORD JOHN RUSSELL let out that he came home from Vienna with certain Austrian propositions for peace, which he and M. DROUYN DE LHUYS thought the Allies ought to accept. The Governments of England and France thought otherwise, so the Frenchman, having a nice sense of honour, resigned; but LORD JOHN, being a little tougher, stayed in, and to make all safe, roared for war like a good one. Now that the war is not going on prosperously, he reveals all this, being a remarkable nice little man for a small Cabinet party.

### ST. STEPHEN'S COAST-GUARD.



NEW corps for the prevention of smuggling should forthwith be established, under the name, and discharging the duty, of the Parliamentary Preventive Corps. Last year the Sabbatarian Beer Bill was smuggled through both Houses, and LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR'S supplementary measure would have been run in the same manner this session if a general hue and cry had not been raised against the contrabandists. Let us keep on the look-out; for an "Act to facilitate Leases and Sales of Settled Estates" was, by the last accounts, in the course of becoming law, which, if it does become, it will enable SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON, by means of an *ex parte* application to Chancery, without notice, to obtain from a single

Judge permission to enclose Hampstead Heath. This, at least, is the statement of "One of the Public," writing to the *Times*. Metropolitan Members, look alive, keep careful watch; ware SIR THOMAS WILSON and a smuggled Hampstead Heath Enclosure Bill!

### Cooks' Voyages.

THE most remarkable of Cooks' voyages is the voyage made to the Crimea by Soyer, the ex-cook of the Reform Club. His object is to apply the culinary art to the provisions of war, and to enable the soldiers to deal with their rations in a rational manner. According to his own account his success has been considerable, and he has planted in the hospitals of Scutari several cooks, each of whom is sufficiently a hero to enable him to deal with a *batterie (de cuisine)*, and to face the most tremendous fire.

### SUNDAY FARE FOR RICH AND POOR.

LORD DIVES, at his Club, takes a delicate luncheon,—  
BILL SMITH, in Hyde Park, has a bite of a truncheon.

### The Pope in the Stocks.

"THE POPE has," it is gratefully stated, "consented to the creation of a Stock Exchange at Bologna." We hear too, that the holy father has offered to set up the young institution, (conditionally on its finding its own bears and lame ducks) with some of his most disreputable bulls.

### CHAIR! CHAIR!

THE following remarkable notice has been placed in our hands:—

### ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

#### NOTICE.

Numerous complaints having been made to the Council, it is requested that no Lady or Gentleman occupy more than one CHAIR at a time.

By Order of the Council,

J. DE C. SOWERBY,

Secretary.

June 9th, 1855.

We do not quite comprehend the connection between Chairs and Botany, nor do we see why complaints of the occupation of "more than one chair at a time," should be forwarded to the Council of the Botanic Society. We have seen members of clubs occasionally occupying more than one chair, and we have sometimes been desirous of giving them a good setting down, by drawing one chair from under them, and thus exemplifying the truth, that "between two stools it is possible to fall to the ground." Perhaps the chairs alluded to in the above notice are Garden-chairs, and if more than one of these should be monopolised by a single individual, it is quite natural that the Council should issue a standing order for the purpose of appropriating the seats in fair proportions among the company. We think if any one presumes to put his leg on a chair, the member should be at once unseated in a summary manner.

### NEW SHAKSPERIAN POINTS.

WHILE SHAKSPEARE can hardly get [a hearing in London, (except when misquoted in the House of Commons), it is gratifying to find that artist-minds in the provinces are devoted to the eliciting new "points" out of his conceptions. *Mr. Punch* had the pleasure of reading, a few days ago, a notice of a performance, at Shrewsbury, of the *Merchant of Venice*. The critic, (whose admiration for the poet renders him honourably unmindful of the humility of the theatre where the immortal play is presented) civilly hints to the principal actor as followeth:—

"We would recommend him, the next time he essays *Shylock*, not to be so pugnacious, when making his final exit, as to strike *Gratiano* in the bowels. *Shylock* is not a *Glown*, nor is *Gratiano* a *Pantaloon*. The Jew is a gentleman, and we may add, that it is not very likely he would commit an assault in a Court of Justice, or add to the indignity by spitting on his tormentor."

Generally agreeing in the spirit of this censure, we think that the detail is open to argument. In criticising a great character, you must do so both analogically and synthetically. It is true that in regard to this particular mode of castigating *Gratiano*, SHAKSPEARE has not left a stage direction; but in Act I., Scene 3, we find *Shylock* expressing a wish to "catch *Antonio* on the hip." Now it is not unnatural to suppose that a malignant person, who, in cold blood, would catch *Antonio* on the hip, would, when heated into wrath, catch *Antonio's* friend a winner in the quarter indicated. That he should hit *Gratiano* instead of his friend *Antonio*, is a still more delicate Shaksperian subtlety, the whole play turning upon the sufferings a friend undergoes for the sake of his friend.

In reference to the expectorating point, we confess to a greater difficulty, but consideration only shows how deeply the actor in question has studied his author. In the scene to which we have already referred, *Shylock* reminds *Antonio* that the latter had spit upon him on the previous Wednesday. Now, as retaliation is the key to *Shylock's* character, we think that the idea of concluding his career by returning the Christian insult, is an inspiration as well as an expectoration, and does the utmost honour to the artist whose conception it is. In conclusion, we are heartily glad to find that Shrewsbury clock keeps such true Shaksperian time.

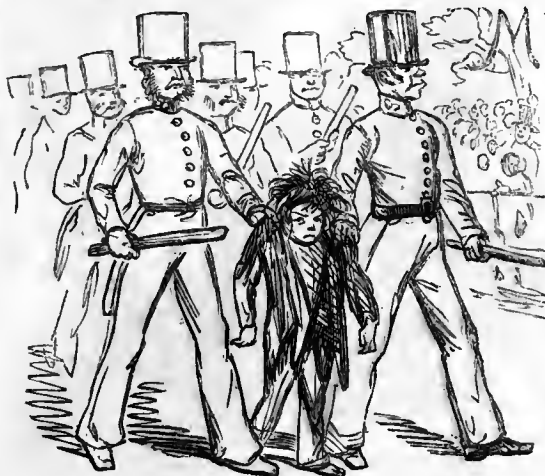
### Giving the Government Warning.

RED has always been a revolutionary colour; and we begin to suspect now, from what we have lately seen, that the *Bonnet Rouge* must have been bound round originally with Red Tape, and it was the fact of this Red Tape pressing so heavily upon the heads of the people that drove them first to Revolution. The pressure was more than they could bear, and so they burst the Government bonds. We leave the warning to the reflection of our sagacious rulers.

QUERY BY AN INSANE POLITICO-ECONOMIST.—Is the Vessel of the State vettualled with the provisions of Acts of Parliament?



THE SIX-POUNDER FOR LINLITHGOWSHIRE.



R. GEORGE DUNDAS has favoured the Home Secretary with his very peculiar advice for the further treatment of the people—many of them “rascally boys”—who meet in the Park. Sweet to the lengthened ears of the hon. member is “the crash upon the pavement of the trail of a six-pounder.” Thus spoke the wisdom of the parliamentary drum-head! Of course, when the atrocity of the suggestion had been loudly condemned by the English gentlemen of the House of Commons, MR.

DUNDAS declared that really, he had meant nothing. His “six-pounder” was a figure of speech—its powder and shot, a flash in the pan and sugar-plums. We trust, however, when DUNDAS the Six-pounder shall again present itself for re-election, that the constituency of Linlithgowshire will duly spike the same.

IT WILL NEVER ANSWER.

WE should like to know, how many persons now living and poo-pooing, without knowing anything about, the plan of LORD DUNDONALD, can recollect expressing themselves under similar circumstances, in the same manner, with regard to gas and steam?

It is probable, however, that not one of them remembers, or can recall to mind, the utterance of any such folly; Nature having bountifully provided for his oblivion thereof, in order that the street lamps might not dazzle, and the locomotives might not hiss him into madness with disgust with himself for having spoken like a fool. Photography would have afforded a rare subject of ridicule to these wise men: but it became a success almost before they had time to predict that it would prove a failure.

LORD DUNDONALD's invention may be a mistake; but it may possibly, at least, be a fact, and no mistake. Were it ever so much an unmistakable fact, would not every Ministry that ever governed this country, including the present, have resisted, nevertheless, and continue to resist, its adoption, as long as they had the shadow of an excuse for their opposition, and a considerable time after even that had vanished. If the surest device for blowing up St. Petersburg were to be discovered to-morrow, Downing Street, and the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty, would unite in swearing, probably in a profane manner, that it never would blow up St. Petersburg, precisely as they, personally perhaps in several instances, swore that gas would blow up London—an exploded notion, simply, on the part of the sharp fellows of the period.

Talk of ABELLARD and HÉLOÏSE!—was there ever constancy like that of the Veterans to Brown Bess?

Unjust people—who are numerous—mistrust the good faith of other people. Persons who are conceited as well, question the understanding of others also. They try all questions by their private feelings; their self-esteem doubts or disbelieves everything in advance of their own ideas, and their selfish cunning feels that it is safer for men of the world to run the greatest risk of opposing a truth on the shrewd side, than to entertain the least question of what may turn out a fallacy on that of the credulous. We should certainly like to know, what LORD DUNDONALD's plan is, before we unite with these gentlemen of “common sense,” in sneering at an invention which is capable of destroying Cronstadt for aught they can show—beyond their intuitive contempt.

A NEW BRUSSELLS SPROUT.

THE new Sprout, which has just made its appearance at Brussels, is of the very greenest kind, with not the least heart in it, and leaves so dirty that the hungriest pig would infallibly turn his nose up at them. What little taste it has is of the most offensive kind, and persons experience the greatest difficulty in swallowing it, though it is generally served up with plenty of Russian sauce, to make it go down. It is strange that LEOPOLD, who, by right of his Claremont Estate, and its well supplied kitchen-garden, is the recognised Monarch of the Vegetable Kingdom, should allow such a very poor specimen of green-stuff to sprout in his capital. The name of this new Brussels Sprout, we must not forget to state, is *Le Nord*; though it matters but little what it has been called, for fortunately it does not grow very fast in public estimation, and must soon be extinct, as it has taken no root whatever in the soil of journalism.

ECLOGUE (SOME WAY) AFTER VIRGIL.

SUNDAY.

LORD PIMLICO  
MR. JONES

British Nobleman.  
British Tailor.

Mr. J. My lord, on Sunday, at your Club reclined,  
You chat and sip your claret, having dined.  
We snobs can get no beer; you swells, at ease,  
May drink as many ladies as you please.

Lord P. Ha, JONES! a Saint—a jolly Saint to me—  
This licence granted Aristocracy;  
By Jove! I'll burn wax candles at his shrine.  
Thank him! our Clubs keep open, and our wine  
A waiter, all day long, at call supplies.

Mr. J. I hear that with less envy than surprise,  
The country starves on Sunday all around.

I, with my kids, on an excursion bound,  
Could no refreshment anyhow obtain:  
No, deuce a bit, your lordship; not a drain;  
The youngest nearly fainted by the way!  
Foreboding often this unhappy day,  
To my deaf ear, as from the British oak,  
Did Mrs. GAMP and Mrs. HARRIS croak.

But that same Saint, my lord, whom do you call?  
Lord P. The City, you suppose, ye people small,  
Is like our place, where surprised shepherds keep,  
In PUSEY's fold a flock of noble sheep:

So geese with goslings; great and little pig;  
You tailors so compare small fleas to big—  
But know Belgravia's district caps Bow Bells',  
High as St. Paul's each neighbouring church excels.

Mr. J. What in Belgravia does your lordship see?  
Lord P. The land of Liberty—to such as me,—  
There did that holy man of whom I spoke,  
Whose image I'll illuminate and smoke,  
Say, whilst his Beer Bill closed the Tavern door,  
“Enjoy yourselves, lords; revel as before.”

Mr. J. Fortunate Nob: with Sunday Clubroom free,  
And wine in plenty—though no beer to me  
The bar affords, my burning thirst to quench—  
You'll ne'er be driven to quaff the road-side drench,  
Polluted by a close adjoining pool.  
Fortunate Nob! there you'll enjoy the cool,  
At well-known windows, and the sparkling flow  
Of soda-water; or to sleep will go,  
Over some paper in a grave review;  
Or lounge and watch the mob, and vulgar crew:  
Nor will the cabmen cease below to growl,  
Nor droughty artisans to groan and howl.

Lord P. The riff-raff at the Carlton shall regale,  
The waiters shall deny the members ale;  
The Cossack drink the Thames, the Russ the Scine,  
Ere that Saint's picture vanish from this brain.

Mr. J. But hence we others to the thirsty sands  
Of Hampstead shall resort with vain demands;  
Norwood, or Stratford by the Lea shall try,  
Or that quite insulated isle, Eel-pie.  
Ah! shall I ever on a Sunday more  
The foaming porter from the tankard pour?  
Some long time hence enjoy my go of gin,  
Out in a quiet arbour of mine Inn?  
Admire the bowling-green and gardens trim,  
Whence we're excluded by the Mawworms grim,  
Must we be govern'd by that canting crew?  
See what fanaticism has brought us to!  
There's not a drop of beer to cool our throats,  
And these are they for whom we gave our votes!  
Fill high, my lord, your goblet of champagne,  
Go, my once happy kids, athirst remain.  
No more I, seated in my cosy box,  
Shall see you play 'mid artificial rocks:  
No pipe to smoke: no glass of grog for me:  
In the meanwhile for you no shrimps and tea!

Lord P. However, you can take a luncheon here,  
Upon a sandwich; and they'll bring you beer.  
The butler says he has a decent tap.  
But now I say—pull out your list, old chap,  
I want a Court dress pair of satin smalls:  
How much expense on high position falls!

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—We are requested to state, that there is no truth in the report, that MR. GLADSTONE has been appointed Editor of the *Invalide Russe*.



### THE NEW PURCHASE.

*Blanche (who doles upon horses).* "THERE, FRANK. ISN'T SHE A PRETTY CREATURE? PAPA GAVE HER TO ME THIS MORNING—SHE IS SO GOOD TEMPERED! AND WHAT A NICE HEAD AND NECK SHE HAS! HASN'T SHE NOW? SHE'S QUITE YOUNG TOO—AND SUCH A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY, SIR, EH?—"

*Frank (who is so absurd).* "H'M! LET'S SEE. PRETTY CREATURE!—GOOD TEMPERED!—NICE HEAD AND NECK!—YOUNG!—AND A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—WHY, I SAY, YOU MAKE A CAPITAL PAIR!"

### LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

It is scarcely necessary to state, that we take the following advertisement from the second column of the *Times*. The sceptical may find it by referring to the paper of the 16th instant.

**TO H.S., FROM THE CRIMEA.** The BOX was RECEIVED by the telegraph.

If the advertiser will apply to the Society of Arts, it is possible he may hear of something to his advantage. The quick transmission of packages may be counted with the chief desiderata of the age, and here we find a person publicly announcing, that he has had one sent by telegraph! it is scarcely clear, from the wording of his statement, whether the box was received "from the Crimea:" but in making so extraordinary a revelation a little indistinctness is both natural and pardonable. The mere fact of a box having been sent by telegraph at all is surely quite enough to startle the scientific world, and we therefore leave our savants to confer with the advertiser, and make the most they can of his discovery.

### Justice at the Footlights.

PUNCH is happy to state, that the example of Mr. BUCKSTONE, of the Haymarket Theatre, who has liberally revived the old custom of an "Author's Night" (a night when a drama is performed for the benefit of the person who invented it) is about to be imitated by all his brother Managers. They are going to give Nights to their Authors, and by way of making their generosity gracefully complete, French steamers have been chartered to bring over the *beneficiares*.

### "A LITTLE WHITE FLAG."

It was to be expected that the Russian officer in command at Hango would justify the murder and capture of the men of the *Cossack*. Therefore, the Russian Government is assured that the Flag of Truce hoisted on the occasion was "only a little white flag on a stick." Well, it *was* a white flag: even the Russian officer does not deny that fact. The question would seem to be, in the Russian mind, the dimensions of a Flag of Truce. How many yards of white bunting or linen constitute the sanctity of such a flag? "The crew of LIEUTENANT GENESTE'S boat"—says the Russian poltroon—"was caught in their own trap." Since the wolf in the fable devoured the lamb for muddying the stream, there has never been put forth so atrocious an excuse for atrocity committed, as by this Russian bear in command at Hango.

### A Fruity Joke.

THE following joke, which has been bottled up for an entire week, may be pronounced on the whole rather fruity:—

An amateur of music (who is also a wag) remarked the other day, with reference to some strawberries on the table, "that he (the wag) would enjoy a pottle of strawberries all to himself, inasmuch as it would be a musical as well as a festive treat, for it would in fact be a Solo on the Hautboy."

### COMBINATION OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, when he is in London, is spoken of by his servants (all reduced Undergraduates) as the "*Russ in Urbe*."



PURITANS' PENANCE.



A MODEST YOUNG GENTLEMAN.



PUNCH considers that the following advertisement offers an eligible opportunity to such young ladies of ample means, engaging appearance, and suitable education, as may find themselves left on hand with the damaged muslins and faded bonnets at the fag end of the season:—

**MATRIMONY.**—A Young Gentleman, studying for one of the Professions, but whose limited means prevent him from completing, except in a tedious and unsatisfactory manner, is desirous of meeting with a Young Lady of some fortune, a moderate share of good looks, well educated, and in every respect fitted to become a good and affectionate partner. References will be exchanged, and all information communicated to *bona fide* parties, by addressing free, to No. 263, N.B.A.O., Edinburgh.

Many men look to marriage, we all know, as a means of support; but it is beginning rather early to

advertise for a wife, for the purpose of appropriating her fortune to the prosecution of professional studies. We shall not be surprised to find the principle carried still further out; and we may expect to meet with an advertisement from some still younger gentleman than the young one mentioned above, who may be in want of a wife to pay his school bills, or send him to Eton or Westminster. As these young persons may be unable to frame a paragraph for themselves, we suggest the following as a model:

**MATRIMONY AND SCHOOLING.**—A very young Gentleman, who is at present attending a Sunday School, but who would prefer going to Eton with a view to the University and the Church or the Bar; but whose means, derived from his father's fishstall, prevent him from carrying out his views, or indeed from carrying out anything, but ahrrms and periwinkles, is desirous of meeting with a Young Lady of good fortune, good looks, and good education, with a view to making her his wife, subject to his refusal of her at a fitting time, when in the absence of a more eligible candidate she will have the preference. References, and indeed anything the young lady happens to possess, will be exchanged, and other information may be obtained at this crossing at the bottom of the Haymarket, where several young gentlemen are in attendance, but where the Advertiser will reverse his broom as a signal to any young lady who flourishes her pocket handkerchief. N.B. No old Maid need apply.

A CARD.

Mr. PUNCH presents his compliments to Mr. TITE, M.P., and begs to lay before him a practical plan of Administrative Reform. Mr. PUNCH proposes, that a certain sum, say a million, or a million and a half, should be set aside annually, for the purpose of establishing sinecure places, varying in value from 100*l.* to 1000*l.* a year, or upwards. He also proposes, that the patronage of these sinecure offices should be vested in Whig noblemen, the Aristocracy in general, and, in fact, all the most distinguished jobbers in the country. As a slight return, Mr. PUNCH respectfully hopes that the holders of these sinecures and their patrons will refrain from thrusting their dirty fingers into the great national pie, but will rest satisfied with what they have got, and let the Army, Navy, &c., alone. Mr. PUNCH is not a turncoat; but he is constrained to avow, that his former opinions with respect to Sinecures were erroneous, recent events having proved what a safety-valve to jobbery sinecures have ever been.

Selfish Exultation.

"MR. NEWDEGATE, M.P., is at Brussels."—*The Express*.

Hooray!!!

No. *Nostra culpa!* We retract that cheer. Why, in delight at our own advantages should we mock the misfortune of others? What has Brussels done to us. Once more, we retract that cheer.

A More than Probable Turn.

You may depend upon it, there is something on the move, when our dear mother-in-law makes her appearance in the house about July or August; and sure enough the move is generally with her poor suffering daughter and ailing children in the direction of the seaside.

JACK AND LADY NANCY.

A VULGAR SONG BY A COMMON SEAMAN.

The *Lady Nancy* was knocked together in a night, the *Stromboli* towed her a hundred miles; she was found seaworthy in every particular, and she went in and burned Taganrog.—See the *Times*, July 2nd.

O JAW till you're frantic of wessels gigantic,  
With hundreds of guns and with thousands of crew,  
Jack's want's of the oddest, a vessel so modest  
As just does the work as he wants her to do.  
He doesn't condemn none, your big *Agamemnon*,  
Your *Dukes* and your *Alberts*, as long as a street;  
They're mighty imposing, but when he's for closing,  
A taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

She aint no great sight for the lubbers wot write,  
She aint no "Sea-Castle wot frowns on the brine,"  
It might be like flattery to praise her "black battery,"  
Or christen her "Majesty's symbol and sign:"  
She doesn't come "looming" like one as "speaks dooming,"  
To "crush into atoms each foe she may meet,"  
But if foes you'd be beating as *won't* give the meeting,  
Our taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

No gab about NELSON when down went *her* kelson,  
No "eminent shipwrights" swug toasts in champagne,  
No Miss in white flouncing her name were announcing,  
As *Nancy* splash'd down to "her home on the main,"  
She *won't* nowadays "graceful," nor "streamer'd out tasteful,"  
"Like a Swan on the Waters a-taking her seat,"  
But for roughish swan-hopping, where rifles is popping,  
Our taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

When your blessed "Leviathan" couldn't come nigher than  
Three or four mile from the towns as you'd win;  
Then in come our *Nancy*, as pat as your fancy,  
And blow'd 'em to blazes as neat as a pin.  
And as for your gun-boats, (as some folks calls bomb-boats.)  
Wot use is inventions as draws all them feet?  
For cannons and mortars wot dances the waters,  
Our taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

We know'd wot we wanted, materials was granted,  
We knoek'd her together as quick as we could,  
The *Strongbelly* tow'd her, we sail'd and we row'd her—  
And there's wery fine ashes where Taganrog stood.  
I axes your pardon, and wagers a farden,  
(But hopes no offence to the nobs and Helect.)  
That more towns of old Bruin's would now be in ruins,  
If you'd more *Lady Hens* in HER MAJESTY'S fleet.

A PROPOSAL TO LORD DUNDONALD.

MY DEAR LORD DUNDONALD,

I HAVE read all your letters on the subject of your plan for making short work of this horrible war with the greatest interest. The following passage occurs in your last, with reference to LORD PALMERSTON'S redtapeism of calling that plan a "scheme," and stating that the Government were not "prepared" to carry it into execution:—

"But I protest against the term *scheme* being substituted for *plan*, as a misrepresentation of facts, which, if divulged, would admit of no doubt, and which would be divulged in my own justification, were not such a course manifestly objectionable, whilst our Government entertain the resolution not to avail themselves of means the most speedy and effective in the prosecution of war."

Are you quite sure, my dear Lord, that it would be objectionable to divulge the facts to which your Lordship alludes? The question is, whether, in case your plan were divulged, and its practicability were self-evident, the Government would yield to public opinion and adopt it, before the Russians could jump at it, and blow us all out of the water?

Would your Lordship have any objection to explain your plan to a commission of scientific men, with whose report on it the country would be satisfied, in case I, or the Proprietary of any other leading Journal, should endeavour to supply the deficiency of Government by constituting and appointing a body of engineers, chemists, and others, possessing acknowledged and recognised ability to pronounce upon the subject?

PUNCH.

A SHORT CUT TO METAPHYSICS.

WHAT is Matter?—Never mind.  
What is Mind?—No matter.



### PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"I have seen the ambitious Ocean swell."

*Julius Cæsar, Act i., Scene 3.*

### CRUEL ASSAULT ON A VERY OLD GENTLEMAN.

YESTERDAY, RICHARD SPOONER—who gave his addresses 9, Manchester-buildings, Carlton Club, and Birmingham—was charged at Bow-street with a series of cruel attacks upon an extremely ancient and venerably green old gentleman, who gave his name—CHRONOS; vulgarly known as OLD TIME. The accused refused all legal assistance, although his friends had, in the kindest manner, ensured the valuable services of MR. PARRY.

MR. PUBLIC OPINION said, that he appeared with great pain against the prisoner, a person who had certainly moved—no, he could not say moved, for move, at least forward, he would not, but who stood still—in a respectable circle of society; but there were human interests calling for protection, and, however painful to himself, he must press the charge against the prisoner, whose repeated attacks upon MR. CHRONOS, otherwise OLD TIME, had of late become past all human endurance. It was not to be thought of, that so respectable an individual as OLD TIME—a person so valuable, nay so vital to the interests of society—should be left at the mercy of the prisoner, especially as the offender had so frequently shown himself incapable of any consideration of the venerable complainant.

MR. CHRONOS, *alias* OLD TIME, here stood forward. He said that, for many, many years he had been more or less abused in public by the prisoner. Of late, however, the conduct of the prisoner had become outrageous. The complainant said, he should not so much mind being killed outright. There were, he knew, thousands of well-to-do people of both sexes in London who had no other thought than to kill him, to which end they so often fired at him, though in vain, with gold and silver bullets,—but to be droned, mumbled to death, was past all bearing, and (here the venerable witness became a little excited)—and by Styx he would not stand it!

Here the prisoner, with the coolest and most confident air, begged to call the attention of the Magistrate to the conduct of the witness. He had sworn, and swearing was fineable. The prisoner (who had no other motive, he said, than that of public morality) hoped that his worship would inflict the fine of five shillings.

MAGISTRATE to Complainant. Proceed with your statement. I would

further advise the prisoner to keep quiet, and not to shake his fist at the witness. By such conduct the prisoner will certainly not benefit his case.

OLD TIME proceeded. He had long put up with the ill-conduct of the prisoner, but of late the persecution had been intolerable. Here MR. OLD TIME showed an hour-glass,—and observed that in consequence of the wishy-washy sentences of the prisoner, with his drizzling showers of words, the sand in the hour-glass had become so damp and clogged together, that, let the glass be shaken as it might, the sand would not run sparkingly, as was its wont in a fine, dry, sunny atmosphere. The witness further exhibited a scythe; and called the attention of the worthy magistrate to the jagged condition of its edge. "Yes, your worship," said TIME, with some emotion, "it was in general as nice and keen a blade as any man might mow seconds, minutes, hours, days, and years with—light grass and heavy—and now look at it. The prisoner at the bar has absolutely talked all these notches in it. And he will do it, and while he goes on talking, you can't think how tough a job he makes it to get through an hour or two."

MAGISTRATE. Have you any further complaint against the prisoner?

OLD TIME. Why, yes, your worship, I should think I had. Twice within this last fortnight has the prisoner at the bar beat me so cruelly about the skull with an Irish shillelah, a weapon loaded with lead, and cut from the groves, not of Blarney, but of Maynooth, that I know not whether I'm on my head or my heels. What's more, the prisoner isn't content to ill-use me himself, but he sets on a score more folks to clog up my sand and notch my scythe.

The worthy Magistrate asked the prisoner, what he had to say in his defence?

The prisoner began in his old strain, when—

TIME, whipping up his hour-glass, and taking his scythe over his shoulder, rushed out of the court. He merely observed, that he would leave his case in the hands of PUBLIC OPINION.

PUBLIC OPINION observed, he did not wish to press severely upon the prisoner, but said he must ask for bail to protect OLD TIME against a repetition of such assaults for the future.

The prisoner sent for several friends—MR. NEWGATE, COLONEL SIBTHORPE, and others—but when our reporter left the court no bail had arrived. At that time, it just wanted ten minutes of the Van, and OLD TIME was seen looking round the corner, with a jocund eye upon his hour-glass.

### OUR FUTURE CONTEMPORARIES.

It is with feelings of pride mingled with no little pleasure that we notice the growing moustache of our respected Beadle. It is of a light straw colour, not altogether unlike tow, only much silkier in its appearance. As the moustache is not more than two weeks' old, it would be rather premature as yet to judge of the effect, but when it has attained its full growth, we candidly think that it will add materially to the dignified aspect of our worthy functionary. We regret to state, however, that the boys of the neighbourhood do not treat the improvement with that marked respect, which an old constituted authority, like the Beadle, is proudly entitled to, but our regret is agreeably lessened by the philosophic reflection, that boys at all times will be boys.—*The Pentonville Penny Patriot.*

On Thursday last, as MRS. CAOCHET'S Seminary for Young Ladies was passing the REV. DR. SWITCH KANE'S Academy for Young Gentlemen, we noticed that some of the elder boys (who, judging from their straps and stand-up collars, were certainly of an age to know better) laughed, made faces, and winked at the tallest of the young ladies. Such conduct in the high road is, to say the very least, highly reprehensible and extremely indecorous, and we hope that the young offenders received, when they returned to ANNA-VIAUMQUE HOUSE, that salutary punishment which their shameless behaviour so glaringly deserved.—*The Hammersmith Fly and Brentford Bluebottle.*

If the Thames could be cleaned there is but little doubt that it would soon be crowded, as in the days of our Saxon ancestors, with fish of all sorts. Let the water be as pure as it was two thousand years ago, and we should in all probability be able to venture out to Lambeth pier, catch our salmon, or young trout, and return home to have it cooked for breakfast.—*JOHN BROWN'S Political and Literary Harporth of All Sorts.*

What are all the flags of Europe but so many pieces of bunting, stained in iniquity of every possible dye? We value them at so low a figure, our own Flag not excepted, that we should be sorry to give a new cotton pocket-handkerchief in exchange for any one of them.—*The Manchester Gridiron and Salford Pepper Box.*

Kitchen Stuff has risen within the last week as much as a halfpenny a pound, and we have been informed of one transaction alone, at Pimlico, by which the lucky holder cleared not less than three and twopence, and this was exclusive of silver spoons!—*The Cook's Oracle for Belgravia and Seven Adjoining Parishes.*

When will the superior classes think of encouraging our native products? Is it not a shame to our pampered aristocracy, that our celebrated Chelsea Bun is not more patronised than it is?—*The Battersea Battle-axe and Chelsea Penny Trumpet of Universal Freedom.*

Ten Shillings Reward have been offered for the discovery of the miscreant, who parcelled the REVEREND MR. LOVE BIRD'S Chapel of Comfort and Ease all over with the bills of the Dying Swan Saloon, announcing amongst other profane monstrosities, that MR. JOHN COOPER would sing the "Ratecatcher's Daughter" in character.—*The Clapham Whitechoker (Edited by JABEZ PECKSNIFF, Esq.)*

### A Ship that Ought to be Put Under a Glass Shade.

We see, and we never should have believed it unless we had seen it, that there is a transport of the name of the *Earl of Aberdeen*. The discovery fairly took us by surprise, as we did not know that in the English mind the name of ABERDEEN had ever given rise before to a single transport.

LONG CLOTHES EXTRAORDINARY.



"SOME PEOPLE'S GESE ARE ALWAYS SWANS."

**T**O improve the human form, in the abstract, may or may not have been the glory of the Greek sculptors. It is that of a modern artist in another material than marble. The *Morning Post* contains the following advertisement:—

**THE EMPRESS'S JUPE.**—Mrs. — invites the attention of ladies to her new PETTICOATS; they add grace and elegance to the figure, and have met with universal admiration.

We should think so; nay, if the petticoats simply allowed the grace and elegance of the figure to be quite visible, without any addition, we

should expect that the admiration with which they would meet would be completely catholic; and although we have not the privilege of belonging to the gentle sex, we would run some distance on the hottest day, to devote that attention which MRS. WHAT'S-HER-NAME invites, on the part of the ladies, to her new Petticoats, in which MRS. W. very likely exhibits at least all the symmetry of the Mediccan VENUS.

MRS. GRUNDY'S ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

MRS. GRUNDY is about to set her house in order. So, after it has been properly cleaned, and painted, and papered from top to bottom, (which, of course, MR. GRUNDY is to pay for), she is resolved, once and for all, upon having quite a new system of things established and maintained in her establishment. She will no longer allow her house to be the scandal of the neighbourhood. The following are a few of the Reforms she has set her heart upon:—

- I. The door to be closed every night at eleven.
- II. The mistress of the house to have the exclusive hiring of the servants.
- III. Nothing but cheese for supper!
- IV. No more breakfasting in the bed-room—whether a person is ill or not!
- V. No more soda-water to be sent for early in the morning!
- VI. The Page to be exchanged for a Footman.
- VII. The Footman to be not less than five feet six, and in livery of course.
- VIII. The children's dresses no longer to be paid for out of the house-keeping-money.
- IX. Nothing hot to be brought up from the servants' dinner for luncheon in the parlour—not for anybody! no matter who he may be!
- X. The breakfast things to be taken away every morning precisely as the clock strikes nine.
- XI. The Cook before going to bed to bring up, every night, the key of the Larder.
- XII. The cribbage-board to be locked up on Sundays.
- XIII. No whistling allowed in the drawing-room.
- XIV. No invitations to be henceforth accepted, unless the name of MRS. GRUNDY is included in them.
- XV. MR. GRUNDY, for the future, to pay for his own washing.
- XVI. All letters to be opened by Mrs. G., for MR. GRUNDY should have, and moreover he says he has, no secrets from his wife—and if there are secrets in those letters, he cannot object to her sharing them with him.

As soon as the above Reforms are carried, others of a still more stringent nature are contemplated.

GROSS ATTEMPT AT IMPOSITION ON MEDICAL MEN.

THERE are plenty of Members of the Medical Profession who would only be too happy to pay the aggravated Income Tax, or any Income Tax that left them any Income. Thanks to MR. HEADLAM, MR. BRADY, and MR. CRAUFURD, those individuals stand a very fair chance of being subjected to an additional impost. This, however, will not be exactly an Income Tax. One condition, necessary to the constitution of that tax, will be absent from this. In order to be liable to it, there will be no necessity that the subject should possess any income at all. The happy medical man will, if MR. HEADLAM and his accomplices succeed in their design, be fined 20s. for the mere permission to continue attempting to earn his bread. These men have brought in a bill "to alter and amend the law regulating the Medical Profession," of which one clause enacts, that all persons in lawful practice before the first day of November next, shall be registered, on having their pockets picked of one pound. After that date the robbery is to amount to TEN POUNDS: and without submitting to this spoliation, they will be unable to recover their charges, disqualified from holding appointments, and accounted guilty of a misdemeanour in practising their profession.

War time—prices rising—likely to rise higher! How fervently the Poor Law Union Medical Officer, counting his patients by several thousands, and his salary by very few tens, with a deduction for medicine supplied, will bless MR. HEADLAM and his confederates, for extracting one more hardly-earned sovereign from his pocket next November, in case the plant, or scheme of abstraction, which they have planned, should prosper! What benisons will Poor-Law PILGRIM's wife invoke upon the head of HEADLAM, by reason of the winter bonnet diverted, in the shape of her husband's registration fee, from her own! Take one pound from a pauper medical practitioner's income—you can't, as the schoolboys say: one from nought, nought; but HEADLAM and Co. propose to work out the sum after November: when it will be, one from nought you can't, one from ten, nine, and carry one: and the one "carried" will be added to the nine, to make ten—the figure, in pounds, at which the medico-chirurgical starveling who has forgotten, or has been unable, to register himself at the comparatively petty-larcenous imposition of 20s. will then be plundered.

Why this enormous medical confiscation? To provide oil, it would seem, for greasing the tremendous machinery which will be created by the proposed bill: a Medical Council conjointly organised by the united Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the united universities of the United Kingdom, and the Secretary of State. This grand Council is to appoint examiners in the three capitals, "to examine candidates for medical diplomas, preliminarily," in classics, the exact sciences, and general literature. Under the latter head, of course, the pages of *Punch* will be included—but if, a little more than a century ago, it had been necessary for Surgeons to have been thus examined "preliminarily;" if, in short, the age had been rendered illustrious by MR. HEADLAM, would it have had the advantage of possessing unclassical MR. HUNTER? The former philosopher, we find, further proposes, that while "Surgeons" must be 22 years of age, the statutable age of "Physicians" shall be 26. Surely this wise man should likewise propose, that general practitioners, inasmuch as they act in both capacities, shall be 22 plus 26, or 48. We thought, moreover, that the said HUNTER, and subsequently another individual of the same sort, one ABERNETHY, had overthrown the distinction between the science of "Surgery," and that of "Medicine" assumed in the hill of that very different sort of individual, the said HEADLAM.

If, instead of harassing and plaguing medical men with fines, forfeitures, and vexatious formalities, MR. HEADLAM would devote his legislative abilities to the suppression of the traffic in patent medicines, he might serve both the Profession and the Public, by diminishing starvation in the former, and poisoning among the latter. But the tendency of his bill is to facilitate the sale of stamped specifics by impeding the legitimate practice of physic. By the bye, is MR. HEADLAM the proprietor of any popular remedy? Is HEADLAM the man, and HOLLOWAY merely an alias?

An Extraordinary Question.

THE *Morning Chronicle* of the 7th inst. puts the following extraordinary question:—"What is the use of a Bishop?"

To this Mr. *Punch* readily makes answer—the use of a Bishop is to illustrate in the flesh the Christian virtues of humility and self-denial at a various income, ranging from three to ten thousand pounds per annum. Moreover, there can be no doubt that all this is done, and very well done, at the money.

THE OLD "FAVOURITE."—OUR joerdar PREMIER owns himself ambitious to have a Name on the Turf. Would he like one which was rather famous there in its day, and which would seem just to suit him? What does he say to GREY MOMUS?



### BATTLE OF THE HYDE PARK.

GALLANT AND DARING ACT OF PRIVATE LOBBS (OF THE CRUSHERS), WHO, BY HIMSELF, STORMED AN OLD TREE, AND VERY NEARLY CAPTURED THREE SMALL BOYS.

#### Infallible Cure for a Short Sight.

THE sudden acquisition of a large fortune is the best cure. It has been known to cure persons of short-sightedness in a minute, upon whom all other experiments had failed. It will bring a person (a poor relation, for instance) prominently forward, making him, and his merits even, eminently conspicuous, whereas both had previously been for years quite invisible to the naked eye. It extends one's views wonderfully; and, strengthened with an aid of such wonderful power, the eye will carry to any distance, and has actually been known before now to bring home a Rich Uncle all the way from India.

#### "HAPPY LAND" (FOR DEBTORS).

AN Insolvent Contributor, after reading the recent reports of successes in the Sea of Azoff, says that, unlike HORACE, he both wonders at and envies the Allied Fleet, for the more Straits it gets into, the brighter are its prospects.

### DE BELLO CIVILI.

It is sometimes said, that civility costs nothing, but it would seem that the civility of the Civil Service in civilly waiting to have justice done to them in the matter of superannuation may cost a great deal. Every civil servant with a salary above one hundred a year, has five per cent. taken from him to meet a claim for retired allowances, which it is said that one per cent. would fully satisfy. Several successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have acknowledged the injustice of this arrangement, and promised a remedy; but this promise has not yet been fulfilled. So gross is the injustice of the tax, that the "opposition" offered to do the civil thing to the Civil Service, if the Government neglected it, and an independent member also pledged himself to introduce a measure on the subject; but, as it happens to be everybody's business, it shares the fate of nobody's business, and is not done at all. Every civil servant appointed since a certain date is paying twelve pounds out of every hundred by way of income tax, or rather he is getting eighty-eight instead of every hundred pounds he is supposed to receive. It has generally been thought a capital joke to victimise a recipient of the public money, and to talk of "bloated officials," of whom certain clerks at Somerset House, with some half-dozen children and incomes varying from eighty to two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, are not very obese specimens; but though the public may have its laugh, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should take care that the Civil Service when smarting under an admitted hardship should not find its cry in vain.

#### A HOMŒOPATHIC SUNDAY.

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR is, it is well known, a homœopathist. Doubtlessly, it is in this character that he would wish to give the people a homœopathic Sunday? He would administer to them infinitesimal doses of recreation; the smallest globules of pleasure, mixed up with brimming pailsful of abstinence and privation. He would have them limited, if he could, to the billionth part of a ride in an omnibus, with the 500,000th part of a dram of a glass of ale, and the 1000th of the crumb of a sandwich, by way of refreshment; not a scruple of anything excepting religious scruples, and as many of those as you like—the scruples being against shaving, reading, dining (unless you have a French cook to dress your dinner for you at home), eating, drinking, (except you have a good cellar and larder in your own house, or belong to a club), and against all rational and innocent forms of amusement in general. We doubt, however, if this Hahnemannising the British Public would have been exactly humanising them, or would have put them into the most fitting humour for going to church. We are afraid that many a poor fellow with a hungry stomach would have wished that homœopathy had never been applied to politics; and in his anger would have inveighed bitterly against LORD ROBERT for being such an exceedingly homœopathic legislator.

#### Peace and War, by Lord John Russell.

We understand, that it is the intention of LORD JOHN RUSSELL's constituents to solicit him to sit, for a double portrait of *Peace and War*, to SIR EDWIN LANDSEER. The noble Lord, in imitation of the picture of *Death and the Lady*, will be duly divided. One half of him will appear in the uniform of a British Life Guardsman, and the other in the simple, buttonless dress of an olive-bearing friend. JOSEPH STURGE himself has offered the loan of his drab and beaver.





"I TELL YER WHAT, BILL, I THINK THE POLICE ARE A BAD LOT—AND I WISH THEY WAS DONE AWAY WITH ALTOGETHER."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 9th, Monday. LORD DERBY hinted to the Lords that the season was nearly over, and people were going out of town, and therefore that it would be as well not to bother themselves with more business than could be helped. On this hint LORD LYNTHURST threw over an Oath of Abjuration Bill, though he thought that the continuing the oath which he wished to get rid of was "an act of impiety," and LORD WINCHELSEA resigned the pleasure of an onslaught upon the Roman Catholic Prelates, who, as he thought, and thought very rightly, had been most improperly described in the Maynooth report by their ridiculous ecclesiastical titles. The Accidents on Railways Bill passed, with a characteristic protest from LORD ST. LEONARDS against violating the rights of property by protecting people's lives.

In the Commons, SIR BENJAMIN HALL abandoned the Public Health Bill, despairing of getting it passed so late in the session. SIR CHARLES WOOD explained that a certain bombardment of Old Town, at Calahar, on the African Coast, by HER MAJESTY'S ship *Antelope*, had been a sort of Public Health Measure for that locality, for the African chiefs were in the unpleasant habit of poisoning their subjects, so the missionaries had heged for a brief discourse from the mouths of our guns against the practice. LORD PALMERSTON promised that all the correspondence on the proposal which had been approved by the Austrian COUNT JOHN RUSSELL, should be produced, and he fulfilled his promise on the Thursday following. There was a good deal of talk about the window-breaking on the previous day. The impression was, that the police were sulky because complaint had been made of the brutality displayed by some of their number in the park, and that they had abstained from energetic interference with the window-breakers. SIR GEORGE GREY promised that "next time" every precaution should be taken.

MR. WALTER then referred to PROFESSOR FARADAY'S call upon Father Thames, with whom the eminent philosopher had left his card, (as set forth in *Mr. Punch's* cartoon this week), and of whom MR. FARADAY gave a most hideous account. MR. WALTER asked whether any plan had been decided on by Government for diverting the sewage of the metropolis away from the river, which it now poisoned. SIR BENJAMIN HALL said, that at present there was no plan decided upon, but several plans were under consideration. By way of further comment, the report of the Registrar-General, a day or two later, announced that the inevitable consequence of leaving the river in its present state would be an epidemic among the people. The people swarming along

the banks of the Thames, and the small unwholesome streets adjacent, had therefore better write at once to their housekeepers to have their country seats ready, or desire their agents to secure houses at Brighton or Ramsgate.

Tuesday. LORD CLARENDON said, that the Russian authorities had made untrue statements in reference to the Hango atrocity, and that ADMIRAL DUNDAS had been instructed to demand a better explanation, and also the immediate release of the prisoners.

In the Commons, SIR BULWER LYTTON announced his intention of moving a resolution, declaring that the conduct of LORD JOHN RUSSELL at Vienna had shaken the confidence of the country in HER MAJESTY'S Government. This startling notification occasioned considerable sensation, which was increased by MR. DISRAELI'S stating that he meant to ask, whether LORD JOHN RUSSELL had obtained HER MAJESTY'S leave to reveal state secrets, as he had done. On the following Thursday LORD JOHN was obliged to confess that he had not had the QUEEN'S leave; and added, with his usual logic, that such leave had not been necessary, and therefore (upon MR. DISRAELI'S hint) he had been and asked for it. HER MAJESTY "had been graciously pleased to sanction what he had done." This doing a thing first, and then asking leave to do it, sometimes gets little people into scrapes, but this time LORD JOHN was lucky, and if *Mr. Punch* were at liberty to reveal the words in which the QUEEN good-naturedly told JOHN that he might do or say just what he liked, it would probably be thought that HER MAJESTY'S estimate of his Lordship's importance is about that of *Mr. Punch* and the public. LORD JOHN also remarked that it was a shame to suppose that because he thought the Austrian proposals just and reasonable in April, he should think so in July; and he declared that the war ought to be vigorously prosecuted. This announcement was received by the Commons of England—

"Men whom JOHN has often led"—

with "shouts of derisive laughter." Evidently, as in MR. SQUEERS'S case, "the coat-of-arms of the RUSSELLS is tore, and their sun is gone down into the hoccan wave."

*Mr. Punch* need not say that MR. DISRAELI came out upon this matter, and was very felicitous in taunting the Government with various endeavours which they had made to dodge away, behind the forms of the House, from SIR BULWER LYTTON'S motion. And BENJAMIN put one point so neatly that it is worthy to be immortalised here. He said that the moment LORD PALMERSTON heard SIR BULWER'S notice, he changed all the business of the House, and, for the night on which the baronet proposed to attack JOHN RUSSELL, PALMERSTON set down the New Partnership Bill, and the Limited Liability Bill. "Why," said MR. DISRAELI, "the New Partnership Bill? What the people wanted to know was, what were the conditions of partnership in Downing-street!—they wanted to know whether the principles of 'limited liability' were prevalent in that locality, or whether the people were to enjoy the general and collective responsibility of the ministers of the crown, which had theretofore been the salutary and constitutional course." This was very neat, and if MR. DISRAELI, instead of feeling gratified that his jokes are transferred to *Mr. Punch's* pages, thinks that he is entitled to remuneration for them, *Mr. Punch*, who is the soul of honour, will hand the Right Honourable Gentleman a cheque any day he will call at No. 85.

To complete the story, it should be said, that MR. ROEBUCK tried to get a "call" of the House for his motion of general censure on the managers of the Crimean Campaign, but was defeated by 133 to 108, members contending that it was deuced inconvenient to be called up to town to attend to the business of the country. And it was finally arranged that MR. ROEBUCK should give way to SIR BULWER LYTTON, and that the latter should open fire on the following Monday.

On this same Tuesday there was rather a good debate, originated by MR. VINCENT SCULLY, regarding examination of candidates for public offices. LORD PALMERSTON declared that Government were gradually extending the system, and he begged the House not to interfere, but on division there was a very small majority with him, 140 to 125 being the numbers by which MR. SCULLY'S resolution for examining everybody, and doing it in public, was got rid of by moving the previous question—an avoidance of a decision on the subject itself.

POOR AFSLEY PELLATT, whom no snubbing and counting out will convince that he is the wrong man in the wrong place, tried to be heard about some army question, but he was literally shouted down, and then in a rage he moved the adjournment of the House, and this was put and negatived, and then he was squashed, for the moment.

Wednesday. The Church Rates Abolition Bill was debated, and at last members talked against time, in order to postpone the decision, and the device succeeded.

Thursday. The most interesting part of the Thursday's work has been described. The new Turkish loan was explained; England and France are to guarantee £5,000,000 borrowed by Turkey, but Turkey is to spend the money on the war. Perhaps, some day, if she should not pay up her dividends, a British fleet, like that which went to "collect" the Greek money, may—but we will not speak of such things.

There was a final fight on the Scotch Education Bill, as to which a

number of Scotch Members have suddenly been converted by menaces from the Scotch clergy. The LORD ADVOCATE well said that "the people wanted education; but while the House was discussing miserable abstract theories, a generation was growing up in ignorance." But the appeal was lost upon the tools of the northern priests, and the third reading was carried by three only (105 to 102), but the Bill was passed by a little better majority, 130 to 115.

Then came an Irish row. The Irishmen, in terror of their priests, have been obliged to threaten the Government with hostility, if the Tenants Compensation Bill be not restored to a somewhat more mischievous condition than that to which the good sense of the House had reduced it. LORD PALMERSTON, in his turn, was compelled to give way, affecting to be delighted at the self-stultification of the Ministry, and MR. MAGUIRE, member for Cork, explained, point-blank, the position which Irish members occupy. "What we have to do is to keep ourselves dangerous to honourable gentlemen on either side of the House."

This explanation of the principle on which legislation is conducted for the United Kingdom—this demonstration that by preserving a "balance" which can turn out a Liberal or Tory Government, the ignorant Irish priests virtually rule the three nations—so disgusted Mr. Punch that he stalked out of the House in a rage, and went out of town. Whether he condescends to come back again quite depends upon circumstances.

### LIST FOR A SOLDIER.



THE dingy uniform of the Militia has already been the subject of the most serious observations in these columns. A CORPORAL IN THE GLAMORGAN MILITIA has taken up the same important subject in a letter to the *Times*, and, with a fine eye for colour, he describes the tint of the militia coat as a "muddy red." CORPORAL TAFFY says that the Welsh tailors call the cloth, of which this garment is made, "padding;" and it is evidently fit for no other purpose than the one indicated by that word, unless to be cut up into strips and applied to the cultivation of wall fruit. The Corporal further shows that the lower extremities of the Militia are clothed in serge trousers at eight shillings, worth only five; and he proves that the force is decreasing in consequence of the badness of its uniform. When we consider the passion which the gentler sex entertain for the red coat, and reflect that this is one of the principal causes of enlistment, we view the shabby clothes of the Militiamen with alarm as well as distaste. Are the materials of the Militia Uniform supplied by the members of the Peace Society, who want to discourage recruiting, and make money by one and the same expedient? Is the discoloration of the Militia coat occasioned by an admixture of drab?

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### "HOW WE AMEND OUR BILLS IN THE HOUSE."

(A LITERAL REPORT FOR ONCE.)

TIME—Two o'clock of an Afternoon in the Dog Days

SCENE—The House of Commons in Committee on a Bill. The CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES in the Chair. About twenty Members in the House.

Chairman of Committees, reading rapidly the marginal note of the section. "All persons to produce certificate of vaccination on demand of Registrar." Any amendment before line 12? Proposed at line 12 to leave out the words "Produce certificate of vaccination"—and substitute—

M.P. for the *British Constitution*. Sir, I've an amendment before that. I rise, Sir, to move an amendment on this most inquisitorial provision. I am surprised—no—I am not surprised—for I am only too well aware of the utter disregard which the framers and promoters of this Bill and of Bills like this, have always shown to the liberties of the subject, and the admirable provisions of our Common Law—on—on—all matters affecting the welfare of this—great community. What, Sir, I ask the House—this Committee—is it to be tolerated that the country should be dragooned over in this manner by a set of persons—Registrars though they be—poking their noses into every man's house, and demanding to see his certificate of

vaccination, perhaps to take his coat off and show his marks? Good heavens, Sir, where is this sort of thing to end? The Common Law is explicit, as it always is, on the point. Any person who goes about with the small-pox on him commits a nuisance punishable on indictment; and, therefore, I say, if you pass this clause, instead of an Englishman's house being his castle, which it has been our proud boast, wherever theegis of British Constitutional liberty, the palladium of our rights, has flourished, for which our forefathers bled in the field, and which has braved for ten thousand years the battle and the breeze. I say—I say, Sir, all this is annihilated by this most iniquitous—this most inquisitorial—this most abominable, provision (*sits down*).

Chairman. Any amendment before line 12? Proposed in line 12 that the words "Produce certificate of vaccination" be struck out, and the words—M.P. for the *British Constitution*. My amendment has not been put.

Chairman. The Honourable Member did not propose any.

M.P. for the *British Constitution*. Then I move to strike out this section altogether (*Hear! hear!*).

Chairman. Proposed to omit section 15 altogether. The question is, that the section proposed to be struck out stand part of the Bill. Those who are of that opinion say "aye," the contrary, "no." The "noes"—

2nd M.P. (*Starting up*). But, Sir, before you put the question.—If this clause be struck out the whole bill becomes unintelligible. All the preceding sections refer to the certificate required by this section. For instance, section 2 speaks of "such certificate as hereinafter provided"—and if we strike out this section no certificate will be provided.

3rd M.P. Sir, I beg to move that the words "of three months old" be inserted at the word "persons" in line ten.

Chairman. The amendment before the Committee is that the section proposed to be struck out stand part of this Bill.

M.P. in charge of the Bill. I have only to say, as, has already been pointed out to the Committee, that, if this section be omitted, the whole Bill becomes waste paper.

4th M.P. (*softly*, to Chairman.) Put it—put it.

Chairman. It is proposed to omit section 15. The question is that section 15 stand part of this Bill? Those of that opinion say "aye," the contrary "no,"—the "ayes" have it. Now, Sir? (*to 3rd Honourable Member*.)

3rd M.P. I beg to propose, Sir, the limitation of this section to persons of three months' old. It is all very well to insist on infants being properly vaccinated, but it is surely not to be tolerated that an attempt should be made to coerce adults, as is done by this section. Why, Sir, there is nothing in this section to prevent the Registrar coming into my dining-room when I am at dinner with my friends and family, and insisting on my producing my certificate of vaccination.

M.P. in charge of Bill. I'm quite ready to put in "at reasonable hours," I move Sir, in line 11, after the word "shall" to insert—

Chairman. No—no. There's an amendment in line 10. Proposed after the words "all persons," to insert the words "of three months old." The question is, that the words proposed be inserted. Those who are of that—

M.P. in charge of Bill. Before you put the question, Sir, I wish to point out to the Committee that the last section has required an oath, or in lieu thereof a declaration, of all persons giving such certificate as hereinafter provided. Now, if you are to limit the giving of a certificate to persons of three months old, how are they to make such oath or declaration as you have already required them to do? I put this to the Honourable Member who moves this amendment, as a difficulty to be considered by him, before he presses this amendment.

Chairman. Does the Honourable Member withdraw his amendment? Amendment withdrawn—now (*to Hon. Member in charge of Bill*).

M.P. in charge of Bill. Sir, I move in line 11, after the word "shall," to insert the words "at all reasonable hours."

5th M.P. There are two "shalls" in line 11.

M.P. in charge of Bill. Oh—very well—then—after the first.

Chairman. It is proposed after the first word "shall" in line 11 to insert the words "at all reasonable hours." The question is that the words proposed be inserted. Those who are of that opinion say "aye," the contrary "no;" the "ayes" have it. It is proposed in line 12 to leave out the words "certificate of vaccination," and insert?—

6th M.P. Before you put that, Sir, I wish, with reference to the amendment just carried, to call the attention of the Honourable Gentleman in charge of this Bill, and the Committee to the fact, that the 4th clause of the Bill authorises the Registrar to enter for the purpose of the Act between the hours of six in the morning and nine at night. Now, Sir, as the Honourable Member has inserted the words "at all reasonable hours" in this clause, I wish to ask the Honourable Member, how the two clauses are to be construed together?—

M.P. in charge of Bill (*rather puzzled*). Oh—reasonable hours.—Why—it's a term known to the law—the Courts have repeatedly construed those words.

6th M.P. But I want to know how the two clauses are to be construed together. Perhaps the Hon. Member will consider this. I don't wish to throw any obstacle in the way of the measure, which I consider a very useful measure. (*Sits down meekly*.)

First Legal M.P. aside to Second Legal M.P. A nut for us, BROWN. Second Legal M.P. aside to First. Not the first in the Bill, JONES, by any means. \* \* \* \* \*

[Left amending.]

INTERESTING TO "MORALISTS AND POLITICIANS."



AIREY of the *Morning Herald*, like *Jaqes*, can moralise upon anything; and that, too, at the shortest notice. The Bridgewater House theatricals, and the smashed windows of LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR are alike food for "sweet and bitter melancholy." Because the "suffering poor" are to be benefited by the Bridgewater play, the moralist condemns with all his might the spectators who "look with evident complacency" at LORD GROSVENOR's broken glass. Because Lords and Ladies "hold the mirror up to nature" for the benefit of the poor, LORD GROSVENOR is—without rebuke—to shut up the Sunday barber! Nobody can justify the violence of a mob; nevertheless, it is well that Lords and Gentlemen, before they attack the people with Sunday bills, should remember that they themselves live in houses

that are not altogether impregnable to Sunday arguments. The "moralists and politicians" pathetically touched upon by the *Herald*, do not abound among the boys of London; but are, or ought to be, thick as blackberries in the Lords and Commons. We cannot but ask this question of LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR. Who, in very fact, threw the first stone?

THE WORKING OF THE SUNDAY BEER BILL.

As Tested by a Traveller.

I WENT to the Goat and Thistle,  
But I could not wet my whistle;  
I call'd at the Magpie and Stump,  
And got only a pull at the pump;  
The Green Man and Still I tried, he  
Fear'd I was not *bonâ fide*;  
So I turn'd to the George and Boar—  
A policeman stood at the door;  
Then I enter'd the Star and Garter,  
And drank hock and Seltzer water;  
And returning by Pall Mall,  
At the Carlton I dined very well.

An Open Question.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON objects to the cry that is raised every now and then for pulling down the rails round St. Paul's, as he says, it does no good; but, on the contrary, rather does harm, by raising so much additional Railing against Railing.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. To move an humble address to HER MAJESTY, stating that the House of Commons is half inclined for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

ONE WHO ALWAYS SPEAKS COLLECTEDLY.—A Tax-gatherer.

BEAUTIES OF THE BISHOPS.

FROM certain returns, we have a very interesting illustration of the liberal feelings existing on the part of the Church towards the Law. Brothers episcopal and brothers legal are, it would seem, the best of friends. Black embraces, black! In three years, the bishops forming the Ecclesiastical Commission, and its subordinate organisation, the Church Estates' Commission, pay over to lawyers and surveyors very nearly the sum of £45,000! And this, too, as the *Examiner* observes, "after it was supposed that the Legislature had introduced some improvements into the management of the body." How many curates at £80, or even at the larger munificence of a £100 per annum, might not have had a few more penny loaves, a dozen or two additional sprats for themselves and families, out of this enormity of £45,000, expended on the preciousness of lawyers' tape and parchment, and surveyors' rule and compasses! With such expensive parchment have the bishops the proper thought of the wants of Christian flocks,—with such costly rule-work, do they best adhere to the rule of right?

Why, with such rewards dropped to law and surveying from the liberal hands of bishops, why was not the late Doctor JOHN KITTO either an attorney, or a man of line and compasses? Then working for worldly bishops, he might have easily left his widow in easiest case. But Doctor KITTO worked for the bishops in another sphere. His doings were with no contemporary parchment. He merely worked for sacred letters. He wrote upon such matters as the flocks of ABRAHAM; he only surveyed the Holy Land. And his reward was, a life of poverty; and dying, a wretched £50 per annum is doled out to his widow, from pensions granted upon the civil list. We marvel what works, the doings of a BISHOP OF OXFORD, or even of a BISHOP OF EXETER (all his political pamphlets included), may weigh in the balance against Doctor KITTO's *Pictorial Bible*, and his *Biblical Cyclopaedia*; books of enduring preciousness; books produced in poverty,—and rewarded with contempt in high places;—for what other than contempt is the miserable £50 a-year vouchsafed to the widow of the self-sacrificing scholar?

To be sure, what can be hoped in the way of reward for literature, when such a crowd of outside claimants are let loose upon the miserable £1,200 granted yearly for the "encouragement of art, science and letters?" Out of this miserable sum £300 go to NELSON's granddaughters; we presume for NELSON's merits as an author, when he composed his world-famous signal. COLONEL WILLOUGHBY MOORE loses his life; but leaves nothing that we can find, to art, science, or literature; his widow, however, takes double MRS. KITTO's share—for she has £100 per annum. The widow of a late Cape Secretary has £300. The widow of a Scotch Judge, £200. The widow of a Treasury Clerk £150. These deductions leave £150 per annum for the reward of

literature; namely, £100 to MR. THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, author of one of the most exquisite works in European literature, namely *The Fairy Mythology*, and the aforesaid £50 for widow KITTO. In this way are the few crusts, nominally voted for men of letters, science, and art, snatched from them by anybody with strength enough for the scramble, but wholly irrespective of any other merit. Literature, science, and art are first mocked with a nominal grant of £1,200 a-year; and then cheated by being despoiled of seven-eighths of the money!

REMARKABLE BANKING OPERATIONS.

It is said that Her Majesty's Theatre is about to be opened as a West End Branch of the Bank of England. This, indeed, would be an illustration of the meeting of extremes; for what can be more opposite than a ruined theatre, and the wealthiest banking establishment in Europe. The locality is undoubtedly one from which notes of the highest value have been issued, but it will be a somewhat novel experiment to send forth Bank of England notes from a spot, where those of Grisi and other celebrities have acquired their currency. If business is to commence immediately, the Bank parlour will have to be made up of a set-scene, and the directors will possibly have to meet in the "sacred grove" of the Druids; while the issue department may be carried on through the openings in the "cut-wood" of the *Sonnambula*. We hope for the sake of the ones spirited proprietor, that the rumour we have mentioned is founded in truth, for he could not get rid of all his old scores more successfully than by converting his theatre into a branch of the Bank of England.

MIND YOUR LETTERS.

In the Panopticon there is written up, over several aparies, "Never kill a Bee." A facetious Country Cousin says, since the advice is intended for Coekneys, it would be much better to tell them "NEVER MURDER A H."

THE GREATEST CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

The most perfect, most universal cosmopolitan, must have been OLD FULLER, for go where you will, you will meet with Fuller's Earth on almost every Soil.

A TRUTH ADMITTED ON ALL HANDS (AND HEADS ALSO).—Of all strikes that inflict the greatest injury on the people, and leave nothing but bad blood and ill-feeling behind them, there is none worse than the Policeman's Strike!



Shoe Brigade Boy (to old Gent, irascible from Gout, which has settled in his feet).

"Now, Sir! DID YOU WANT YOUR SHOES BLACKED?"

### KING THAMES.

KING THAMES was a rare old fellow,  
He lay in his bed of slime,  
And his face was disgustingly yellow,  
Except where 'twas black with grime;  
Hurrah! hurrah, for the slush and slime!

There came to him all the essence  
Of filth, both coarse and fine;  
And all kinds of putrescence  
To visit him did combine.  
Hurrah! &c.

The matter from cesspools carted,  
Decay'd vegetation as well;  
Dogs and cats from life departed,  
Sent their odours to add to the smell.  
Hurrah! &c.

All comes to the rare old fellow,  
In the course of a little time;  
No wonder he looks so yellow,  
As he lies in his bed of slime.  
Hurrah! &c.

### A ROUND-ABOUT STORY.

THE *Court Circular* informs the civilised world that:—  
"HER MAJESTY and the Royal Circle partook of luncheon."

Which the civilised world will doubtless be delighted, if not astonished, to learn. Everybody in the world but the Russians and the cannibals will rejoice in the inference that HER MAJESTY has a good appetite. But the Royal Circle!—that will puzzle our friends. How can a circle partake of luncheon? Is such a thing mathematically possible? How about the quadrature of the Royal Circle? We, for our part, have no notion of any Royal Circle, except the hoops which the princes and princesses trundle, and the ring upon the QUEEN'S left fourth finger.

LES "ROUGES" DE L'ANGLETERRE.—Our Red-Tapists.

### A PHILOSOPHER AFLOAT.

A CHEMICAL work of small size and great importance has been lately published. The production alluded to is FARADAY on the Thames; a title which means even more than it appears to mean; for it not only expresses PROFESSOR FARADAY'S views of the composition of the river, but also describes the sensations experienced by him during a period of brief transit upon its surface. A piece of white card, according to the professor, becomes invisible at a very small degree of submersion in the Thames water; which is of a peculiar colour—"opaque pale brown"—drab—quakerish—and a not very peculiar smell, because it partakes of that of the sink-holes; and may be described as odoriferous but not fragrant. We have often had great pleasure in hearing FARADAY explain the composition of water, pure and simple; but we rejoice much more that he has enabled the public to form a correct idea of the constituents of that of the Thames; which consists of something more than Oxygen and Hydrogen. Because we are losing brave men by war, it is rather the more desirable than otherwise that we should not also lose useful citizens by pestilence, as we certainly shall if the Thames continues much longer to be an open sewer. We hope that PROFESSOR FARADAY'S publication, which takes the shape of a concise letter to the *Times*, will effect a saving of human life still greater than that which has resulted from his predecessor's safety-lamp. DAVY'S invention prevents carburetted hydrogen from blowing up miners; may FARADAY'S epistle avert cholera and typhus, by stirring up senatorial and municipal persons to prevent sulphuretted hydrogen from being disengaged.

### A Nominal Error.

SOMEBODY has invented an instrument which he calls a "Palmerston, or Judicious Bottle-Holder." The object is to enable a person to take hold of a bottle without soiling his fingers. If this is really the case, the invention should hardly be called a Palmerston, for in the conduct of the war, or in other words, in his mode of dealing with the Porte, the PREMIER himself has not come out with entirely clean hands.

**THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.** Bound in plaster and diachylon. This Series (anything but popular), a fresh issue of which was brought out, with numerous cuts, a few Sundays back, by the Police in Hyde Park, has since been discontinued by high authority of Government and *Mr. Punch*.

### COMING IT TOO STRONG.

WE have often been shocked ourselves, and have doubtless shocked our readers, by quotations from the *Times* newspaper, of statements which are sometimes put into that journal by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, announcing that certain persons have sent him "conscience money," as it is called, "on account of income-tax." As everybody who pays the same tax on his earnings, that is to say, on his whole property, that another pays on the interest of his capital, is cheated, this payment of "conscience money," by anybody but a capitalist, is payment of money at the instigation of a morbid conscience: is, in short, an act of madness. We always doubted that any person could be so insane as to send the tax on his precarious income, out of which the law has forgotten to cheat him, to the Government,—could be such a fool as to cheat himself in preference to cheating Downing Street. We have long suspected that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER inserts these paragraphs in the *Times*, in order to give colour to the delusion that people are satisfied with the Income-Tax. All doubt on that subject is now removed from our mind by the following announcement, appended to the leaders of our leading contemporary:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER also acknowledges the receipt of a Bank note for £50 as Income Tax from 'A Lawyer.'"

Now, this is too much. It is drawing the bow that is too long. We are not incredulous—we would examine the subject of Homœopathy: we would, if possible, investigate the liquefaction of the Blood of SAINT JANUARIUS; but believe that a lawyer would pay "£50 as income-tax," under any circumstances than those of legal process,—no! No, SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, you don't come the old soldier in that way over us.

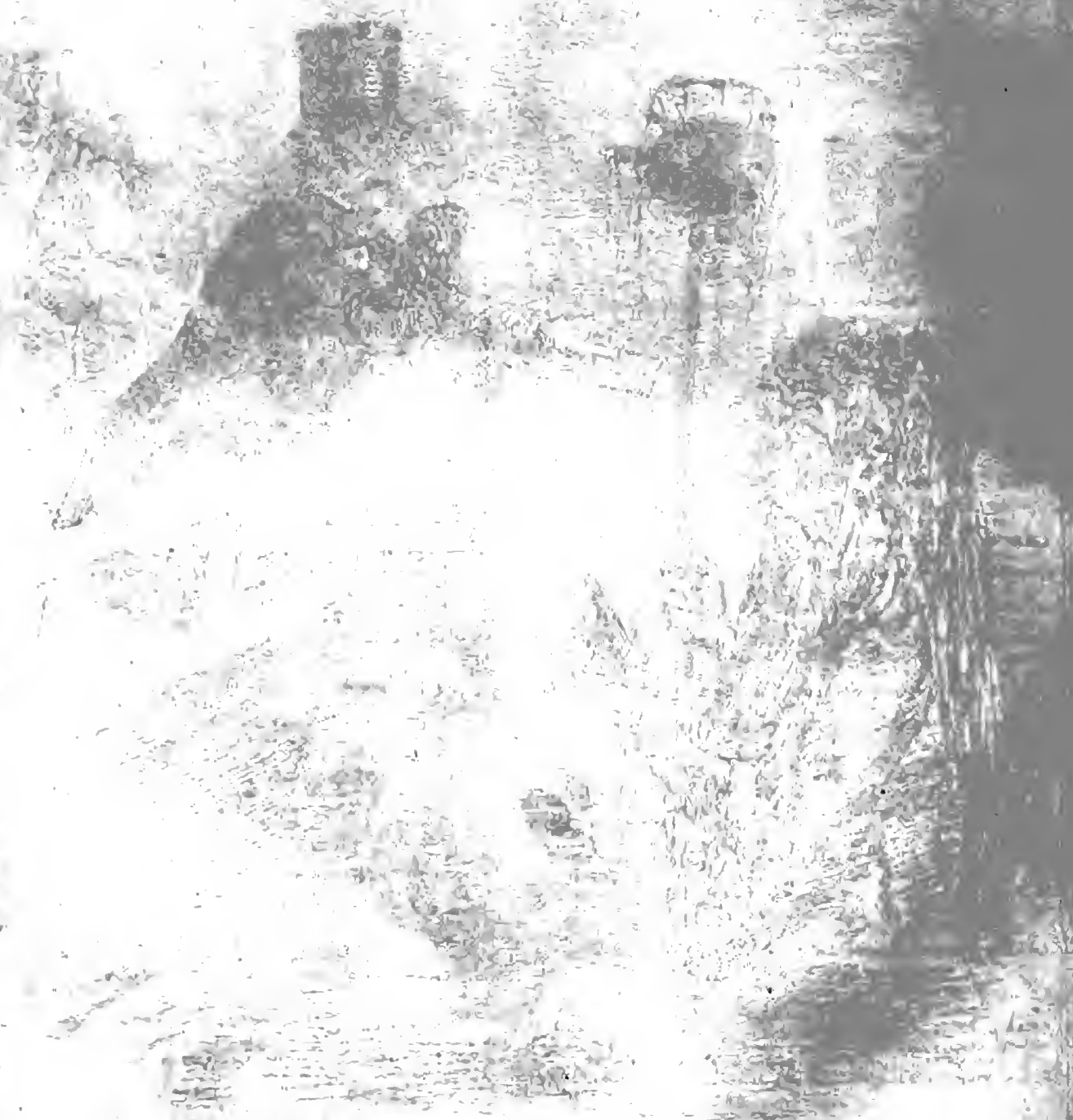
### The Newspaper Blight.

ALREADY the blight is telling upon the trees and suckers of knowledge—the Cheap Newspapers. At the time of our going to press, the *Parthian Manchester Rocket* had been quenched in a gutter, and the *Halfpenny Leeds Volcano* had ceased even to smoke. The *Billerica Butterfly* was very feeble on the wing, and the *Penny Guinea Pig*, or *Warrington Whole Hog* at its last squeak.



FARADAY GIVING HIS CARD TO FATHER THAMES;

And we hope the Dirty Fellow will consult the learned Professor.



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## IL TROVATORE.

If you'll listen awhile, I will tell you a story  
Of the popular opera, *Il Trovatore*.  
What's *Il Trovatore*? A foundling, no doubt,  
From *Trovare*, to find; but, excuse me, you're out.  
'Tis hardly yet known to three folks out of four  
That *Il Trovatore*'s the (young) Troubadour.

The curtain goes up, and the audience soon are  
Surveying the halls of the *Conte di Luna*.  
The title is strange, but its owner will soon  
Give proof of his right to take rank from the moon;  
For his conduct becomes so decidedly bad,  
That charity kindly considers him mad:  
Attendants discover'd, all sleepy and spooney:  
Is it strange that the servants of *Luna* are moonney?  
Though anywhere else one would wake them by ringing,  
On the stage 'tis the fashion to rouse folks by singing.

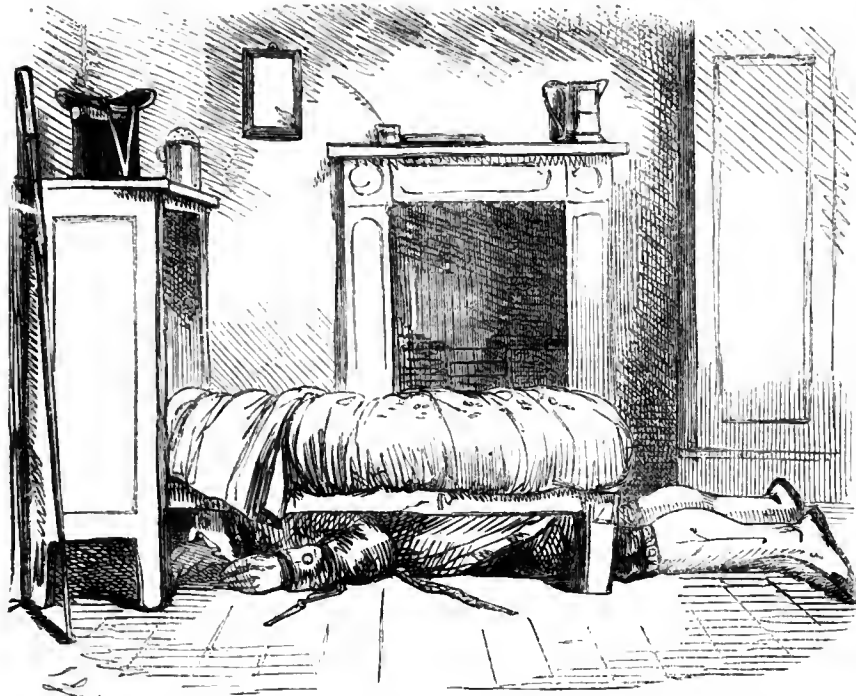
An upper domestic, *Fernando* by name,  
Proceeds to allude to some violent flame  
That's consuming his master—who's got an amour—  
And fears as a rival the young Troubadour.  
For 'tis a remarkable thing on the stage,  
A Count in a courtship can never engage.  
But straight to his servants he seeks to impart  
The secret (he calls it) that burns in his heart.  
The servants, however, have heard it before,  
And threaten to sink into slumber once more,  
Unless, the old story's replaced by another,  
Not touching their master, but touching his brother.  
The principal servant, who's made it his part  
To get all the family secrets by heart,  
Calls all the domestics and soldiers about him;  
And though 'twould be very much nobler to scout him,  
With keen curiosity gathering round,  
They give to his scandal attention profound.

The story is thus:—"Count di Luna the late one,  
(Who being deceased is of course called the great one).  
Of two darling sons was the fortunate sire,  
When a witch (who was afterwards thrown in the fire)  
At the cradle of one of the boys came to sit,  
And sent the young gentleman off in a fit.  
The Count had the sorceress burnt to a cinder;  
But the hag had a daughter, who seeing the tinder,  
With wonderful instinct, by some means or other,  
Collecting the dust, re-collected her mother.  
With horrible vengeance, and energy wild,  
She caught from its cradle the innocent child,  
And, near to the spot where her mother was roasted,  
Some small bones were found very recently toasted.  
The chorus, of course, with discretion sublime,  
Express their disgust at the low person's crime:  
Though they suffer'd without observation to pass  
The act of the man of superior class.  
By one of those instincts that seldom prevail,  
Except on the stage, where they're sure not to fail,  
The Count a belief in his child's safety owns,  
Notwithstanding the startling affair of the bones;  
And so the old gentleman, just as he died,  
Had summon'd the Count (Number 2) to his side,  
And made him most faithfully promise and swear  
He'd look for his brother—for though quite aware  
Of the bones the poor child was consider'd the owner,  
Further search might return them e'en yet *nulla bona*.  
The woman by whom the vile deed was committed,  
From all her pursuers successfully flitted.  
For criminals always, in opera or play,  
(However well known) can keep out of the way.  
'Tis true she's the neighbourhood often infested,  
But somehow or other she's not been arrested.  
The people have seen her, on chimney and cowl,  
At times as a crow, once or twice as an owl;  
But to catch this strange bird they incessantly fail,  
Or even to put any salt on its tail.  
So the servants disgusted at finding a hitch  
In their own bad arrangements for catching the witch,  
Agree, in a chorus, she ought to be cursed,  
Which brings to a spirited end—*Scene the First*.

*Scene Two*—is a palace with gardens at night,  
The moon and the stars show each other a light,  
Two ladies approach, *Leonora* and *Inez*;  
The latter without the least atom of shyness,  
(Although an attendant) begins to reprove  
The former for feeling a dangerous love.

(A confidante wishing the sorrows to soften  
Of a principal singer, can't hear them too often,  
The latter is ask'd to repeat them once more,  
If the audience haven't been told them before,  
How came you to love him, says *Inez*, and when?  
*Leonora* replies—that the dearest of men,  
She met at a tournament, where in a quarrel,  
He gain'd that absurd piece of rubbish a laurel,  
Which—though to the gardening business not bred,  
She planted right up on the top of his head.  
The knight with the green stuff no sooner was crown'd,  
Than all of a sudden he couldn't be found;  
But though *non inventus*, he wasn't a brute,  
And struck up an air (out of sight) on his flute.\*  
The solo was heard with attention serene,  
But still the executant couldn't be seen;  
And though he was look'd for, 'tis natural quite  
(On the stage) to explore every place but the right.  
Another remarkable fact then occur'd,  
For the name *Leonora* distinctly was heard;  
And though p'rhaps a singer could easily say it,  
'Tis hard to conceive how a flutist could play it.  
The lady, of course, as all heroines do  
(On the stage), to the lattice immediately flew.  
'Tis the stranger—she burns with a sudden amour,  
For this flute-playing, eaves-dropping, strange Troubadour.  
"Forget him," says *Inez*. "Forget him I can't,"  
Exclaims *Leonora*, "and therefore I sha'n't.  
If for him unable to live—tell me why  
I shouldn't make other arrangements—and die."  
To the back of the stage the two ladies then mount.  
When *excunt ambo* and enter the Count,  
He looks at the window, and seeing a light,  
Observes *Leonora*'s not sleeping to-night;  
Forgetting that people, not partial to gloom,  
Will sleep with an ALBERT or CHILDF in the room.  
Approaching the window to catch p'rhaps a sound  
From the voice of his love, in the stillness around—  
Or should she be sleeping, expecting a snore—  
He's struck by the voice of the sad Troubadour.  
His jealousy's roused, for he feels his position—  
'Tis his rival, the beggarly strolling musician.  
The lady descends with an *anima mia*  
Address'd to the Count, who's astonish'd to see her  
Shrink back, like a ball that rebounds from the floor,  
At hearing the voice of the young Troubadour.  
The moon, which has hitherto been 'neath a shroud,  
Is, thanks to a well-bred theatrical cloud,  
Released from the veil—a disc-over it laid,—  
And thus an important disc-ovey's made;  
For seeing the Minstrel, the lady, whose views  
Are musical, throws herself down at his shoes;  
Forgetting alike both her sex and her station,  
She makes to the flutist a bold declaration.  
The Count's in a rage—having heard her confess  
That she favours the strolling musician's address;  
And burning with anger, proceeds to exclaim,  
"Since she's got your address, p'rhaps you'll give me your name."  
"MANRICO's my name," cries the flutist. No sooner  
Does the word reach the ears of the lunatic *Luna*,  
Than he casts his abuse, like a boy throwing pebbles,  
On the Minstrel, and calls him the chief of the rebels.  
The gentlemen sing with remarkable power,  
Saying, each has arrived at his ultimate hour,  
And though one another most anxious to kill,  
They execute jointly a beautiful trill.  
Though the Count is determined the life-blood to take  
Of MANRICO—the rivals concur, in a shake.  
They flourish their weapons—then jointly they pause,  
Awaiting the end of a round of applause.  
The top of their voices the couple then reach,  
While poor *Leonora* approaches a screech.  
For the music of VERDI is known to require  
The voice to go higher, and higher and higher.  
No wonder, that just as the *First Act* is o'er,  
The lady, exhausted, drops down on the floor:  
While the gentlemen, having expended their might  
In shouting—are forced to retire to fight.  
A fight on the stage quite another thing means  
From a duel (supposed) at the back of the scenes,  
Where the combatants—all their hostility over,  
Sit puffing and blowing their wind to recover.

\* In the original Italian the word is *flauto*, but the poet of the establishment having translated it "flute," we take advantage of the mistranslation for our own purposes.  
+ ALBERT and CHILDF will be recognised as the names given to two varieties of Patent Night Lights.



JOHN THOMAS, THE BELGRAVIAN FLUNKY, AS HE APPEARED WHILE THE MOB WERE BREAKING HIS MISSESSES WINDOWS.

### ROEBUCK'S CALL.

AIR—"Young Agnes."

YOUNG ROEBUCK, Sheffield's flower—  
Resolved to have his say—  
Proposed the House's power  
To test, some early day.

But M.P.'s. had sought the shade  
Of country seat, bower, and hall,  
And didn't like being made  
To come to town again at all.

And so with all their power  
Resolved not to hear his call,  
Ca—a—a—all—  
Resolved not to hear his call.

### The Right Nail on the Head.

It is said that the whole of the property of SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL is to be brought to the hammer. This will be but a poor consolation to the numerous niunyahammers who were content to entrust their means to the hands of those who have made such an improper use of it.

### A QUESTION FOR THE CITY.

WHY does the Thames, at the turn of the tide, remind one of a common saying?—Because it is slow and sewer.

(From a maniac, rendered one by the state of the river.)

A SUPERFICIAL PHILOSOPHER.—Electro-PLATO.

### RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

*How RABELAIS, after leaving the Great Bridlegoose, got into mixed Company, and learnt doubtful Ideas on Things sacred.*

I LEFT the Great Bridlegoose, who had taught me so many wonders, and, as it were by magic, found myself in a mixture of quiet homely people, a small dash of thieves who did charge vigorously, and a large number of land-lobsters in their native blue coats, the which did nevertheless require the *main* turned on to keep them in fitting disorder. These same did use their claws (in the curious shape of clubs) most artificially against weak women, children, or quiet people, and did with most judicious inefficiency leave pickpockets and prizefighters to their own fortunes. These same did swear, talk vilely, run under barriers when they could not jump them, look valiant in numbers, and ride on cabs that they could not drive. And these lobsters, mark you, did it not out of their own head or out of *malice prepense* (as the learned in the law do say), but because the great *Animal of the two Ears* had an idea that people cannot meet together, without swallowing his own lobsters, his *measures* being, like his wit, a forgotten question, seeing that he who understandeth nothing of what he is talking about, knoweth little and teacheth less, and that he who runs away from the great beast PUBLIC, scarcely meets it fairly.

And this was all because the great *Animal of the two Ears* could only give ear to one side of a question. He was tolerably kind, especially to those who let him have his own way, and was much pitied and regretted by those who saw that thistles must ever be the food of those who prefer them to figs, and who think turning a place of harmless recreation into a bear-garden, the best worship of Him whom all adore.

And others did say that certain places called *Claves*, *Anglicæ Clubs*, did remain open for the benefit of big sinners, grown on a rich soil, while the public-houses for the middle or lower people were kept shut, even as the temple of JANUS when there were no Sabbatarians to keep it open. Some did say that those who worked all six days deserved the chance of a dinner on the seventh, and that those who are paid at eight or nine o'clock on Saturday nights have ill chance of a good market: some did say that a Lord whose own goose has been cooked, and whose horse can be driven on the seventh as well as any other day, should abstain from meddling with smaller birds or their dinners. Others did say, that *Mayne* force was not the best way of influencing the feelings of peaceable people, who only wanted to prevent certain animals braying too loud, and spoiling the privileges of their own Common.

And I did see many strange things, the like of which I hope I may not see ere the Palace of Sound is crumbled into the brains of its own speakers.

I did see a very mighty ass on horseback, the like of which I never saw before.

I saw about a couple of dozen, of baker's dozen, of raw lobsters, the which did ply their claws as aforesaid.

I saw a child trampled on, and a small woman knocked down—the which I was told were merely a sample.

I saw LORD G—'s common sense walking in company with Chaos along a Rotten Row.

I saw several thousand skinned eels, who nevertheless could keep a coat on their backs, against which, being fenceless, the aforesaid lobsters did use their claws.

I saw some broken heads, the which I was told did much for Sunday morality.

I heard several lobsters use some of the uncleanest language I never wish to hear, which conduceth to ditto.

I also saw, among other strange impossibilities, seven ounces of Government Common Sense. So small was the amount, that I lost sight of it in trying the hunt after some Sabbatarian Christianity.

I came to the understanding, that if all men of the public were not fools, some of their rulers were.

I also learnt that Cant is not Religion.

And I learnt all the lobster slang, blackguardism, abuse, and brutality, that the wits of the Great Talking Shop had provided for the entertainments of their own peculiar Sabbath, and much I got by it.

### PUNCH AND THE POST.

ALTHOUGH an enormous increase in the circulation of *Punch* has resulted from the increased facilities for the conveyance of this celebrated publication in the British Islands, a serious inconvenience will be inflicted upon *Mr. Punch* by the obstacles which, by the new postal regulations, will be offered to the transmission of his famous periodical to the colonies. He will be subjected to the annoyance of having to put a penny stamp upon each of his numbers, besides the stamp of his stamped edition, in order to send it to any British colony whatever, except Canada. To go thither it must be loaded with two postage stamps! That is, it must pay threepence, unless it goes by a conveyance wholly British; in which case the exaction is a penny less, and the transference occupies six weeks. Now *Mr. Punch* does not think small beer of himself, perhaps, but that is the opinion which may possibly be entertained of him by those who get his journal in the condition of the beverage alluded to when that has been drawn for more than a calendar month. *A propos* of that fluid, the Newspaper Postage Act, which facilitates the home whilst it embarrasses the colonial postage of newspapers, may be described as a half-and-half measure.



## THE COCHIN-CHINA CORRESPONDENCE.



is therefore characterised by a gentleness and forbearance truly feminine.

“Primrose Lodge, Clarence Park, June —, 1855.

“DEAR MRS. BROOMBLOSSOM,—May I as an acquaintance and neighbour beg to call your attention to your poultry? I assure you, the noise is *most distressing*—particularly of the male bird, or birds; for there must be half-a-dozen, though I am told, it is but a *single creature* that makes all the disturbance. From the hour of day-break until the baker rings with the rolls, that *dreadful Cochin-China* destroys the peace of my family. I am sure, dear MRS. BROOMBLOSSOM, that I have but to call your attention to this fact—our houses are, I hope I may still say fortunately, *so close*,—for you to make the *noisy creature* have compassion upon us.

“Ever yours, MARY MILLEFLEURS.”

“Minerva House, Clarence Park, June —, 1855.

“DEAR MRS. MILLEFLEURS,—I am *very sorry* that the note of the poor bird should, in *any manner*, distress the delicacy of your organisation. You know, dear Madam, or perhaps might know, that it is one of the *laws of natural history* that chanticleer should salute the *rising mora*. My bird does no more than follow the unerring statutes of instinct. If at this season, *Phœbus flames in his car* at an early hour, the cock, which is sacred to *Æsculapius*, who again is sacred to *Apollo*, must denote the event at a corresponding time.

“The *poor bird* is, I assure you, an especial favourite with all my young ladies, who would—but for my vigilance—kill the dear creature *with kindness*. Let me, dear MRS. MILLEFLEURS, ask a little further indulgence for the dear Cochin. He has only been with us a month, and I’m told in time one might sleep in St. Paul’s belfry without ever hearing it strike midnight.

“Yours, sincerely, CAROLINE BROOMBLOSSOM.”

“DEAR MADAM,—It is not for me to say to whom your Cochin is sacred. I can only say to us, it is a nuisance. Since half-past three this morning, neither MR. MILLEFLEURS—(and he has to go in the City by ten, and *your bird* has made him this last week look as haggard as a *witch*)—neither MR. MILLEFLEURS nor myself have *closed our eyes*.

“I have no doubt, Madam, that your bird may be a favourite with your pupils,—girls knowing nothing of the responsibilities of life. But when the City has claims upon the *head of a family*,—I must say I do think it a little too hard that he should be deprived of his natural rest, by a monstrous *catarrh in feathers* (as MR. MILLEFLEURS calls your Cochin) from the moment of day-break. And talking of day-break, I’m sure the creature very often takes the train for the *car of Phœbus*—as you call it—for sometimes all night long—I can hear him—he does nothing but crow against the railway whistle.

“Wishing to live at *peace with my neighbours*, it is no affair of mine whether your Cochin is sacred to anybody—I can only say that, as I hear, it comes from the land of the heathen; and whether or not that matters not—that *any way* it is unfit for any Christian hen-roost.

“Yours, sincerely, M. M.”

“MADAM,—Minerva House is, happily, too well-founded upon a *basis of Rock*, to fear either the sneers or the misrepresentations of *common natures*. As for the young ladies entrusted by parental solicitude to my instruction,—I can only say that *more than ONE CORONET*—one coronet, Madam—is at the present hour to be found upon the fair brow of more than one of my *élèves*. (But I will not dwell on this.)

S we have been requested to publish the subjoined correspondence, and as it relates to a too common grievance in which the peace of many worthy families is continually compromised, Mr. Punch cannot for a moment hesitate to do his best towards the cause of public and domestic tranquillity. Mr. Punch may merely add, that the correspondence relates to the encouragement of a breed of poultry—shamefully robbed by the Chinese of their tails, and cruelly divested of their nether feathers—known as Cochin Chinas. The correspondence is that of two ladies; and

“With respect to the Cochin bird, whose place of birth you have—I have no doubt unwillingly—misrepresented,—I have the pleasure to inform you, that although of foreign extraction, the creature is a *British-born subject*, being produced from a setting of eggs presented to myself by MRS. MAJOR SHELDRAKE, who had her setting from MRS. GENERAL BULLYRAGG, who had her’s from her *own daughter*, the Lady of the BISHOP of HELIGOLAND—an individual as distinguished for the *curious rarity* of his *poultry*, as for the *orthodoxy* of his principles.

“I think, Madam, I have now most satisfactorily replied to you with respect to the origin and country of the bird you have too harshly slandered, and remain,

“Yours, obediently, C. B.”

“MADAM,—It is nothing to me where your *brute of a bird* comes from, it is enough that the whole neighbourhood is *raised by it*. MR. MILLEFLEURS has done nothing but turn and turn in his bed without a wink since 3, and has now gone to the City *more dead than alive*. I have just received a note from him, saying that he feels so ill, from want of sleep, that he thinks he shall be obliged to accept a hurried invitation to go to Greenwich to dine.

“And so am I, a wife and mother of a family, to be deprived of the society of a husband and father, because you will keep what must be a nuisance to all the neighbourhood, and a filthy thing to look at besides!

“It is not our wish to resort to strong measures,—but we cannot be kept awake all night by the *shrieks of a foreigner*, even though descended from an orthodox bishop.

“Yours, M. M.”

“P.S. If your young ladies are so fond of birds, the neighbourhood—MR. M. desires me to say—will, no doubt, allow you to take out the Cochin’s weight in macaws, with even a peacock thrown into the bargain.”

“MRS. BROOMBLOSSOM presents her compliments to MRS. MILLEFLEURS. MRS. B. can be in no way in want of a *macaw*; for she has only to imagine MRS. M. reading one of her *own letters*.

“Neither has MRS. B. any wish to keep a peacock at her own cost; seeing that she has an opposite neighbour, whose vanity as much exceeds that of the bird, as her *good looks* fall short of it.

“MRS. B. has the further pleasure to inform MRS. M. that early this morning one of her finest Cochins hatched a magnificent brood of eleven. *Hen and Chickens* doing well.”

“MRS. MILLEFLEURS has consulted MR. FURNIVAL—the lawyer under MRS. M.’s marriage settlement—and instructed him, with the knowledge of her husband,—to indict MRS. BROOMBLOSSOM under the Nuisance Act. It may, perhaps, delight the *vindictive nature* of MRS. B. to know that, worn out by want of sleep, MR. M. was last night compelled to repose at the Crown and Sceptre.”

“MRS. BROOMBLOSSOM, in closing this correspondence, can only hope that MR. MILLEFLEURS had a good night’s rest. MR. LYONSINN, (MRS. B.’s solicitor) may be addressed by MR. FURNIVAL.”

## Strange Departure.

THE *Daily News* says, “Common sense has departed from the War Office.” We are extremely sorry to hear of this departure, but for the life of us we never knew that COMMON SENSE had been lodging there.



### FUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

Enter RATCLIFF.

*K. Rich.* Who's there?

*Rat.* My lord; 'tis I. The early village cock—

*Richard III. Act v., Scene 3.*

### POEM COMPOSED IN PRISON.

If I was a Pardoner hinn a Bank,  
I shouldn't be vorkin' at this 'ere Crank;  
For me and my Pals a Gang's the term,  
Oh don't I wish we wos call'd a Firm!

In that case Prigs is Bankrupts made,  
Though some is in the Wan conwey'd:  
But Juries finds they can't conwiet,  
And Justice's ends thereby is nick'd.

Here, you or I, we frisks a till,  
And for which we gets the Crank or Mill,  
It may be for years to the 'ulks we goes;  
It may be for hever, p'raps—who knows?

But hnto the 'ulks we never should go,  
Providing we wos a Banker's Co.,  
Becos of our 'avin' pick'd the locks  
Of hever so many a Gent's strong box.

If a Parson trusted us with his Deeds,  
And we sold 'em and sack'd the holo proceeds,  
That Reverend Gent would be jolly green,  
But the Laws would make it all serene.

Cos why?—the case in course would be  
Brought into the Court of Bankruptcy,  
Vere we should have only to make a clean breast,  
And couldn't be tried for wot we confess'd.

To quod suppose we went for debt,  
And just a few months chanced to get,  
Without 'ard labour bein' confined,  
To which a cove might be-'ave resign'd.

Here am I, lagg'd for forty bob,  
I've got seven year for that little job;  
I wish it 'ad been arf a million Pound,  
And I shouldn't be turin' this 'andle round.

### THE WATERY-GRAVE OF LONDON.

It is really beginning to be a very serious question, "What's to be done with the Thames?" We wish that somebody would set it on fire, and get rid of it at once. It is daily getting into the worst possible odour; and, although many of us are continually drinking some of it to the great danger of our lives, it is clear that we don't drink enough of it to get rid of it as rapidly as could be desired. Perhaps the best plan that could be adopted, would be to get some of the most efficient Parliamentary pumps to set to work upon it, after the termination of the Session, when they might endeavour to exhaust the river, as they have already exhausted the House of Commons by their long speeches. We are quite sure that these instruments will be found the most efficacious in trying to get rid of the water; for there is nothing they touch which they do not render perfectly dry. If these means should fail, we recommend the river to the earnest attention of those persons who are fond of throwing wet blankets upon anything like improvement; and who, by deriving the moisture they require from the Thames, might eventually absorb the disgusting liquid of which it is composed.

### OUR ORGANISED HYPOCRISY.

You can't get beer on a Sunday during those hours when you most want it, but neither can you say your prayers in your own house in the company of twenty persons beyond the members of your own household, unless you have written yourself down a dissenter, and also, if we mistake not, paid half-a-crown. Moreover, although you can get beer during some part of Sunday, you cannot say your prayers under the conditions above specified during any. The same legislature that passed the Sabbatarian Beer Bill last Session, has defeated LORD SHAFFESBURY'S Religious Worship Bill this. The Bill of LORD SHAFFESBURY was a measure for preventing private houses from being closed against conscientious worshippers; but true religion, to the canting impostors who, from the love of spiritual tyranny, vote for Sunday Bills, is as great an abomination as beer.

### QUERY FOR THE SABBATARIANS.

If all Sunday trading had been abolished after nine or ten o'clock, would the pew-openers have been disqualified from receiving their shillings as usual, for the accommodation of a seat in a pew?

### SENTIMENTS FOR THE BOUDOIR.

BY MADAME PUNCH.



AIRLY cutting off  
the wings of the  
butterfly—such is  
the attempt to de-  
fine Love.

Love is the only  
tyrant whose laws  
are obeyed without  
murmuring.

The woman who  
succeeds in making  
a fop love her,  
prevents that fop,  
to an equal extent,  
from loving him-  
self. The prefer-  
ence is not a very  
flattering one.

Love is about

the only passion that has the power of making a man change his character or his dress.

She is the most beautiful whom we love the most; and the woman we love the most is frequently the one to whom we talk of it the least.

The melancholy of a disappointed lover is like the dead light that burns over a tomb.

Love is fed upon the lightest pastry—Friendship upon solid beef.

To give to those who want *est un plaisir*—to give to those we love. *est un bonheur!*

### A Temperate Request.

JUDGING from the speeches at the recent meeting of the Maine Law agitators, it would appear that those gentlemen are not quite so temperate in their demands as in their drinks. They require, it seems, nothing less preposterous than the immediate total abstinence of the whole United Kingdom—as if, for instance, it were possible, in any amount of time, to teetotalise the cabmen!



CAUTION!

Prosperous Shoe Black. "You don't ketch me putting my money into any o' them Banks, I can tell yer!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Mr. PUNCH, having rushed from the House of Commons in an intense fit of disgust, as mentioned by him last week, had, of course, to be propitiated, like ACHILLES when he retired from the council-tent before Troy. He departed on the Thursday night, and early on Friday morning, as he was lying on his back on the grass at Herne Bay, inventing dozens of the most scorching and searing epigrams against the whole political world, a Cabinet deputation, headed by LORD PALMERSTON, humbly approached him, and, with much earnestness of supplication, begged him to return to town, and help the House through the session. Mr. PUNCH was for some time inexorable, but the gentle influence of the sea-breezes (how unlike those of the poison sewer that runs through London Bridge!) softened him, and, finally, he imposed the condition, that JOHN RUSSELL should be instantly turned out of the Cabinet, for his double-dealing in the Vienna affair. The Premier eagerly agreed, and sent BOUVERIE running over to Sturry to telegraph to JOHN RUSSELL that he must get out. Mr. PUNCH then treated the whole party to a bath and shrimps, and they returned to town together in time to catch the SPEAKER at prayers on

July 13th, Friday. There was not much done in either house, but SIR GEORGE GREY announced, that he had appointed a commission, consisting of the three Recorders of London, Manchester, and Liverpool, to inquire into the conduct of the police in the Hyde Park affair.

Monday. LORD ALBEMARLE presented a petition, signed by 14,000 of the inhabitants of Madras (which, for the information of members of Parliament, it should be said, is a portion of India) complaining of a great number of heavy grievances, among which was the Maturfa, an extortionate tax on trades and professions; out of every pound of which, moreover, the Government receives six and eightpence, and the scoundrelly collectors the remaining fourteen and fourpence. His lordship, deliberately, and upon the strongest evidence, charged the boastful East India Company with gross and culpable neglect of their duties as rulers. He also showed that torture is used to collect the Madras taxes. LORD GRANVILLE'S answer was rather an extenuation than a defence.

LORD PALMERSTON had kept his word with Mr. PUNCH, and in the Commons LORD JOHN RUSSELL announced that he had ceased to be Colonial Minister. He made a speech, in which he set forth his own merits, quoted SHAKESPEARE on hollow friendships, and professed contempt for his own pretended friends, who would not keep him in office, so as to bring down the whole Ministry with him in his fall. SIR BULWER LYTTON withdrew the motion which he had threatened, but intimated that the PREMIER was but an insincere party, and LORD JOHN a disingenuous one. LORD PALMERSTON retorted, that SIR BULWER himself was either deliberately insincere, or as ignorant as a child. MR. DISRAELI pleasingly characterised LORD PALMERSTON'S

speech as common-place bluster and reckless rhodomontade, and ended by declaring his belief, that his lordship intended, during the recess, to degrade the honour of the country, and betray its interests. MR. BOUVERIE contributed to the harmony of the evening by making a donkified speech about LORD JOHN'S dazzling merits, whereat the House roared, and MR. ROEBUCK expressed his opinion, that the dazzling personage in question had not done his duty to the House, to the country, to truth, or to honour. A very pleasant and personal night was thus got through, and that nothing might be wanting to sustain the character of the House of Commons, a Bill for paying schoolmasters to instruct the poor of Scotland, was thrown out by a considerable majority.

Tuesday. LORD PANMURE explained that as War Secretary he ought to have taken charge of our military dependency, the Ionian Isles, but he really had so much to do, that he had determined to call that locality a Colony, and hand it over to the Colonial Secretary. The Lords thought this rather cool, but said nothing.

In the Commons, the ROTHSCHILD Committee reported that the BARON was not disqualified from being a member by being a loan-monger.

MR. ROEBUCK then brought on his long-threatened motion of censure upon the Administration under whose government the Crimean disasters occurred. GENERAL PEEL moved "the previous question," which is the House of Commons' device for evading the pronouncing any decision. The debate occupied two nights,—this one, and Thursday,—and there was a great deal of pretended earnestness as to the subject of discussion, and a great deal of real party and personal asperity. SIR JAMES GRAHAM thought the House ought to come to a decision; SIR CHARLES WOOD thought that it had not information enough before it; SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN put in some attorney-like pleas; LORD JOHN RUSSELL insulted MR. ROEBUCK; MR. BRIGHT slashed at LORD PALMERSTON; and SIR DE LACY EVANS complained of the PREMIER'S tone and manner; SIDNEY HERBERT thought with SIR JAMES GRAHAM; LORD JOHN MANNERS proved that he could not think at all; LORD PALMERSTON declared that he was a very fine Minister, and all his colleagues were very fine colleagues; and, "until more capable men were found," they would retain office; and MR. DISRAELI, with a creditable sense of the gravity of the question, said that the House, after two nights' discussion, after the laborious efforts of the Sebastopol Committee, and while the whole country was looking on with interest, would come to a vote which could confer honour and credit neither upon individual Members nor on the collective assembly.

The House then came to such vote, and by a majority of 289 to 182, declined to say whether LORD PALMERSTON and his late and present colleagues were guilty or not.

The Maynooth Nuisance looked as if we should hear no more of it until next year, for the debate was adjourned until that day three months, but the persevering old SPOONER brought it up again on Friday, and carried a motion for inquiring why the report on Maynooth gave the Roman Catholic Bishops their "aggression" titles. The Government opposed him, but was beaten by 97 to 76.

Wednesday. The Commons did a little business rationally.

In the Lords on Thursday, the unlucky Scotch Education Bill was finally strangled. The opposition was so strong that the mover wished to withdraw the bill, but this being objected to, its friends determined to conceal the relative numbers, and, a division being taken, everybody except the mover voted against the second reading, the result being 85 to 1. This is a victory for the Scotch priests.

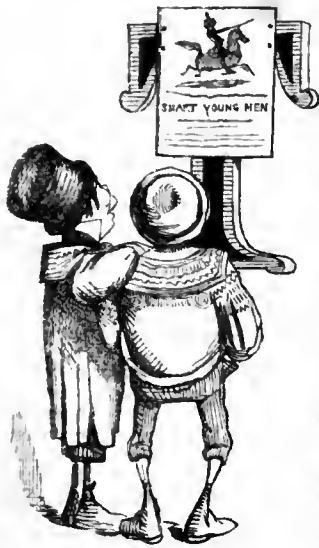
Friday. LORD LYNDBURST showed up the short-comings of the Government in regard to legal reform, and the Chancellor in defence laid everything upon the war, though what CRANNY has had to do with the war it is hard to say, or what share the wool-sack takes in preparing for the sack of Sebastopol. He had better have minded his own business, and improved the Divorce Law and abolished the Ecclesiastical Courts.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON explained, that though we had settled the first and second points with Austria, it was only done provisionally, and we were not bound by our agreement—also that CHARLEY NAPIER, when offered a Bath Cross, had crossly told the messenger to go to Bath.

A piece of good news was elicited from SIR BENJAMIN HALL. A clause is to be introduced into the Metropolis Management Bill, providing that after five years from Christmas next, no more sewage is to go into the Thames; in the meantime other receptacles are to be constructed for the horrible matter which now pollutes the stream. Christmas 1860 is to be the end of the existing hideous state of things. The authorities are desired to take notice, that Mr. PUNCH, the undying and the ever vigilant, has noted the date, and will attend on new Westminster Bridge, on Christmas Eve, 1860, to receive their report that the Thames is pure.

The resolution for guaranteeing the interest of the Turkish Loan met with a variety of unexpected opposition, and a result, which might have imperilled the French alliance and the fortunes of the war, was avoided by a majority of three only in a House of 267 members. So much for the wisdom of Parliament!

## THE RUSSIANS IN COVENT GARDEN.



THE Russians are victorious; we are fairly beaten, and it is nothing more than common candour to own our discomfiture. MR. GYE has been the prime means of introducing the Muscovites into the very heart of the Metropolis; and whether we will or no, we must own their mastery. We will, however, as plainly as our emotion will permit us, give a brief narrative of the catastrophe.

On the evening of the 19th inst., between seven and eight, it was plain that an attack was to be made. The Russians had, by some means, taken possession of Covent Garden Theatre. The English, however, thronging the house, resolved to dispute the ground, inch by inch.

At eight o'clock precisely, GENERAL COSTA, with his truncheon in hand, rode into the orchestra, and was received with heavy rounds, which he received with the self-possession and true modesty of a true hero. The orchestra

opened from the overture battery, and never did we witness such power, such brilliancy, and precision of fire. They carried all before them.

The fight raged from half-past eight—with but two brief intervals—until nearly a quarter to one, when the star of Russia—*La Stella del Nord*—was hailed as star triumphant. It is impossible for us,—although subdued and led away captive by the power of FIELD-MARSHALL MEYERBEER, to suppress the expression of our admiration, our veneration for the genius of that little, great man (for in corporal presence we think he hardly tops NAPOLEON or WELLINGTON). The subdued people flung bouquets and garlands at his feet,—the giant of music!

But how admirably was the genius of the General seconded by the genius of his forces! Prodigious was the energy of *Pietro Micaeloff Formes*; magnificent the power of the Cossack Corporal *Gritzenzo Lablache*. (He fought on foot; we can therefore give no idea of the horse that could carry him). How gracefully, how skilfully did *Danilowitz Gardoni* bring up his forces,—setting them in the most brilliant array.

Especially mighty in their grace and sweetness were the Amazons who took the field. How shall we describe *Catterina Bosio*, flashing hither and thither, and wherever she appeared, subduing and taking prisoner all about her. And then, that *Prascovia Marai*—with an innocent face: a face like a flower, yet so invincible wherever she appeared. Unerring sharpshooters were the *Vivandières*, *Ekimona Bauer* and *Natalia Kuderstoff*,—picking off unerringly whatever they aimed at.

Finally, the triumph of the Russians at Covent Garden is all to nothing the greatest victory the Russians have had in the present war. There can be no doubt that GENERALISSIMO GYE will "sack" all London.

Among the distinguished visitors who were present at this Russian victory, we noticed the EARL OF ABERDEEN, MR. GLADSTONE, and MESSRS. COBDEN, BRIGHT, and MILNER GIBSON. We heard that LORD JOHN RUSSELL occupied a box; but if so, he sat so far back in the shadow—that we cannot conscientiously say we saw him.

## THE NEW LAW OF LIMITED LIABILITY.

SINCE the difficulty of defining a Traveller has become such a serious nuisance to the Public, it is as well to provide against any further doubt in any future enactment, and we therefore call on Parliament, to say, whether the following cases will fall under the new Act.

If a person sits in a draught, will the bill limit his liability to take cold?

If an individual hires a Cab, will the new law limit his liability to be overcharged and abused?

If a man goes into a Chancery suit, will the proposed enactment limit his liability to be ruined by the lawyers?

When these points are clearly settled, we may perhaps find a few more to propose.

## IN THE PRESS.

RESIGNATION; a Moral Essay (with Cuts). By the HON. EDWARD PLEYDELL BOUVERIE, Esq., M.P. for Kilmarnock; gratefully dedicated by the writer to his out-and-out Friend, LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—To be had at DELANY'S.

## THE RECRUITING SERJEANT AMONG THE LINENDRAPERS.

COME now, you fine young fellows that behind the counter stand, And measure crape and calico in Fleet Street and the Strand, For the finest bunch of ribbons you ever saw, look here! Forsake your gauze, for your Country's cause requires a grenadier.

Who'd serve out silk and satin and buttons on a card, In Regent Street, or Oxford Street, or in St. Paul's Churchyard, When he might point a rifle, and send an ounce of lead, In Freedom's fight, and the cause of Right, through a Russian villain's head?

It is a woman's business a shop-yard-stick to wield, You'd do a better service with the bayonet in the field, By charging on the Cossacks with strong determined wills, Than a price to fix at three-and-six in making up your bills.

To wait upon them, ladies, though pleasant it may be, Don't want young men from five feet eight to six feet two or three; Young females are quite capable of supplying their demands, When swords instead of scissors and thread should be in young men's hands.

In lieu of handsome shopmen to look at and admire, So many gallant heroes the ladies now require, From brutal Russian savages to defend their matchless charms, Who would soon be here, if sloth or fear kept men from taking arms.

From morning until late at night you now have got to stop, Inhaling bad unwholesome air in a close unpleasant shop, You might be on the open field whilst you are breathing gas, A thing to do, with the choice of the two, that is worthy of an ass.

In sedentary callings I wonder you can stay, Whereas, with colours flying, you now might march away, How you can bow and scrape there astonishes me quite, When if you please, you might stand at ease, and hold your heads upright.

From fever and consumption through being so confined, You might obtain your liberty in case you had a mind. Diseases sweep you off above the rate of shell or ball, With no chance you see, to be K.C.B., and Field Marshal after all.

Or if you were less lucky, returning from the war, With a medal on your bosom, and on your face a scar, How much more interesting an object to the Fair, Would you appear when they saw this here, and look'd upon that there!

## PARLIAMENTARY NIGHT-WORK.

LORD MAYOR MOON while very properly directing his attention to the filth in the Thames, has rather improperly expressed a hope "that the matter will be at once taken up by Parliament." Surely Parliament has quite enough dirt on its hands just now, without adding the mud from the Thames to the heap of nuisances with which it has had to deal, and still has to dispose of. The progress of legislation has been slow enough, but if at this period of the year Parliament should go into the Thames, we may expect the legislative machine to stick in the mud for the short remainder of the session. We do not agree with the LORD MAYOR in calling on either house to act as a dredger for the purpose of "taking the matter up," and we prefer leaving the mud in the hands of the corporation, who will know how to deal with it. As Conservator of the Thames it is peculiarly the province of the LORD MAYOR to go into the matter, and probe it to the very bottom; though we confess we cannot fairly expect his Lordship to get over head and ears immersed in the very unpleasant business.

## The New Doorkeeper of the House of Commons.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON has appeared lately in the new character of a doorkeeper of the House of Commons, and in that capacity he has been holding the door open for LORD JOHN RUSSELL, saying to his Lordship, in a tone of the most satirical blandness, worthy of *Pelham* in his best kids, "This way Out—this way Out, my Lord!" However, he has experienced the greatest difficulty in making LORD JOHN, who has grown rather short-sighted since the Vienna conference, see the door.

THE PEOPLE.—The Ladder that helps Statesmen to climb, but which they kick aside as soon as they have reached the Summit of their Ambition.

SOULS SOLD BY AUCTION.



OUR old friend, the *Morning Herald*, enables us to state that the following discourse will be delivered in the course of the present month from the Pulpit, by the REVEREND MR. HAMMERS:—"Reverend Gentlemen and Ladies, allow me to introduce to your notice the Rectory of Husband Bosworth, eligibly situate in a pleasant part of the county of Leicester. The lot of the reverend purchaser—I beg your pardon—of the purchaser's presentee, will be cast in one of the pleasant places of that celebrated county—celebrated for sheep of a superior breed, much admired for the wool; capital shearing to the Pastor. Income derived from no less than five hundred acres of land, and amounts to one thousand pounds per annum, exclusive of large and superior parsonage house. Population one thousand;

splendid business in cure of souls—souls cured at a guinea per soul. Incumbent fifty-five years of age; human life precarious: many gentlemen die at fifty-five. What shall we say for this eligible Rectory? Situate in pleasant places; what will any gentleman or lady give for this Rectory? Eligible—and the present incumbent fifty-five. Full fifty-five years of age—and life transitory—and situate in pleasant places. What shall we say? Shall we say twenty thousand pounds? Ten? Five? Shall we say five? Five thousand pounds—and a thousand a-year. One thousand souls and only five thousand pounds. Five pounds a soul, and a thousand pounds yearly return: capital replaced in five years. Will nobody give five thousand pounds? Four? Three? Two? (Thank you, my Lord.) Two thousand pounds are bid for this first-rate Rectory of only one thousand souls, situate in pleasant places and yielding one pound per soul per annum. And the present Incumbent fifty-five years of age. And one thousand pounds per annum. And human life transitory. Three thousand. (Thank you, Ma'am.) Three thousand pounds for the Rectory of Husband Bosworth—eligible family Rectory—going at three thousand. Only three thousand—and one thousand pounds per annum. Three thousand pounds only, and the cure of no more souls than one thousand. Probable Dissenters among the souls, and proportionate reduction of labour. Only three thousand pounds bid for this sumptuous living. Going at three thousand pounds. And fifty-five years of age: and human life transitory. Transitory human life and fifty-five years of age, and going at three thousand pounds. Going at three thousand—going—going—? Gone!"

MR. HAMMERS will also sell the Rectory of Simpson, "most pleasantly situate within a mile and a half of Stoney Stratford (so called, as the reader knows, on account of the fleas), five miles from Woburn, and fifteen minutes' walk of the Bletchley station on the London and North Western Railway." The living is worth two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, with parsonage-house; and the incumbent of Simpson is nearer to his grave by twenty years than the parson of Husband Bosworth, being five over three-score and ten. The Rectory of West Lydford, Somerset, will also be knocked down to some speculative person by MR. HAMMERS. "The living is worth four hundred and fifty pounds a-year," but "the vendor's right to present is subject to the contingency of a lady, aged sixty-three, dying in the lifetime of the present rector, whose age is eighty-three." MR. HAMMERS will probably expatiate, with his accustomed eloquence, on any infirmities on the part of this venerable clergyman, which are likely to prevent him from attaining to the age of OLD PARR. Houghton-on-the-Hill will also be submitted by MR. HAMMERS to public competition: "the income of this Rectory, two hundred and sixty pounds per annum, is of the most satisfactory kind, arising entirely from the rents of lands, and not from tithe-rent charge." The living man of whom, dead, the shoes are to be waited for in this instance, is aged seventy-six. It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that MR. HAMMERS is not himself in the Church, and that the pulpit whence he will address his congregation is one without a sounding-board, and one from which the orator is not accustomed to hurl denunciations against money-making and the love of ease.

The Thirsty Feast-Day.

INSTEAD of creating a disturbance by reason of having been tormented with drought on a Sunday by the Sabbataricians through their Beer Bill, it might answer the purpose of respectable mechanics simply to lie down in the streets, having chalked on the pavement before them the brief but touching inscription, "I am thirsty."

FIRM!

WHAT though AZRAEL'S shadow lowering  
O'er our leaguer'd Army falls?  
Though half-hearted Doubt be cowering  
Ev'n within our Senate's walls?  
What though Austrian wives have taken  
Eyes, that England deem'd were clear?  
What though Austrian hints have shaken  
Hearts we thought too high for fear?—  
Be all this and worse before us,  
Think we of the sires that bore us,  
And all English hearts raise chorus—  
Firm!

What though dull Routine be fumbling  
Where the shortest form were long?  
What though mawkish Cant be mumbling  
Non-resistance unto wrong?  
What though in the hour of action  
Old men fill the place of young?  
What though all the clogs of Faction  
On the State-machine be hung?  
Be all this and worse before us,  
Think we of the sires that bore us,  
And all English hearts raise chorus—  
Firm!

What though each sweep of Death's sickle  
Mows our near and dear ones down?  
What though Statesmen warn how fickle  
Sways the crowd from smile to frown?  
What though weight of new taxation  
Fall on backs hard press'd, before?  
What though Commerce to stagnation  
Turn, beneath the curse of War?  
Be all this and worse before us,  
Think we of the sires that bore us,  
And all English hearts raise chorus—  
Firm!

What though Russia be colossal?  
What though Britain be but small?  
'Tis the cause moulds the Apostle—  
Hugest idols heaviest fall.  
More than navies, more than armies,  
Is the Power rules earth and sea—  
With the just cause still his arm is,  
And for that just cause stand we!  
Then, let what may be before us,  
Think we of the sires that bore us,  
And all English hearts raise chorus—  
Firm!

WHY ABUSE THE THAMES?

It is really very unfair of everybody to be always abnsing poor old Father Thames, who was originally a clean, respectable, well-conducted river, until we rendered him what he is by throwing dirt at him and into him, on all and from all hands. Father Thames may well turn round upon the public and exclaim, in the words of *Norma* (English version).

"See the wretch that thou hast made me."

For it is the public to whom the river is indebted for all the filth it contains. Not only do we pitch into it everything in the shape of refuse, but we are continually "pitching into it" in the more familiar and pugilistic sense of the words. We might just as well throw a quantity of rubbish into our neighbour's garden, and then begin abusing the poor garden as a nuisance, for which, after all, the remedy is in our hands. How can we expect the Thames to wear anything but black looks under the treatment to which it is exposed, for we should all of us wear a somewhat lowering aspect if we were to be perpetually made a target for all the dirt that the Metropolis contains.

An Unlucky Day.

The *Morning Herald* lately said:

"The PREMIER has stated that Friday, the usual supply day, shall not be a supply day."

No! Has LORD PALMERSTON become so superstitious?



## AQUATICS.

WHO IS THIS? WHY THIS IS MR. JOHN CHUB PULLING ONE OF HIS LONG, SLOW, STEADY STROKES. HE IS TAKING MORE PAINS THAN USUAL, BECAUSE THOSE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS ARE SITTING ON THE LAWN DRAWING FROM NATURE.

## "ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

FARREN has left the stage. His farewell was marked by the expression of public sympathy and admiration. The audience were truly in earnest when they took leave of their old servant. The actor was surrounded by actors and actresses—brothers and sisters all of the footlights. An incident, however, was particularly touching; and, even as the fountains leap into existence at the Crystal Palace, it called up a gush of tears from all assembled. It was particularly affecting, because the feeling was deep and uncontrollable, when J. P. HARLEY (who has himself been some three-quarters of a century a public benefactor) flung himself in speechless emotion on the neck of FARREN! Such



AND—HERE ARE THE GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS.

sympathy did honour to MR. HARLEY, not only as a man, but as an actor—a very great actor. The effect he produced was so great, that we cannot but ask *when* will the incident be repeated? May we inquire at what early day, on *his* retirement from the stage, will MR. CHARLES KEAN afford to HARLEY another opportunity for a like demonstration? We pause (a little impatiently) for a reply.

## For "Notes and Queries."

IS WILSON PATTEN, author of the Sunday Beer Act, any relation to SAMUEL FOOTE'S *Piety in Pattens*? If so, be good enough to state the degree, and the particular line of descent, by which PATTEN'S *Piety*, as now represented, may be found "stopping" a Sunday bung-hole.



THE EXCURSIONIST AS MR. HALL WOULD HAVE HIM—  
THANK YOU, MR. HALL!

“MR. HALL, CHIEF MAGISTRATE AT BOW STREET, CANNOT DISCOVER ANY ‘INCONVENIENCE’ IN THE PRESENT WORKING OF THE ACT, BUT RECOMMENDS THAT THE POOR SUNDAY EXCURSIONIST SHOULD ‘STRAP A KNAPSACK ON HIS BACK, WITH TWO OR THREE BOTTLES OF BEER, AND THE CHILD TO, BOOT, SOONER THAN THE SUNDAY SHOULD BE DESECRATED BY OPENING THE PUBLIC-HOUSES.’”

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THE WHITEBAIT'S REVENGE.

It was an elderly Whitebait,  
In a Greenwich boatman's well,  
On his way to the fatal kitchen  
Of the Trafalgar Hotel.

Around him in countless thousands,  
His hapless fellows press'd,  
And he knew the batter was mixing  
Wherewith they should soon be dress'd.

And as the well-boat pass'd under  
The Trafalgar windows wide,  
He might see the parties feeding  
On his brethren of the tide!

By his side swam an ancient Flounder,  
Oh, heavily swam he,  
Of the water-souché thinking,  
Where sodden he soon should be!

You might see the steam-boats landing  
Their crowds at the Greenwich pier,  
But little, I ween, those faces green  
Betoken'd of diner's cheer.

Oh! pale to be seen, or a sad sea green,  
Were the parties that sped away,  
From sewer-stain'd flood, and sewer-soak'd  
mud,  
Over Greenwich pier that day!

Then loud laugh'd the elderly Whitebait,  
And his silvery tail wagg'd clear,  
As he mark'd the hue, betwixt green and  
blue,  
Of each river-sick passengere.

And he turn'd to the ancient Flounder  
That flopper'd at his side,  
And with cheerful grin, 'neath his belly fin,  
He poked him, and gaily cried:—

"Cheer up, cheer up, old Flounder,  
And bear a stiffer tail;  
He's no true fish that for dredge or dish  
Turns dull in a single scale.

"The flour it is spread for my death-bed,  
The pan hisses hot for me;  
By cruel men I'm doom'd to Caycune,  
And devil'd I soon shall be!

"But a fig for the smart and for Mr. Hart—  
I die as my fathers died;  
Ne'er a Whitebait yet of my family,  
But in batter he was fried.

"I was bred by my sire to face the fire,  
And the lemon-juice so keen;  
And calm to confront the scorching brunt  
Of the *batterie de cuisine*.

"Then if Whitebait can die so merrily,  
Oh, why should Flounder dread  
In *souché* of water, to perish a martyr  
On a verdant parsley bed?

"Our friends of old no comfort had  
In the batter as they lay,  
Save the thought of the bill their devourers  
Would certainly have to pay—

"Save the thought of the bill, and how very ill,  
From cold punch and iced champagne,  
The gents who dined would probably find  
Themselves, when they left the train;

"But thou and I, and our family-fry  
Have a friend our sires ne'er knew,  
In the nausea that rides the Thames' rank tides,  
Which to eat us folks pass through.

"Oh, rank and rich, from the tidal ditch  
The stink comes steaming up!  
And well I wot there's more headache in that  
Than in punch or claret-cup.

"An alderman's self it can lay on the shelf  
With the appetite he reveres;  
And thinner and thinner 'twill make the dinner  
Where dine the Ministers.

"Oh, fouler it flows, and grosser it grows—  
Still fouler, and grosser still,—  
Till from Greenwich hotels it more repels  
Than headache or dinner-bill.

"Soon the time will come that dark and dumb  
These coffee-rooms shall stand,—  
No more *parties fines* from those casements  
shall lean,  
Tossing browns to the boys on the strand!

"Or if Englishmen's will be so potent still,  
That yet at those tables you find them,  
Ere arriving here, they'll have left, 'tis clear,  
Their appetites behind them!

"Oh, in batter to lie, 'neath a dull dead eye,  
That with hunger had gloated of old!  
To defy the fork, that once went to work,  
Ere a napkin you could unfold!

"To see his plate that once yearn'd for bait  
Push'd languidly away!  
Instead of lust, to create disgust,  
Let bitters do all they may!

"Thus 'twill be, I wis, and the hope of this,  
Is strong in the Whitebait's heart—  
It nerves us to look with scorn on the cook,  
And defy him and all his art!

"Aye, thought of this gives scorn to my hiss,  
E'en out of the frying-pan,  
And I fold me all proud, in my batter shroud,  
And laugh at the hunger of man!

"Then cheer up, thou ancient Flounder,  
And like me bravely die—"  
The rest of the speech he had spoken,  
But they put him on to fry!

A LOWE STYLE OF LOGIC.

IN speaking on MR. ROEBUCK'S motion, MR. LOWE is reported to have said—

"Why, the House of Commons was now asked whether it would not pass a vote of censure on the Government of this country, and on the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH."

But MR. ROEBUCK proposed to the House of Commons to censure the late Administration for "the sufferings of our army during the winter campaign in the Crimea," on the ground that the conduct of that Administration "was the first and chief cause of the calamities which befell that Army." The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH in no way contributed to the starvation and gelation of our brave soldiers, except by not insisting that they should not accompany his own. How he could have done that, we would thank MR. LOWE to inform our readers, and should also be glad if MR. LOWE would explain to the world by what means LOUIS NAPOLEON could have become acquainted with our extreme want of military organisation.

If MR. ROEBUCK'S motion is, in MR. LOWE'S opinion, a vote of censure on the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, MR. LOWE must consider MR. ROEBUCK as calling upon the House of Commons to declare that LOUIS NAPOLEON ought to have been cognisant of our defective military organisation, and of the want of concert existing between the Treasury, the War Office, the Board of Ordnance, and the Admiralty; that it was his place to represent these circumstances to the British Government, and to protest that he would be no party to the destruction of British troops by cold, and want of food, clothing, and shelter, at the side of the well-cared-for and comfortable French. As if, in case he had interfered in our affairs by any such representation, he would have been credited; and as if, moreover, he would not have been invited to mind that business to which the condition of the French army last winter proves him considerably more capable of attending than the ABERDEEN Society were of managing theirs. No, MR. LOWE, the condemnation of LOUIS NAPOLEON is not involved in a vote of censure on the BALACLAVA MINISTRY.

A CHAPTER WITHOUT AN END.—The Cathedral Chapter crying out as usual for more Bishops.

RESPECTABLE RASCALS.

WE are really beginning to be afraid of everything in the shape of respectability, for recent events have shown us, that the shape of respectability may very probably include the form alone without the substance. The cloak of religion seems to be nothing better than an extensive wrap-rascal, and we are afraid that we should find the garb of piety very often little better than a sort of moral Mackintosh thrown over the loose habits of the wearer. One of the latest instances of respectable rascality is that of a pious prig who has collected subscriptions for a number of ragged schools, and pocketed the proceeds. This gentleman will probably confess the weakness of the flesh, allude to the human race in general as poor worms, and after a few churlitions of cant, will no doubt be received again with open arms by his puritanical brethren, and with open pockets by his unfortunate victims. We wish that the public would open their eyes instead of their purses to those pious impostors, who are getting just now "as plentiful as blackberries," or, more appropriately speaking, "as thick as thieves."

The Rose and the River.

THE River doth offend the nerves;  
Which sense affords to noses;  
THE Thames, which the LORD MAYOR conserves,  
Is no Conserve of Roses.

A RUSSIAN MALADY.

THE CZAR has been said to be in a decline. This rumour has been contradicted; but whether ALEXANDER is in a decline or not, it is tolerably certain that his Empire is in a consumption.

MUSCOVITE HOLINESS.

GORTSCHAKOFF talks of "Holy Russia." Let us hope that the Allied rifles will make the Russian savages "more holy than righteous."



## WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

1st Blackguard (aloud and with meaning). "No wonder Doormats is cheap, Joey."

## PAM TO CHARLEY.

[Private and Confidential.]

"DEAR CHARLEY,—Let by-gones be by-gones: you shall have a ship as the Russians yet. Next year, or at all events the year after, we shall have a beautiful fleet of gun-boats—(the timber is already marked for cutting in the New Forest)—and then you shall go in, my brave old boy, and smash the windows of the CZAR'S Winter Palace, and pick up a bit of prize-money in St. Petersburg. How I should like to see one of your barns ornamented with doors of malachite! How I should like to see (and we all *shall* see it) the spread eagle nailed like a weasel over those doors!

"By the way, CHARLEY, there is to be an Institute of the Order of the Bath; we are all anxious that you should have your bit of ribbon. You have no objection, I suppose, to meet BERKELEY (we *must* give him *his* bit; for he has worked very hard in his chair at the Admiralty), and so come and take your decoration (the Earldom will keep for a year or two; but that *must* come when Cronstadt has gone), and, if I can get an open day, we'll have a snug little dinner at the Reform. When I say snug, I mean without any of the press-gang present to collar every syllable of the conversation.

"Ever yours, dear CHARLEY, PAM.

"P. S. I've a new conundrum to tell you. I made it the other night whilst ROEBUCK was firing away, and giving notice of impeachment. By the bye, I'll give it you now. Why is Tower Hill like HATCHETT'S? *There!*"

## CHARLEY TO PAM.

"MY LORD,—As for your bit of blue ribbon, I wouldn't say black's the white of my eye for it. Instead of a bit of ribbon, I only wish HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY (God bless her, and long may she reign!) would put a rope's end into my hand, with leave to use it all round her Cabinet. My dear eyes! wouldn't I give some of ye a starting!

"Never mind—I shall be alongside of you yet in the House; for you can't stand long; must go to bits, and then may I be—but you know what I mean. And you think I'm to be bamboozled by another dinner, when you've your gammoning-tacks aboard. Just take a round turn in that. No more of your gammon about my spring-lamb; you'll find me a lion, an old sea-lion yet,—and so I just give you warning, take care of my teeth, and keep clear of the lash of my tail. Your Disobedient Servant (to command), CHARLEY."

THE MOVEMENT IN C. (DIVISION).—We see MR. HULLAH has just published a "Treatise on the Stave." We suppose it is dedicated to the Police in consequence of the striking and very superior powers of execution they have lately displayed with the Stave.

## AIRY AND LITERARY.

"It is in contemplation to lay down tubes from the General Post Office to various parts of London, and through them to propel the letter-bags by means of atmospheric pressure."

EVERY hour of our lives, in this wonderful age,  
Some bran new invention our thoughts will engage;  
And the last (which I think leaves the others behind)  
Is to give to our letters the wings of the wind.

'Neath our streets ROWLAND HILL has contracted, they say,  
Large tubes, cheek by jowl with the gas-pipes, to lay;  
Through which all our letters as swiftly will speed 'em,  
As the gas by whose light we're enabled to read 'em.

These letters, perhaps, I need scarcely explain,  
By the force of air-pressure will fly through the *main*,  
For which kind of propulsion, 'tis clear VIRGIL meant his  
Expression "*Jactata per aquora ventis.*"

Come then sturdy Notus, and blustering Eurus,  
From all chances of failure assiat to secure us;  
On Foreign Post nights lend a favouring gale;  
And provide a Monsoon for each Overland Mail.

Blow! Blow! Wintry Wind, in those tubes if you can,  
And you'll still be more friendly and kindly than man;  
Though in wafting our letters your blast may be rude,  
You *must* be an ill-wind to blow nobody good.

Soon! Soon! shall the Zephyrs and ROWLAND conspire  
To feed the warm passion, and fan the soft fire;  
For blowing a letter from Master to Miss,  
They'll make quite as easy as blowing a kiss.

The merchant enraptured shall haste to prepare  
Price currents to float on these currents of air;  
And a blast of the Book Post shall do for the name  
Of each author far more than the trumpet of Fame.

The timid perhaps may see reason to fear,  
That these tubes to the gas-pipes will still be too near;  
And may dread lest some pestilent rate-seeking ass,  
Should'nt cut off the letters instead of the gas.

But one thought in the scheme all my confidence raises,  
Its success is secured by our singing its praises;  
For 'tis clear (and this maxim you can't trust enough in)  
It is just the invention to prosper by puffing.

## JUSTICE IS (DIS)SATISFIED.

LORD CAMPBELL complains that the people of Kensington are practically two days off from the delivery of their letters through the Post Office, because everybody (in Kensington) leaves home at 9 A.M., and, as the letters are not delivered until half-past 9, and as nobody (in Kensington) thinks of looking at a letter when he returns home at night, everybody (in Kensington) is two days behind hand in correspondence with the world in general. This perhaps accounts for the alleged dulness of the Kensingtonians, who, as a body, have sometimes been considered the "know-nothings" of the Metropolitan suburbs. As a promise has been made to accelerate the postal communication with Kensington, we may expect that the wits of the inhabitants will be correspondingly quickened. For our own parts, we have found this secluded people to be a race of at least average intelligence; and, though the Mail may be dilatory, we do not think the people themselves deserve to be considered as slow coaches. If the correspondence is not delivered in due time, we would suggest that the blame should be thrown on the right quarter; and that, if the letters are improperly detained, the words *litera scripta manet* should be inscribed over the Post Office.

## The Opera Bank of England.

The *Morning Chronicle* says:—

"The Italian Opera House in the Haymarket has been named as the probable locale of the new West End Branch of the Bank of England."

If, by some magical process of digging and "prospecting," all the precious metal buried in the Opera House might be once again produced, there would be ready money enough, and to spare, for all the purposes of the branch bank, without any supply from the city trunk.

A COUNTER-CHARGE.—The fines levied upon dishonest Tradesmen for using false weights and measures.

A NEW SYSTEM OF ATTACK.



forty-Broadwood power of Litz, and our word for it, they would effectually clear the Crimea in less than a day. Depend upon it, it would be the last thing heard of the Siege of Sebastopol.

N Kertch, Sebastopol, and other out-of-the-way places, where you would imagine that Disturber of the Peace of Private Families had never penetrated, pianos have been found. If the Russians were wise, they would bring all those instruments of torture out upon the ramparts, and begin playing upon them all at once. The Allies would infallibly raise the siege. They would never be able to stand such a terrible attack as that, and would retire as far as possible to get away from the sound of it. The "din of war" would be quite a love-whisper compared to it. Only let them bring forward a girl's-school in full practice, well supported by two or three German professors with a touch of the

THE CORDON BLEU.

DEDICATED TO THE HONOURABLE ALEXIS SOYER.

AIR—"The Minstrel Boy."

THE Cordon Bleu to the War is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him:  
His snow-white apron is girded on,  
And his Magic Stove's behind him.  
"Army Beef," said the Cordon Bleu,  
"Though a stupid bungler slays thee,  
One skilful hand thy steaks shall stew,  
One artist's pan shall braise thee."

The Cook went forth, and the foe in vain  
On his pots and pans did thunder,  
He thicked thin gravy, he sauced the plain,  
And he sliced coarse lumps asunder.  
And he cried, "A Cook can defy, you see,  
A Commissariat's knavery;  
The Soldier who saves a Nation free,  
Should have a Ration savoury."

The King of Portugal.

WE understand that the KING OF PORTUGAL will not undergo the ceremony of complete coronation, until all Portuguese bondholders are, in some way, satisfied. This is at once delicate and conscientious on the part of his Majesty. When the bondholders have received two-and-sixpence in the pound, then his Majesty proposes to be half-crowned; when the two-and-sixpence is made five shillings, the king will undergo the other moiety of the ceremony, and enjoy a crown complete.

WHO IS A TRAVELLER?

THE evidence given by the London magistracy before the Sunday Beer Act Committee, has been very imperfectly reported in the newspapers. Very many interesting and most suggestive questions, with the most pregnant and instructive replies, have been wholly suppressed, and others sadly garbled. For instance, SIR ROBERT CARDEN, Alderman, has by no means had justice done to him. It is true that he was faithfully reported when he declared his desire to introduce everywhere the Maine Liquor Law; he himself standing apart from the operation of the enactment. SIR ROBERT, we understand, would not only close every public-house for ever and for ever, (the City companies have their own cellars), but would condemn every publican, in penance for his past sins, to work gratis at any fire-engine required by any fire. SIR ROBERT himself is worthy of being appointed turncock to creation, for his evidence was "one wishy, washy, everlasting flood" of water—Thames-water. There is an over piety at which decent people are fain to hold the nose. Towards the conclusion of SIR ROBERT'S evidence the committee indulged in copious lustrations of eau-de-Cologne; and, at its termination it was found necessary to fairly sluice the committee-room with vinegar before continuing the proceedings. However, we have noted the error of omission in certain points of evidence delivered by Police Magistrates, and shall proceed to supply them.

BOW STREET EXAMINED.

By the Chairman. Do you consider a swallow a traveller?

Bow Street. Certainly not.

Chairman. No? Why, it is known that the swallows, following a certain law, leave us every fall, and return every spring. Surely, swallows are travellers?

Bow Street. I should not hold them travellers. If they go abroad, it is for their own pleasure; and to travel for pleasure, cannot be—as I should interpret the act—*bona fide* travelling.

By Mr. Villiers. As we have touched upon the lower range of animal life,—do you consider a honey-bee a traveller?

Bow Street. Certainly; because a honey-bee is out upon business; and therefore I should think it wrong to shut up all the flowers the whole of the Sunday against him. I think, however, with my friend SIR ROBERT CARDEN that, on the Sabbath, it would be a pious example, if even the bees carried on their occupation without singing: the same might apply—on their Sundays out—to skylarks. I have known some righteous people, on their way to and from church, much scandalised by the out-door singing of skylarks.

WORSHIP STREET EXAMINED.

By the Chairman. Do you consider the Sea Serpent a *bona fide* traveller?

Worship Street. By no means.

By the Chairman. State your reasons to the Committee.

Worship Street. A *bona fide* traveller is a traveller far away from his usual place of abode. Now, the Sea Serpent cannot, I humbly suggest, be a traveller; because anywhere in the ocean the Sea Serpent must be considered quite at home. (*Sensation.*)

LAMBETH STREET EXAMINED.

By the Chairman. You are a reader of SHAKSPEARE?

Lambeth Street. I have some knowledge of that individual.

By the Chairman. Do you know Puck?

Lambeth Street. I have seen him, with considerable satisfaction, at Sadler's Wells.

By Mr. Villiers. Do you consider Puck a *bona fide* traveller?

Lambeth Street. That very much depends upon his occupation at the time.

By the Chairman. For instance: you remember that passage, in which the fairy king Oberon commands Puck to fetch him that "little western flower?" The flower—

"Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness?"

You remember Oberon's commission? He bids Puck hence:

"Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,  
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league."

The passage is familiar to you?

Lambeth Street. It is. If I may trust my memory (for I confess, I have not a very, very good memory)—Puck makes answer—

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes."

If I may trust my memory, those are the very words.

Chairman. Very good. Now, under such pressing circumstances, should you not consider Puck a *bona fide* traveller?

Lambeth Street. Oh, dear no! Quite otherwise.

Mr. Villiers. Be good enough to state your reasons.

Lambeth Street. Certainly. You will concede that Puck is the agent, the mere agent of Oberon: you will also allow the validity of the old law maxim—*Qui facit per alium, facit per se?*

Chairman. It is not disputed.

Lambeth Street. Now, a *bona fide* traveller is one who is compelled to travel for business; but the journey undertaken by Puck for his master cannot be so interpreted.

Mr. Villiers. Why not?

Lambeth Street. Because, it is a journey commanded by Oberon simply that he may obtain the means of vexing his wife; and being undertaken with such intent cannot, I submit, be considered as any other than a journey of pleasur.

## KING CLICQUOT'S EQUILIBRIUM.

WRITING from Berlin the other day, the Correspondent of the *Morning Herald* somewhat startles us by stating:—

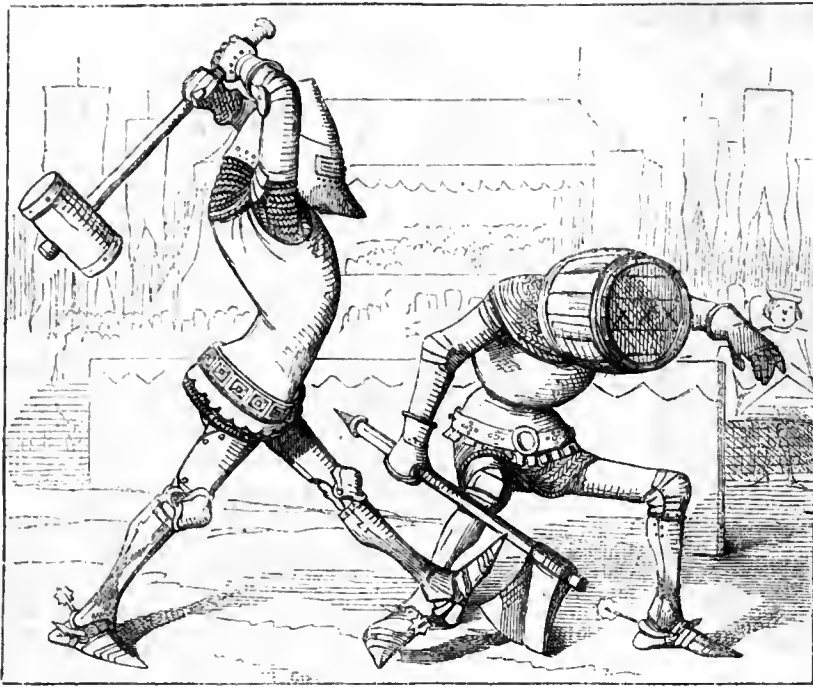
"Whatever may be thought of his late vacillating policy it cannot be disputed that the balance of power is now resting mainly in the hands of FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA the position which he occupies being now more than ever found essential towards preserving the due equilibrium of Europe."

Whatever may be thought of it by persons not so well informed, we ourselves have long expressed but one opinion as to KING CLICQUOT'S "late vacillating policy;" namely, that it has proceeded chiefly from those exciting causes which lead from physical to mental vacillation, and create a staggering of mind as well as body. With all submission therefore to so (frequently) elevated a personage, we must confess a doubt as to his having the balance of power still resting in his hands. Simply since, we fear, from various agency, his hand has grown so shaky, that whatever he may once have held must inevitably by this time have slipped through his fingers.

In all soberness indeed, we question if KING CLICQUOT can in any way be looked to for "preserving the due Equilibrium of Europe," seeing it is quite as much as he can do just now to keep his own.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL is in treaty with DR. WAGNER to compose some *Music of the Future* for his Reform Bill.

ADVICE TO FORTUNE-HUNTERS.—The surest way to get a legacy is to appear not to want it.



## PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy."

*K. Rich. II., Act i., Scene 3.*

## BOLD REFORM OF THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

WE are in a position to announce, that HER MAJESTY'S Government, having carefully considered the question of Administrative Reform, are about to introduce a radical change into every department whatever of what can in any sense be denominated public service, the Church and the learned professions being included under that head.

It has appeared to Ministers, that the present system of conferring degrees and granting diplomas according to proficiency, as tested by examination, is no longer tenable. They propose, therefore, to put an end to it in the most expeditious possible manner. They do not intend to deprive the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries, of the right already vested in them, to confer honours and licences on those who choose to present themselves to them for examination. But they design to extend to other and more practically competent judges of scientific and professional ability the power of creating graduates, licentiates, and professors at their simple discretion.

The Cabinet for the time being is to be authorised to appoint such as they shall esteem eligible persons, not only to the dignities of Bachelor and Master of Arts, and Doctor of Law, Physic, Music, and Divinity, but also to the actual vocations and callings of barrister, proctor, prothonotary, attorney, physician, surgeon, and apothecary, with full power to practise on the persons of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, and in her courts, ecclesiastical and civil. Ministers will also be empowered to select any person or persons for the service of the Church, and Bishops will have to ordain such candidates at the peril of incurring the pains and penalties of a *præsumptor*. As this arrangement is precisely that according to which the Bishops themselves have been consecrated by the Deans and Chapters, they will be unable to offer any reasonable objection to it; besides, if a Premier is capable of judging of the fitness of a parson to be a Bishop, much more is he able to determine if a layman is fit to be a parson.

It is clear to the meanest capacity, that if Ministers can be trusted to select men for diplomatic service without requiring of them the production of any diploma, they may safely be allowed to constitute individuals, in whose skill, knowledge, and judgment they have confidence, medical men in the same manner. For a medical diploma places a comparatively small number of lives at the mercy of a practitioner; but a state-diplomatist has the welfare and existence of millions in his hand.

The plan, of which the above is an outline, will be shortly submitted to Parliament. There is little doubt that it will become law. The agitation out of doors on the subject of Administrative Reform renders it necessary that something shall be done. Every one sees that one uniform principle should govern the appointment to all offices involving the public weal. This can be managed in two ways: one to throw open all employments to competition, the other to dispose of them all by nomination. No doubt the latter will be the more acceptable to gentlemen whose seats in Parliament have cost them large sums of money.

## A CARD FROM THE PUBLICANS.

WANTED forthwith a judicious unraveller  
Of the horrible mystery, What is a Traveller?  
It's proper to state, that the point to explain  
The magistrates all have attempted in vain.  
According to one, he who travels on one day  
Don't travel at all if he travels on Sunday;  
And therefore on Sunday, wherever you roam,  
Unless you're on business, you're stopping at home.  
The publicans feel it a difficult task  
To learn what the law don't allow them to ask,  
For the judge has decided they mustn't be cavillers  
With any who enter their houses as travellers;  
For these every innkeeper's bound to supply  
Without asking questions, although, by the bye,  
The law with its penalties has him again, I  
Unless he can prove what he can't ascertain.  
The publican, therefore, is free to confess,  
As he mustn't find out and he don't like to guess,  
He's prepared to reward the judicious unraveller  
Of the horrible mystery, What is a Traveller?

## Cave Canem!

It is proposed to direct the drainage of the Metropolis towards Barking Creek. The name indicates the locality of this spot; for Barking must be in the immediate vicinity of the Isle of Dogs. We presume it is felt to be no injustice to the canine species to send all the filth of London into their neighbourhood, for it is not possible to create much additional nausea among a class of animals whose usual condition has given rise to the expression "as sick as a dog."

TEMPTATION TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.



THE *Times* offers, not only a feast, but a perfect glut to the eyes of those who are looking out for an eligible opportunity of educating their offspring. To the parent or guardian who is desirous of doing the thing at the lowest possible figure, that advertisement must be a temptation worthy of the great tempter himself, which alleges that "young gentlemen are boarded, clothed, and educated at £18 per annum." Allowing five pounds a-year for the mere necessary articles of dress, and another five pounds for the education, there is a balance of eight pounds for the board, which would allow something about sixpence per day, exclusive of holidays,

advertisement we find the amiable dodge resorted to, and the re-opening of the school is announced by the intimation that the "young friends will re-assemble on the —th instant," while an allusion is happily thrown in as to the extent of the "prospect." We recollect going to see a boy who had been sent to a school on the coast, on the strength of a glowing description of the "sea view;" but on inquiry we found that this marine luxury was only to be obtained from the top of one of the tallest chimneys of the house, to which, of course, the pupils were not allowed the *entrée*, after the act for the abolition of climbing boys had come into operation.

At another establishment the pupils are promised the treat of conversing "with a resident native"—an animal that is frequently spoken of in the zoology of cheap boarding schools. The next scholastic advertisement that strikes our eye is one in which "the principal abstains from unnecessary enlargement." Does he pledge himself not to get too fat, or does he intend to convey the idea, that the supply of food to the pupils will be so copious as to demand a check upon the over-corpulency of the inmates of the establishment.

We might continue our specimens of scholastic advertisements through several columns of our publication; but we must be satisfied with one more illustration of the variety of modes of supply with which the demand for education is met at the present season. The instance to which we allude is an offer to barter a given quantity of learning for a given quantity of grocery, and to exchange so much Latin and Greek for so much tea and sugar. Of course, if a batch of Twankay should turn out to be half of it broom, the unhappy pupil might expect to be paid out with birch as an equivalent.

which are probably not very plentiful in this "eligible" establishment. The next advertisement offers an inducement to the parents of those young ladies who cram down bread and butter by the quarter loaf, astonish a joint, make a round of beef look foolish, and perform other feats of gormandising for which the gentler sex is happily not usually conspicuous. The invitation to this class of young ladies is comprised in the significant words "food unlimited." Here at least the female cormorants may "peg away" to their hearts' content, or rather, to the full satisfaction of their stomachs. In another

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 23, Monday. The "Religions Worship Bill" (as it is entitled, in order to show that it does not refer to Mammon-worship, or any other recognised forms of British devotion), having been re-constructed, passed the Lords. The EARL OF DERBY still showed himself greatly interested in it, and was eager to know, "whether it would prevent divine service from being carried on in the ball-room of an inn." His lordship has, it is understood, a curious plan for combining race-balls and religion; and he intends to officiate as something between Steward and Deacon, and to stand at the door, for the collection, holding one of the plates his horses have won.

In the Commons the Nuisances Removal Bill was read a third time and passed. It is to be hoped that it will be amended in the Lords, to the extent of a clause suppressing Street Cries, which are represented to *Mr. Punch* as rendering great part of London quite uninhabitable. This crying nuisance ought not to be forgotten. New writs were moved, SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, through the happy release of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, having become Colonial Secretary, and SIR BENJAMIN HALL, through the promotion of his colleague, having become Chief Commissioner of Works. MR. LAING expressed a wish to have another debate on the Viennese Conferences, but LORD PALMERSTON told him that there was no time for anything of the kind; and, that if he had stayed in the House and minded his business, he would have heard a great deal of discussion on the subject. The Turkish Loan then came up again, and no opposition was offered to it, except some speeches. MR. BAIGRIE complained that the London press "brow-beat anybody who spoke reasonably on the War." He should not call out before he is hurt—when he speaks reasonably on the War, we will attend to him; meantime, as the explanation of the word "brow-beat," is "to assail with arrogant speech and dogmatic assertions," we—but surely MR. BRIGHT, though a Quaker, keeps such a vanity as a looking-glass. MR. LAYARD urged the great importance of supporting Turkey in Asia Minor, and expressed his fear lest the Russians should take Kars. The majority of the Members had no idea what he meant, and wondered why the Russians might not take cars as we take cabs; but, when he gave MR. GLADSTONE a good castigation for "unstatesmanlike and unpatriotic conduct" in trying to defeat the loan, they were pleased. In the course of the debate, GLADSTONE called himself one of the *dii minores*; but, to the classical mind of *Mr. Punch* he more resembled one of the *dii selecti*—by name Janus the double-faced. MR. PALK wanted to know, how the Government intended to carry on the War, and whether they intended to do it properly, to which FREDERICK PEEL

replied, that they had intended to do it properly, and he would not tell him how. A long squabble about the eternal Scotch Map succeeded; and LORD SEYMOUR charged Government with having "cheated" the House into ordering a chart on a large scale for the convenience of the landed proprietors of Scotland. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, thinking the subject had something to do with *Magna Charta*, was going to make a speech, but was undeceived, and did not.

Tuesday. There was a small row in the Commons, as might have been expected. LORD PALMERSTON had done a bit of neat jockeyship. As *Mr. Punch* mentioned, the week before last, the Irish members had been compelled by their priests and the more ignorant part of their constituents, to threaten the Government with hostility if a mischievous clause were not restored to the Tenants' Compensation Bill. So PAM, of course, put it back, and obtained Irish support against MR. ROEBUCK. Then, danger being over, he throws over, also, the Tenants' Compensation Bill altogether. Whereat the Hibernians made a clamour, being regularly "done."

A knot of selfish capitalists are opposing the valuable measures by which a comparatively poor man may be enabled to invest his capital productively, without being exposed to ruin, as he is by the present partnership law. LORD PALMERSTON is fighting for the reform, very manfully, and this day he beat the obstructives by two to one; and on Thursday he told them that they might try, by all the forms of the House, to prevent the nation from obtaining what it was felt would be a great benefit, but if they liked to talk against time until September, he would keep them at it, and then he beat them again by 121 to 40.

The House was counted out before dinner, and APSLEY PELLATT was reckoned up in it; the manly exercise of a Count being one in which he is always mixed up, actively or passively. *En revanche*, on

Wednesday. APSLEY tried to resist the going into committee on the Union of Contiguous Benefices Bill, and was beaten by 70 to 47. SIR WILLIAM CLAY announced, that he must withdraw his Church-rate Abolition Bill for the session, as its opponents were availing themselves of the forms of the House to get rid of a measure they could not resist by argument. Twice, therefore, this week, men trying to do good have broken their shins over the Forms of the House. If these forms are not pushed up to the wall, out of people's way, *Mr. Punch* may feel it necessary to order them out altogether.

Thursday. The Lords cut away at real business, the only discussion being whether the Irish Constabulary ought to be employed for excise purposes, in regard to the sale of spirits. Decidedly the policeman's staff and the gauger's, are two distinct things, and the former officer's

business is with bangs, not bungs. Besides, spirits are often above proof, but *Mr. Punch* has seldom heard of a policeman who was above proving anything that he was ordered to prove.

In the Commons, MAJOR REED asked LORD PALMERSTON a very proper question, namely, whether in the event of peace being made during the recess, he would call Parliament together before ratifying the terms. To which LORD PALMERSTON replied with one of his best pieces of courteous impertinence, namely, that if anything occurred rendering it necessary to call Parliament together, he should feel it his duty to do so.

An Education vote of £296,521, making, with a previous vote, about three hundred and eighty thousand pounds—all that England, with a collected national revenue of sixty millions, can afford to spend on the education of her children—was then taken, as was an Irish vote for the same purpose. There was a debate in which rather more sense was talked upon the subject than usual—which is perhaps not saying much, the locality being remembered.

*Friday.* In the Lords, BROUGHAM came out again in his old character of "our HENRY." He declared himself to be an attached friend of the Church of England, and an opponent of Dissenters, but he introduced a bill for sweeping away about 100 old penal acts against religionists of other convictions than his own.

In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE renewed his attempt to embarrass the Government and insult our French Ally, in reference to the Turkish loan, but he was tackled by almost as subtle a logician as himself, the Solicitor General, and may, "in the language of the Schools" (in which he delights), be said to have cotched it rather. The desirability of a good understanding between ourselves and the French was further illustrated by the inability of the House of Commons to agree upon the meaning of the French word, by which it was intended to bind the allies "severally." The Loan, however, met with no successful opposition.

The Committee on the Sunday Beer Bill having reported that it ought to be altered, the preparatory steps were taken for that purpose. This is *Mr. Punch's* doing.

## THE COMPLAINT OF CHEMISTRY.

(To *Mr. Punch*.)



IR.—I am a young female, being a science of recent origin: the sciences, you know, are invested with petticoats, and all sisters. You behold in me, *Mr. Punch*, a case of beauty in distress: for I am beautiful, though I say it: ask PROFESSOR FARADAY if he does not think so. My unhappiness arises from the circumstance of being compelled to be subservient to the designs of an odious and brutal tyrant and his thralls, whilst by the noble and the brave, the champions of liberty, to whose assistance I would devote myself with all my heart and soul, I am coldly neglected. The Russian Government has established a commission at St. Petersburg, with a view to extort from me all the de-

structive devices they possibly can—to be employed against the Allies. My chlorate of potash, my sulphuric acid, my galvanism, they press into their abominable service, using their utmost efforts to render me ancillary to the subjugation and the degradation of mankind. By-and-by they will arrive at the power of wielding my fulminating silver, and my chloride and iodide of nitrogen—and then what will become of civilisation! I am arming savages with thunderbolts. I cannot help myself. Those who choose can win me, and will wear me. That horrid mau JACOBI, or JACOBS, was encouraged to apply me to the construction of his infernal machines, and you have only to thank his imperfect knowledge of me, and my sister, MECHANICS, that a considerable portion of the Baltic Fleet has not been blown out of the water. Has the British Government ever consulted, even, with FARADAY, or any of my other wooers, to the intent of employing me against the common enemy? "Try me, ply me," as the song says; you won't know what I am capable of till you do: indeed, I don't know that myself, exactly. But I do know that I possess tremendous powers of destruction, requiring only to be developed, and I wish that those could be employed by generous and gentle freemen for the extermination of ferocious and cruel slaves, I would, my dear *Mr. Punch*, wish to be,

"Your faithful Handmaid,

"*Albemarle Street, July, 1855.*

"CHEMISTRY."

## DANGER IN DOWNING STREET.

LOOK out, my PALMERSTON—look out, my CLARENDON,  
Look out, my MOLESWORTH—clean-sweeping new broom—  
Now that you've got your long session and barren done,  
Now lungs have breathing-time, elbows have room—  
Would you clap stoppers on out-of-door movements,  
Take the wind from the sails of LOWE, LAYARD, AND CO.?  
There's an opening for work in Westminster improvements—  
Out with plumb-line and trowel—with pick-axe and crow.

Read the Report of the Commons' Committee,—  
The Report on the Downing Street Offices' Bill,—  
And rotten as banks may turn out in the City,  
You'll find public offices rottener still.  
STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES may be Titans in robbery,  
In private securities driving a trade;  
But their row has been mild to what you'll have of bobbery,  
Till public security surer be made.

First, the old Foreign Office is awfully tottery,  
Its bottom a quicksand, its walls all awry:  
Its standing or sinking an absolute lottery—  
If the fall of the roof should ope *that* to the sky!  
What piles of foul litter from basement to attic!  
What dust, meant in JOHN BULL'S poor eyes to be thrown!—  
What red-taped and docketted lies diplomatic,  
Which, but for that smash, never daylight had known!

What rickety tie-beams, now made to pass muster,  
And clench British interests in critical case!  
What under-pinned clerks' rooms—a tumble-down cluster,  
By family buttressing scarce kept in place!  
What cracks gaping wide, where the light should be shut out!  
What windows brick'd up, where light *should* be let in!  
What worm-eaten sleepers that ought to be cut out!  
What veneering where good two-inch oak were too thin!

When all this is set right, if you've pluck to begin it,  
The Colonial Office may next claim your care;  
Come SIR WILLIAM, and show what a Mole's worth, this minute,  
Burrow down to its roots, and let in light and air,  
Your function, at once, one for DRACO and SOLON is,  
In cutting out old work and putting up new,  
For amateur builders have work'd at the Colonies,  
Till a nice state of things they have brought matters to.

There's GREY's been employing his rule of Procrustes,  
Trusting, *doctrinaire*-like, more to measures than men—  
'Twill be lucky for you too, if GREY'S work the worst is—  
If his building was rotten, his plans were meant well—  
But take warning from him,—as at schemes architectural,  
In your office you'll soon have to do what you can—  
Trust no GREY-headed wisdom, sublimely conjectural,  
Cut your coat by your cloth, and your cloth by your man.

Colonial ships, as RICARDO will tell you,  
Are built of green wood, and so leak till they rot;  
But Colonial officials,—for them friends will sell you  
Stuff the boldest Colonial ship-builder would not.  
Of used-up Town dandies and gaunt Irish cousins  
You'll find, when you come to rebuild I'm afraid,  
Uncommon had lots on your hands thrown, by dozens,  
Condemn'd as unfit for all use in home trade.

Then to work with you, PALMERSTON, CLARENDON, MOLESWORTH;  
In modelling Downing Street use the recess—  
'Tis the desperate task shows the strenuous soul's worth;  
Think how HERCULES dealt with the Augean mess.  
Then when new Downing Street challenges censure,  
Colonial Office, and Foreign, and all—  
Grown bold by experience, next year you may venture  
On like work in Parliament Street and Whitehall.

## A Turk's Head Broom for a Vatican Spider.

SCARCELY delivered from Russian aggression, the unfortunate Sultan is to be exposed to aggression from Rome. "The POPE is about to appoint an Italian Bishop to the vacant see of Constantinople." There is another vacant see close to Constantinople, called, in maps, the Sea of Marmora; and if the intruding priest should, on his arrival, be inducted thereto by the Turkish hierarchy, we trust Holy FATHER PIUS will not be severe on a mere clerical error.

CORRECT MEASUREMENT.—Tell me how many Ladies'-maids a Lady has had, and I will tell you her temper.

WHAT TO EAT, DRINK AND AVOID.



**E** fancy this question which has often been put through the medium of an advertisement, seems to admit of an easy answer; for we ought to eat nothing, drink nothing, and avoid everything in the shape of meat or drink, while the present state of things exists. The evidence being taken before a Committee of the House of Commons, discloses some startling facts; and, indeed, it will be impossible for anyone who reads it to enjoy a single morsel of any sort of food. Such is the extent to which adulteration is carried, that we cannot get even our drugs in a pure state, and it is almost as difficult to get an honest black dose, as an honest glass of port. It is horrible to think that

we cannot even make sure of a "cup of cold pison" in a sound condition, for our prussic acid is diluted, and our laudanum is deprived of a large per centage of its strength. Our bread, which is commonly considered the staff of life, has often more life about it than is either wholesome or agreeable, for it is sometimes a mass of animal matter; and we need scarcely be surprised at meeting a loaf which has made its way out of the bread-pan, which might easily be the case, if there were anything like unity of movement among the insects of which it is composed. Among other expedients to increase the bulk of flour, is the mixture of a quantity of chalk, so that it really requires a knowledge of chemistry to distinguish one from the other; and, if we mix up our crust with our slice of Cheshire, we may be literally unable to tell the chalk from the cheese.

We were never very partial to sausages; nor is our appetite for them at all increased by the discovery, that most of them are made of horses' tongues. It seems from the evidence of DOCTOR THOMSON, Professor of Chemistry at St. Thomas's Hospital, that the ultimate destination of every horse's tongue is, that it shall be in some form or other passed down a human throat. All of us have a tongue in our heads, but we little thought we have taken, perhaps, three or four horses' tongues into our system, in the deceitful guise of sausage-meat. We feel seriously disposed after reading the evidence before the Committee, to turn vegetarians, or total abstainers from everything in the shape of food. Even our tea, which we thought was at the most a compound of sloe and birch-broom, is said to consist of iron filings, and some stuff call'd catechu, which is more fit for a cat to chew, than for a human being to swallow. We wonder what the teatotallers will think of the fact, that they have been consuming tons of iron, to say nothing of the catechu and the messes, of which the cup that queers but not inebriates is found to be composed.

A CHINESE INUNDATION.

**T**HE last advices from Melbourne announce that 14,000 Chinamen have lately walked into the colony with the agreeable announcement that "all the rest are coming after them." Victoria is said to be in want of population, and the want is now likely to be supplied with what is popularly termed "a vengeance." Somehow or other the Chinamen are not received with much enthusiasm by the colonists, and it is said that a law is to be passed to exclude the unwelcome strangers, though it is evident that by shutting the door on the Chinese, the authorities would open the door to a great evil. One of the complaints against the Chinamen is, that they take more than their fair share of water, which they probably require for their tea. Victoria must be badly off indeed for rivers if it is apprehended that the thirst of the Chinese will occasion a drought. We defy the most inveterate of teatotallers to get through more than his daily gallon of the element; and supposing every one of the 14,000 Chinamen to be able to gulp down the contents of a moderate sized water-butt, there are surely sufficient sources from which this drain on the aquatic wealth of the colony might be counterbalanced.

Perhaps when the colonial thirst for gold is accompanied by a thirst of a more natural and wholesome character, the diggers will begin to think of digging for water instead of digging perpetually for the precious metal. It will be indeed a sad lesson to the money-grubbing population of Victoria if it should come to pass that water in pints should prove a more really desirable acquisition than gold in quartz.

**SIR CHARLES NAPIER** serenely refuses to be a G. C. B. We thought he was one already,—**GRAHAM'S** Cross Boy.

LINES BY A SCOTCHMAN,

*On reading the following startling announcement in a weekly paper.*

"The Liberal Scotch Members entertained the LORD ADVOCATE at a Whitebait dinner at Greenwich on Wednesday."

Did they see? I'm recht wae to hear o't:  
I'd like to ken their names—the noddies!  
I'se wad, though, oor M.P. was clear o't:  
He's name o' siccan thriftless bodies.

The Leeberal cause I'se huld the main thing  
That keeps us thack and rape thegither;  
But leeberal in opinion's ane thing,  
And leeberal in bawbees anither.

Scotch Members, at a Greenwich dinner,  
Whose cost sets e'en pock-puddings grumbling!—  
It maun be Hastie—the auld sinner—  
That man a Scotchman!—it's just humbling!

Startling aff Scots—like wud sky-rockets—  
To sm'fu' frastings doon the river,  
To the sair emptying o' their pockets,  
Forbye derangements o' the liver.

Yet the backsliding's no that utler,  
When ye tak tent o' the chief dishes.  
Whitebait to kitchen bread-and-butter—  
It's teepical o' loaves an' fishes.

That thoct a' my objections closes  
An' the fac' reads like a description,  
How leeberal Israel din'd nuld Moses  
After his spoilin' the Egyptian.

Nae doot our freens, true to their nation,  
Spite o' yon Hastie, and gastronomy,  
Wad hauld their leeberal e-ibration  
Wi' due attention to economy.

And dine where no that high the shot is—  
Though deeners may be waur by far—  
For patriotic as your Scot is,  
He'll no bleed twice at Trafalgar.

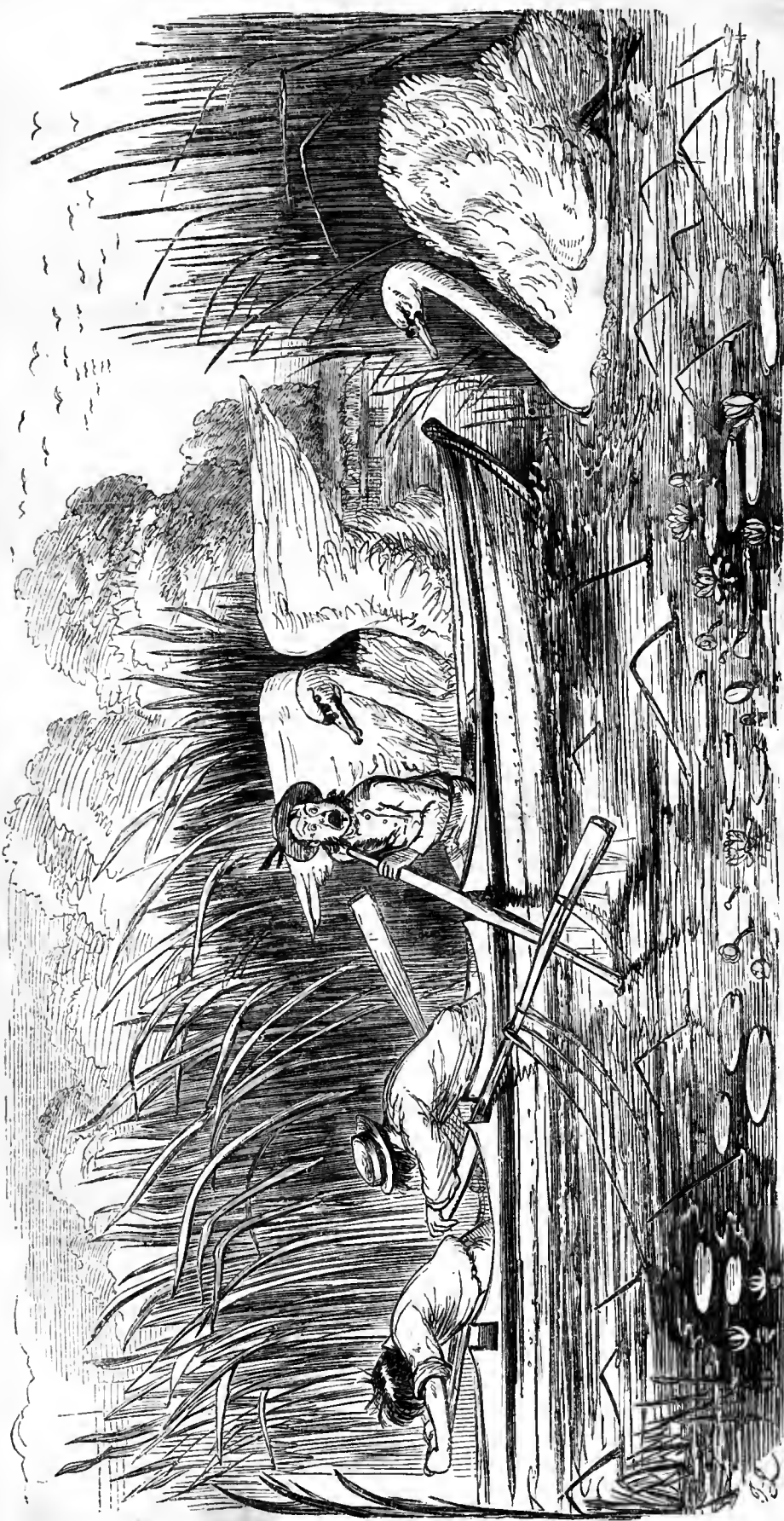
So that in bounds the lawings kept are,  
Leeberalism folks may gie a loose to—  
Let Scots uphald the Crown and Sceptre—  
It's a gran' cry—and a cheap hoose, too.

A DESPOT IN GRAIN.

**KING BOMBA** is making himself disagreeable in his small way. It is a small way as regards ourselves and our Allies: for BOMBA cannot constitute himself a great nuisance to anybody that is not in his clutches, as poor POERIO is, the captive of this modern MEZENTIUS. BOMBA is prohibiting the exportation of grain to our forces in the Crimea; a line of policy which, by glutting all the mills in his dominions with grist, will render his despotism more grinding than ever. Some time ago his sulphureous Majesty refused to let us have any of his brimstone; and no doubt he persists in withholding from us that unpleasant but necessary substance. POLYPHEMUS had only one eye; but with the half of that organ he would have been able to see what, under existing circumstances, would be the best thing to do with such a petty tyrant as the present ruler of the land he lived in. It is to be wished that he were still extant, to take this small sovereign by the nape of the neck, and fling him either into Etna, or a league or two off Sicily into the sea. Cannot England and France, between them, in default of POLYPHEMUS, contrive to pitch Bomba into the middle of next week? As to the grain which he has the impertinence to deny us—why MR. EISENBERG, supported by a British man-of-war, would very soon succeed in extracting all his corns from him.

King Clicquot's Colours.

**THE** wits of FREDERICK WILLIAM have gone Berlin wool-gathering. The colour of the King's proceedings can no longer pass under the denomination of neutral tint; and affairs in the quarter of Sans Souci are looking decidedly (Prussian) blue.



### AQUATICS.—A COMFORTABLE RAN-DAN.

*Jolly Young Waterman.* "HOLLOA! HI! POLICE! BACK WATER, JACK! WE'VE GOT INTO A NEST OF SWANS, AND THEY'RE A PITCHIN' INTO ME!"

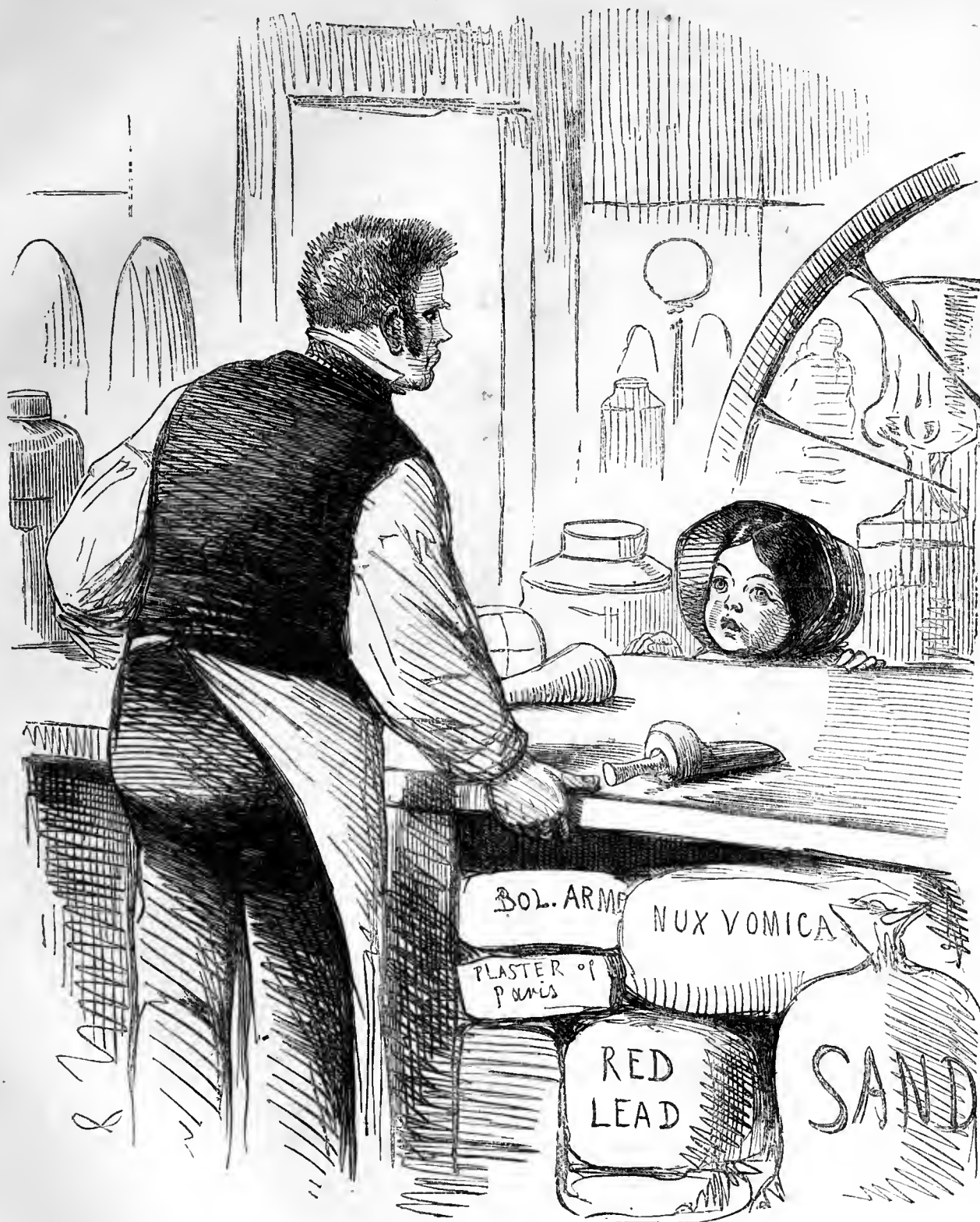
THIS lumbering old machine seems to cost more than it is worth, for it entails a tax which nobody likes to pay, and unless an arrangement is come to, the probability is, that the vehicle will be torn to pieces by the hands of the bailiffs. We have heard of horses eating off their own heads, and we may soon expect to hear of a gilt coach that has eaten all its own gingerbread. Mr. Ex-LORD MAYOR SUDNEY refuses to pay the tax on the old vehicle, on the ground that he refused to ride in it, because it shook him to death, frightened him out of his

wits, and soiled his state robes, with its dirty old cushions. We have often pitted the Kings of the City, as we have seen them well shaken when taken in the State Coach to Guildhall, and we have expected to see the REMEMBRANCER pitched into the LORD MAYOR'S arms, or sent flying, mace-forward, through the plate-glass panel on to the heads of the multitude. We often wondered why the REMEMBRANCER'S head was cased in fur—so emblematic of the ordinary mull—but we now perceive that it is intended as a safeguard to that official, whose brains—or other contents of his caput—might otherwise be dashed or shaken out by the jolting of the state vehicle.

We confess our admiration of the wisdom which refuses to

pay any further tax on the LORD MAYOR'S Coach, which ought to have gone out with Bartholomew Fair, Smithfield Market, and the other fooleries and nuisances for which the City has been conspicuous. Now that advertising vans are illegal, we are not sure that the State Coach does not come under the act by coming over the height to which vehicles are limited. We should like to see the LORD MAYOR'S Coachman brought up and fined forty shillings for perambulating the metropolis with a gilded van on LORD MAYOR'S Day "against the statute," and occasionally against the lamp-posts, or other articles with which the crazy old concern is liable to come in contact.





## THE USE OF ADULTERATION.

*Little Girl.* "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MOTHER SAYS, WILL YOU LET HER HAVE A QUARTER OF A POUND OF YOUR BEST TEA TO KILL THE RATS WITH, AND A OUNCE OF CHOCOLATE AS WOULD GET RID OF THE BLACK BEADLES?"

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It is essential to ensure that every entry is properly documented and verified. This process helps in identifying any discrepancies or errors early on, preventing them from escalating into larger issues.

In the second section, we explore the various methods used to collect and analyze data. This includes both qualitative and quantitative approaches, each with its own strengths and limitations. Understanding these methods is crucial for drawing valid conclusions from the data collected.

The third part of the document focuses on the challenges faced during the data analysis phase. One common challenge is the sheer volume of data generated, which can be overwhelming and difficult to manage. Another challenge is the quality of the data, which may be incomplete or contain errors. Addressing these challenges requires a combination of technical skills and strategic thinking.

Finally, the document concludes by highlighting the importance of communication in the data analysis process. It is not enough to simply analyze the data; one must also be able to effectively communicate the findings to the relevant stakeholders. This involves using clear and concise language, as well as visual aids to help illustrate the key points.

**THE ILL-USED POLICE.**

THE police, who acted in so noble a manner on LORD GROSVENOR'S Sundays out in Hyde-park, have been most shamefully scandalised. It is plain that a conspiracy has been formed against the members of the body, especially those important members lettered A. For instance, one witness avows that he saw policeman A 20 assault an old gentleman, beating him on the head with a truncheon; whereas, if we are to believe A 20 (corroborated by a brother or two of the force), it was the old gentleman, or old ruffian rather, who assaulted A 20, beating him on the head with a kitchen poker. Again, 380 A is accused of beating a little boy with his truncheon across the back and shoulders; whereas 380 A is ready to produce the most damning evidence that it was the brutal little boy who beat him! We have no doubt, too, that ere the inquiry is ended it will be proved that many of the policemen were most terribly assaulted by females, mostly girls. Two cases of great cruelty have come to our knowledge. One, that of a policeman six feet two—a scintillation from the Emerald Isle—a purest ray serene from Connemara—who is at this moment in bed, from a concussion of the brain, inflicted by a young woman with a parasol. Another is suffering from a broken collar-bone, fractured by a fan. These offenders—they have escaped for a time, but the police is on their track—are said to be milliners' girls, employed in a fashionable house, famous for late hours; and are therefore, with the unreasoning temperament of females, fiercely enraged against the aristocracy. It can be proved that one of these girls called out to the HON. AUGUSTUS FITZTIP, then on his bay hack,—“Go to church!” in the boldest manner, adding “and I'll go with you.”

The police have evidently been very much scandalised: but at length truth is about to prevail. Very providential has been the appearance of a legal gentleman who here came forward to depose to the excessive urbanity of the police; whilst, if we are to believe the testimony of a clergyman now out of employment (will not LORD GROSVENOR give him a cure?) the truncheons of the police were rather pleasant to consider than otherwise. Indeed, like German sausages, you might have eaten them: not truncheons of skull-cracking wood, but truncheons cut in the land of promise, secreting milk and exuding honey. So much has public opinion re-acted in aid of the libelled police that there is some talk in Belgravia of rewarding the brave fellows with a Hyde Park medal; bearing GROSVENOR'S face on one side, and on the other an empty hog'shead. “GROSVENOR'S Sunday Out” will be engraven on the exergue.



PORTRAIT OF THE PARTY IN THE TIGHT COLLAR, SPECKLED TROUSERS, AND LONG COAT, WHO SO MUCH IMPEDED THE MOVEMENTS OF THE POLICE.

See Evidence on the “Hyde Park Inquiry,” July 24.

**Aristocracy at a Discount.**

THE titled classes seem to be falling in value, if we are to judge by the announcement of *A Shilling Peerage*, which has recently been followed by *A Shilling Baronetage*, and will probably lead to a *Sixpenny Knightage*, with a *Squirearchy* at a still lower figure. We have been told by WALPOLE that “every man has his price,” but when the whole Peerage sells at a shilling, it is lamentable to reflect how low the present price of humanity must have fallen.

COMPLIMENTARY.—To paint Angels, painters have borrowed the likeness of Women; to paint Devils, the likeness of Men.

**HOW TO CLEAR THE KITCHEN.**

OUR attention has been called to a new process of cooking by gas, which may be considered a real advance in the art of Gas-tronomy. One peculiarity of the arrangement is, that you may cook all your meals at once, which will be an economy of fuel; and, of course, if you eat them all at once, an economy of time will be effected. You may illuminate a leg of mutton, light up a chop, and throw a sufficient glare on a steak, from one moderate jet of gas, to cook the whole in a very satisfactory manner. Another remarkable advantage of the process is, that you may turn your leg of mutton into a sort of chandelier, for you may just as well hang up your apparatus to your ceiling, and you will thus light your room and cook your meals at the same gaslight. It is true that the gas-cooking apparatus will cook half a dozen things at once, and thus, perhaps, accomplish the (sometimes desired) object of a variety of flavour. We hail the invention as one that will give an impetus to the culinary art, and ultimately enable every man to become his own cook; so that he may use his own discretion about robbing himself by selling the perquisites, instead of leaving it to that very doubtful dependency—the honesty of his domestic.

**PRUSSIA'S COACHMAN.**

IN a book of French Anecdotes we have met with the following:—

“Whilst the KING OF PRUSSIA was talking with D'ALEMBERT, a servant entered the apartment. D'ALEMBERT seemed to be struck with his appearance, and, in truth, he was a fine, tall, stalwart fellow, as handsome as any of FREDERICK'S grenadiers. ‘That's the finest man in my kingdom,’ said the King. ‘He was for some time my coachman, and I seriously thought at one period of sending him as my ambassador to St. Petersburg.’”

Things have changed since then. Prussia has no longer the whip-hand of Russia. On the contrary, we rather think it is Russia now that drives Prussia. We only wish FREDERICK WILLIAM would try the experiment of sending his coachman to St. Petersburg. It is our firm opinion that ALEXANDER would order the Coachman back to Berlin with orders “to take His Majesty a little drive to Siberia.”

**Lord John Russell's Coat of Office.**

WE understand from a reliable eaves-dropper in Downing Street, that the coat of office which LORD JOHN has lately left off wearing, will shortly be on view at NATHAN'S the *Costumier*, it being found unsuitable for any but mere masquerading purposes. We are told indeed that it presents upon inspection a most party-coloured appearance, one half being of a bright military scarlet, while the other shows the sombre drab of the Peace Society. The coat, it is said, like the head of its late wearer, bears very evident marks of having been half turned within the last twelvemonth, and one of the sleeves has every appearance of having been much laughed in.

**The Courts of Hymen and Cupid.**

THE Admiralty Court appears to be doing a strange sort of business. According to the *Times*,

“The Court sat for a short time only, and disposed of motions and assignations.”

DR. LUSHINGTON presided on this occasion. The same judge sits in the Consistory Court, and adjudicates on matrimonial causes, as everybody knows; but most people will be surprised to learn, that his jurisdiction includes wooing as well as wedlock, and that he not only disposes of marriages, but also of assignations.

**Affecting Anecdote.**

SOME of the Russian prisoners, captured in the Kertch affair, have been brought to London. The other day they were taken upon one of the bridges, that they might have a sight of the Thames. No sooner did the odours of the river reach them, than they simultaneously uttered a cry of delight, as if at a memory of home, and rapturously exclaimed, “*Sivash! Sivash!*”—the Putrid Sea!

**Cleansed of his Errors.**

AN aquatic enthusiast, who has just returned from the Cold Water Cure, says he has had quite enough of it, and that he is fairly tired with the water and the walks, and the water, that beautifully vary one's amphibious existence at a hydropathic establishment; so much so, that henceforth he renounces the Path-os and the Bath-os that are usually laid on, like so much water from a Water Company, in praise of a Malvern, or Benhydding life, the great charm of which consists in washing and rough-drying (not to say, mangling) oneself all day long.

MONEY MARKET AND SANITARY INTELLIGENCE.—The unsafest of all deposits is the deposit of the Banks of the Thames.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Oh, the Recorders—"

*Hamlet. Act iii., Scene 2.*

## A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY A SOLICITOR.

I SING of summer the delights,  
Its cloudless days, its balmy nights :  
The time when Sol his fiercest burns,  
And the Assizes' heat returns.

Now by the side of placid brook  
The angler plies his sharpest hook ;  
But they in Court for fees who dangle,  
Show more acuteness in their angle.

Now, too, with band all quick for catches,  
At LORD's the cricketer plays matches ;  
But when a Lord's in Chancery caught,  
There's more excitement in the sport.

'Tis sweet in summer-time to hear  
The skylark singing, loud and clear :  
Yet sweeter 'tis the charge to state,  
"Attending hearing—Six-and-eight."

'Tis sweet to contemplate the play  
Of schoolboys making holiday ;  
But sweeter far the contemplation  
Of the approaching Long Vacation !

## A Narrow Escape.

It is very lucky that MESSRS. STRAHAN, PAUL, AND Co., at the time of their breaking, did not hold "the Balance of Europe," or else Principalities by the dozen might have been reduced to so many States of Insolvency, and many a German Kingdom would have had to part probably with its last Sovereign.

## LE DIABLE A PARIS.

THE Parisians have taken to a new amusement. We learn from our contemporary, the *Atlas*, that "the forgotten doctrines of the school of Alexandria, especially the pursuit after forbidden knowledge and communication with the Powers of Darkness, have, for the last two years, been objects of study among the doctors and savans of Paris. Results have been obtained, which have caused indescribable terror." It seems too, that the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, who, in order to frighten people into religion, lent himself to these researches, has managed to frighten himself in the most remarkable manner, and cannot sleep without one chaplain under the bed, and another on the mat outside the door, besides holy water in all the jugs, washhand basins, and *carafes*. These experiments go on, "not in the garret of the deluded alchemist, but in the gorgeous saloons of the aristocracy."

The *seance diabolique* must be a refreshing change from the humdrum of an ordinary ball or party. Fashionable invitation cards, we understand, have in the corner, instead of "Quadrilles," the word "Diables." The drawing-room tables are no longer covered with *Books of Beauty* and *Scenery of the Rhine*, but with little square mediæval works on Magic, tastefully bound in flame-coloured silk, or in green seales. The pretty girl to whom you have been introduced, asks you whether you have seen that lovely likeness of DEMOGORGON, and is enchanted with the infernal verses you have written in MRS. SPIRITRAP'S Album, and a late arrival apologises, and hopes he has not kept the Incantation waiting. Elixirs and witch-potions are handed round by the servants, instead of lemonade and negus, and your hostess, in lieu of asking you to take a hand at whist, begs you to hold a Hand of Glory. The music of *Der Freischütz* has come up again, with that of *Robert le Diable*, to the exclusion of Italian languishment and spasm, and you are desired to prevail upon your wife to oblige the party with that delightful "Screech 'du Demon," or you are told that you really must take part in "Blow, sulphur gales, and on your wing, our long expected Old 'Un bring." The domestic servants, who are always nuisances, are the greatest trouble to people who give this kind of thing, as they object to the bore of fetching in bats' eyes and owls' ears, and babies' fingers and tigers' chaudrons, and the other things wanted for the evening's amusements, besides getting so stupidly frightened as to be always knocking down the skeletons and magic mirrors, and spilling the witch-broth up the stairs. A boy in buttons actually gave warning, lately, sooner than allow himself to be punctured in the arm, though there was no more "baboon's blood" in the house, all through his own carelessness. But science has always had to contend with vulgar prejudice.

We hardly think, despite the story about "results," "indescribable

terror," and the scared Archbishop, that much has been done beyond making some unpleasant smells, and spoiling some expensive carpets, but we have instructed a correspondent to report, should any further success be obtained. The aristocracy of the *salons* of Paris contrived, towards the end of last century, to raise a fiend they could never lay again, but their posterity is luckily made of other stuff. Meantime LOUIS NAPOLEON seems a greater conjuror than all of them, for while they only give run-away knocka at the door of the Prince of the Air, the EMPEROR, by a slight tax on his ingenuity and his subjects, at once raises the Wind.

## DIRTY OLD FATHER THAMES.

WE wonder that poor old Father Thames can remain quiet in his bed, which is literally swarming with everything that is disagreeable, and likely to disturb his repose. Those who sleep in garrets have had a taste of the inconvenience arising from cats in a lively condition, but this is nothing when compared with the disgusting consequences of having feline and canine carcasses in every stage of decomposition pitched into one's bed at all hours of the day, as well as the night. Father Thames may be said to lead, literally, a cat and dog life, and though it is an old saying that "as your bed is made so you must lie," there is no reason why the river should not have its bed made a little more decently; or at least protected from being used as the receptacle for all the filth of the metropolis. We should not be surprised to find poor old Father Thames some morning "dead in his bed," for it is a bed in which anything like wholesome existence cannot much longer be maintained.

## A Good Price for Washing.

WE see that no less than £1800 a-year have been given to the President and Secretary of the National Gallery. This is the largest sum on record ever given, we should say, for washing. We would not mind taking in a few of the Old Masters ourselves, and washing and doing for them upon similar terms. In fact, we should not care making a slight reduction, as the Old Masters would take less trouble washing now, since so many of them have lost their coats.

## RAILWAY NEWS.

THERE is an old lady who says, that she always likes to travel by a trunk line, because then she feels confidence about the safety of her luggage.

## TOBACCO IN THE CHURCH.



Y LORD NORMANBY has prevailed upon the magnanimous GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY to take his royal canine paw from the miserable mouse, CECCHETTI, the small animal having aroused the ire of the regal brute by daring to read the Bible to his own family. The malignant Bible-reader was sentenced to long imprisonment; but LORD NORMANBY prevailed, and CECCHETTI was doomed to body's banishment from sunny Tuscany; a land of beauty with a government of beast. The exile makes his way to Turin; and there again he is succoured by an Englishman, MR. ERSKINE, our *Chargé d'Affaires*, who prevails upon the Piedmontese government—ever glad to please the English—to give CECCHETTI employment in

one of the royal Tobacco manufactories.

Oddly enough, in the history of the weed, has Tobacco been associated with the Bible. Smitten for reading the book, CECCHETTI's hurts are healed by the odorous leaf. In the early days of Virginia, Tobacco was the wages of working Christianity; the parson was paid with bird's-eye and nigger-head. The minister christened, married, and buried for fees, duly regulated, of Tobacco. Happy couples were, after this fashion, tied together by pig-tail; and the torch of Hymen was all smoke. "Tis observed," says BEVERLEY, in his *History of Virginia*, "that those counties where the Presbyterian meetings are, produce very mean Tobacco; and, for that reason, can't get an orthodox minister to stay among them." Thus, in Virginia, it might be said, show me your 'bacco and I'll tell you your Bishop.

A good, serviceable parson received for annual maintenance 16,000lb. of good Tobacco: the difference of remuneration was, of course, in the quality of the weed. For instance, a Virginian Bishop of Oxford—if we may suppose such a costly exotic—would have the very finest and most fragrant Tobacco; whereas a Virginian Exeter might take his salary in good strong returns.

For two hundred pounds of the weed, a man and woman might be made matrimonially one; and man or woman buried at precisely double the cost. That Tobacco should lay a man decently in the grave! *Ex fumo dare lucem!*

Thus, it will be seen, that Tobacco has in its time been a strange working agent in the Church. And now a poor Tuscan Christian, punished for his devotion to the Bible, is rewarded in this life by Tobacco. We hear that—at the suggestion of our waggish *Chargé d'Affaires* at Turin—CECCHETTI has sent a screw of bird's-eye to the DUKE OF TUSCANY, with this inscription,—“May it please your Ducal Highness, to condescend to put that in your pipe and smoke it!”

## AN EPISTOLARY VEGETABLE.

SOMEBODY has written to the *Times* a letter, very much to the purpose, quoting a correspondence from PLINY's letters between PLINY and TRAJAN, respecting the closing in of a nominal river, but real sewer, which was promptly ordered by the Emperor at the suggestion of the Philosopher: of whom both appear to have been “the right men in the right places.” Who, however, could have been the author of this communication?—for the signature thereto appended is “ONE TO WHOM THE THAMES IS MEAT AND DRINK.” Now to what created being can the Thames afford proper nourishment, liquid and solid, but one belonging to the vegetable kingdom? The Thames may be meat and drink to cabbage, but it would be poison to tailors, and is certainly not less deleterious to the rest of the human race.

## Sink-we Scento.

“After five years the Thames is to receive no sewage.”—*Sir D. Hall.*

IN shorter time, kind Sir, contrive  
To purify our drink;  
For while your figure is a Five,  
Our river is a Cinq.

## Neapolitan Frogs.

THE KING OF NAPLES, a great stranger in his own capital—can Naples have a better recommendation?—went there on the occasion of the late *fête*. Whereupon certain animals exclaimed—“Long live our absolute king!” When the king of the frogs took his subjects by mouthfuls, even the frogs (but then they were not Neapolitan) did not, according to Æsop, croak—“Long live our absolute stork!”

## UNPATRIOTIC CLUBS.

It appears that there are certain Benefit Clubs, particularly about West Somersetshire, of which the members forfeit all the advantages by enlistment into HER MAJESTY's service. What these Societies call themselves we do not know, but can conceive various titles whereby they might be designated. The United Cravens, the Incorporated Sneaks, the Disloyal Lodge of Shabby Fellows, are a few of these. We forbear to mention more, in the hope that a rule so disgraceful to any association of Englishmen, will, in the present hour of need, be expunged, on the publication of this notice, before many minutes shall have been added to that hour. Every Benefit Club should be a Society of Friends; but the society might be friendly without being drab. A late Act of Parliament forbids the enforcement of this contemptible proviso in the case of Militiamen and the Naval Coast Guard Volunteers. Could not Parliament extend that enactment to the Line and the whole Navy, by way of doing some little good before it separatea?

## POLES TO POKE THE RUSSIANS.

THE *Examiner* advocates the formation of a Polish legion, especially for the assault of Sebastopol: so do we. The garrison of that place is composed in a large measure of Poles, who can have no great affection for the service they are engaged in, and may be called negative Poles. Our Polish legion, burning with hatred against the enslavers of their race, furious in the recollection of Russian cruelty, outrage, and wrong, would come under the denomination of positive Poles. Negative and positive, positive and negative Poles, would mutually attract one another, as the case is in ordinary magnetism: and if we stirred up the Russians with these Poles, no doubt we should meet with foes who would strike beside us.

## Meat, Drink, and Manure.

WE send missionaries to reclaim the cannibals from eating human flesh: to which end the best means would be to endow the savages, if possible, with the understanding and the affections necessary to enable them to comprehend and practise what they are taught: the next best, if also possible, to work a few physical miracles, which would convert these anthropophagous natives by astonishing them. Practically, perhaps, the best method of bringing them over to beef and mutton would be to give a mission for that purpose to M. SOYER. But why do we talk of converting cannibals? There is something even worse that man may swallow than other men's mere flesh—There is the Thames!

## A Chance for Knightsbridge.

THE subjoined appears in the papers:—

“The *Monitore Toscano* states that the POPE has resolved to appoint an Italian Bishop to ‘the now vacant see of Constantinople.’”

Unless an Italian be indispensable for the post,—may *Mr. Punch* suggest that His Holiness should promote and appoint the REV. MR. LIDDELL, of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge?

## A BUILT-UP JOKE.

OUR OWN Correspondent informs us, that the firing before Sebastopol is not always most effective, is at all events bold and vigorous; for every man stands up to his mortar like a brick.

## A WHISPER TO BORES.

BORES should be lenient enough to bear in mind this truth:—that it is with the Fire of Conversation as with any other fire—little Sticks kindle it, great Sticks put it out.

GO TO BATH.—We recommend Old Father Thames to try the Cold Water Cure, as there is but little doubt that a good washing would do him all the good in the world.

MR. PUNCH is glad that the people who had their windows broken, a few Sundays ago, are proceeding to sue the Hundred, as this shows their conviction that the Million had nothing to do with the disgraceful business.

IT is to be hoped that LORD JOHN RUSSELL obtained no refreshment out of lawful hours on his return from Vienna, as it is quite clear that upon that occasion he was anything but a *bonâ fide* traveller.

DOMESTIC AND POLITICAL ECONOMY COMBINED.—MR. BRIEFLESS says, “It is with politics as with your linen,—any sudden change is dangerous.”



### AQUATICS.

Flora. "WELL, BUT TOMMY! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ROW BOTH OF US?"

Tommy (who fancies himself a perfect Athlete in high condition). "ROW YOU! WHY JUST YOU LOOK HERE, HERE'S A BICEPS MUSCLE FOR YOU!"

### A DEJEUNER A L'EAU.

WE have heard of dancing teas, and other absurdities, but the most eccentric meal that has yet fallen under our notice, is a breakfast in the water, which has been advertised by the Maidstone Swimming Club. The announcement of this wishy-washy entertainment concludes by the intimation that "every member will be required to partake of the repast in the river." We presume that several pounds of tea will be thrown into the water, with a sufficient quantity of sugar, while a supply of cream will be allowed to run over the surface, and the process of "stirring" will of course be effected by the members themselves, who will act as their own spoons. The ham will have to be cut in Vauxhall slices, so that, in the act of swimming, a morsel may be adroitly snapped at, and a few hard-boiled eggs will be thrown in for the satisfaction of those whose appetites take an oval turn. We fear that the dry toast will be none the better for being soaked in the river, and as to the bread and butter, it will be necessary to give particular directions that the butter side shall be kept upwards, in order to prevent the whole from being converted into a soppy sloppy mess, which no amount of hunger would be able to relish. We cannot help feeling that a breakfast in the water, will be very much like a dinner *in nubibus*, or a supper taken at a castle in the air. For ourselves we can only say that we would rather starve for twenty-four hours than adopt such an uncomfortable method of fishing for a meal.

### Co-loanial Device:

A FINANCIAL writer, who appears to have only partially considered his subject with reference to the law of *meum et tuum*, suggests that "the gold of Australia ought to be used in reduction of our national debt." This ingenious plan for obtaining an advance is certainly the newest reading of the colonial motto, "Advance, Australia."

FLATTERY.—THE POPE assures BOMBA, that he is "the best of tyrants."

### CARMEN PACIFICUM.

#### A Peelite Song.

GLADSTONE, and GRAHAM and SIDNEY,  
GLADSTONE, and GRAHAM and SIDNEY,  
Declare that this War  
Has become quite a bore  
To men of their peaceable kidney.

Says GLADSTONE, our Jesuit layman,  
Says GLADSTONE, our Jesuit layman,  
England's wrong, Russia's right,  
And we've no call to fight,  
Except that of the wicked highwayman.

Says GRAHAM, that veteran schemer,  
Says GRAHAM, that veteran schemer,  
We should beat a retreat,  
We should call back our fleet,  
Nor leave out there a single war-steamer.

Says SIDNEY, that graceful young hero,  
Says SIDNEY, that graceful young hero,  
The Russ for the Turk  
Is but doing the work  
We have done for each Indian Ameer, O.

Say these three jovial PEELITES in chorus,  
Say these three jovial PEELITES in chorus,  
When the War first broke out  
It was all right, no doubt,  
For we made it quite mild and decorous:

But the People are calling for vigour,  
But the People are calling for vigour,  
And of all ills the sternest,  
Is a War made in earnest,  
So Peace at all Price is our figure.

### Fashionable Announcement.

MR. PUNCH has been requested by LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR to state, that the *fête champêtre* he had half-intended to give to his friends who, on recent Sundays, met so very numerously in his honour in Hyde Park, is for the present postponed. Due notice will be made of the festival. Precedence given to the maimed and bruised. Vouchers required for broken heads.

### THE LORD MAYOR IN DANGER.

A PROPOSITION was made the other day at a Court of Aldermen "that the LORD MAYOR should take the usual view of the River Thames." Considering that the river savours of everything that is disagreeable, we must say, that the proposal savours of cruelty. Besides it is quite superfluous to take any fresh view of the Thames, for the "usual view" now taken of it is that it is a filthy and disgusting nuisance, which can't be got rid of too speedily. We are happy to find that the suggestion, which really looks like a piece of spite against the poor LORD MAYOR, was at once negated. Had the "view" been resolved upon, a sum of £700 was to have been allowed for expenses, though we confess we do not see what expense could legitimately arise unless it had been for *Eau de Cologne*, *Sal Volatile*, and other restoratives that might have been necessary to "correct" the obnoxious odours arising from the river. Perhaps a portion of the £700 might have been put aside for additional insurances on the LORD MAYOR'S life, which would have been jeopardised had he been compelled to take his own private view of the river.

### Up with your Copper.

In their admirable petition to HER MAJESTY, the English Engravers (complaining of the systematic insults of the Royal Academy) say, that they "look upon the art of engraving as akin to the art of translation." This is a delicate compliment to the English dramatists, especially from the steel engravers, who gracefully refuse to make a difference between what is steel and what is stolen.

### A NATURAL REQUEST.

THE "Fibre Company" has, it seems, been canvassing certain parties of the House of Lords for support. It is only natural that those who would make paper should apply to reputations that have gone to rags.



## A LIKELY CASE.

*Fiery Instructor to trembling Pupil.* "Now, SIR! COME! I KNOW YOU! DON'T ATTEMPT TO BULLY ME, SIR—IT WON'T SUCCEED, I CAN TELL YOU!"

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*July 30. Monday.* LORD BROUGHAM expressed his opinion that, after all, some progress had been made in Law Reform this Session. As *Mr. Punch* intends to "take stock" as soon as the Session is over, he will probably have something to say upon this head.

In the Commons the Limited Liabilities Bill proceeded, and, later in the week, and after some more hindrances from the monied men, who are horribly disgusted that a poor man should presume to lend, instead of confining himself to his own sphere, and, with due humility, borrowing of themselves, was passed.

It was stated by Government that we are to have an Italian Legion, and *Mr. Punch* trusts that every street organist in London will be instantly pressed into it—and, if he might add a suggestion to the Commander of the Forces, he would recommend that such part of the Legion be allowed the utmost opportunity of distinguishing itself under the very hottest fire.

LORD PALMERSTON announced that the Session must terminate about the 14th or 15th. It is stated that HER MAJESTY will not prorogue in person, being, it is believed, too much ashamed of the conduct of her Parliament to meet it without a rebuke, which her kindness of nature disposes her to withhold. The Foreign Secretary, by reason of his superior acquaintance with the French tongue, is to accompany his Sovereign to Paris; and it is to be hoped that before his Lordship returns, he will endeavour to procure a translation of the word "solidairement," which, in the Turkish Loan debate, baffled the united lingual skill of the British House of Commons, and which in NUGENT'S *French Dictionary, for the Use of Schools and Young Persons*, Edit. xvi. 1830, p. 303, is explained to mean "wholly."

A great deal of money was voted in Committee of Supply. In the course of the debates on these grants, that ridiculous person, MR. APSLEY PELLATT, the China-shop man, offered three pieces of opposition, which may as well be mentioned, because they show what kind of an article PELLATT is. He wished to disallow the item of £10,000 for pictures for the National Gallery, the item of £12,000 for the accommodation of 200,000 additional books for the British Museum, and the miserable item of £250 for incidental expenses of the Belfast College.

## BY THE MARGIN OF THAMES' DIRTY WATERS.

By the margin of Thames' dirty waters,  
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!  
Lived a youth who was sick night and day.  
For the stench in such pestilent quarters,  
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!  
Was never one moment away.  
When abroad none more healthy than he,  
But at home none more sickly could be,  
"Will you cleanse this vile river, I pray?"  
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!  
The authorities only could say—  
"Ur—ah—oh—ugh! It's a dreadful to-day.  
Ur—ah—oh—ugh! Ur—ah—oh—ugh!" was all they  
could say.

By the margin of Thames' dirty waters,  
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!  
At the close of a hot summer's day:  
As he lay in his pestilent quarters,  
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!  
This youth was heard faintly to say:—  
"I'm ill, as you plainly can see,  
This river is poison to me.  
Oh! I'd rather be drown'd in its tide,  
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!  
Than of typhus die off at its side.  
Ur—ah—oh—ugh! Ur—ah—oh—ugh! I'll jump in its  
bed!  
Ugh! Ugh!—No. I'll move from my lodgings instead.  
Ur—ah—oh—ugh! No. I don't fancy its bed.  
Ugh! Ugh!"—So he changed his apartments instead.

## Sea-Side Fashions.

THE "Uglies" worn by the young ladies at Ramsgate, are of a larger size than ever this year. They are so large that it is almost impossible for the young beauty that is shut up inside to see anything without taking her bonnet off. It is said that certain modest mammas have organised this monstrous fashion purposely, in order to prevent their daughters seeing the strange sights that not unfrequently take place on the beach of a morning whilst the bathing-machines are out.

*Mr. Punch* requests that due attention may be paid to MR. PELLATT'S regard for the arts, for literature, and for education.

The Partnership Amendment Bill is another victim to Parliamentary neglect. It was spared from the Massacre of the Innocents, to fall more ignominiously to-day by the hand of BOUVERIE.

*Tuesday.* The Lords sent the Metropolis Management Bill through Committee with laudable speed.

In the Commons, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said, that in his budget he had taken a trifling "margin" of Three and a half Millions beyond the then estimated expenditure of the year, but he should want a great deal more. He could not, however, tell them how much until they had granted the supplementary sums for which he had already asked. Let them mind one thing at a time. The intimation quieted the House, and they went on dutifully voting money till midnight.

The new Sale of Beer Act went through Committee. The pious MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD, and the sapient MR. FREWEN opposed it, but were beaten by 62 to 10. The bill was passed on Thursday.

*Wednesday.* Nothing particular. MR. OTWAY tried to cut off the salary of the gentleman who travels to buy pictures for the nation, but this little bit of cheese-paring injustice was scouted by the House.

*Thursday.* LORD REDESDALE advised the Government to buy up the ground between Downing Street and George Street. It was naturally supposed that his Lordship was about to recommend the erection of a "Casino" thereon, for Peeresses and their friends, in order to relieve the Chamber of Peers from the name which he was good enough to affix to it, when some of the wives and daughters of the noblemen of England found an interesting debate more attractive than an opera. But the courteous Lord only wanted to build public offices on the ground in question.

In the Commons, the very improper pension to LORD GEORGE PAGET was defended on the weakest and most contradictory grounds. To do LORD GEORGE justice, he seems to have done his best to deprive his friends of an excuse for giving him the money, but they almost forced it upon him.

Great sums of money were voted for Commissariat and Ordnance expenses, and £15,000 for the erection of a Museum at Kensington Gore.

MAJOR REED made another attempt to get LORD PALMERSTON to promise that Parliament should be consulted before any peace is made, but he could only obtain from the PREMIER the highly satisfactory and comprehensive pledge, that he would do everything that was proper.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, having obtained his supplementary votes, was so obliging as to say how much more money he wanted. He merely asked leave to raise Seven Millions, by loan. GLADSTONE thought that more taxes ought to be laid on, instead; but the House thought not, and granted the required permission.

Friday. A good deal of talk in both houses, on the one subject of the day. The Lords left off like gentlemen, but in the Commons the question of the Vienna conferences was lost sight of in a personal row. The opponents of the Turkish Loan were very savage with SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH for charging them with "combination," and they abused him a good deal, GLADSTONE politely likening him to "an old woman who fancied she had seen a ghost," and PHILLMORE using downright Billingsgate. The House broke up abruptly in the middle of the disturbance. On inquiring at the Colonial Office next day, *Mr. Punch* was happy to learn that SIR WILLIAM was as well as could be expected, and the Colonies were going on capitally.

### MRS. GRUNDY ON THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.



The roguery that 's in this world,  
the frauds in every trade  
and business!

I do declare my head seems  
twirl'd, tectotum-like  
with maze and dizziness.

Their impositions and their  
cheats as often as I gets  
a-thinking of,  
Especially the stuff we eats,  
and nasty messes we're  
a-drinkin' of.

Oh! I've no patience with  
such ways, such artful,  
mean, and shameful  
trickery;  
And now so high a price we  
pays to mix the coffee up  
with chicory!

That good-for-nothing stuff  
itself the wretches even  
mess and muddle up

With things still worse, for love of pelf—mingles it with black Jack and ruddle up.

I can't enjoy my cup of tea, for there's "lie tea" instead of true in it,

They also puts sloe-leaves, I sec, French chalk, black lead, and Prussian blue in it.

Don't talk to me of Best Souchong!—such rogues ought all to be a gaol in,

Fine Pekoe! Nonsense, go along! 'Tis half on't indigo and kaolin.

Your arrowroot's potato meal, and so's your cocoa and your chocolate, And that with common chalk, and bran, and candle-tallow you inoculate. Your mustard—pugh!—there's no such thing: of mustard there is not a taste in it!

'Tis flour and turmeric—'twon't sting—there's no dependence to be placed in it.

Your pickles and preserves you stains bright green for to draw people's eyes on 'em,

Whereby they verdigris contains, and them as eats on 'em they pisen 'em.

Your sugar-plums you colours too—at least confectioners in general— With copper, lead, that Prussian blue, arsenic, and every deadly mineral.

Your Cayenne pepper is ground rice, sawdust, and mustard husk and salt in it,

Mix'd with vermilion to look nice; or with red lead you hide the fault in it,

Though I might find Cayenne in gin, suppose I happen'd to desire it, Which spirit landlords puts in it, when they have lower'd it, to higher it.

Their water porter just the same, and then to cause it to taste eal to Entire, put salt, oh, what a shame! and angar into it, and treacle too. Their ale the brewer's strength below with grains of Paradise they flavour,

They 'll never go where them grains grow, unless they quits such bad behaviour.

Anchovy, primp, and lobster sauce, is doctor'd up, and so's tomato, With bole Armenian, drugs and dross, which colours 'em but didn't ought to, And winegar, from what I hear, henceforward I shall be afraid of it, With vitriol, 'cause that ain't so dear, they makes the most of what there's made of it.

No comfort from a pinch of snuff can any longer be expected, With lead, that nasty filthy stuff, both Scotch and Brown Rappee's infected,

Both miste and dry, alike it seems, that lead is always used in makin' 'em, And people of their precious limbs have often lost the use by takin' 'em.

The very water that we drinks the crawleybobs and creepers swarm in it, Bred in the sewers and the sinks—I looks with terror and alarm in it. No longlegases could make me jump like them queer creatures in a drop on it.

My house, thank Evins, has a Pump, or otherways I'd never stop in it.

And if sich things should make you ill, your physic aint to be relied upon, In vain you takes your draught or pill, so many tricks the drugs is tried upon;

What shop to trust I'm quite in doubt, their goods is such a vild miscilany,

Drat them that makes the laws! Get out. Ugh! I've no patience with sitch villany.

### THE REPORT OF THE POLICE COMMITTEE.

We fancy we know the report of the Committee instituted to inquire into the brutal conduct of the Police in Hyde Park, even before it is published. If we are not much mistaken, it will run something in the following strain:—

"We have made the most searching inquiries into the conduct of the Police on Sunday, July the First, in Hyde Park, and this is the result of our inquiries:—

"The Police, far from behaving with the brutality so erroneously attributed to them, conducted themselves with the greatest gentleness and forbearance. Nothing could exceed the good temper they displayed. No praises can be too great for the lamb-like endurance they exhibited in return for the words and blows of the very hardest nature that they received for many consecutive hours from the infuriated populace.

"Numerous instances of this have come to our knowledge. The following, perhaps, may suffice:

"A policeman (W 104) disarmed a mob of boys, who had been pelting him for the last quarter of an hour, by golog up mildly to them, and offering them (with a smile) some nuts.

"CONSTABLE SAMPOSON was struck by a ruffian at least three times his own size. He unaffectingly repeated the words of the ancient philosopher, and said 'Strike, but Hear!' The ruffian's arm instantly fell, and grasping the Constable's hand, he listened, not unmoved, whilst the latter recited to him the whole of Dr. WARR'S beautiful poem:

'Let dogs delight to bark and bite.'

"The X Division, though told three times to disperse a mob of not less than a thousand boys, who had been flinging oyster-shells and all sorts of missiles at their heads for the space of twenty minutes, refused pretemporarily to do so, because a little child with a hoop happened to be in the way.

"All those who surrendered themselves prisoners to the Police, were conducted with the greatest consideration to the Royal Humane Society, where they were offered refreshments at the Policeman's own expense, several of them having contributed a day's pay for that purpose. After the prisoners had refreshed themselves, the Policemen were kind enough to accompany them as far as the Station House in Vine Street, but not liking the poor fellows to go upon foot, they sent for cabs, which they insisted upon paying for themselves.

"The Police on this occasion have had no less than 158 eyes completely blackened. The Surgeon of the Force reports having had as many as 556 noses under his care, the hemorrhage from which, he says, was absolutely frightful. This proves stronger than any argument which side the blows came from.

"The conduct of the Police on the above trying occasion is entitled to the highest praise."

### A Prophecy Unavoidably Delayed.

MR. COBDEN'S familiar swagger about "crumpling up Russia as easily as a sheet of paper," has only been delayed in consequence of the extreme scarcity of the material. But when the Muscovite Empire is reduced to rags, there will doubtlessly be a better supply in the market, and consequently less difficulty in procuring a sheet of paper to carry out the illustration. Further than this, only let the sheet in question contain a report of one of MR. COBDEN'S Russian speeches, and we will warrant that every Englishman's hand will be instantly raised against it, only too anxious to crumple it up.

### AN EVERY-DAY MORAL.

THE Law may be compared to a street-fight, at the end of which it is discovered that the coats of the combatants are missing. The fact is, the Lawyers, whilst their clients were pommeling one another, have quietly walked off with them!

LADIES FOR LEGISLATORS.—There is one very good reason why ladies should be eligible for Members of Parliament. They would afford such abundant facilities for pairing off.



OUR OWN COMMITTEE ON THE BEER BILL.



THE Committee appointed by Mr. Punch to inquire into the operation of the Sunday Beer Act reports that Sabbatarian legislation for the purpose of getting sots to go to church is a day too late. It is remarked by the Committee that almost everybody who is addicted to inebriety, especially if a member of the cellarless and clubless classes, is nearly sure to get drunk on a Saturday night, and to lie a-bed the next day. To have such a person, then, in church-going condition on Sunday morning it would be necessary to close the public-houses early on the evening before. The Committee point out that the hour at which it would be necessary to shut up

the liquor-shops on Saturday evening would be a very early one indeed, in order that the votaries of BACCHUS might have time to get sufficiently sober to attend to their religious duties. This arrangement would, in London at least, be attended with a serious inconvenience. Playgoers, fainting with thirst from the heat of theatres, or from their own exertions in laughing at farces and comedies, and crying at tragedies (or the reverse), and from perspiring in both, would be unable to step out between the acts to get a draught of stout; still less to procure a pull of that beverage after the performances.

To meet this difficulty two several courses are suggested by Mr. Punch's Committee. One is, to enact that the public-houses shall be permitted to supply refreshment to *bona fide* playgoers, inclusive of persons attending meetings and oratorios, if any, at Exeter Hall, in case of their choosing to demand a "drain" under that denomination. Audiences and attendants of all other concerts and meetings, not being "free and easy," and of lectures, provided the lecture be dry, that is, unaccompanied by grog or malt liquor, would be entitled to the same privilege. The claimants would be required to produce a refreshment-ticket, which would be supplied at the theatre, concert, or lecture-room. The ticket would be stamped by Government, to prevent imposition: the machinery for this purpose might involve some expense, but what would that be to the people compared with the advantage they would derive from having the kind and gracious designs of a pious Aristocracy for their moral and spiritual improvement carried out? Thus, the objection to the word *bona fide* would be obviated: and the Committee adds, that in order to secure the genuineness of the tickets, it might be advisable to make the counterfeiting of them felony, thereby the more certainly to render the sumptuary project of the sumptuous orders feasible. The other course recommended by Mr. Punch's Committee, is to let all sumptuary and Sabbatarian legislation whatever alone.

EDUCATION AT THE ANTIPODES.

MELBOURNE had, according to the last advices from Australia, just opened its University, after a magnificent speech from the Chancellor, whose style of eloquence combines all the rotundity of the cannon-ball with all the hollowness of the cannon. We are of course great advocates for the spread of education all over the world; but we are afraid there is not much prospect for the cause, from the state of things at Melbourne: where, after an estimate of £110,000 for the building, £20,000 for the land, and £9000 a-year for the endowment of the new University, there are only sixteen students to profit by the tremendous outlay. The institution is to stand on forty acres of land, which will give precisely two acres and a half to each pupil. Perhaps the better mode of turning the concern to account will be to convert it into a vast gymnasium, with a Professorship of Cricket, who should give lectures on long-stop, and other physical accomplishments, which seem to be congenial to the youth of Victoria. It is really a reflection on the colony, that its inhabitants are so immersed in money-grubbing that they cannot even spare their sons from the degrading pursuit, and only sixteen youths can be mustered throughout the whole of the vast locality to accept the offer of a liberal education. The fact is, that nearly everybody in the colony is making haste to get rich, in the hope of returning to England, where after all they are only doomed to disappointment; for the vulgar rich—who have nothing but their dross to recommend them—are happily at a discount on this side of the world, as from their numbers they necessarily are on the other.

A DRAWING-ROOM TEST.—You can generally tell how popular you are with a Lady by the length of time she keeps you waiting whilst dressing to receive you.

THERE IS NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THERE is nae luck about the House,  
There is nae luck at a';  
There is nae luck about the House,  
Now its gude man's awa'.  
To lead it there's nae mon alive,  
Like puir SIR ROBERT PEEL,  
It winna prosper—dinna thrive—  
'Tis ganging to the deil.  
There is nae luck, &c.

When a' gude people should unite  
Against the common foe,  
Its factions with ilk i' ther fight,  
And let their business go;  
And whilst they jangle, jaw, and jar,  
And words rin unco high,  
This House of ours neglects the War,  
And everything forbye,  
There is nae luck, &c.

DISRAELI here, and GLADSTONE there,  
Indulge in adverse prate,  
And BRIGHT and COBDEN idly share  
In wild and vague debate.  
And wee LORD JOHNIE RUSSELL, aye,  
Has something to explain,  
And PALMERSTON his laugh must hae,  
Whilst heroes fall in vain.  
There is nae luck, &c.

As leaves in Autumn fall and fade,  
So bills in Summer die;  
Scarce ae gude Act thae chiefls hae made,  
For a' they've pass'd July;  
And now is August here, and sune  
This gude-for-naething House,  
Wi' nought, but aiblins mischief dune,  
Will just adjourn to mischie.  
There is nae luck, &c.

Oh! gif the parties, out o' doors,  
As in the House, were split,  
How mony birdies, on the Moors,  
Wad they be like to hit?  
But parties a' pursue their game  
Wi' steadiness an' zeal,  
When capercailzies ask their aim,  
And not their country's weal.  
There is nae luck, &c.

Gin sic a chiel as ROEBUCK try  
To do the thing he ought,  
His gude intent I ken na why,  
Is sure to come to nought.  
All ends in vapour and in smoke,  
The mountain breeds a mouse,  
All's barren, e'en the PREMIER's joke,  
In this uncanny House.  
There is nae luck, &c.

But at their clavers whilst they keep,  
For a' the nation's ills,  
The wind they sow, and whirlwind reap,  
By Sabbatarian Bills.  
JOHN BULL from day to day may bleed,  
Wi' disregarded lot,  
But on a Sunday they tak' heed  
JOHN BARLEYCORN shall not.  
There is nae luck, &c.

Oh! wad about this House sae daft,  
Auld NOLL could rise and be,  
From dollies doure and sumphies saft,  
St. Stephen's Ha' to free,  
And thunder, glow'r in' at the Mace,  
"That bauble tak' awa'!"  
Nae better luck than sic disgrace  
Could now the House befa'.  
There is nae luck, &c.

VERBAL NAVIGATION.—DISRAELI calls one of BRIGHT's long speeches against the War "a Pacific Ocean of words."



## COMPLIMENTARY.

*Bus Driver.* "NOW THEN, OUT OF THE WAY, YOU TWO!"

## THE VALUE OF A NAME.

We have often been struck by the sentimental earnestness of some respectable old beggar on the stage, who honestly announcing the emptiness of his pockets, begins to puff away at his own integrity with a force which might make a blacksmith blush for the feebleness of his bellows. "Ah, my children!" roars out occasionally some seedy stage veteran, "Ah, my children! though I cannot leave y<sup>e</sup> land, or gold, I can bequeath to ye a still nobler inheritance, an untarnished name"; which, by the way, might be the boast of anybody who could leave to his heirs, executors, and assigns a well-polished brass door-plate.

We are not often in the habit of attaching much value to this very nominal sort of estate, for an unsullied paternal name can be of little consequence, as far as the business of life is concerned, unless the heir wishes to make use of the name for fraudulent purposes. It does not follow that JONES junior cannot be a scamp because JONES senior was a respectable man, and we have therefore come to the conclusion, that in a commercial sense, a "good name" is no very great catch by way of inheritance. We admit the moral value of the bequest; but it is only against the alleged pecuniary benefit to be derived from what is commonly called a "good name" that we enter our protest.

We have, however, recently met with an instance in which a name has brought with it such an accession of fortune as almost to justify the clap-traps with which a stage father usually announces his intention to leave nothing in the world but the monosyllable JONES (without a blot on any part of it) to a numerous family. The instance to which we allude is that of Mr. CHRISTOPHER, originally DUNDAS, who called himself CHRISTOPHER for £14,000 a-year, and is now, for the respectable consideration of £39,000 a-year about to call himself NISBET.

We can only say, that we would call ourselves BUGGINS or MUGGINS, HOPKINS or POPKINS, or anything that anybody might think fit to call us, for one quarter of the money. We know that ladies have sometimes very large sums settled on them before they can be induced to change their names; but it is difficult to conceive the motive for offering a gentleman several thousands a-year to alter his appellation.

## IMPORTANT FROM THE EAST.

AMID the latest intelligence, or anticipations of the Overland Mail in one of the morning papers, our eye fell upon the following rather startling announcement:—

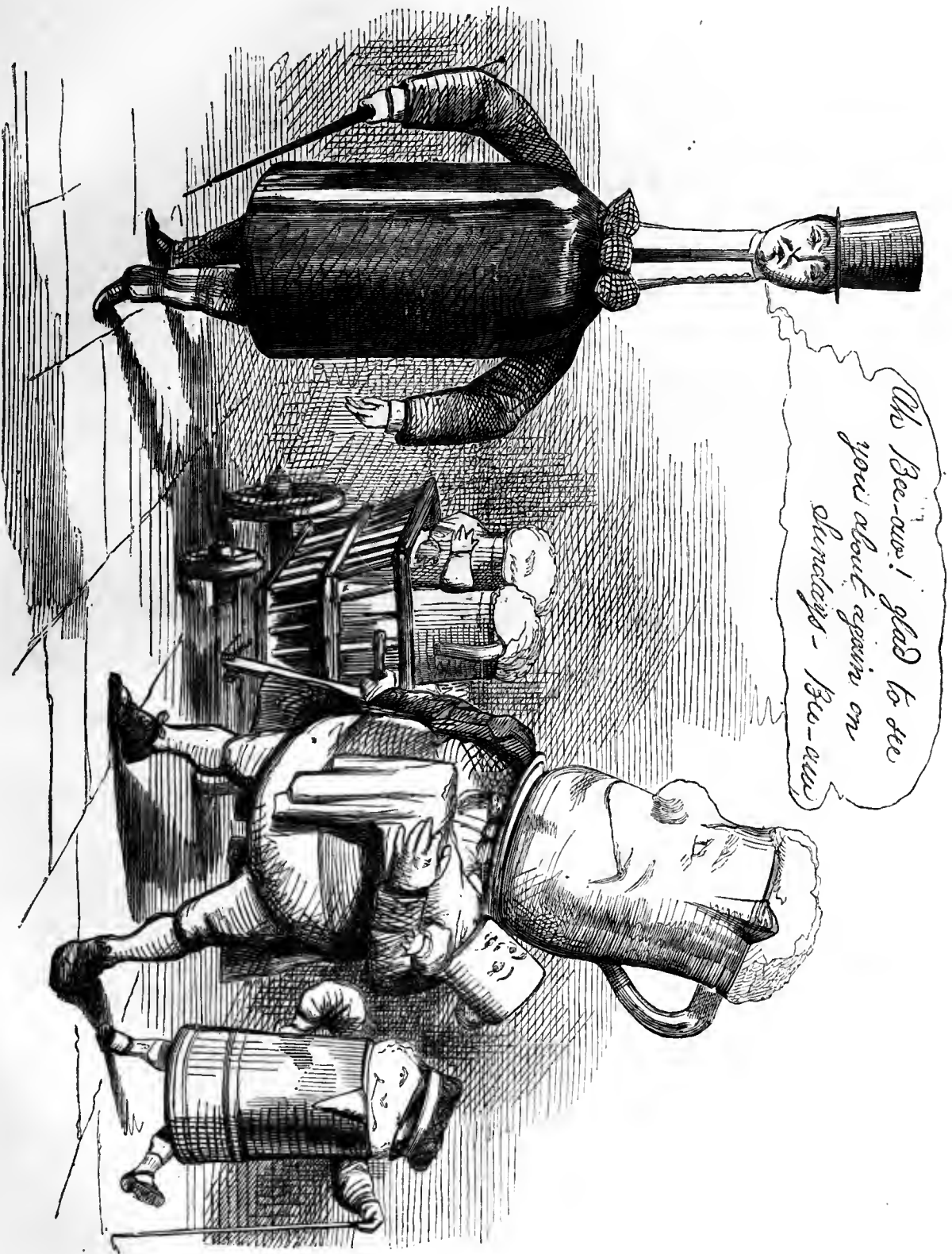
"HASSAN BEY has received a present of a copper watch."

We do not yet see the effect this circumstance is likely to produce on European, Asiatic, African, or American politics. The Foreign Correspondent who communicates this piece of news had probably no time for details, but in a future letter he will perhaps enlighten the world with further particulars. Who gave HASSAN BEY the copper watch? What did HASSAN say when he got it? Did the watch go? and a hundred other kindred questions will occur to the mind in reference to this somewhat remarkable topic. We wonder if the papers published in the East are filled with such foreign intelligence as that which we have quoted above, and whether such facts as "MR. JONES has received a present of a silver pencil-case," finds its way into the columns of our Asiatic contemporaries under the head of "Latest from London." We have no personal knowledge of the recipient of the copper watch, but any one to whom a present is given is, *pro tanto*, a "gifted individual." Nevertheless we should be disposed to look upon HASSAN BEY as HASSAN rather green.

## Parliamentary Obsequies.

A BILL has been brought into Parliament under the title of the Burial of the Dead Bill. As this is about the regular time for the Massacre of the Parliamentary Innocents, a Burial of the Dead Bill is less than was to be expected. One would naturally look out for the burial of numerous dead bills.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.—A Member of the Opposition wrote lately to one of his constituents:—"Things are in such a miserable state that, without PALMERSTON, it would be absolutely impossible to laugh at all."



SUNDAY EQUALITY. A RE-UNION OF CHAMPAGNE AND PORTER.

MUSEUM OF THE BOSTON AQUARIUM - MARCH 17 1926



JOHN LOVES A LORD.



HE Rank is but the  
guinea-stamp,  
The Man's the  
gold for a  
that!"—  
Rattle your glasses,  
clap your hands,  
Hip, hip, hip, hip,  
hurrah that.;  
Grand sentiment!  
Inspiring truth  
Of the Scotch  
ploughman's  
sacred song!  
The Coal-hole and  
the Cider-cellars  
Applaud it loud  
and long.

And truth it is : but scarce the truth,  
That wakens Coal-hole admiration :  
Man's worth may be the nugget—yes,  
But Rank gives circulation.

With coin, not nuggets, dust, or quartz,  
Buying and selling must be done ;  
So fitly, honours and rewards  
Rank wears, when worth has won.'

But just as smashers in the world  
Palm counterfeits that pass for guineas,  
So chance, time, circumstance, make Lords,  
Whom Nature has made ninnies.

Coin'd money JOHN BULL rings and weighs,  
Nor takes it at the passer's word ;  
But rank's coin he accepts untried :  
To JOHN, a Lord's a Lord.

Give to the poorest dolt that lives  
A lordly handle to his name,  
Untitled worth JOHN spurns aside,  
And bids it vail its claim.

If JOHN sets up a railway line,  
A Lord to turn the sod is there :  
If JOHN for charity would dine,  
A Lord must take the chair.

Can any but a Lord's a white hand  
Lay squarely a foundation-stone ?  
If there's a Lord to hold command,  
What rights does service own ?

Where there's a Lord, a Lord JOHN takes,  
Though LORD knows what the Lord may be—  
LORD CARDIGAN a hero makes,  
LORD PAGET, K.C.B.

Yes, let us grumble as we will,  
At this predominance of nob's—  
'Tis our own acts that prove us still,  
A race of arrant snobs.

The power is mine and yours, good friend,  
If with one mind we put it forth,  
To set up an Australian mint,  
And stamp our gold by worth.

Rank's old coin growth worn and thin,  
Clipt, counterfeit, and sore alloy'd,  
'Tis time our mintage were recast,  
Our nuggets more employ'd!

My Lords and the Laboratory.

PERHAPS the reason why British Governments generally are reluctant to employ Chemistry in aid of Warfare is a slow prudence, that prejudices them against a science of which one of the principal phenomena is Precipitation.

AN APPOINTMENT "SEWER GENERIS."—We are requested to state that Old Father Thames has been appointed Sole Agent for all the Cemeteries within fifty miles round London.

OUR PHILO-RUSSIAN COUSINS.

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR,  
"YOUR countrymen appear to be astonished at the circumstance that few of mine sympathise with them in their present contest with Russia, and that not a few Americans are rather disposed to wish that your enemies may whip you. Because we are a free and enlightened nation, Britishers think that we have got to range ourselves alongside of civilisation and liberty against despotic government and barbarism. But this is a no-ways logical expectation, and just let me indicate to you in a few words the reasons why it don't foller. The CZAR OF RUSSIA is no slave, he isn't. He may be the only freeman in his own dominions, but a freeman he is. He does whatever he pleases; that is genuine freedom. The CZAR is monarch of all he surveys, and considerable more. Now in all these here particulars each individual American citizen stands on the same platform with the CZAR. ALEXANDER is the center of a more extensive circle than the American citizen; but that is all. He rules over serfs; we govern niggers. The knout is'a most identical with the cowhide; so there ain't much to choose between our scepters. And I tell you that we don't nohow like to hear serfs and knouts and irresponsible volition cried down. It is indirectly abusing our own glorious institutions. It is flogging us Americans over the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's shoulders. Opposition to the CZAR's attempt on Turkey would, with a change of circumstances, be resistance to our annexation of Cuba. It is no more nor less than a special assertion of the immoral principle of trying to prevent a powerful nation from carrying out its destiny. It is a line which we no ways approbate.

"We ain't afeard that Russia will subjugate the whole world. We do not opionate that she will enslave any more than the Eastern hemisphere. We have got to possess ourselves of the Western. This planet will then be divided between ourselves and Russia. In the meantime we have no vocation to interfere with each other. Russia will pursue her independent course, and we ourn. By that means we shall partition the globe in a friendly way.

"We cannot forget that we are the descendants of Englishmen, yet there exists a good many reasons why there should be no love lost between us and England. Our pilgrim forefathers left the old country because they couldn't conform to its institutions; and many of them were sent here on the same account. Not only that, but some of your authors have ridiculed our manners and customs. We are a serious people. It riles us to make fun of us. We can't tolerate it. But what is wust of all is the language and sentiments of all English writers respecting our institution of slavery. Their impious abolitionist doctrines and disgusting negroisms, have given mortal offence to a considerable some of our population.

"It is not a fact that we are indifferent to the prospects and the danger of European Arts, Liberty, and Learning. Our marnards yearn towards our Anglo-Saxon kindred. But suppose our affection for you was ever so ardent. Suppose the Cossacks were ten thousand times more barbarous than they are, and were a-desolating of your hearths and homes with rapine, fire, and sword. Still we should be unable to break with Russia. She is very valuable. We are tied up to her by an everlasting strong knot. I mean our trade. That is our business. Your miseries would be no business of ourn. You are firing five-pounders sterling shells against Sebastopol. How could we be such goneys as to pitch dollars at Russia instead of continuing to abductionate them out of her? We couldn't afford to give her offense if we wished. So just abandon all hopes of our allowing our loafers and rowdies to list in VICTORIA's service, or loaning you a helping hand in any way against our Russian customers. We can't fix it nohow: that's a fact I tell you, which you may credit, although I am a

"Blackburn, Va., August, 1855.

"KNOW NOTHING."

MARRIAGE IN CONTINENTAL HIGH LIFE.

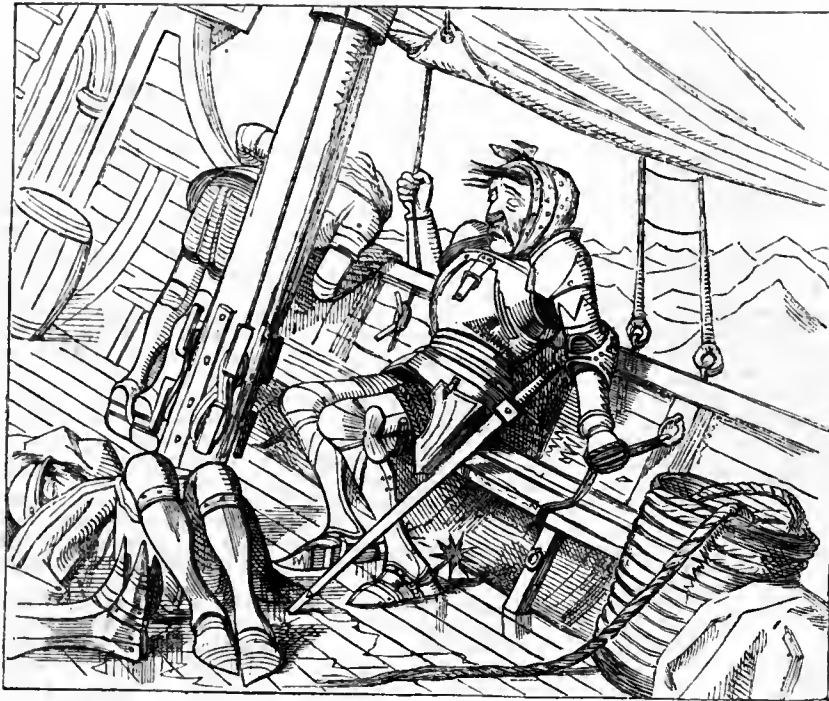
By the *Morning Post's* account—

"A letter from Warsaw states that the marriage of the GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, brother of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, to the PRINCESS OF OLDENBURG, daughter of PRINCE PETER OF OLDENBURG, has been positively determined on, and will take place very shortly."

Another apron-tic between Russia and "Fatherland." The CZAR has contracted one more matrimonial alliance with Germany. How long will Germans wait for the announcement of a political one?

A Lathering Flung Away.

JEROME CARDAN, as recorded by MR. MORLEY, was in the habit of saying, "When you mean to wash, first see that you have a towel handy." England is to blame for not having better attended to the above advice. Before attempting to give Russia a good wipe in the face, we ought to have seen that we had our Russian towelling all ready.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Richmond is on the sea."

Richard III., Act iv., Scene 4.

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE CANNON.

MR. PUNCH begs to give HER MAJESTY'S Government the following Notice of Motion:—Somebody to move for returns of the expenses incurred since the commencement of the War, in trying experiments for the purpose of applying the resources of chemical and mechanical science to the destruction of HER MAJESTY'S enemies, their fortifications and shipping. It is in no spirit of petty economy that Mr. Punch instigates somebody to move for this return. Quite on the contrary, Mr. Punch is afraid that the expenditure devoted to this most important purpose has been ridiculously small. Hardly a day passes without the *Times* containing a complaint of neglect at the hands of the Ordnance Board from some inventor of a projectile or a compound, apparently calculated to kill swarms of Russians, and blow up their nests. In particular a very awakening letter—though of course it will not rouse official sleepers—from DR. BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON appeared in that journal the other day. From that communication, it appears that a gentleman named SCOTT has, like CAPTAIN DISNEY, invented an inflammable liquid and a shell, the latter of which, charged with the former, promises, at least, to afford the most valuable assistance to our brave defenders in executing their high and humane commission to sink, burn, kill, and destroy the miscreants who have broken the sweet peace of the world, and have forced us into this horrible War. Well and truly does the Doctor say:—

"I think I have shown that the Board of Ordnance might at least have inlaid one or two experiments bearing on an inquiry so scientific, simple, and important."

In the same day's *Times* another letter appears, with the signature of BASHLEY BRITEN; the writer whereof has devised an improved sort of artillery, of which the Government has made incomplete trial with results that want nothing but confirmation to be conclusive. MR. BRITEN says:—

"The only thing I require is the authority to make a few more experiments, but, in order to be useful, they must be on a very much larger scale than hitherto, and entered into in a more free and liberal spirit, with perhaps a little more assistance from military experience, savouring less of criticism on my efforts as a civilian."

Government does not hesitate to expend immense treasures in repeating the experiment of building enormous ships, which has thoroughly failed, but it grudges the outlay of a little money on the repetition of an experiment in artillery practice, which appears to have succeeded.

Still in the same *Times*, MR. ALEXANDER PARKES complains that he cannot induce the Government to grant him a trial of "a new shell, and

A SAINT AND A PROPHET.

LORD EBRINGTON prided himself at having told LORD PANMURE, that "it would be very hot in the Crimea during the summer." But the Marylebone Prophet surely did not stop there? He also informed LORD PANMURE, that when the winter came, it would doubtless be extremely cold in the Crimea. He likewise ventured to say, that supposing it rained much, it would probably be wet under foot, and that, when there were four or five feet of snow upon the ground, there would be without doubt an end to all cricketing. It was in consequence of these statements, the force of which LORD PANMURE admitted at once, that boots, tents, stoves, and all kinds of provisions and clothing, were sent out to the Crimea. Our brave Army in the East, little knows what it owes to LORD EBRINGTON, and we did not know ourselves until his Lordship kindly told us.

TWO STUMBLING BLOCKS.

On the same day the *Marlborough* and the MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD found themselves in an awkward "fix"—the one at Portsmouth, and the other in the House of Commons. The *Marlborough* would not take the water, and the BLANDFORD would not take any beer—at least stood in the way of the public taking any beer on the Sunday. Both crafts were guilty of obstructing the public "ways." However, the *Marlborough* has since been removed, but the other stumbling-block still remains, and is as likely as ever to impede any useful measure from being launched by thrusting before it some wooden "slip" or other, that is sure to be out of order. The sooner this crazy old BLANDFORD and his numerous slips are knocked away, the better it will be for the progress of business and the smoothness of all parliamentary "ways."

a powder which is considerably more powerful than ordinary gunpowder." And then there is LORD DUNDONALD'S plan, which there is very strong reason indeed to suppose to be what he asserts it. What if the noble Lord really can, for the comparatively small charge of £240,000, annihilate the Russians like so many of those insects that infest beds! Would ministers rather crack or crush each individual of these swarming myriads at several hundred pounds a-head? Do they kill their own thus? If there is nothing in his Lordship's plan, why don't they say so? If there is anything, why not try it? If they fail—they fail, and there is a little more money lost. If they succeed there is an end of the War, and (perhaps) the Income Tax. It remains untried, and the people don't know the reason why. But Mr. Punch does. DR. RICHARDSON points out that the mere publication of the note of CAPTAIN DISNEY'S experiments, is sufficient to put every chemist in Europe up to the composition of the substance with which his projectile is charged, and to enable such a fellow as JACOBI to employ it against us. This will by-and-by be done. The reason why the Government, and especially the Board of Ordnance, is so apathetic in reference to this kind of inventions, is, that it has not yet been done—that the Russians have not hitherto succeeded in applying them to the destruction of the British fleet. Should they persevere and succeed in doing so, then, perhaps, the Committee of the Board of Ordnance will be reconstituted on the model of the Commission for exploring chemistry and mechanics in order to exterminate us, which has been established by our savage but sharp foes at St. Petersburg: unless, indeed, ministers shall have had Red Tape Street blown about their ears, the Russians having bombarded the Treasury from London Bridge.

"Descend, Ye Nine!"

FROM the opera of the *Etoile du Nord* we learn the important historic fact, that PETER THE GREAT suppressed nine letters of the Russian Alphabet. However, we are secretly informed, that these nine letters will shortly be restored, out of compliment to MR. GLADSTONE having given his name, which also consists of nine letters, to the extension of Cossack barbarism.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"I BEG of you to understand, Sir," said a philosophic beggar, "that though I am asking for a penny, I am not in the least want of it." The penny was instantly given.

## NINETEEN FORTUNES FOR THREEPENCE.



PUNCH sees that a fellow advertises that for twelve stamps he will send a circular enabling a person to earn an income in "nineteen respectable ways;" one of which is, probably, the obtaining stamps by means of such promises as the advertiser's. One of these humbugs, having secured the stamps he demands, writes to his dupes that they may earn a respectable living by buying potatoes wholesale, roasting them, and selling them about the streets by retail, and this too may be another of the nineteen ways in question. *Mr. Punch*, desirous to undersell the party, hereby offers to apprise the public of nineteen ways of earning an income, all for the price of threepence; and, in addition, presents the other invaluable contents of his current number.

1. Send round a circular, enclosing in an envelope, directed to yourself, a perforated card, for coin, and urging that the Church of St. Fungus, Diddleton Parva, (population 11,871 souls), is dreadfully in want of a new cocked-hat for the beadle.
2. Be a stockjobber.
3. Get hold of a piece of ground in a densely populated poor neighbourhood, run up a batch of undrained, unventilated, and unwholesome cottages, and let them to needy families at extortionate rents.
4. Organise a Benefit Society, be the treasurer yourself, make your brother its actuary, your brother-in-law its lawyer, hold its meetings at your uncle's public-house, puff it in your father-in-law's newspaper, and when you have got a good haul of deposits, let your cousin take you through the Insolvent Court.
5. Go into the House of Commons as an "independent" member, and transfer your allegiance in return for a good place.
6. Open a private bank, and convert your customers' money and securities to your own use—only get your passport *before* you suspend payment.
7. Set up a jeweller's shop, and "warrant" electrotype articles to be standard gold. Here you will need no passport, the little misdescription "not being held to exceed the ordinary licence of commerce."
8. Enter into business as a baker, and take care that your loaves contain the due commercial proportion of ground bones, mashed potatoes, and alum.
9. Become a patron of the manly sport of horse-racing, bet as heavily as you can, receive all that you win, and then discover that the excitement of losing compels you to seek the sea-breezes at Boulogne.
10. Another way. Enter horses for races, and study the noble art of "scratching," with due regard to your "book."
11. Buy a suit of black, get up some conventicle slang, and visit about at serious widows' houses as a "dear brother in the ministry," not over-abounding in "this world's goods," but very partial to hot buttered muffins. Best let the watches and spoons alone, perhaps.
12. Get a dabbler in mechanics to draw up pretended particulars of an impossible invention, and do you go about persuading enthusiasts with capital to advance you money to obtain a patent. This device can, of course, be repeated *ad infinitum*.
13. Make a pill, paste, or liquor, (better not let it be actively poisonous,) spend ten thousand pounds in advertising that it cures everything, and in ten years retire with a hundred thousand pounds of the money of fools who have believed you.
14. Be the trustworthy medium between the friends of persons who desire public appointments, and people who somehow know persons who know parties who know individuals who know the wives of personages who have the ear of authorities who advise head-quarters.
15. Take a contract for supplying some branch of the service with clothes and food, and mind that the clothes are rotten, and the preserved meat to match.
16. Sell a five-act Elizabethan play to a theatrical manager.
17. Go to the bar, and attack or defend at the bidding of any scoundrel who can afford to hire you.
18. Import original pictures by the great masters; but, as you will have had them manufactured in your own back premises, you will not, of course, warrant them to purchasers, but only show a faded pedigree, strongly attested, and prepared in the same locality.
19. Sell "unnecessaries of life" to foolish young men at a College,

on credit, ask sixty per cent. over the fair price, and then lend them money at a hundred per cent. to pay you not to expose them to their parents.

Now in this moral, civilised, and Christian country, none of these "nineteen means of earning an income" are unlawful, and most of them are in the highest degree "respectable," and lead their followers to honour and emolument. *Mr. Punch* submits that in suggesting them, he has honourably earned his threepence.

## GERMAN ARMOUR; OR, MAIL AND FEMALE.

THE German warrior was, of yore, array'd in fashion grim,  
A dragon on his helm he wore, an iron suit clad him;  
His bonnet now of straw should be, with ribbons for a crest;  
In silk or muslin, *cap-à-pie*, our Teuton should be drest.

For corset in a corset should his bosom now be cased,  
Thereto a satin sash were good for girdle to his waist;  
He, also, for a stout mail shirt should wear a slight chemise,  
And flowing robe with flounce and skirt much lower than the knees.

Gauntlets of iron let him leave for kid gloves, and prefer  
The silken stocking to the greave, the sandals to the spur:  
The arbalest past ages saw the stalwart German pull;  
The modern Berliner should draw the thread of Berlin wool.

For now the German's is the case of maiden or of wife,  
His post is not in honour's place, he holds aloof from strife.  
He owes protection, like a wench, unto the stronger hand,  
And leaves the English and the French to fight for Fatherland.

Break, enervated Prussian, break the needle from thy gun;  
To needlework that needle take, and let thy work be done;  
Whilst to defend thee from Cossacks the brave Allies advance,  
Hem Tricolours and Union-Jacks for England and for France.

## PLUSH UNDER SCHEDULE D.

A GENERAL meeting of the Livery of the West-end as well as the City, that is, of the metropolitan domestics in the evening of the fashionable and pecuniary classes, was held yesterday evening at JENKINS' Hotel. The meeting was convened in consequence of a letter signed "Omega," which appeared lately in the *Times*, proposing to extend the Income Tax to stewards, butlers, grooms of the chamber, cooks, upper coachmen, stud-grooms, housekeepers, and culinary persons of the female sex, receiving from £50 to £100 a-year wages, besides lodging, light, fire, and food, and to assess those gentlemen and ladies under schedule D. THE DUKE OF PIMLICO filled the chair very completely in the person of that nobleman's butler, and in spite of some difficulty of speaking attendant on a plethoric state of system, succeeded in explaining the object of the meeting, amid murmurs and cries of "shame!"

THE MARQUIS OF BAYSWATER, represented by one of his Lordship's footmen, rose to move a resolution that the proposed extension of the Income Tax to gentlemen and ladies in domestic service was an unjust, impolitic, and ridiculous suggestion. The Noble Lord said he would stand by his horder. Ignorance of taxation had been their privilege time out of mind. It was always inseparable from plush, and he oped it would never remain so. "What is taxes?" should ever be the proud question of a gentleman olding the hoffice which he had the honour to fill. He didn't know, and he didn't want to know, what they was, and should resist every attempt to give him any information on that unpleasant subject.

The resolution was seconded by SIR GEORGE TYBURN, BARONET, who derives his family name from the head of the family in which he is situated. SIR GEORGE dwelt upon the injustice of taxing a part only of the master's wealth and taxing the servants' hall.

A gentleman wearing the denomination, as well as the hoots, of MONTAGUE BRUTON, Esq., moved a resolution pledging the assembly to use its utmost endeavours to frustrate any attempt on the part of Government to render the gentlemen and ladies of ladies and gentlemen subject to Income Tax. It would be no arid matter to put a stop to any sitch scheme in case it was started. The legislature was in the ends of valley-de-shams, and if they found any such projiek was henterained they would only ave to give warnin' and stand by one another.

LORD MARYLEBONE, a nobleman by the courtesy of the cloth, seconded the resolution. His lordship observed that service was no inheritance, and the wages that ought to go into the savings' bank didn't ought to be grabbed by the Exchequer. They were found in food, lodging, &c., but what then? What became of all that, if they got out of place? While he was on that pint he would say one thing. He did think the case of the Curates would be uncommon arid if they

put the Hincome Tax on them as well as other servants, for theirs was mostly an out o' doors place; they wery seldom lived in the Rector's family, and in general ad to find themselves.

The meeting then, having given three groans for all taxes whatever, adjourned, principally to the Houses of Lords and Commons and the Opera, where they stationed themselves on the carriages of noble lords and honourable gentlemen.



### JOHN THOMAS COMPLETELY NON-PLUSHED.

Tax Collector. "JOHN THOMAS MOONCALF?"  
John Thomas. "— ESQUIRE, THAT'S ME!"  
Tax Collector. "THEN BE SO GOOD AS TO FILL UP THIS INCOME-TAX PAPER, AND RETURN IT TO ME BEFORE TWENTY DAYS!"

### SEA-SIDE INTELLIGENCE.

THE Season at Ramsgate is at its height, and the bathing is at its depth; though, if the latter were carried out to a somewhat greater depth, it would be all the better for common decency, if that can be called common which is somewhat rare on the sands at Ramsgate. The Library is in full play, and the "favourite tenor from London" is in full sing, warbling *Ben Bolt* to the captivated ears of middle-aged young ladies in beehive hats, and other adjuncts to a sort of second-childhood juvenility.

The Sea-side commerce is limited to a few trays of shell-pincushions, a small bundle of white boas, with a somewhat doubtful lot of Chelsea buns, and a parcel of brandy-balls. An attempt has been made to introduce a new article of trade, by a melancholy individual, who has been walking all over the town, and all along the shore, with a tremendous pair of polished horns, which he offers to everybody, but for which nobody makes a bidding. It seems to strike the public that the proprietor of the horns looks as if he really did not know what to do with them, where to put them, or how to carry them, and no one seems disposed to place himself in the same dilemma. The man with the horns is, in fact, becoming rather an object of sympathy, for it is the general belief that, if he should become worn out with his eccentric burden, and were to offer to give the horns away, nobody would be willing to relieve him of the very conspicuous article by which he is constantly accompanied.

### PENAL MASQUERADE.

If anybody wants to make a fool of himself, one very good way is to put on a mask and an absurd dress, and go and dance therein at Drury Lane or Vauxhall. It is nevertheless possible to make a more foolish use of a mask and a costume than this, by which amusement is sought, and, by persons of weak intellect and depraved taste, obtained. It is possible to dress other people in a ridiculous manner, and to mask them, with a view to—their moral reformation. This is what is done by the authorities who direct the arrangements of the model prison at Winchester. The convicts detained in that gaol, besides being clad in prison dresses, have masks affixed to their faces in going and coming to and from their respective cells. However, causing the rogues to wear a mask is consistent enough with the Ticket of Leave system, which makes them hypocrites.

### THE THAMES AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

To look at the many floating masses that make of the Thames a perfect sink of corruption, one would imagine that in London it never rained anything but literally "cats and dogs," and that they all found their way down to the river.

### A SCRAP OF COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

MR. NAPIER is reported to have made a rather wise speech on the motion for going into Committee on the Sale of Beer Bill. According to the *Times*—

"MR. NAPIER was of opinion that the subject of the bill was not one in which the House should lightly interfere; but at the same time he thought it would not be worthy of the House to repeal in one session an act passed in the preceding session."

By parity of reasoning, if MR. NAPIER, were such a thing possible, made a foolish speech at one moment, it would be unworthy of him to retract it the next moment. Perhaps the reporter, by mistake, has substituted "worthy" for "characteristic." As MR. NAPIER's remark stands, brevity may be pronounced to be its sole advantage, and it lacks that additional merit of sweetness which is necessary to render it, by the popular similitude, equivalent in quality to a donkey's gallop.

### The Banker's Chapel.

SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL's Chapel, Chelsea, is to be sold by auction in the course of this month. There are many reports as to the probable purchasers. The Corporation of London—it is said—be among the bidders; with the intention of converting the edifice into a Chapel of Ease to Newgate. By the way, a strange, foreshadowing circumstance attended the last visit of SIR J. D. PAUL to his own chapel. The text preached upon was this—"NOW BARABBAS WAS A robber!"

### A TOWN OF TREES.

We learn from the *Morning Post* that—

"The trees in the Champs Elysees have just had numbers attached to them, similar to those of the houses of the streets."

On what principle the numeration of the trees in the Elysian Fields of Paris has been decreed, our unsatisfactory contemporary omits to inform us. We could understand why it might, perhaps, be desirable to number the trees in the Jardin des Plantes. Perhaps each tree may be destined to afford a *locus standi* to some Parisian analogue of apple and oyster stalls, lemonade, and ginger beer, and toy ditto, and tatars all hot:—a splendid little establishment to be regularly numbered, like a shop. In any abstract numeration of trees, we, for our own part, can get no farther than No. 1, which is the British Oak.

### LINES ON THE LAUNCH OF THE MARLBOROUGH.

THE QUEEN the signal gave; they launch'd the ship,  
Which slid a little: then refused to slip.

### Police!

THERE seems no great reason to apprehend the introduction into England of Yankee Tee-total legislation—the struggle should be to resist the adoption of a much more unconstitutional affair—the Mayne Licking Law.





**PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.**

"Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your CHOLER question"—  
*Henry VIII., Act i., Scene 1.*

**A BIBLIOMANIAC.**

SOMEBODY advertises a complete set of the *London Gazette*, from 1810 to 1854, which is offered to the attention of the literary world and book-collectors in general. We dare say a purchaser will be found, inasmuch as there is scarcely anything that one person wishes to sell which some other person is not prepared to buy, at some price or other. We confess the collection does not offer much temptation to us, though the work may suit the tastes of many. Some would like to have it, from an ill-natured desire to peruse the bankruptcies of the last forty years, as there are some to whom the intelligence of the misfortunes of others is always agreeable. Others there are who would find a less censurable satisfaction in reading the lists of promotions, and becoming acquainted by name, with all the peers, baronets, and knights that have been created since the year at which the collection commences. We hope the purchaser of the work will favour us with his name and address, for we should like to include him in the index of a small book we possess containing the lives of remarkable characters. We hope the buyer, whoever he may be, will find that the book, in the language of the reviewers or puffs, "will repay perusal."

**The Shell King.**

EVERYBODY knows that FERDINAND, King of Naples, is also called BOMBA. FERDINAND is not, however, so much a monarch of bomb-shells as he is of egg-shells, or, at least, of eggs; for his subjects are in course of being beaten up on all sides by a regular Commission which his Majesty has established for administering the bastinado. These unfortunate eggs must feel their yolk intolerable.

**PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

*August 6, Monday.* BARON REDESDALE, VISCOUNT CASINO, whose residence is Moreton-in-the-Marsh, and whose motto is Stick-in-the-Mud, tried to prevent the introduction of the Amended Beer Bill, on the ground that there was "no urgency" in the matter. His Lordship's appearance is so exactly that of a pious butler, that nobody was astonished at his dignified contempt for the "poor creature, small beer;" but other Lords thought that the demands of the people were always matter of urgency, and the bill was read a second time by 25 to 16, and has since been passed.

In the Commons, the Criminal Justice Bill, a measure intended to save accused parties from a long and demoralising imprisonment, was, of course, opposed by a lawyer, CHAMBERS, but read a third time; and the Charitable Trusts Bill, which is designed to keep charities out of Chancery, was also opposed, chiefly by lawyers, and had to be greatly mutilated in order to save any part of it. The Commons have passed what remains.

*Tuesday.* In the Lords, LORD CASINO, of Stick-in-the-Mud, above mentioned, actually came out again as an obstruction, and tried to prevent the introduction of the Limited Liabilities Bill, but was beaten by 38 to 14. On Thursday, LORD CAMPBELL tried to render the measure as useless as possible, by endeavouring to exclude "small companies" from its provisions, but this ridiculous attempt was successfully resisted.

The Lords passed the Turkish Loan Bill, LORD ST. LEONARDS having opposed it on the previous night, and that unfortunate word "solidairement" having again come under discussion. The LORD CHANCELLOR thus admits, that, according to our usual way of managing matters, England has got herself bound "jointly and severally," while France is bound "jointly" only; but CRANWORTH adds that "it's of no consequence." May be so, but we don't want a Toors for Chancellor, nor slovenly bunglers for treaty-makers.

In the Commons LORD JOHN RUSSELL took the opportunity of trying to put himself in a better position with the country, but had better have held his tongue. He talked about the expensive character of the War, about nothing having been done in the Baltic, and about dangers to the common cause in Asia, and about the propriety of accepting the last Austrian proposal. He complimented the Turkish plenipotentiary to Vienna as one of the "best informed men in Europe;" but, as Mr. Punch had the pleasure a short time ago, of

recording the interview between the Turk and the Whig, the nation will understand what LORD JOHN'S opinion on the subject is worth. Then he made a pathetic and sentimental harangue about the way in which civil and religious liberty is outraged in Italy, and much of what he said was very true; and, as the speech was merely an advertisement, in case the nation should happen to want a Liberal statesman of philanthropic tendencies, LORD JOHN will be good enough to send eighteen and sixpence to our Office in return for our thus copying it. LORD PALMERSTON laid it rather well into MR. GLADSTONE for his previous peace-mongering, after having helped to get us into war; and he summarily disposed of LORD JOHN'S twaddle by announcing that he should prosecute the War with the utmost vigour, and that the opinion of the Turks was of no consequence, as it was for France and England to say when enough had been done. He admitted the truth of the Italian picture, and on Friday night, when that well-meaning but weak-minded Roman Catholic, MR. BOWYER, essayed a defence of the Ecclesiastical Governments of Italy, PALMERSTON told him that the best thing he could do for his clients, was to hold his tongue. As regarded Austria, the PREMIER declared, rather significantly, that she might not fight for us; but he would guarantee her not fighting against us. By a curious coincidence, KOSSUTH happened at this very moment to be drinking the health of MAZZINI.

MR. VERNON SMITH, the King of India, brought forward his Budget in the Commons, and showed (rather reluctantly) that the East India Company has, for a set of City merchants, singularly mismanaged the splendid country entrusted to them. They are in debt to the amount of £2,000,000; a sham surplus has been previously exhibited, as a commercial dodge; their accounts are confused and mystifying; and there is no longer any hesitation in admitting that torture is employed in police and revenue cases. The decisions of their local courts were stated to be a mass of contradiction and folly; and, altogether, the affairs of India present the strongest conceivable case for administrative reform.

*Wednesday.* The Commons were engaged in working up the fag-ends of measures, and generally clearing away for the recess.

*Thursday.* Rather a day to be noted. There was a bill called the Leases of Settled Estates Bill, which some persons thought would enable SIR THOMAS WILSON to steal Hampstead Heath. The promoters of the bill said that this was not so, but there must have been some grounds for the suspicion, or the law officers of the Crown would not have introduced into the measure a new clause expressly pointed at TOMMY,

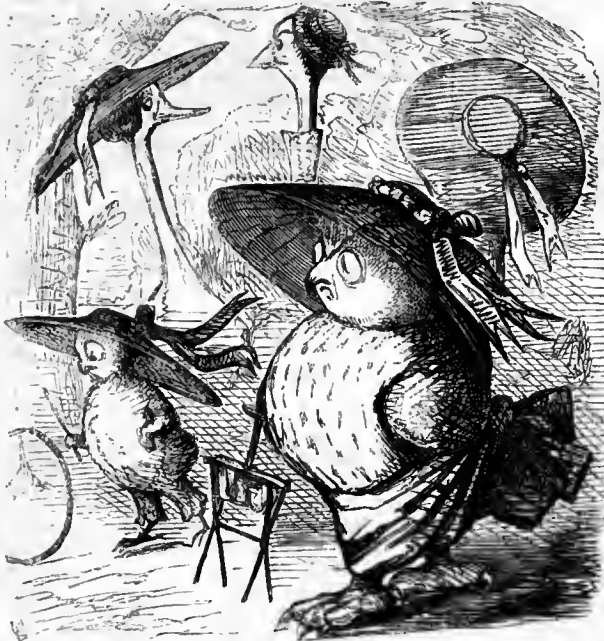
whose enclosing movements people have learned to regard with a remarkably vigilant eye. After much discussion on the subject, the Leases Bill was thrown over altogether in the Commons; so, whatever TOMMY'S powers may be, they have not been increased by anything done in Parliament this year. To *Mr. Punch's* solemn warnings, given some weeks ago, this lucky escape is due. He merely mentions it—not for applause—being in the habit of saving the country only about once a-week, while the *Tizer*, according to its own statements and those of its correspondents, saves the nation at least four times a-week, besides keeping its eye on the beer-barrel.

LORD PALMERSTON being asked, whether JOSEPH HUME was to have a statue, replied that he himself had made a speech in HUME'S honour, which PAM evidently considered quite as distinguished a tribute.

Friday. The LORD CHANCELLOR said he would bring in the TOMMY WILSON bill the very first thing next year, and the law Lords were pathetic about the rights of Lords of Manors. This shows what was in the wind.

The Commons did what they could, and having got through their own business, had to sit waiting for Bills from the Lords. *Mr. Punch*, happening to look in about half-past eight, told them they need not stay any longer, as it was a hot night; but they could come on the next day, Saturday, and finish off as much of their work as possible, which they did.

### THE WORKING MAN'S GUIDE TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THE British Museum is open on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays gratuitously; however, you will practically be unable to avail yourself of its advantages without money. Its doors may be open to you three times a-week, but they cannot admit you more than twice in twelve months. Except on Easter Monday and Whit Monday, you are hard at work on every working day throughout the year; tinkering, tailoring, shoemaking, hammering, sawing, planing, chiselling, centre-bit-driving, rasping, filing, bricklaying, painting, plumbing-and-glazing, and so on, as the case may be. Therefore, if you want to see the British Museum you must, as *Iago* tells *Roderigo*, put money in your purse. For, although you may see it at Easter and Whitsuntide, you will see only it. You will see

it, and nothing but it; deuce a bit of anything it contains. You will be surrounded by a dense crowd of people, who will make the place too hot to hold you in any comfort. Besides being squeezed and jostled, you will be stewed in a close reeking atmosphere. That atmosphere will contain a large quantity of carbonic acid gas and steam, which the multitude of men, women, and children that you are jammed in have breathed out of their lungs. The carbonic acid gas will stupefy you, and render you incapable of attending to the objects of art and natural history by which you are surrounded, even if now and then you succeed in forcing your way through the crowd so as to catch a glimpse of them.

It is not the circumstance of the people around you being working people that will make the place close and unpleasant. When the aristocracy are crammed together the nuisance is just as bad; and perhaps the worse for patchouli, and other things of the civet kind. The skin does not exhale any products the less for being washed with ROWLAND'S Kalydor, and if a dense mass of nobility were to keep breathing the same air, they would make themselves as mutually disagreeable, quite, as a body of the labouring classes similarly situated. This actually happens when they go to Court at St. James's Palace, where they are penned up together in a passage, and half stifle one another. Nobody can make any intellectual exertion when he is half-stifled. You, in that condition, will be unable to tell a lion from a leopard, or to distinguish the bones of an Ichthyosaurus from the skeleton of a Mammoth. What delight, or instruction either, will you derive from the Greek and Roman sculptures, and the Egyptian and Assyrian remains, you being in a state of semi-suffocation?

As aforesaid, then, put money in your purse. If you want to see the British Museum, make money. Put by your wages. Under the system of limited liability, perhaps you will be able to invest them so advantageously as to realise, in some years' time, an income sufficient for you to live upon without working. Then, it will be in your power to see the British Museum. You must not expect to see it before then. You might, to be sure, see it on Sundays, if you had a different sort of superior classes to legislate for you. You might inspect the leopards and the lions, the Ichthyosauri and the Mammoths, the Elgin marbles, the Egyptian antiquities, MR. LAYARD'S bulls, and all the other wonderful works of art and nature contained in the Museum, if the inspection of such objects on a Sunday were not a heinous sin, and if you were not blessed with pious and holy betters, who prevent you from committing that sin; a sin first

discovered by the Puritans of CROMWELL'S time, whose doctrine on this point we follow!

How much happier you are than the French! They have no kind Peers and Members of the House of Commons to restrain them from committing spiritual suicide by walking over the Louvre on a Sunday. On the contrary, their Government is so regardless of their true welfare, so indifferent to their highest interests, as to give them, by an act of despotic power, admittance to the Paris Industrial Exhibition on that holy day which your more benevolent and enlightened rulers, by constitutional means, endeavour to oblige you to devote to the serious contemplation of brick walls. How tender your superiors are for your souls! They really seem to love them more than their own. Witness the carriages to be seen on Sundays at the gate of the Zoological Gardens, and at the Star and Garter at Richmond. It is their determination that the working man shall never see the British Museum but on a working day. Of course that determination must be submitted to. Therefore, again, put money in your purse, in order that you may see the British Museum before you die on a working day, or you will never see it.

### A THAMES' DITTY.

COME where your nose will quiver,  
Down by the dirty river.  
Bring not alone some *Eau de Cologne*,  
But all the accents you own.  
Perfume of sweetest roses  
We need for our outraged noses,  
When its odour the Thames discloses—  
Such smells were never known.

Come just above the Tower,  
Sit there for half-an-hour;  
Bring not alone your *Eau de Cologne*,  
But all the scents you own.  
Sniff when the tide is flowing,  
Sniff when the wind is blowing,  
Sniff where the sewers are going  
To add to Thames' filth their own.  
Come, &c. &c.

### THE PROGRESS OF CANT.

APPEALS in favour of all sorts of charitable institutions with pious pretensions are flying about the country by post, and in most of them may be noticed the following words:—"Owing to the failure of MESSRS. STRAHAN, PAUL, AND CO., we suffer loss."

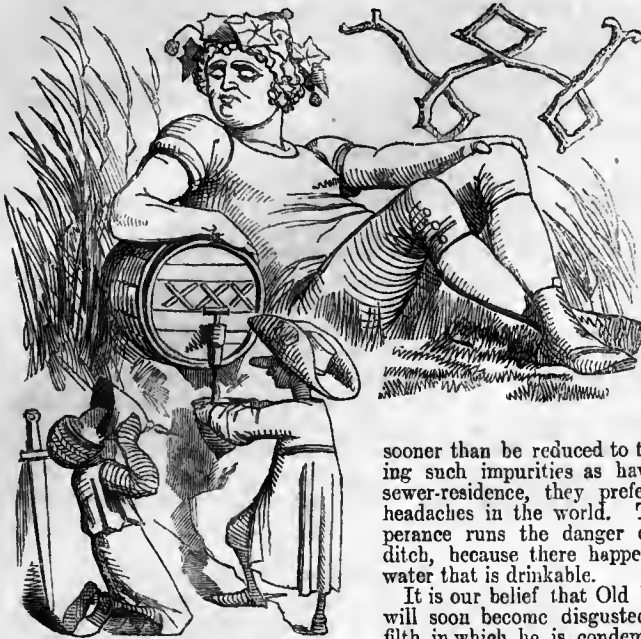
"Birds of a feather flock together;"

and we cannot help feeling that in many instances Cant has been attracted by Cant, for several prospectuses we have seen are as thoroughly crammed with the verbiage of piety as the mouths of the peccant bankers were stuffed with the sort of phraseology that is usually but improperly supposed to denote religion. We seriously recommend to all really charitable institutions to abandon as soon as possible the practice of filling their circulars with bits from the Bible; for the public have been so nauseated by the pious frauds and religious humbugs which have recently been brought to light, that nineteen persons out of twenty consign at once to the waste-paper basket all documents in which texts are aprinkled about with most obtrusive irreverence.

### Curious Phenomenon of Colours.

ACCORDING to the evidence adduced before the Adulteration Committee, it appears that pickles are coloured by copperas; the result being, that the more the pickles are done green, the more the purchasers thereof are done brown.

A DISGRACEFUL ABETTOR OF INTEMPERANCE.



We hear such has been the terrifying effect produced by the horrors of the Thames' Water, as exhibited at the Polytechnic, that several confirmed Teetotalers have given up the practice of water-drinking, and since taken, as a sanitary precaution, to the imbibing only of wine and ardent spirits. They defend themselves by saying, that if they are to be poisoned, they prefer the pleasanter poison of the two; and that, sooner than be reduced to the necessity of swallowing such impurities as have made the river their sewer-residence, they prefer the risk of all the headaches in the world. Thus the cause of Temperance runs the danger of being drowned in a ditch, because there happens to be a scarcity of water that is drinkable.

It is our belief that Old Father Thames himself will soon become disgusted with the abominable filth in which he is condemned to wallow, just as if it were a sitz-bath of mud prescribed for his

health by some hydropathic doctor; and the chances are that the poor old gentleman will in time be compelled, in mere self-defence, to take to drinking. His urn, from which a limpid stream used once to flow, will be turned probably into a monster dram-bottle, or else you will see him lying stupefied on one of his own banks with a barrel of XXX tucked under his arm, and the beer frothing freely from it. We should not be surprised to see a new spirituous compound advertised in his honour, under the name of "OLD FATHER THAMES," just as we have at present our "Old Tom," and which will be sold at all chemists, as the very best remedy for correcting the effects of the present abominable Thames' Water.

TUMBLE DOWN OF DOWNING STREET.

THIS locality has lately shown a disposition to sympathise with the system, and it has been expected that official routine and Downing Street will go tumbling to the ground together. It is not strange that where the wildest confusion has prevailed the tenements in which it exists should have gone crazy. We quite coincide in the opinion of the proper authorities, that it is useless to attempt to patch up Downing Street any longer, and that a thorough reconstruction is the only remedy for the evils complained of. It is true that the French alliance has supplied a sort of cement for official use, but not even the plaster of Paris can any longer be available to keep the old system together. The quarters assigned to the ministers have been in such a dilapidated condition that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs was obliged to have his dinner dressed out of doors, and in LORD ABERDEEN'S time the PREMIER is said to have been indebted for the cooking of his goose to some of his colleagues. The Government offices have undergone a thorough taking down during the last session, and it is fortunate that they have done so, as if they had been permitted to stand in their old tottery condition till they fell, the effect would have been truly calamitous.

Psalmody in A Minor.

THERE is a class of people commonly called psalm-singers, not because they are accustomed to sing the compositions of the Hebrew Monarch in a decent manner, but by reason of being addicted to the droning of a melancholy sort of devotional doggerel through the nose. It is said that the relaxation of the Sunday Beer Bill has caused these psalm-singers to sing very small.

MONSTERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

Now that the Sea Serpent has gone down—by the way, it is very doubtful whether it ever came up,—an attempt is being made to introduce a rival in the shape of a Sea Devil to the gobemouche part of the community. This very odd fish is described in terms that completely take the wind out of the sails of everyone who would run it down as "very like a whale;" and, indeed, the account is almost sufficient to stop the voice of the caviller, by knocking all the breath—figuratively of course—clean out of his body. The Sea Devil is said to have a mouth two-and-twenty feet in extent, which may be supposed to leave a very wide opening for conjecture, on the part of those who are distinguished for their capacity to swallow anything or everything that is submitted to their notice by the medium of what are called "crammers." A mouth of such dimensions must form a very important feature, and, indeed, a solitary feature, for there can be little room for any other, as neither nose nor eyes can be said to "have it" in the neighbourhood of a mouth so extensive, that it can gulp down a human being entire without the slightest necessity for any division.

The report adds, that the Sea Devil can "swallow a man with ease," but we should very much doubt the "ease" of the operation, if the feelings of the victim are to be considered. If the Sea Devil really exists as described, we would give the creature credit, not only for swallowing a single individual at a mouthful, but we should not be surprised to hear, that he had gobbled up BARCLAY, PERKINS, MEUX, COMBE, DELAFIELD, and their respective Co's.—Entire. We congratulate the intelligent penny-a-liner, who has made a discovery which will replace the enormous cabbage, and other vegetable curiosities upon which the paragraph-mongers have lived so long that the cabbage and the pen may be said to have been equally worn to the stump in the process of reiterated description. The Sea Devil is, for the moment, something new, and as the head is said to form a crescent, we may expect to find, as the subject of future paragraphs, an accurate account of the houses built on the crescent, and the people by whom they are inhabited.

NOTICE OF MOTION.—Early next session, MR. SCHOLEFIELD to move for a Committee to inquire into the adulteration of materials that deteriorate Members of Parliament.

HOW "PUNCH" IS TREATED IN RUSSIA.

JAMES CARR, an English workman, has written a brief but very intelligent account of his sojourn in the interior of Russia. English newspapers are circulated with blank columns; "and so expert are they," says our workman, "that they, (i. e., the Russians,) can completely erase the print on one side without injury to the other." The writer supposes that this must be done with sand-paper, or something similar! Happy JOHN BRIGHT, he is so very clearly Russian that no particle of sand is applied to him. It is other wise with poor Punch; for, says our travelled English workman:—

I have seen Punch so much disfigured, that the owner has not had as much reading left as the breadth of his hand for his money.

That the Russians can so cleverly deal with facts that they can erase "all one side of them" to their own advantage, has been again and again shown; and never more clearly than in the Muscovite version of the Hango Massacre. For Mr. Punch's own part, he cares little for the application of the process of erasure; for he has this best and sweetest consolation, that no matter how much Russian sand-paper may be bestowed upon him, no quantity soever of such scouring can ever make him—BRIGHT!

Red Coats in Court.

Inter arma silent leges. Not so, says LORD CAMPBELL. He likes to see red coats in a court of justice; "his nerves are strong enough to bear the sight of them, and he hopes he shall not discharge his duty with less comfort because of their presence." There is an old circuit toast, "the glorious uncertainty of the law." Now red coats in court will give a deeper significance to this toast; for contrasting with the black of the bar, they may further illustrate the uncertainty of rouge-et-noir.

SCENES IN THE FESTIVE CIRCLE!—SIGNOR INSOMNIUS (the well-known Tumbler), gives notice that he has again joined the Festive Circle, in which he has so often figured, and is happy to state that, during the Crab and Lobster Season, he will as usual go through his daring Evolutions on the celebrated WILD STEED OF THE PAMPERE, known all over the world as the Furious Nightmare.—N.B. For terms, inquire at all Snapper-Houses.

### THE HEAD AT THE BANQUET.

SCENE.—*The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner at Greenwich. The Company very merry: Mr. Punch rises through the Epergne, and bespeaks the guests.*

HERE'S crispness to your Whitebait and savour to your Punch!  
You know me by my bright pate, small legs, and double hunch.  
You're familiar with *Macbeth's* head, that foretells the Thane's bad end,  
And the Egyptian death's-head—that grim good-natured friend,  
To diners in their glory, at Thebes and Memphis old,  
Which as *memento mori*, unpleasant truths out-told.

So *Punch*, your weekly Mentor the dreary session through,  
From this jovial circle's centre has a few last words for you.

For jaunty PAM, and warlike PAN, for LANSDOWNE wise and old:  
For you, my gallant youngsters, ARGYLE and GRANVILLE bold—  
GREY, CLARENDON, and LEWIS—MOLESWORTH in place at last:  
For you, men of the future—for you, men of the past.

For the last time the Lords' Order has to the wall been thrust,  
To the wrath of my LORD REDESDALE and my LORD GREY's disgust.

From the pocket of JOHN BULL—that milch-cow that ne'er goes dry,—  
You have wrung, with dexterous squeeze, some more runnings of supply.

The last Bill has been rattled through at twenty knots an hour,  
Knots—each of which ere Easter had cost weeks of talking power.

With their *maximum* of committees and their *minimum* of debate,  
The concluding month of work crowns the previous five of prate.

Now M.P.'s about their business of pleasure have been sent;  
*Parler* and *mentir* join no more to make up Parliament.

The time of words is at an end, the time of deeds begun:  
There is a pause from making laws to getting work well done.

Let me warn you of last winter, of the fate of ABERDEEN;  
Be blind like him, your lot will be what his sad lot has been.

Think that England has borne once what she will not bear again,  
Her gallant soldiers perishing, in hunger, cold, and pain.

While ministers were resting or running to and fro,  
To bath and moor and lecture-room—that host, like snow in snow,  
Melted from off the hill-sides, and England stood aghast,  
Helpless to meet the cry for help that came on every blast,  
Yet willing, as she was, and is, and will be to the last.

That cry, this winter, will raise more than motions in the House:  
The mountain may breed earthquakes, when you look but for a mouse.

Look to it, merry ministers, a distant thunder rolls,  
Where bolts may not be conjured by points or protocols.

The devil is abroad—to work out the devil's plan;  
Though in your eyes he wear the guise of a perfect gentleman.

He must be chain'd, and fetter'd fast within his northern den—  
This is no play for lordlings, but it is work for men.

The right hands must be found for this, though horny hands they be—  
The right words must be used for this, though they lack courtesie.

The country's heart is great, the country's eye is wide—  
Obey you what that heart suggests, go where that eye doth guide.

The wind is sow'd—you deem'd it but a petty eddy's sweep:  
Look out such gear as they must use who the whirlwind have to reap.

Rise to the pressure of your needs—the measure of your cause:  
Be what those should be who assert great God's eternal laws.

If in those laws' assertion Europe turn to one vast pyre,  
Let the flame rage:—the God that lights, doth he not guide the fire?

### The Russian Orator.

THE *Invalide Russe* and the *Journal de St. Pétersburg* have gained a great accession of literary talent in the articles of a new contributor. That individual is the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, late CHANCELLOR OF HER MAJESTY'S EXCHEQUER, whose speeches in Parliament in behalf of the Russian cause will be published in those journals, and will powerfully tend to animate the subjects of the CZAR against the Allies. We are not prepared to state, what the Right Hon. Gentleman will get by his contributions to the Russian papers; but we trust that the University of Oxford will give him the sack.



Dirty Little Boys. "CHUCK US DOWN A COPPER OR A BIT O' CABINET PUDDING, MY NOBLE SWELLS."



THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER.—IN VINO VERITAS.

*Pam* (to *L-rd Panm-re*). "I SHAY, OLE FELLAH!—WHAT A JOLLY LOT OF HUMBUGS WE ARE!"



CHURCHYARD CLAY.



It is not enough that Churchman and Dissenter, lying in the churchyard, should have become so much clay—they must have a barrier of clay between them. Bishops do fight for bricks! Hence, LORD EBRINGTON, who just now seems to have quite a rash of liberality broken out upon him, proposed a clause in the Burials' Bill, "providing that it should not be necessary for the burial-ground of any parish to do more than prove that a regular line of demarcation had been made between the parts intended for the interment of members of the Church of England and others." Bishops, it seemed, require walls to separate the dead of the Established Church from the Dissenting deceased.

There is great conservative power in burnt bricks: and the established and dissenting dead will sleep the more soundly until the last day, if kept in peace and quietness by the handwork of the bricklayer! LORD EBRINGTON, however, lost his motion; and the Bishops take their triumphant stand upon a brick wall. The question, nevertheless, remains unsettled, as to the depth of the foundation of the wall. If it be not sufficiently deep to separate the sleepers, some of them sleeping six, eight, nay ten feet deep in the earth—it can have no conservative effect; the dead, according to the Christian meaning of the act, must be kept "them-

selves to themselves," by a deep foundation of brick, or the wall is a delusion; a mere flam of burnt clay, in no manner carrying out the purposes of Christianity.

MR. W. J. FOX spoke against any wall soever: a wall would be "unseemly in the extreme!" But this it is to be a liberal! When how much real piety would not only have a wall between the established dead and the dead dissenting, but a wall surmounted by a stout, strong *chevaux-de-frise*?

SIR GEORGE GREY gave assuring comfort to certain members, pained by certain doubts. There was no fear that the dead would be otherwise than piously interred. For "if clergymen buried the dead in unconsecrated ground, they violated the feelings of the members of the Church of England, and"—and this is a penalty—"and deprived themselves of their fees;" a deprivation hardly to be thought of. That earth is only consecrated that yields money; it is no Christian burial-ground, unless it also partakes of the qualities of gold and silver mines.

Now, if there must be lines of demarcation, why not mark them in lines of flowers? Why not let the final bed of the Churchman and the bed of the Dissenters be separated by a bed of heartsease; a line of forget-me-nots; a strip of amaranth? And here and there the herb of grace?

But no, as the bill has passed, the Bishops may insist upon a wall—so much toleration in burnt clay. The Germans have a good name for a churchyard; *Gottesacker*—God's field! A field that, according to the episcopal opinion, must bear a standing crop of bricks.

The Hyde Park Report.

MR. SUPERINTENDENT HUGHES has obtained "a long day:" the report of the evidence on LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR'S riots will not be ready, it is said before October. In the meantime, should the Kafirs revolt, it is suggested that MR. HUGHES should be sent out with his staff to put them down.

THE LAUREATE'S VIEW OF WAR.

TENNYSON, you are an eminent bard; there is none of more note; You have sung some capital staves; for example, your Bugle Song, Out of numerous noble lines which I wish I had room to quote. But I think that some of your views pronounced in *Maud* are wrong.

I shouldn't object to War for "shaking a hundred thrones," Provided it left that one at Buckingham Palace firm. But I hate and detest it, because of its breaking brave men's bones, And rendering many true hearts of heroes a meal for the worm.

I cannot agree with you, that War is better than Peace, Because in Peace time men lie, and rob, and cozen and cheat. They will bam and bite the more as the Tax-man shears their fleece; For nothing makes people thieve like the want of enough to eat.

Your "smoothfaced snubnosed rogue" has a large per-centage to pay On the gains of his fraudulent trade; that's the worst of the War to him. Were a shell to burst in his shop, do you think he would not run away As fast as he possibly could, out of danger of life and limb?

But suppose such a snob could be, by the pressure of War's distress, Compell'd, or induced, to choose in a somewhat minor degree, And suppose he turn'd out with a stick if the Russians were off Sheerness, Would that be worth the blood that we shed by land and sea?

Imagine your stomach pierced with the lance or bayonet's point; Just fancy your own inside with the bombshell's fragments torn, Or a Minié bullet lodged in the middle of your knee-joint, And a wooden leg, if you live, for the rest of your life to be worn.

Beyond some, albeit, of course, how many years no one knows, The War cannot last; what then? When the hurlyburly's o'er Will the knaves not continue to swindle, do you suppose, And adulterate food and physic as much as they did before?

Better torment and death in the glorious field to brave, Than to run the risk of both, submitting to certain shame, Better the sabre-gash than the stripe that scores the slave. That is all I can find to say for carnage, rapine, and flame.

A nation that suffers war might suffer a great deal worse, It is worse to crouch, and crawl, and be tongue-tied, than to fight. A choice of the smaller evil, to either side a curse, War is murder upon the wrong, execution upon the right.

I do not compare the British Grenadier to a sordid wretch For a suit of clothes and a guinea who chokes out another's breath; I esteem that gallant hero as a quite sublime JACK KETCH, Who risks his own precious life in putting villains to death.

But I grudge that brave man's blood; I think it a grievous thing That in sweeping off vile Cossacks a drop of it should be lost; I wish they could be destroy'd, as the felons at Newgate swing, Machinery and rope comprehending all the cost.

But the miscreants are too strong, and battle alone remains, The means of ridding the world of the CZAR'S enormous gang, And we are obliged to open our purses and our veins, To put the criminals down, whom we cannot contrive to hang.

I abhor this War as much as I should a plague or a blight, I wish the loss of life and enormous expense might cease, But the more with dogged rage for that very cause would fight In hatred of horrible War, and the hope to conquer Peace.

A Bone to Pick with Lord John.

THERE appeared the other day in one of the papers a letter headed with the words "LORD JOHN'S last stake." We do not think the public care any more about LORD JOHN'S last stake, than they do about his Lordship's last chop, which indeed can scarcely be called his last, for he is just as likely as the wind itself to chop again, if an opportunity offers. We cannot speculate as to the last chop of LORD JOHN, but that he is by no means first chop has for some time been glaringly evident.

THE LORD MATON'S COACH.

WE hear that this vehicle has been valued by the City appraiser, previously to its being offered for sale. We are not at liberty to state the amount of the valuation, but may be allowed to repeat the report, that the fleas—descended from WHITTINGTON'S cat—will be found to be worth half the money.



"You'm no call to laugh, young man. My complexion's as much a object to me as the first Lady of the Land's is hern."

### RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

*How RABELAIS went back to the Palace of Sound, and how the people therein did hold April Fools' day every day in the Season, likewise of the gigantic Roe that butted everybody.*

OUR ship, such as it was, progressed gallantly through the dead cats and dogs, the sewers, the gas and tan, the suicides, old kettles, lamp-leavings, bottles, tripe-cuttings, decomposed fish, condemned meat, and the like delicacies, whereof this wondrous river doth consist, back again to the great Palace of Sound. In the which palace people did seem to me to grow more insane than ever; and, sooth to confess, had I one hundred mouths, two tongues to each, a voice of iron, a heart of steel, lungs of leather, and the heads of all the asses that go to a cabinet, yet I never could give you even a fifth part of the nonsense I witnessed in the great Palace of Sound.

For, no sooner had the great and famous Cat NIMRODUS, sat down, than another frightful but brave beast got up. And this was the gallant Roe, who with his horns did buck, and poke, and butt, and gore the same animals which the great Cat had just scratched so handsomely. And he did say, that all the asses ought to be turned out, as unworthy to consort with the nobler beasts, and that the first thing was to find out who the asses were.

But as he that doeth wrong careth little for publicity thereupon, as he that knoweth himself an ass writeth not down his title, so did our worthy Long-Ears stick to their thistles, and prefer their own stable to the public air. But they did bray in vain, for that the Roe, albeit he was but weak in frame, did so lay about him, that they did jump about from one thing to another, braying, lying, trifling, fiddling, playing at a game called amendments, moving for nothing and getting the supplies, losing their temper, sucking oranges, biting their lips or their fingers, playing at pitch and toss with soldiers, defending those who had nothing to say for themselves, turning asses into horses, making moons out of green Stiltons, fancying people believed in them; and so did they divert themselves and the nation with all manner of *Jacks* in the *Green*, sham fights over which the great Bottleholder did preside (and which were always sold or crossed), jumping into *sacks* (for that many were forced to go out), duck and drake with the people's money, shooting the long bow about public services, making dirt pies out of other people's honesty—all the which some did assure me, was because in the great Palace of Sound, the First of April did last all the season round, for the which reason they did seek to provide amusement for themselves and the people—especially as they were right well paid for their performance.

And there was a something or other named Whom-to-Hang, the which did indite, write, and scribble certain rubbish to show that the

herd of asses and merry jesters were perfectly right, sound of wind and intellect, and that a *de lunatico* was not required. And the Great Bridlegoose did very aptly and fitly condemn the same Whom-to-Hang, for that he was a greater ass than his brethren he sought to defend—for that, being nobody, he had no feelings for men; for that, being an anonymous scribbler, he had blurred, dirtied, spoilt, and wasted good wholesome paper, which might have been better used than in spelling out the ungrammatical and illogical brayings of an ass.

And so the row went on, and the asses brayed, and the geese stood on one leg, some with garters curiously devised, and everybody defended everybody. But it was of no use, for the great Roe did so buck and butt that the great *Bull* came to his help; and these same will, it is devoutly in all honour to be prayed, prove that,—when heaven rains larks, cathedral commissions are not fed on extra bishoprics, income taxes are repealed, and the great flunkey JAMES speaks the truth or the GADSTONE a word of sense, or when any other impossibility comes to pass—the great and dangerous Roe will buck to some purpose, and the asses will be ashamed of their own ears, and put up with a "people's allowance" of their own thistles.

### ROMAN DUCKS AND GESE.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* says:—

"I observe the Papal journals of Italy are continually spreading false reports about the Sardinian forces in the Crimea. Sometimes they are beaten by the Russians, and at others decimated by cholera. Such falsehoods indicate the spirit of Papal priestcraft, which of necessity sympathises even with orthodox Russia, rather than with constitutional freedom."

The POPE is always complaining of annoyances which "grieve his paternal heart." One of them, perhaps, is the habit indulged in by his children upon the Italian Press, of telling lies in his interest. It seems that Papal *canards* are not confined to Loretto flying-houses and Rimini winking statues. Of course, these "canards," or ducks of Popery, find some geese who believe them.

"Messrs. Bright and Co." translated.

"MESSRS. BRIGHT AND Co"—writes the intelligent author of the article in *Blackwood* on Russia—are very popular with the bigoted national party. Their speeches are translated, and they are exhibited "as the only true expositors of the feelings of the majority of the people of England." In answer to this, *Mr. Punch* begs to assure the people of Russia, that JOHN BULL disclaims all and every connection with JOHN BRIGHT, *alias* JOHN MUSCOBRIGHT.

### WHY SHE COULD NOT SMILE, DEAR MOTHER.

I CANNOT smile, dear Mother,  
And I know my look provokes  
My father, and my brother,  
When they've made their little jokes.  
I heard the hint at "physic,"  
I heard the whisper, "bile"—  
As we came away from Chiswick—  
But alas, I cannot smile.

Yet do not let them chide me,  
O, do not wrong your girl—  
True, *he* was not beside me,  
And my hair was out of curl.  
But the reason was far other,  
For my sadness on our trip;  
I could not smile, dear Mother,  
For my cold has crack'd my lip.

### The Progress of Russia.

MR. GLADSTONE pities the boastful effrontery of England, that hopes to check the onward march of Russia. On she must come; and our hundred millions a-year are only so many millions turned into ducks and drakes. DR. CUMMING is of the same opinion. He prophesies that "Russia will, sooner or later, possess the Mediterranean, seize Palestine, and on its plains finally perish amid the judgments of Heaven." MR. GLADSTONE does not go as far as the doctor. He allows that Russia must, despite of us, get as far as the Mediterranean; but—judgment postponed.



IRISH FREAKS OF NATURE.



THE *Morning Post* contains an account of the LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND'S late visit to DR. MONTGOMERY'S museum at SIR PATRICK DUN'S hospital, Dublin, and after describing various anatomical curiosities exhibited there to the noble Lord, proceeds to mention that—

"Another series of preparations was then shown, to illustrate the rather startling fact that the integrity of the brain is not, under all circumstances, essential to the discharge of the ordinary functions of life, and that injury done to the brain is not so likely to interfere with those functions as it is supposed. Amongst other cases brought under notice was that of a child who had no brain,

and yet lived for ten days, performing every function of life as well as children of that age usually do; and one of a child having its brain external to the skull."

The latter of these infant prodigies was a thoroughly Irish baby. It presents an analogy to *Iago's* idea of wearing the heart on the sleeve, for daws, or other birds of prey to peck at; but the former suggests comparisons of more practical interest. The brainless infant that performed every function of life as well as other children of the same age, affords proof that a certain instinctive capacity for routine can exist independently of brain. Everybody knew that such a faculty might be compatible with very little brain, but few were aware that it could be exercised irrespectively of any brain at all. It may be questioned by some people whether

this child, had it grown up to man's estate without brains, might not have been as dexterous in the manipulation of Red Tape and as well adapted to that employment as most of the officials in Downing Street. Of course the routine of functions performed during the first ten days of life is very simple, and with the exception of squalling, which requires lungs and larynx, demands no organisation superior to that of an oyster. As more than ten days generally elapse before babies begin to "take notice," it is not likely that this one differed from the majority by exhibiting any more than the average intelligence of that mollusc.

JUSTICE UNJUSTLY TREATED.

THE time of Parliament has been occupied on a measure bearing the name of the Criminal Justice Bill. What is the meaning of Criminal Justice? If it is Justice, it is surely not Criminal; and if it is Criminal, it is undoubtedly anything but Justice. We think all the judges of the land should meet together with all the magistrates and demand an inquiry into the application of the epithet Criminal to the word Justice. If there is any Justice who ought to be called Criminal let his crime be brought to light, and let the Justice be brought to Justice, that is to say, let him be brought to himself, at the earliest opportunity. Until this point is settled there is not a Justice from the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the Queen's Bench, to the humblest Justice of the Peace, who will not feel the peace of the Justice disturbed by the imputation alluded to.

Delicate Attention of the King of Naples.

WE learn that on the occasion of the visit of the KING OF PORTUGAL to Naples, all the beggars were put in prison. Very delicate this of the much-abused KING OF NAPLES. Knowing how much beggary had been brought upon families by Portuguese Bonds, his Majesty of Naples would not awaken unpleasant memories in the sensitive bosom of Portugal's sovereign.

MR. GLADSTONE'S PEACE SONG.

HEAR, Europe, and especially hear, Russia, what I say!  
An honourable chance of peace England has thrown away.  
Hear me proclaim my countrymen the foes of all mankind,  
Pig-headed, proud, vindictive, greedy, quarrelsome, and blind.

It is not you, my Russian friends, that now the war prolong,  
It is the English and the French, and they are in the wrong;  
Reverses too, yes, that's the word, reverses they have met  
In the Crimea; and will meet with worse reverses yet.

The Government of Britain is by far the more to blame,  
'Tis dragging the French after it to play a desperate game,  
And sink down, down, for ever, into Ruin's dark abyss,  
Defeated and dishonour'd, 'mid a European hiss.

Ho, Russia, holy Russia! who thy warlike hosts can count?  
Thy destiny it is to rule supreme and paramount,  
Go forth and conquer, mighty CZAR, for strong is thy right hand,  
Woe to the Anglo-Saxon slaves if thee they still withstand!

They for an abstract shadow fight—the freedom of the world—  
Thou in Religion's sacred name thy war-flag hast unfurl'd;  
Against the Champion of the Church all human arms are weak.  
The Church: I mean the Roman Church, and also mean the Greek.

Thy warriors are a martyr-band whose progress nought can stop:  
They march—not certain miles a day—they'll march until they drop:  
Insensible are they of pain; incapable of fear.  
What chance is there against them for the British Grenadier?

The people all are patriots; they'll spend their last coopek,  
That thou mayst place thy conquering foot on prostrate England's neck.

They for no sacrifice will shrink, for no privation care,  
A few more taxes will exceed what Englishmen can bear.

Snap, then, thy fingers at thy foes, thou nothing hast to fear;  
Thy triumph is assured if thou wilt only persevere:  
And that thou wilt, for thou art firm as well as good and wise,  
And overthrow thine enemies, and smite the blind Allies.

Before them is the winter: where they are they must remain,  
And there they'll have to undergo another cold campaign:  
The British troops again will want, again will starve and rot,  
Although we peaceful Peelites in the Cabinet are not.

Oh, that the horrors they endured had, as I hoped they would,  
Our people taught that to contend with Russia was not good!  
We did our best to teach them that—our best are doing now:  
These are the sentiments I own: this purpose I avow!

I am thankful for the liberty accorded to my tongue,  
And patience which the House has shown throughout the song I've sung;  
And Oxford will another time return me—I'm in hopes—  
To do the business of the CZAR, and also do the POPE'S.

FROM CREMORNE TO THE CRIMEA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, under the signature of N. R., has suggested that, in order to make plans of the interior defences of Sebastopol, and surveys of the neighbourhood up to Simpheropol, a "veteran aeronaut" should be engaged, and sent out to the Crimea with his balloon. N. R. points out that the balloon might be sent up on a calm day, out of range of the enemy's rifle shot, and retained in its position by a long wire cord and a windlass, when an engineer with his "spy-glass" and other appliances could accomplish the desired object. This really seems to be a very feasible proposition, and accordingly we have the strongest reason for expecting that it will not be attended to.

PHYSIC FOR THE PHARISEES.

THE amended Sunday Act relative to public-houses is very distasteful to the Sabbatarians; who, notwithstanding, or rather in consequence of its mitigated severity, consider it, seriously, a Bitter Beer Bill.

CHILD'S GEOGRAPHY.—Yes, my little dears, it is true—the railways in India are mostly called "Trunk-lines," because they carry the Elephants and their luggage.

CLOSE OF THE SESSION: POLITICAL MOVEMENTS.—Yesterday, LORD JOHN RUSSELL left town for—Chaos. No time is stated for his return.



Young Sholomunsh (to Young SNOBLEY, who is attired in his very best). "NOW, SIR! LET ME SRELL YOU A NISH SHUIT OF CLOSHE, MAKE YER GOOD ALLOWANCE FOR THE OLD UNS YER 'VE GOT ON!" [SNOBLEY'S feelings may be imagined.]

### A VOICE FROM HOUNDSDITCH.

HOUNDSDITCH has its feelings, Petticoat Lane is sensitive as the polished mirror to the breath of calumny, and Rag Fair is ready to faint at the slightest imputation on its character. Somebody happened to hint the other day, that the display of pocket-handkerchiefs in Petticoat Lane might possibly include a few that had left the pockets of their owners in an unlawful manner, when a body of Jews rushed sorrowfully forth from the East to the West, and proclaimed in touching language their scorn of a dirty action—of a doubtful pocket handkerchief. If the deputation of Hebrews is to be believed, there is not the smallest transaction in Petticoat Lane which is not conducted on the highest principle of integrity. Every article is scrupulously traced in its course from the manufactory to the Judaical door-post where it is exposed for sale, and there is not a Bandanna admitted into the pure precincts of Rag Fair without an elaborate pedigree. Of course there is no possibility that a handkerchief should be described as got by Lightfinger out of Pocket, and it is the general presumption of the Jewish tradesmen that every little urchin who produces some "half-dozen best Indian, worth 5s. 6d. each," which he is ready to dispose of at sixpence a-piece, is only some eccentric juvenile who is desirous of reducing his pocket-handkerchief establishment, which he has of course formed in a purely legitimate manner.

We confess that we cannot expect society to sympathise very deeply with Houndsditch in the distress it professes to feel at the imputations lately thrown on its commercial character.

### Drunkenness at Bow Street.

ON Thursday, a German appears before Ma. HALL, at Bow Street:

"MR. HALL. Were you sober?"

"GERMAN. Certainly."

"MR. HALL. Ha! That accounts for it; if you had been an Englishman, you would have been drunk to a certainty."

Is MR. HALL an Englishman? If so, then according to MR. HALL—MR. HALL must have been "drunk to a certainty."

### "GEROPIGA."

(*Bacchanalian Song, No. 1.—AIR, from Der Freischütz.*)

DRINK, drink, bumper on bumper pour;  
This is wine, and something more;  
That fact there's no blinking:  
Grape-juice, brandy, sugar brown,  
Elderberries—toss it down!  
'Tis "geropiga" we're drinking.

Wine, wine, what people call Port wine,  
Is the product of the vine  
In a scanty measure.  
Logwood gives it ruby hue,  
And it smacks of catechu,  
Headache will succeed our pleasure!

(*Bacchanalian Song No. 2.—AIR notorious.*)

A glass of "geropiga" fill, fill for me,  
Give those who can get it Port wine;  
But whatever our liquor it brandied must be,  
There is no chance of French or of Rhine.  
And here while strong alcohol flares in the eye,  
And man's queerest feelings possess him,  
Here's the health of the sage who would Claret deny,  
Here's SIR EMERSON TENNENT—and bless him!

### SHALL JOSEPH HUME HAVE A STATUE?

MR. WILLIAMS, member for Lambeth, has just put this timely question to the PRIME MINISTER, and his Lordship, by his manner of answer, would imply that the Government only need a little gentle pressure on the matter. The old woman who lives in the Lane of Shoe asks, "What right has JOSEPH HUME for a place among the worthies of Westminster Hall?" Anyway, the right of exception; for exception, that ordinarily proves the rule, in JOSEPH'S case proves the triumph of the Rule of Three. HUME has richly earned his statue. Let twopence in the pound, for every pound saved by HUME to the country, be taken towards the cost of the statue, and we might have a statue, not of marble, but of gold.

### DISCUSSION ON DR. WATTS.

AN interesting literary question has arisen in consequence of the following lines having been quoted in the *Times* from DR. WATTS, with a passing remark on their somewhat ungrammatical character:—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For 'tis their nature to."

A MR. or MRS. A. L. COPE, of Peckham, has addressed a letter to our leading contemporary, stating the belief that the lines were written by DR. WATTS thus:—

"Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too."

the line about the dogs commencing the verse, which consists of four lines; the second line concluding with the word "so." Now, certainly, this is the ordinary modern reading, and it is true that the writer in the *Times* has put the dogs in the place of the bears and lions; but our impression is, that in the early editions of DR. WATTS'S poetry, at least in those familiar to us in early years, the last line of the verse stood precisely as it was cited in the *Times*:—

"For 'tis their nature to."

Besides, by the substitution of "too" for "to," DR. WATTS is only exonerated from the charge of having committed one blunder, by being represented to have perpetrated another. "Too" cannot be brought to rhyme with "so," except by the pronunciation of "so" as "soo." In no dialect with which we are acquainted, has the adverb in question any such sound; whereas, in that of some dissenting ministers, the other adverb, "to," is homophonous with the non-substantive "too;" and the circumstance that DR. WATTS was a Nonconformist, Divine, may seem to favour the supposition that "to," pronounced as a perfect rhyme with "so," is the correct reading.

### QUERY—TO BUILDERS AND OTHERS.

ARE the Ceilings of the cells of Anchorites, do you think, hermitically sealed?



“NOW, YOUNG 'UN! JUST GIVE MY WELLINGTONS A GOOD POLISH, COS I LIKES TO GO TO BUSINESS RESPECTABLE IN THE MORNING!”

**THE WORKMAN'S PROMENADE CONCERT.**

On the evening of Sunday how pleasant to stray  
In Kensington Gardens, and hear the band play,  
With my leisure amused, and my feelings refined,  
And with tranquil enjoyment elated in mind!

At that time, on that day, I shall seldom be seen,  
With my pipe and my pot on the public-house green,  
I shall not very often spend that afternoon  
In continual exertions to fill a spittoon.

But what shall I do when the summer is o'er,  
And the band will perform in those Gardens no more?  
When church hours are finish'd why should there not be  
Sunday concerts on purpose for people like me?

Let the music be sacred, and sacred I call,  
Not parochial psalm-tunes, but good music all,  
Such as quiets the troubled, and cheers the distrest,  
And on Sunday would set a chap's spirit at rest.

I feel, when I hear certain pieces and airs,  
Just the same as I should in attending to prayers;  
And think time so employ'd is almost as well spent  
As it would be in hearing a Reverend Gent.

But music's expensive, mayhap some will say,  
And you'll have the piper on Sunday to pay;  
That scruple on my mind weighs not in the least;  
Why not pay the Piper as well as the Priest?

And even supposing I paid to go in,  
Can any man look upon that as a sin,  
Any more than what church-goers frequently do,  
Namely, giving a hob for a place in a pew.

It will come in good time; and I hope that the move  
In the right way now made a beginning will prove,  
It is a concession—keep rolling the ball—  
And let us give thanks to SIR BENJAMIN HALL.

**PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

*August 12, Saturday. (St. Grouse).* The Lords deplored that the Commons had mutilated the Charitable Trusts Bill, but their Lordships vanquished their grief sufficiently to assent to the mutilations. The Limited Liability Bill, which had been a good deal altered by the Lords, was then passed. LORD LANSDOWNE, (as a Member of the Government) tendered his thanks to the Peers for the amendments they had been kind enough to introduce. A few minutes later, the Bill was carried down to the Commons, where LORD PALMERSTON, (as another Member of the Government) said that the amendments were very objectionable, but that it would be better to accept them than risk the loss of the measure. After this pleasing instance of Cabinet unanimity, both Houses adjourned, the Lords until Monday, the Commons until Tuesday.

*Monday.* The Law Lords expressed a great deal of wrath at the way in which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL had spoken of their free-and-easy manner of hearing appeals. They vindicated themselves from the charge of being a Court of *terminer sans oyer*, asserting that they very often listened to what was going on, that sometimes one of them told another what had been done in his absence; but the best defence was, that counsel said the same thing over and over again so often, that anybody, who would look in and remain for any reasonable time, must know enough to enable him to decide the case.

LORD CAMPBELL expressed his particular desire that soldiers might be allowed to attend in the Assize Courts, and the Chancellor added, that he had once let in some soldiers at Chester, and that they were most quiet and attentive auditors. All this was the merest clap-net, a springle which JOHN LORD CAMPBELL is thought to be always ready to set. He added some utter nonsense to the effect, that “the connection between the judicial bench and the military was more intimate than was imagined by some persons.” Very intimate of course. The soldier puts powder in his gun, and the judge in his wig; the soldier kills people by shooting them, the judge by hanging them; both have serjeants constantly before their eyes; the judge is a judge of assize, and the soldier is a mau of a size to, and often a good size; the soldier charges a foe, and the judge charges a jury; and in short they are as alike as possible, and LORD CAMPBELL deserves great credit for enlightening the nation as to the interesting fact.

*Tuesday.* The Commons met, to be ready to receive their dismissal. SIR DE LACY EVANS made very good use of the interval by a speech upon the conduct of the War. He showed that the Army ought to be strengthened, and how; and especially recommended the employment of a Polish Legion, and the bringing a portion of our Indian forces to the scene of war. LORD PALMERSTON reiterated his pledge that the War should be carried on vigorously.

The Black Rod was then held up, and the Commons scuttled away, and up the long passage, into the House of Lords, where

The *coup-de-grace* was given to about as useless a Session as the annals of our legislature record. HER MAJESTY, as *Mr. Punch* intimated would be the case, stayed away, but sent the CHANCELLOR, ARGYLL, HARROWBY, GRANVILLE, and STANLEY, of Alderley, to get rid of the Parliament. This they did in rather a neat speech, in which the nation was not insulted by any particularly bad grammar, and in which the small achievements of the Session were dwelt upon with considerable fluency of commonplace. The War paragraph is, however, worthy of being lifted out of the limbo of oblivion, in which most speeches, royal and popular, are deservedly interred, and of receiving the distinguished honour of being used by *Mr. Punch* as an embodiment of his own patriotic sentiments, and as a conclusion to his own inimitable summary of the Session:

“No other course is left to her Majesty, but to prosecute the War with all possible vigour. And her Majesty, relying on the support of her Parliament; the manly spirit and patriotism of her People; upon the never-failing courage of her Army and Navy, whose patience under suffering and powers of endurance her Majesty has seen with admiration; the steadfast fidelity of her Allies; and above all, upon the justice of the cause—humbly puts her trust in the Almighty Disposer of events for such an issue to this great contest as will secure to Europe the blessings of a firm and lasting peace.”

**Commercial Caution.**

PERSONS in the City, when about to make use of the old expression, “as safe as the Bank,” generally stop short now, and take care to give in an intimation that they mean more particularly “a Joint-Stock Bank.”

## A SOCIETY OF HATTERS.

THERE seems to be nothing for which men will not associate, for there is no object, however apparently absurd, in which numbers are not ready to co-operate. Some are drawn together by the sympathies of the heart, others are attracted solely by the head, and of the latter class we may consider the Hatters, who have, it seems, formed a society. A hat reform has long been wanted, and frequently asked for by the thinking portion of the public, and we would gladly take off our present hats with a respectful obeisance to any individual, or to any society, who would give us something more tasteful as a substitute for the existing order of *chapeaux*. The Hatters' Society took an excursion the other day to Erith, and mustered 1800 strong, so that the body is evidently powerful enough to mould the hat into a new form, and to crown itself with glory, by crowning the British public with something more sightly than the head-gear which at present disfigures the community.

## THE LADIES' PEW-COMPANIONS.

A NOVEL is in course of being announced under the title of *Woman's Devotion*. We have not read this work, but we can form some idea of the nature of its contents. Travelling in an omnibus the other day, we observed an advertisement at the back of the vehicle, offering to the religious public—

“THE GUINEA FAMILY BIBLE, bound in best Morocco, with Plates.

“THE HALF-GUINEA VELVET CHURCH SERVICE, with best Gilt Rims, and Clasps.

“THE HALF-GUINEA FAMILY MOROCCO BIBLE, with References, Maps, Gilt Rims, and Clasps.”

We suppose that these fancy Bibles and Prayer-books are designed for instruments of “*Woman's Devotion*.” The advertisement is, doubtless, particularly addressed to the more serious sex, to whose innocent insensitiveness of incongruity a Bible might be expected to seem as suitable for trimming as a Bonnet: and the designation of the Scriptures and the Liturgy by coins of the realm would not, probably, appear absurd.



THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

## SEBASTOPOL IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

To see Sebastopol it is not necessary to go abroad; it is enough to travel to the foreign quarter of London only. This journey has been performed by ourselves. We have been to see MR. BURFORD'S *Panorama of Sebastopol*, in Leicester Square, and recommend all our readers who are within reach of it to do themselves the same pleasure. The London "season" being now over, there are few places either of instruction or entertainment remaining open, and this is a place of both. Moreover, as Rank and Fashion have for the most part left Town, the possibility of seeing all that is to be seen in the *Panorama*—to wit, very much—is likely to be increased by some diminution of the hitherto attendant crowd of the nobility, gentry, and clergy. There will be less danger than there has been heretofore of having one's coros crushed by a duke, of being hustled by an earl, or elbowed about and squeezed by peeresses and maids-of-honour, the bulk of a bishop being, in the meanwhile, interposed between one's eye and the canvas. However, to secure a good view of the exhibition, it may be advisable to go early in the morning, while Rank and Fashion are at breakfast, or late in the afternoon, when Rank and Fashion are at dinner.

Sebastopol is depicted as firing and under fire, and the first impression derived from the view of the "beleaguered city," presented by MR. BURFORD, is that of astonishment at the preternatural stillness, comparatively speaking, of the scene. Comparatively speaking, because a considerable noise is being made by MRS. MAJOR M'GAB, or some other military lady, who is sure to be present, and to be explaining the positions of the Allies with commanding gestures, in a loud voice. Astonishment, because the picture has such an air of reality, and the smoke of the bombardment looks so particularly natural, as to make you wonder at not hearing the artillery's roar and the crack of the rifles.

The visitor finds himself situated, with reference to the Crimea, precisely as, with allowance for change of circumstances, he would be with regard to London if he were on the top of St. Paul's: except that the objects below him do not seem so distant, and that the smoke of the ordnance does not obscure the prospect like the smoke of the chimneys. He sees the bays and harbours that surround the Crimean coast, the Allied Fleets, the enemy's vessels, as many as have not been sunk, and the mast-heads of those; and all the forts and batteries—the Mamelon, Malakhoff, Redan, Flagstaff, Quarantine, Constantine, Nicholas,

Alexander, Star, and so forth: also the encampments of the Allies and the head-quarters of the Generals, together with a number of other objects, which, recalled to his mind's eye, will enable him to read the *Times* every morning with the advantage of illustrations.

There is somebody present (besides MRS. M'GAB) who will oblige the company with any information they may desire in reference to the particulars of the *Panorama*.

It is not too much to say, that those who visit MR. BURFORD'S Sebastopol will see more of that City than they would if they were stationed before the CAZAR'S: for the *Panorama* was painted some little time ago, since when a great many of the buildings represented in it have been demolished: and we hope the time will very soon come when the only correct picture of Sebastopol will be the accurate likeness of certain heaps of rubbish.

There is one very important difference between the prospect of Sebastopol held out by MR. BURFORD, and that afforded by the Government—and paid for by the tax-payers. The Downing Street one is rather expensive: that in Leicester Square will cost nobody more than a shilling.

## THE MINISTERS A CUP TOO LOW.

AMONG the after-dinner doings last week at the Ministerial White-hait Meeting, was the "presentation of a china cup to MR. HAYTER." The reports do not inform us whether the china cup was a tea-cup, a coffee-cup or an egg-cup; but whichever of the three it may have been, the material—which is in every respect the material point—was of a brittleness which does not say much for the confidence of the donors in the stability of the Ministry. Of course the cup was considered to be appropriate, and we hope therefore that the china was without a flaw, for if otherwise it might be said that the Ministry is slightly cracked, or that there is a split in the Cabinet. We have seen no account of the speeches delivered on the occasion, nor indeed would it have been quite fair to report exactly what the Ministers over their cups may have uttered. We cannot help feeling that MR. HAYTER deserved something more than a mere china cup for the services he has performed; and we think everybody will admit, that if his colleagues could not have gone the length of giving him a tea-pot, they might at least have made it a milk-jug.

A RUM STYLE OF POETRY.



THE advertising columns of the newspapers are now seldom adorned by Poetry. There was a time when WARREN sang his Blacking in the most sentimental strains, and ROWLAND invoked all the Muses in praise of his Macassar: but now the former has handed over his unstrung harp and his stock in trade to the urromantic RUSSELL; while ROWLAND prattles playfully, but prosaically, on the subject of his oils and essences in mere ordinary paragraphs. The spirit-vendors seem to be advertising in a strain of fiction, which encourages us to hope that they may in time be disposed to take out a poetical as well as a publican's licence.

There are many opportunities open to the proprietor of the Wine Vaults for calling in the aid of Poetry in disposing of his wares, and we need only suggest "Gin a body meet a

body" as a happy commencement for a puff of some of that cheap Gin, which, from what we have read on the subject of adulteration, may be said to comprise both vitriols and drink for the purchaser. To show what may be done in the way of poetical puffing for an article which is happily not in excessive demand, as it once used to be, we subjoin a little poem

on the subject of Vatted Rums, which are frequently proclaimed as fine and old in public-house placards:—

AIR—"Those Evening Bells."

Those Vatted Rums, those Vatted Rums,  
How very cheap a quarter comes,  
When of that liquor pure and prime,  
You take two gallons at a time.

The fumes will quickly pass away,  
And many an evening will be gay—  
While nothing like a headache comes,  
Through drinking these delicious Rums.

And so 'twill be, when I am gone;  
Those Vatted Rums will still sell on,  
And other fingers, pens, and thumbs  
Will sing your praise—ye Vatted Rums.

Latin for Thames.

THERE are extant some old engravings of the River Thames and its Banks, under the name of 'Thamesis Fluvius.' Now the Thames is not so much Fluvius as Effluvium. Moreover the urn, out of which, as in the statue at the back of Ham House, Father Thames is represented as pouring his stream, ought in the present day to be exchanged by sculptors for a slop-pail.

UNFAIR TO BOMBA.—MR. BOWYER declared in the House of Commons that, "there was no sovereign in Europe more popular than the POPE." Is not this a little unfair towards the KING OF NAPLES?

RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

How RABELAIS, in the Island of Soud, did anatomise and describe the great beast SESSION.

As for the inward and outward parts, or close-cabinet-down-with-the-opposition developments, of the great beast SESSION, they were pretty much as follows:—

- His head was like a barber's block stuffed with woolsacks.
- His brain was made of addled eggs and Vienna diplomacy.
- His neck, of a gallow's of public opinion.
- His shoulders, of other people's work.
- His arms, of doing nothing all the week, and no beer on Sundays.
- His hair, of a BROUGHAM-stick.
- His chest, of a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a breviary.
- His heart, of a leather strap.
- His conscience, of an India-rubber purse.
- His legs, of the knaves of Clubs.
- His feet, of other men's shoes.
- His toes, of a treadmill for young thieves.
- His teeth, of opera ivories.
- His gums, of red tape.
- His tongue, of the ghost of chaos.
- His fingers, of a banker's trowel.
- His nails, of clenches.
- His eyes, of blind puppies.
- His ears, of other men's wit.
- His smelling apparatus or nose, of rats and Thames' water.

A continuation of SESSION's countenance, posture-making, and manner of behaving:—

- When he opened his mouth, the truth was shut up in a box.
- When he prayed, it was new bishops and Kentish rag stone.
- When he "fixed his eye" it was "bull's" fixings and smiles.
- When he told the truth, the birds fell off the trees when you shook them.
- When he was in a fighting humour, coals went to Newcastle and came back again.
- When he was religious, it was raw lobsters and wooden staves.
- When he dined, it was off skinned eels.
- When he gave an alms, it was the shadow of a skinned flint.
- When he fought, it was with spiked guns and broken pickaxes.
- When he made peace, it was soft sawder and peace.
- When he gave promotion, it was weak heads and strong pockets.
- When he listened, it was catching the sails of windmills.
- When he was free to confess, it was vested interests and younger sons.
- When he divided, it was woodcutter's splinters.

- When he yawned, it was common sense out of the windows.
- When he laughed, it was widows and wounded soldiers.
- When he diplomatized, it was bottles at a prize-fight.
- When he amended, it was flies walking on their backs.
- When he felt truly sorry, it was teapenny nails in a pound of Westminster butter.
- When he rose to order, it was confusion in seven-league boots.
- When he expressed his opinion, it was bosh helping hunkuns to escape.
- When he was tired, it was other men's tight boots and used-up sittings.
- When he was at work, it was cobwebs and commissious.
- When he had done doing nothing, it was grouse and skylarks.
- When he came in, it was sackcloth and ashes.
- When he went out, it was church bells and smiles.
- When he came to an end, it was another bad beginning.

NOTA BENE.

MR. PUNCH has been requested by one of the Crew of the *Lady Nancy* to give insertion to the following Acrostic. Could he refuse?

HOW SHALL WE GET AT THE RUSSIAN FLEET?

T AGANROG's vixen idly rests on her laurels,  
H appily cradled on Kertch's dark strait;  
E ach wave as it lifts her, asks "where is your sister?"

L ady Nancy replies, "I've nor sister nor mate."  
A h! ah! say the waves as they carelessly glide by,  
D 'ye think, Nan, for you a fit mate could be found?  
Y ou're ugly, dear Nanny; cheap, made in a hurry,

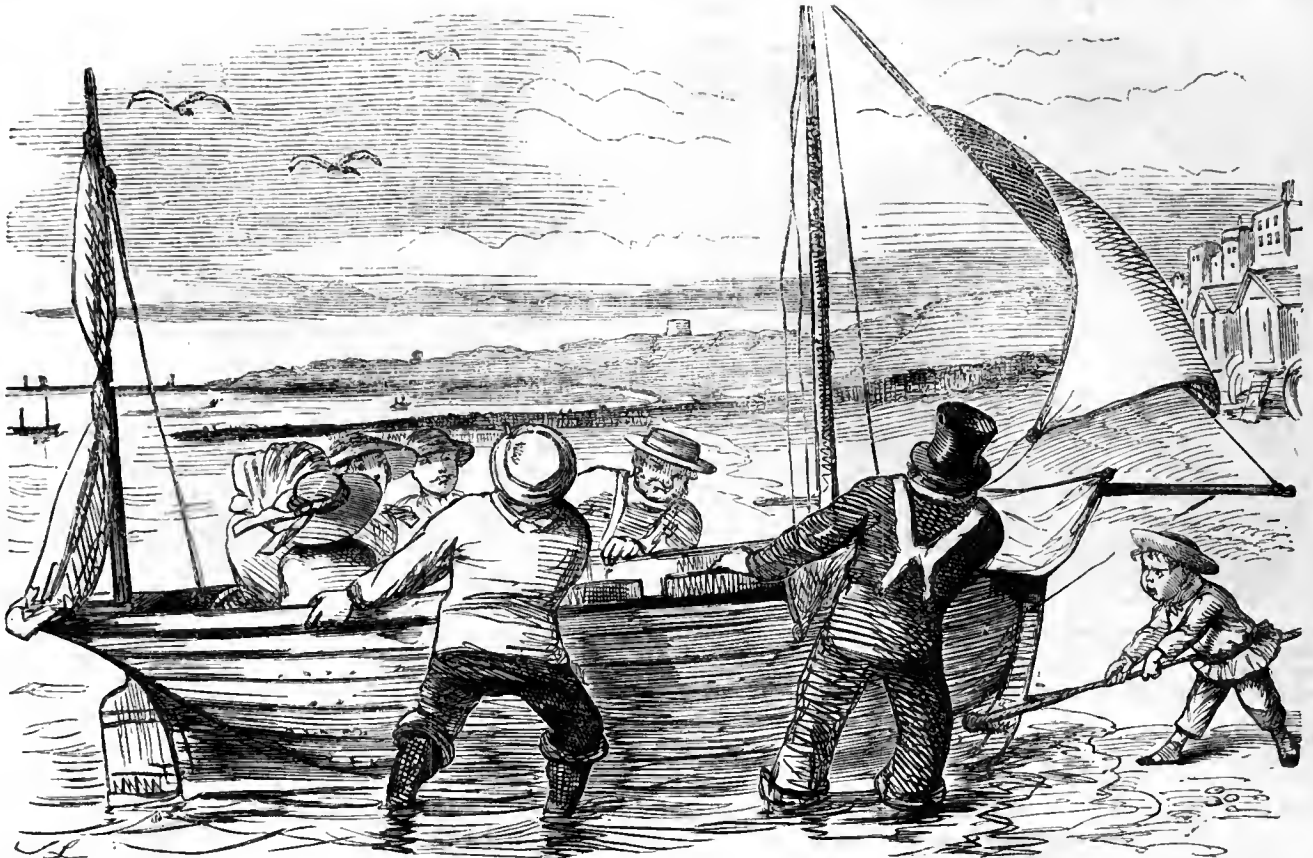
N othing dashing about you—you're not worth Ten Pound.  
A las, replies Nancy—it's true—still I fancy  
N ot all's gold that glitters; I'm young, strong, and rough;  
C an fight in all weathers, want no paint or fine feathers;  
Y ou'll find, as "times go," I'm "the right sort of stuff."

A. Z. V.

Five Seconds' Advice on Fainting.

(By Old Smellfungus.)

A FAINT is a Fashionable Exit, an Impromptu Flight of the Imagination, a convenient Absence, during which a Lady frequently displays to the greatest advantage her Presence of Mind, losing purposely all consciousness, the better to enable her to collect her wits.



## AQUATICS.

*Small Boy.* "Now, THEN! ALL TOGETHER!"

## THE DANGERS OF PLAYING AT WAR.

WAR is not a thing to be trifled with, and its horrors are much too real to be the legitimate subjects of burlesque, or any other kind of mockery. The nearer the imitation approaches to the real thing, where an imitation of war is concerned, the more distasteful it must be to all persons of common sense, and common humanity. The mania for converting the horrors of war into a subject of amusement for the million, has received a somewhat sad lesson in the accident that has lately happened at Cremorne Gardens; where, for the benefit of some charity, there was to be a mock representation of the Battle of Inkermann. There was all the usual pride, pomp, and circumstance of in-glorious (theatrical) war; and, to give "reality" to the business, a dreadful reality it turned out, some of the Guards were "allowed by the authorities" to take part in the spectacle. Of course, the only real element in the business was incompatible with all the shams of which it was made up; and, amidst the sham fortifications, the sham defences, the sham barricades, and all the other gim-crack appurtenances of a sham-fight, the real soldiers tumbled to the ground from a height of some twenty feet with terrible reality.

Of course, when it is too late, everybody is exclaiming against the impropriety of allowing the Guards to take a part in these caricature copies of the horrors of war; in which everything is purposely made to yield, from the pasteboard ramparts, to the shilling-a-night supernumerary Russians. The sort of enthusiasm that is excited among the soldiers, by an imitation attack on an imitation enemy, in the teeth of imitation fire from imitation batteries, is not likely to be of much service in the hour of real battle, when there is no stage-director ordering the enemy where to fall back, and leading on the British troops to the point where, by previous arrangement, they are destined to be victorious. A panorama of Sebastopol is all well enough, and a pictorial representation of the siege may be made a matter of interest; but an attempt to show the actual storming of a place with real troops, must always be a melancholy, and, indeed, a feeble spectacle. Nothing can be better than the picture now being exhibited at the Surrey Zoological Gardens; but the moment the action begins, and the firing of the guns

sets the ducks quacking in the lake, while the playing of the band drowns, on the whole, the occasionally heard cries of—"Now Dick, set fire to that tow," "Ready there with them red-lights?" "Off with them fireworks," and other stage-directions of a kindred character, the whole affair becomes ridiculous.

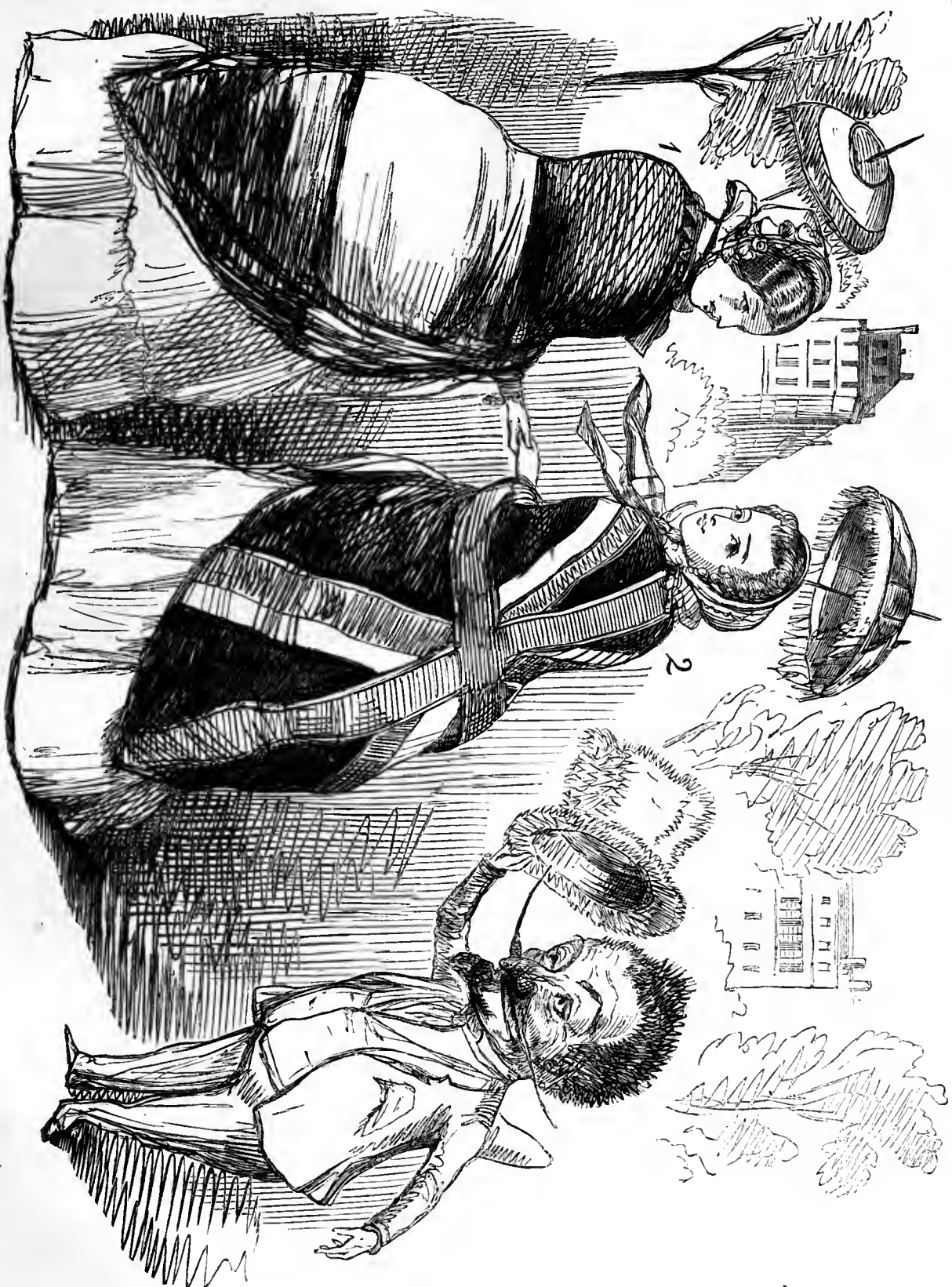
Considering the trouble and anxiety in the public mind on the subject of the Siege of Sebastopol, it is a ghastly mockery to be told that it is being taken triumphantly every night, and sometimes twice a-day (for there have been occasionally morning performances), at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Let the directors of places of public amusement confine themselves to legitimate subjects of entertainment, of which there are quite enough, without resorting to dismal travesties of the War in the Crimea.

## A Commissioner of Good Works.

WE have much pleasure in observing, that whereas the Marylebone Electors have given SIR BENJAMIN HALL a seat in Parliament, that exemplary minister has added 200 seats to those in the Regent's Park. SIR BENJAMIN acts as if he thought that one good turn deserves 200. It also gratifies us to remark, that the Chief Commissioner of Parks and Public Buildings intends to throw Kew Gardens open from morning to night; thereby rendering those who may visit them as happy as the day is long.

## Thames' Prizes.

THE LORD MAYOR last week attended at the Twankey Tea Gardens, to distribute the prizes to the victors of the Thames' Regatta. It was quite right that a contest of strength and skill, tried upon the river, should be rewarded by prizes supplied by old Father Thames himself, duly represented by LORD MAYOR MOON: the prizes were three—namely, a puppy-dog, a kitten, and a mouse in excellent preservation, having been fished up below Battersea, and duly stuffed by an experienced hand. A microscope and a bucket of Thames' water will be contended for next week.



FRENCH SHAWLS FOR 1855.

1. TRICOLOR À LA VICTORIA.

2. UNION-JACK À LA EUGÉNIE.

1. ТРИКОПЪ ВЪ ТАВРОПОЛИ

2. СМОЛЕНСКЪ ВЪ ТАВРОПОЛИ

3. ПЕРВОЕ ПОЯВЛЕНИЕ КРАСНОГО

4. ПЕРВОЕ ПОЯВЛЕНИЕ



1861



ADULTERATION OF GOVERNMENT.



LORD JOHN RUSSELL, Political Druggist, late of Vienna, stated that he had had considerable experience in the practice of adulteration, more particularly in political drugs. Had examined several samples of Whig Government, and found them all perfectly pure. Absolute purity in most cases was unattainable, but the articles he had exercised his microscopic skill upon were as free from deleterious matter as they could be, and he doubted strongly, if they were made any purer, whether the people of this country would like them half so well. He had found the specimen marked "Reform Bill" extremely difficult to analyse. The difficulty principally lay in ascertaining precisely its "constituent" parts. He had been several years intent upon solving its various antagonistic elements, and he should persevere several years longer, until he clearly saw a proper settlement of

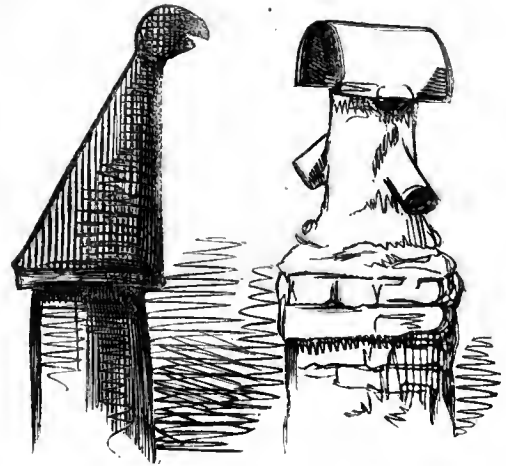
them, though as one of the Old School, he was strongly averse to precipitating anything. Decidedly in all Governments a little adulteration was desirable, and he could recommend nothing better for the purpose than a few grains of Whig's Paradise, better known in the trade as "ELLIOTT'S ENTIRE." About two or three dozen of these tender sprigs generally gave the ministerial mixture a fine bitter flavour, which made it go down wonderfully with the multitude, and did harm to nobody. Had examined a packet of Whig statements, and had detected in them no colouring-matter whatever. Strongly believed that Whig principles had never been adulterated since the days of Magna Charta. Purity of representation was decidedly requisite to ensure a good constitution, and he begged to differ from that great authority, MR. COPPOCK, whose wonderful laboratory at the Reform Club for the manufacture of votes was well known, inasmuch as it was his conviction that purity of representation did not necessarily require a large deposit of tin. Brass would do just as well, and in many cases went further. For instance, a few brass filings from some of the strongest pillars of the aristocracy were notoriously a capital thing for purifying the most corrupt channels of Government. Had repeatedly analysed the votes of the House of Commons, and never found anything but the purest motives in them. Had no particular test of ability, save DEBRET'S Peerage, and never knew that to fail.

THE RIGHT. HON. B. DISRAELI.—Had principally devoted his time to the manufacture of retorts. He had brought them to the highest state of perfection, and his retorts were celebrated all over the world for discharging a greater number of sparks consecutively than any other. Their brilliancy would often illumine an entire House. Had often tried the power of his retorts on the Whigs, but they were such a dense body, that they had failed in making anything of an impression. The result of his analytical inquiries had all tended to one uniform result,—viz., that Whig Government was a regular drug in this country,—a drug so largely adulterated, that it could not be allowed for any length of time without doing the greatest injury to the strongest constitution. The only remedy he knew was a strong infusion of Tory Politics. Had submitted the principles of the Peace Party to analysis, and had detected in them a deleterious colour called "DRAB," mixed up in large quantities with a popular fraud, of a pale transparent colour, called "GLADSTONE," which had been recently imported to a painful extent from St. Petersburg. He had applied the microscope to this "GLADSTONE," and, after reducing him to an impalpable powder, had succeeded in detecting in it, in the most tangible portions of its secret nature, a large preponderance of "Jesuit's Bark," and, though he had divided this Bark into three heads—as though the Bark in question belonged to Cerberus (*a laugh*)—still he had not found much to repay him for the search in either head. He certainly had not been able to detect in the whole composition of "GLADSTONE" a single grain of sense (*general expression of surprise*). This revelation might be a startling one, but still it was based upon the most careful analyses,—each one painfully arrived at, only after the most minute divisions and sub-divisions of character. However, the effect of this "DRAB" mixture was unquestionably very enervating; and when administered in large doses, created nausea, and moreover had the curious effect of making people quarrel. The most dangerous results were to be apprehended from a general use of this irascible narcotic.

MR. J. A. ROEBUCK, the popular lecturer of Sheffield, deposed that he had examined innumerable quantities of Parliamentary Loaves and Fishes, marked both "Whig" and "Tory," and really it was difficult to say which of the two

contained the greater mass of impurities. Both were grossly unfit for public consumption. It was, indeed, wonderful, how the Body Politic could have existed so long upon such corrupt aliment. The power of vitality must have been great indeed, to have withstood such daily encroachments on its strength. However, it was time that a stop was put for once and for ever to the circulation of such deleterious poisons, and a thoroughly healthy system of government introduced for the nourishment of the people. The whole heap of adulterations must be swept clean out of the national shop, and for the future nothing but the plainest political food of the most simple and invigorating kind administered to the public. As we value the future health of England, it was expedient that Adulteration should be deposed from the throne of Government it too long has occupied, and Purity henceforth reign in its stead (*loud symptoms of approval, with difficulty restrained by the Court*).

LORD JOHN RUSSELL was recalled, and said that he still had hopes of being able, in the course of time, to find a solution of the Reform Bill. The witness, being closely questioned, was evidently at a loss to fix any particular period.



Mrs. Potts. "I TELL YOU, MRS. COWL, YOU'RE A PERFECT NUISANCE! YOU'VE BEEN SCREECHING AND GROANING ALL NIGHT."

Mrs. Cowl. "YOU'RE ANOTHER, MA'AM."

OUR NAVAL GREATNESS.

THE circumstance that the Admiralty persists in building vessels like the *Marlborough*, of a size enormously disproportionate to the requirements of service, suggests the idea that my Lords who constitute that Board must be a set of old Pantaloons, whose notions of magnitude in reference to utility are derived from pantomimes, in which exhibitions a tea-spoon becomes as large as a shovel, and a watch acquires the dimensions of a frying-pan. One would expect them to carry out the propensity to physical exaggeration in their domestic arrangements, eating their dinners with knives bigger than broad-swords, and forks only a little shorter in the handle than garden-prongs; writing letters with pens as long and as thick as walking-sticks, and tying up despatches, covering more space than flag-stones, with red tape broader than the palm of the hand.

A Confidential Communication from Hayter.

THIS is the great characteristic of all Government appointments:—That whereas on the part of candidates there is constant application until they are appointed, you notice but precious little application afterwards.

HOW TO STIR UP A NATION.

AN experimental Chemist proposes throwing into Prussia an enormous quantity of German Yeast, with the view of trying whether it would have the effect of making the Germans rise?



Stout Party. "WELL, I'M SURE! WHAT CAN POSSESS THOSE SKINNY CREATURES TO WEAR ROUND HATS, I CAN'T THINK,—MAKING THEMSELVES SO CONSPICUOUS!"

PITY FOR THE FOE.

WHILST, as patriots, we rejoice in the triumph of the Allied arms at Sweaborg, as men we cannot but feel compassion for that suffering by which it has been attended on the side of our opponents. MR. BRIGHT, MR. COBDEN, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, MR. GLADSTONE, and those who think with them, that is to say the Greek firms, and the rest of the philo-Russian party, have no doubt severely felt the misfortunes of their beloved country. We should be happy to suggest to them any consolation, if we could think of any; and perhaps it may comfort them to reflect that, although Sweaborg was demolished without the loss of a British or a French life, it is probable that the capture of Sebastopol will not be accomplished without heavy loss on the part of the Allies.

Attachments may be not the less sincere because they are unaccountable; and the gentlemen above-mentioned may have a predilection for Russia, just as it is conceivable that they might be inclined to pet a boa-constrictor. Russia, indeed, is a boa—a great boa, as the fine young gentlemen say—rejoicing in the alleged peculiarity of the amphibœna, or serpent with two heads, one head at each end. The Russian amphibœna has the superior head in the Baltic, and the inferior in the Black Sea, and a body curled half round Europe, which the northern mouth and the southern have opened to swallow. Either head of the snake, however, has been considerably bruised, and we cannot help expressing the hope that both will be amashed, however sincerely the Peelites and Manchester friends of the reptile may sympathise with its agonies.

Jonathan and the Bear.

PRESIDENT PIERCE has congratulated the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA upon his assumption of the Imperial boots; and the EMPEROR assures the PRESIDENT that the last words of NICHOLAS were words of sympathy and admiration of JONATHAN! The knot of international friendship would seem to be formed of the serf-knot and the slave cow-hide!

THE POPE IN SARDINIA.—His Holiness, not content with making a pretty kettle of fish in Spain, has also expressed his paternal determination to "pot" the Sardinians.

THE KING OF NAPLES ON THE CARPET.

A History and no Romance.

CHAPTER I.



CE upon a time (a very few years ago) there reigned a certain King (who, alack the day! reigns still) called FERDINAND, otherwise IL RE BOMBA, of Naples. "See Naples and die," was a proverb that his Majesty had often worked out upon his faithful subjects. Now this FERDINAND was a potentate of most volcanic viscera, the very spit, saving the reader's presence, of Vesuvius. A King, much given to the stick that was much given to his people. He was withal a man of sport and many humane accomplishments. He could kill mosquitos like COMMODUS, and play upon the fiddle like NERO.

Now, it chanced one day, that this excellent King, making a procession of himself through the rooms of his palace, bethought him that the carpets thereof had become faded, and, for royal carpets, mighty threadbare. The Bourbon flowers had sickened, and the moth, that spares neither the frieze of the peasant, nor the coffin-velvet of the Emperor,—the moth had devastated.

Whereupon, seeing these things, the superb and magnificent monarch resolved within himself to have new carpets—carpets spick and span.

CHAPTER II.

"SEGRETARIO mio," said RE BOMBA to his penman, "straightway write an order to that accursed heretical England;—for the Lutherans"—and here his Majesty crossed himself—"the Lutherans can, it must be confessed, do two things; truly they can grind razors, and they can weave carpets. Therefore, straightway, write and order!"

"Razors?" said the secretary; but ere he could add "your Majesty" he was footed by a sudden movement of the royal muscles into the extreme corner of the cabinet.

"Cane!" (otherwise "dog!") cried RE BOMBA—"Carpets!" Whereupon the canine secretary gathered himself up on his two legs, and like a dog returning to his seat, he sat him down, and proceeded to write "carpets."

"Bestia!" cried RE BOMBA. "First, let painters be summoned; and let the royal patterns be drawn and limned; and when this shall be done, and we have approved thereof, then shall you write to the Lutheran slave"—here his Majesty graciously spat—"and the carpeta be commanded."

And in due season these things were done, even as the King had given order.

CHAPTER III.

A LOVELY morning broke upon the Bay of Naples. The golden sun The glittering dew! The azure heaven! The sapphire ocean!

There might be seen an English barque, cleaving the liquid field. The Union Jack fluttered—to the eye of a Briton—defyingly from the peak. Boldly, saucily, did that English vessel plough the main. She brought up—she dropt anchor. She was straightway accosted by a boat of the King's.

That British craft was the proud bearer of the carpets woven by the happy Lutheran, whom RE BOMBA had delighted to honour. Now the carpet-weaver—embracing his saddened wife, and kissing his happy children—had quitted the soil of Albion to come, and in his own person, to deliver and lay down, the royal carpets. Perchance, too, the sordid dealer had brought with him a receipt for the royal ready-money. Now the carpets were duly sent to the royal palace.

CHAPTER IV.

AN interval of six weeks is here supposed to take place; when a British islander, of bilious and malevolent aspect—in the unalterable opinion of a Neapolitan physiognomist, much attached to the Neapolitan police—might be observed, with his dog, for every British islander travels with a British bull-dog, pacing the sunny side of the Piazza Reale. That bilious stranger was the Lutheran carpet-maker, and hope deferred had made yellow his cheek. For six weeks had passed; and

the carpets—the goods, as in his trade dialect he called those woven fabrics—had been delivered to the King; and the King had vouchsafed no word to the man whom with his royal commission he had delighted to honour.

The islander—with a brutality that a love of truth compels us to own, too much distinguishes the travelled Briton—resolved to write a letter to the King. Yea; the sordid Lutheran determined to tell unto RE BOMBA, a bit of his carpet-dealing mind. With this thought, he took his way to his Hotel.

Arrived at his hostelry—his faithful dog still bearing him company—he beheld at the door a waggon, blazing with the arms of Naples. Now, in this van, or waggon, were the carpets returned to the carpet-maker. Of a verity, the carpet thrown back upon the carpet-maker's hands.

## CHAPTER V.

It were vain to hope to paint the dismay, the rage, of the carpet-maker. He called down *not* a shower of manna on the anointed head of BOMBA the King. He vehemently swore; but, with a craftiness that characterised the tradesman, he swore in English. Whereupon, the faithful servants of BOMBA the King let him swear his belly empty, and arrested him not.

"What was wrong in the carpets?" "Did they think he'd be swindled?" "He, a free-born Briton!" "He, who was represented in his own British parliament!" "He, who was never born to be a slave!" "To come to Naples to be robbed—plundered—bamboozled—and that, too, by a—a—"

But, as we have said, felicitously for the ferocious Briton, he raved and swore in his mother-tongue; and the officers and the King's servants hindered him not.

Of what availed it, that he commanded the ragamuffins about him to set him face to face with the Majesty of Naples! Of what availed it, that he demanded to know in what whit, tittle, or particular, the carpets differed from the order given. They were woven even as commanded; and the arms of Bourbon and of Naples—

(The Bourbon arms! How much blood has gone to paint them! How much more blood of man, woman, and child; blood in the dungeon; blood at the wine-feast; blood on the scaffold; blood in the chamber, to paint the blazonment, that still blackening and blackening in heaven's air, will have more blood to keep it fresh. But, to return to our Briton, perspiring, and ever, as he utters the sacred name of BOMBA the King, shaking his clenched and parricidal fists.)

The carpets were shot down at the door of the hostelry; they had been looked upon by the eye of the King, and the King in his heart spat upon them.

And now, the carpets being rejected of the sovereign, the law of Naples required of the British islander to pay upon the British woven fabrics the duty of import. The Briton had brought carpets into the kingdom of Naples, and Naples was not to be fobbed of her due; for it is known that Naples has her duties, even as no Neapolitan has his rights.

"Pay import duty! Be robbed! No, the bold Briton would go to prison. He would rot with pleasure in a dungeon first." And then, exhausted by the expression of his unflinching firmness, the Briton paid the cash.

## CHAPTER VI.

The *Times* newspaper, gashed by the stiletto of the Neapolitan censor, lay upon the table of the Hotel Victoria. That sheet called up all the home feelings of our wanderer. He looked at the "Births,"—he knew not why, for he had no expectations. He read the "Marriages,"—idleness all, for was he not already wedded? He paused at the "Deaths;" but somehow nothing cheered him. And again and again home-sickness pressed upon him, and he felt his heart-strings twitched towards the sea.

He would go: he would shake from his polluted shoes the dust of Naples, and England should ring with his wrongs; and—he would take his carpets with him.

Sunny Naples is the land of the free. The Briton might depart—he might even take his carpets with him; but ere departing with his carpets, he must pay the state tax for the removal of the merchandise—yea, the duty on export.

Vesuvius never poured forth streams more consuming in their fierceness and fury than the volcanic Briton ejected at the paternal government of Naples.

No, he would not be swindled a second time; he would even at an alarming sacrifice sell the carpets—sell them in the broad daylight by public auction.

## CHAPTER VII.

The day came. The mart was crowded. The carpet-pieces were displayed; and great and general was the praise of the fabrics, glowing like flowers. But of what use to the private modest Neapolitan citizen? How could his foot trample upon the Bourbon arms? As well think to put his shoe-leather on the anointed neck of IL RE BOMBA assoluto.

Who would raffle for an elephant? Who would put into a lottery for a knot of rattle-snakes? Who would draw chances for a hippopotamus? Surely, no private man or woman.

Who, we ask, would bid for carpets—enriched and solemnised with the Bourbon arms, the arms of Naples? Is there not constructive treason in the very thought of a bidding?

Even so. Hence, the carpets were put up, and no voice dared to make an offer.

At last one man took courage. He made a bidding; a low and modest bidding. But the auctioneer smiled, nodded his head, and was satisfied; for to the amazement of the vulgar Briton, the auctioneer knocked down the carpets for an old song; and that a Neapolitan one.

And who was the fortunate purchaser? Surely no private man—no private woman? No.

The carpets were bought by an officer in the household of his sacred Majesty BOMBA IL RE!

## CHAPTER VIII.

CURIOUS are the coincidences of this our human life. The happy visitor, enabled by a passing privilege to visit the palace of the King of Naples, may behold in every room every carpet-piece (a great bargain) as at first commanded by his Most Catholic Majesty of that most Lutheran carpet-maker!



PALMERSTON'S BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!

## THE COCKNEY MALAKHOFF.

THE storming of Sebastopol at Cremorne the other day, by the Grenadier Guards and Artillery, seems to have been very much like the real thing. Actual wounds and broken bones, at least, appear to have attended that gallant affair, and if there was no mine under the soldiers' feet to blow them up, it appears that they stood on a footing which proved almost equally dangerous by letting them down. The brave who fell in the Crimea are more than sufficiently numerous, and England cannot afford men to tumble at Cremorne, unless they do so in the capacity of clowns and harlequins, and without the risk of breaking their necks. It is to be hoped that the public taste is too good to demand exhibitions of this kind—otherwise one would not wonder at Mr. SIMPSON'S catering for it, any more than at his supplying them with carrion, if they preferred that to ordinary cold meat. The thought of those who are dying and suffering for our ease and comfort is not a very agreeable one, and anybody must have a queer kind of heart who can enjoy a scene of sham carnage in a pleasure-ground.

## Police.—Bow Street.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Yesterday, MR. HALL took his seat upon the bench; and, although a proved Englishman, was *not* "drunk to a certainty."

## A CARD.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, ARTIST IN HAIR (late Chancellor of HER MAJESTY'S Exchequer). HAIRS carefully SPLIT with any degree of minuteness that may be required. N. B. Hair-Splitter to his Holiness PIUS IX., the Roman Pontiff; also to ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

*King Henry.* "Sweetheart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you."

*Henry VIII., Act i., Scene 4.*

THE POPE AT TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

IF, during one of those persecutions which the Roman Catholics, from the statements of their newspapers, appear to be continually suffering, an attempt were made to fry the POPE, there is reason to expect that his Holiness would come out of the process rather more lively, if anything, than he was before being subjected to it—indeed that he would do himself no harm, even should he step out of the frying-pan into the fire itself. The probability that the SUPREME PONTIFF is thus fireproof is not derived from any similarity between his Holiness and the Apostle, whom, Church history informs us, the pagans vainly attempted to boil in oil; but from the very opposite circumstance, that PIUS has, for some years, been existing continually in hot-water. He has now quarrelled both with Spain and Piedmont, and with each State on nearly the same ground. Spain has given him offence by refusing to persecute anybody for his religious faith or opinions, so long as these are not expressed by any public acts contrary to Popery; and also by putting some limitation on the power of the priesthood to add to their number, and create a swarm of "idle, useless, miserable clergymen" to quote the words of a memorandum of remonstrance with the HOLY FATHER issued by the Spanish Government. But, what no doubt is much more vexatious to the paternal heart of his Holiness, the Government of Spain has dared to attempt also to limit, in some moderate degree, the power of the Church to retain property. They might as well have questioned the "Immaculate Conception." Accordingly the POPE threatens to retain the sins of the Spaniards; and, shaking what he calls the keys of St. Peter at their heads, menaces them with ex-communication. He has pursued the same course with Piedmont; where unserviceable convents have been abolished, and a stop thus put to the rank luxuriance of monkshood. Nay, a misunderstanding has even arisen between the Papal Sovereign and his dear friend KING BOMBA. Therefore, our lord the POPE may safely be said to be situated in water of a very high temperature. As yet, certainly, he is not cooked, though many expect that he will be in some little time, and DR. CUMMING will perhaps inform the curious how long he will take to be done.

THE OPPOSITE PARTIES IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

"The banner, sword, crown, and achievements of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH were placed on Friday by SIR CHARLES YOUNG, Garter King of Arms, over the Stall of his Imperial Majesty, which immediately faces that of the KING OF PRUSSIA, in the Chapel Royal of St. George, Windsor."

FOUND that fellow, PALMERSTON, I'm sure it was his spite,  
To get his QUEEN to make that man—that BONAPARTE—a knight;  
The banner of that *parvenu*, a studied insult, shown  
At St. George's Chapel, Windsor, hangs right opposite my own.

They knew I shouldn't like it, if we two met ever there;  
'Twould be impossible for me, NAPOLEON's eye to bear.  
Dash them! they knew right well that I, all blushing with disgrace,  
As blush I must, could never look that new Knight in the face.

For he has acted gallantly, without deceit or trick,  
All Europe, saving Russia, says that I deserve a kick,  
For shuffling like a base, mean, shabby, dirty, double king:  
My name is call'd a neuter noun, which signifies a thing.

Suppose I faced my *vis-à-vis*—hard matter to suppose!  
Of course he'd instantly turn up that great, long, ugly nose,  
And that mustachio'd lip of his would curl with bitter sneer,  
Importing "What has that poltroon, I wonder, to do here?"

"Off, Russia's underhanded friend! off lackey of the CZAR!  
Thou in that place of Honour! Hence—but leave thy spurs and star—  
Go, in a beer-pot plunge thy face—hide thy diminish'd head—  
Until to shame insensible they carry thee to bed!"

Whipping up a Joke.

THE Ministers in giving to MR. HAYTER a china cup, are believed to have intimated to the honourable recipient a wish, that he might long live to enjoy as whipper in, the luxury of whipped cream in the testimonial then presented to him.



COOL AND COMFORTABLE THIS HOT WEATHER.

**A NIGHT WITH THE NATIVES AT DRURY LANE.**

WE have a large marrowbone to pick with the Directors of the Opera at Drury Lane. The other evening we attended the performance of *Der Freischütz* at that theatre. The overture, to be sure, was admirably played. *Caspar* did his spiriting not gently indeed, but, we will confess, extremely well, dramatically and musically. *Agatha*, or *Agnes*, sang characteristically in the character of an angelic kind of girl. We never saw or heard a better *Rodolpho*, alias *Max*, nor so good an *Anne*. As to *Zamiel*, he played the deuce with a fine appreciation of the part. *Killian*, *Kuno*, and the *Hermit*, all of them, behaved very well to *WEBER*, and *Prince Ottocar* acted with almost as much propriety as that which distinguishes *PRINCE ALBERT*. The *Owl* was effective in the Incantation scene, which the audience wanted to encore. But to all of these personages the fashionably constituted mind will discern one insuperable objection. Who was *Caspar*? *MR. HAMILTON BRAMHAM*. *Rodolpho*? *MR. ARTHUR LOCKSLEY*. *Ottocar*? *MR. GLANVILLE*. *Kuno*? *MR. HODGES*. *Killian*? *MR. CHARLES WEST*. *Zamiel*? *MR. COSTELLO*. *Agnes*? *MISS (not MIDDLE) LANZA*. *Anne*? *MISS DYER*. The *Hermit's* name was omitted in the playbill—it was probably *JOHNSON*.

This brings us to our marrow-bone. All these ladies and gentlemen were plain *Misters* and *Misses*. There was not one *Herr*, *Monsieur*, *Signor*, *Madame*, or *Mademoiselle* in the whole cast. It is very true that the Chorus sang so well that it might have passed for German, and that the Conductor would have been taken to be a modern Roman, if, instead of preserving the final *y* of his name he had de-nominated himself *SIGNOR TULLI*. But the marrow-bone remains. The artists above-named were so many examples of talent considerable indeed, but merely native. We cannot say that the *Owl* and *Supernumerary Imps* did not come from *La Scala*, or the *Dresden* or the *Berlin Opera*—they hooted and danced well enough to warrant the pretence that they did, but that was not alleged. The Opera was performed, too, after the German manner; the whole of *WEBER's* music retained, and the condensation done by cutting down *SNOOKS's* dialogue.

Justice compels us to add, that the *Drury Lane Operatic Company*, conscious of the serious want of foreign names and a corresponding accent, appreciate their own abilities accordingly, so that their prices for admission are expressed by low figures, and anybody who simply wants to hear good music can get that article very cheap at their establishment.

**TAXATION AND TORTURE.**

ON Tuesday morning last, while *MR. TIMOTHY BROWN*, coal merchant, was at breakfast with *Mrs. BROWN* and his young family, at their suburban residence, the Collector of the district, *MR. SCREW DRIVER*, called and demanded two quarters' water-rates. *MR. BROWN* went out to him, and represented that the second quarter was due that day only, but that the former one should be paid in a day or two, but money was rather short with him, in consequence of the War, and so many persons having left town without paying their bills. *MR. DRIVER* beckoned to two men on the other side of the way, who came over, entered, and closed the door. The party, without saying anything, conducted the astonished *MR. BROWN* down-stairs to the kitchen, out of which they

turned the indignant servant. *MR. DRIVER* then said, "I must have this money. The Company order me to get it." *MR. BROWN* repeated what he had said, and added that he had only, as it happened, a few shillings in the house. "The Company must have it," was the Collector's answer. He then made a sign to his assistants, *MR. BROWN* was thrown upon the floor, his slippers removed, and a number of blows were inflicted with a stick upon the soles of his feet. The sufferer implored for mercy, but the only answer was, "the money." *MR. BROWN* persisting in declaring that he had it not, he was dragged to the fire, and hot water from the kettle was poured over his feet, the Collector still repeating at intervals, "the money." *MR. BROWN's* cries now brought down his wife, to whom the Collector explained, with perfect civility, that he was only torturing her husband to get the Company's money, and then proceeded to heat a shovel red hot, with a view to the infliction of further sufferings. *Mrs. BROWN's* frantic appeal for a brief delay was unheeded until she tore off her necklace and ear-rings, and shewed that she was going to procure the money, which she did by pawning her ornaments. The Collector gave her a receipt, regretting any inconvenience he might have occasioned, and departed, and we understand that this mode of collecting for the Company is found to work very well, and will be generally adopted.

[*Mr. Punch* utterly discredits the whole of the above report. It is evidently the production of some penny-a-liner, who forgot that England was not India, and that practices which *MR. VERNON SMITH* admitted to be the regular means of collecting "the Company's" revenue in the latter country, would not be tolerated here. To torture *HER MAJESTY's* subjects with white faces and black clothes is one thing, to torture her subjects with black faces and white clothes another, and the stupid scribe who invented this ridiculous story clearly does not know the difference.]

**WONDERS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE.**

OUR gracious QUEEN—long may she fill her throne,—  
Has been to see *LOUIS NAPOLÉON*.  
The MAJESTY OF ENGLAND—bless her heart!—  
Has cut her mutton with a *BONAPARTE*;  
And Cousin Germans have survived the view  
Of *ALBERT* taking luncheon at *St. Cloud*.

In our young days we little thought to see  
Such legs stretched under such mahogany;  
That British Royalty would ever share  
At a French Palace, French Imperial fare:  
Nor eat—as we should have believed at school—  
The croaking tenant of the marshy pool.  
At the *Trois Frères* we had not feasted then,  
As we have since, and hope to do again.

This great event of course could not take place  
Without fit prodigies for such a case;  
The brazen pig-tail of *KING GEORGE THE THIRD*  
Thrice with a horizontal motion stirr'd,  
Then rose on end, and stood so all day long,  
Amid the cheers of an admiring throng.  
In every lawyer's office *ELDON* shed  
From plaster nose three heavy drops of red.  
Each Statue, too, of *PITT* turn'd up the point  
Of its proboscis—was that out of joint?  
Whilst *CHARLES JAMES FOX's* grin'd from ear to ear,  
And *PEEL's* emitted frequent cries of "Hear!"

**Finis Coronet.**

*LORD CAMPBELL* boasted in the House of Lords, on the last night of the session, that he had been a soldier in his time, and said he believed that he could even now manage a *Minié* rifle. It is not improbable, considering how well "plain *JOHN*" has succeeded in an aim requiring some skill—that of lodging certain balls on the top of his own head.

**HAWKS ABROAD.**

A PROVINCIAL society has been formed with a laudable object, that of counteracting the sale, by hawkers, of objectionable books. It has, however, a curious title, being called the *Book-Hawking Society*. To an association with such a name, the first purchase that would occur would, we suppose, be the *FALCON* Family, with the productions of *FALCONER's Mews*, *HOOD's*, *BELL's*, and *JESSE's*.

**Look Again.**

THE Irish papers, which publish *MR. GAVAN DUFFY's* hope, that *LIPRANDI* and *TODLEBEN* may gain victories over the Allies, also complain that no allusion is made to Ireland in the *QUEEN's* Prorogation Speech. In terms, perhaps, there is none; but is there not a congratulation to Parliament on the passing the *Criminal Justice Act*?

## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT ALDERMAN.



## PART I.

The Alderman  
stoppeth a Swell,

Who would go to  
the T. R. A.,

And remen-  
strateth.

But yieldeth to  
circumstances,

And reluctantly  
lends his ear.

The other re-  
lateth how the  
Mayor and Ald-  
ermen went  
swan-hopping on  
the Thames.

The Swell loseth  
benefit of clergy,  
leastways of  
orders.

The Alderman  
telleth how the  
voyage pro-  
ceeded.

How the party  
eat and drank.

How the party  
drank and eat.

How, being re-  
plete, they re-  
buked the discon-  
tent of complain-  
ing persons,

And the exagger-  
ations of distress  
by the press.

It is an Ancient Alderman,  
And he stoppeth one of three;  
"By thy gouty hand and ruby nose,  
Now wherefore stopp'at thou me?"

The Adelphi doors have open'd long,  
And I would save my tin;  
My order's lost at seven o'clock,  
Permit me to go in."

He holds him with his gouty hand,  
"There is the Thames," quoth he;  
"Bother the Thames," the other cried;  
"Jump in, and let me be."

He holds him by the glittering guard,  
The Stunning Swell stood still,  
And listens in most sulky style;  
The Alderman hath his will.

The Stunning Swell against a lamp  
Leant, as if bored to death,  
And thus gasp'd on that Alderman,  
With brevity of breath.

"The MAYOR appear'd, the barge was steer'd,  
Merrily we did drop,—  
The Aldermen, in City Barge,—  
Along on our Swan-Hop.

"At the Blackfriars we did embark,  
Where gapes the mighty sewer."  
The Stunning Swell he stamp'd his foot,  
For he heard the overture.

MELLON bath mounted on his stool,  
The desk he tappeth thrice—  
Four Roberts now the Swell must pay,  
Or wait for the half-price.

"We pull'd—at least the rowers did—  
Bang through the Bridges Three,  
And Lambeth Reach, and Chelsea Reach,  
We pass'd full merrily.

"And then the hour of lunch was come,  
Our appetites wax'd strong,  
We eat and drank, and drank and eat;  
The Chaplain sang a song.

"We drank and eat, we eat and drank,  
Till full was every sinner;  
And then we thought we'd go on deck,  
While STAPLES laid the dinner.

"We lean'd along the barge's seats,  
Or o'er the bulwarks bent;  
We said it was a jolly world,  
And folks should be content.

"We said it was a jolly world,  
And everybody stated  
That what we read of want and wrong  
Was much exaggerated.

But suddenly  
smelt as it were  
a Smell.

"That on the whole we really thought  
Things went uncommon well—  
When the Remembrancer bawl'd out,  
'Gog! what a hawful Smell.'



Disgust of the  
Chief Magistrata  
and Conservator  
of the River  
Thames.

The Smell in-  
creases,

To their discom-  
fiture,

And still increas-  
ing, it is dis-  
covered to arise  
from the stream  
they ought to  
have conserved.  
Revolting details.

More revolting  
details.

A drowning cat  
garlanded with  
drowned kittens  
is seen.



The Alderman  
shoots the cat.

The crew escape  
into pure air and  
pure water.

"The MAYOR he started to his feet,  
Out of his lordly doze,  
And ramm'd his scented handkerchief—  
Close up unto his nose.

"And as the Smell came foully round,  
We gasp'd and spit, and swore;  
Such an abominable stench  
We'd never smelt before.

"And after comments fierce and fast  
On that unsavoury theme,  
For reasons which I need not name,  
Each turn'd him to the stream.

"When fouler, fouler rose the smell,  
And then we did diskiver  
The source of all that awful stench,  
Dear Gog, it was the River!

"The river it was yellow mud,  
With putrid colours varied,  
And every kind of filthy thing  
Upon the tide was carried.

"Dead dogs rotund, and garbage vile,  
And slime, and scum, and muck;  
Clung round as in a fetid lake,  
And oozed, and stank, and stuck."

"And in the mess a drowning Cat  
Mid seven drown'd kittens sprawl'd,  
And her great eyes stared wildly out,  
And piteously she squall'd.

"There was a blunderbuss on board—"  
"Old Cooek, what are you at—  
Are you not well?" "O gentle Swell,  
I took and shot the Cat!"

## PART II.

"We pull'd—at least the rowers did,—  
How long I cannot say,  
But up to Richmond's pleasant banks  
At length we made our way.

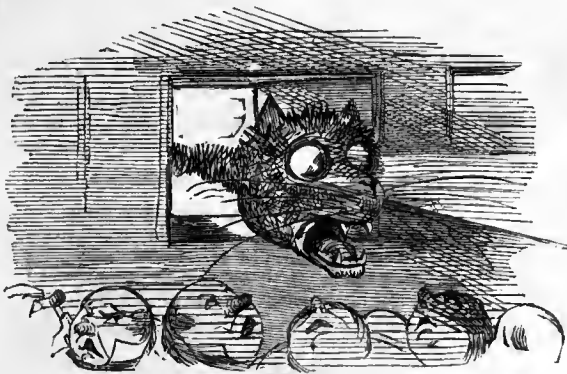
"There ran the river pure and bright,  
Without a speck or stain;  
So once it ran at Westminster,  
And so might run again.

And recovering from their discomfort, resume their gormandising,

And their philanthropy,

And make merry with the sufferings of those worse off than themselves.

Awful appearance of the Cat's eyes.



"We all revived—began to laugh,—  
And then went down to dine,  
And all bad odours were forgot  
In my LORD MAYOR'S good wine.

"We eat and drank, and drank and eat,  
Back in our chairs we leant;  
We said it was a jolly world,  
And folks should be content.

"We own'd the Thames's scent was strong,  
And said the labouring classes  
Who lived beside and drank the tide  
Were very stupid asses.

"For why not move, as we had done,  
Out of the stench's way,  
And why not drink the sort of lush  
That we had drank that day?

"We eat and drank, we drank and eat,  
With toasts and speeches hearty—  
When, Gog! that Cat's infernal eyes,  
Glared in upon the party.

To thank them for their protection and patronage.

The Ancient Alderman recounts a dream. He pretends to have seen Westminster New Bridge.

Fish in the Thames.

Good fish too.

New Sewerage arrangements.

The banks in a healthy state.

The humbler classes enjoying the river breezes.

"And as they crawl'd, and erept, and writhed,  
We heard this awful ditty—  
'The Vermin of the Thames salute  
The Fathers of the City!'

PART IV.

"A DREAM, a dream, a pleasant dream.  
I stood at Westminster,  
And saw a bran-new, span-new bridge  
Bestride a river clear.

"The wave it was as crystal bright,  
You saw white sand below,  
And flounders, gudgeon, tench and dace,  
Shot, flitting, to and fro.

"The jolly salmon heaved his jowl,  
The whitebait glanced like gems;  
In short, all kinds of funny fowl  
Were swimming in the Thames.

"On either bank a mighty sewer  
Received what London gave,  
And bore it to the Kentish farm,  
Or to the ocean wave.

"And terraced gardens there display'd  
Green leaves and arbours fair,  
And rosy children laugh'd and sniff'd  
The river's fragrant air.

"And artisans, (their labour done,)  
With pots, and pipes, and wives,  
Sat by the stream, and call'd the sight  
The pleasure of their lives.



The reason of this blessed change.

"And thus outspoke a gentle voice—  
A voice of cheer and beauty:  
'Sir, London's Mayor and Aldermen  
At length have done their duty!'

PART V.

The Swell has had enough,

"It's deuced interesting," quoth  
The now exhausted Swell;  
"But I must be allow'd to hope  
You've nothing more to tell.

Counsels the Alderman.

"And if you'll take a fellow's hint,  
You, and your Mayor, and crew;  
The work you say your dream described,  
You'd better go and do.

Adds an impertinent suggestion.

"And when the sewers are quite complete,  
Jump in, and you shall be  
With all the other nuisances,  
Wash'd nicely down to sea.

And bolts into the theatre, Half-price commencing.

"Now, *au revoir*—the boxkeeper,  
With the *Half-price* board comes;  
And I must hear that BLONDELET,  
Upon his twenty drums."

The Alderman comforts himself in his fashion, and is duly punished.

Vanish'd the Swell: the Alderman  
Went off and drown'd his sorrow—  
And with a thundering headache he  
Awoke upon the morrow.

PART III.

"FLOATING, floating down the Thames,  
Upon our backward way,  
All sorts of foul and nasty things  
Did seek our course to stay.

"At every window in they look'd,  
Upon the deck they leapt,  
They crawl'd upon our visages,  
And on our plates they erept.

"To tell you of their hideous forms  
I have nor power nor hope—  
Look on a water-drop, shown in  
The gaseous microscope.

"They were the Vermin of the stream  
That now is London's sink;  
The filthy stream that is at once  
Her sewer, her bath, her drink.

With new grief to their own noses.

"In at the cabin window glared,  
Like the red fires of—well,  
But what was worse, along with her  
The creature brought the Smell.

Their sufferings are renewed with increased severity.

"Into the cabin pour'd the stench  
Suffusing all the air,  
And instant every Alderman  
Fell down beside his chair.

The Eyes are upon Them.

"And there we sat upon the floor  
Unable for to rise,  
While, gazing in malicious sort,  
Glared down that Cat's green eyes.

The Ancient Alderman's crime is brought against him.

"And greener grew those fiendly orbs,  
(Ay, greener than green fat)—  
As, twixt a mew and sercech we heard—  
'Who was it Shot the Cat!'

They float backwards towards town.

And the Vermin of the Thames, visit them,



*Ingenious Youth.* "OH! SUCH A LARK, BILL! I'VE DIN AND FILLED AN OLD COVE'S LETTER-BOX WITH GOOSEBERRY SKINS AND HOYSER SHELL,—AND RAPPED LIKE A POSTMAN!"  
*Old Cove.* "HAVE YOU?"

### THE CRICKET ON THE MORMON'S HEARTH.

WE learn from the *New York Herald* that the crickets and grasshoppers are devouring up, and serve them right, the Mormons of Utah. That grasshoppers will devour men, nay, whole families alive, is a fact not to be denied by any one who will consider the doings of the GRESHAM grasshopper at the Stock Exchange. How many a broker has that grasshopper nibbled to bits, singing the while, and Bow bells ringing music to the feast! In like manner, the Mormons were chewed up in the Illinois in 1846, devoured—say the accounts—"by the crickets; great goggle-eyed, crook-legged, bottle-bodied monsters." They are more than a match for the oriental white ant, that in a night will leave the bones of an elephant as clean as a domino. Most appalling are the accounts of the ravages of these monster crickets on the hearths of the Mormons. Cradles, with half-a-dozen babies in them at night, are found empty in the morning. And a doting and incomparable husband—the spouse of fourteen wives at dewy eye—finds himself seven times a widower at sunrise. It is said, and we give the fact as a warning to all about to emigrate to marry at the Salt Lake, that the crickets have a preference for wives; carrying half-a-dozen off from under one roof, and devouring them to a music of their own, and that may be set to the old words of—"Plenty more where they come from."

**ST. BASTINADO.**—THE government of Rome has, in imitation of Naples, introduced the bastinado into the Pontifical code. We do not see why it should not be canonised; for what, in the Calendar, is one stick more?

### TWO KINGS AND TWO COUNTRIES.

FOES in arms, when swords were swaying in the push of battle:  
Foes in arts, when pens were weighing claims with critic prattle:  
Foes in trade, at every haven, Jack 'gainst Tricolor;  
Foes in habits, in the haven of their lives, all o'er:  
France and England, foes no longer, hand in hand are clasping:  
For their ancient feud the stronger be that tardy grasping!

Bells from out a hundred steeples clash their gladsome greeting,  
While the chiefs of two great peoples join in friendly meeting.  
Thick within my brain are clustering dim historic fancies  
Of our HENRY, bluff and blustering, kissing liquorish FRANCIS;  
While the Cardinal, prime mover of those puppets royal,  
By ANNE BOLEYN'S broad-back'd lover rears his brow disloyal.

What are our shows for the million to that gorgeous scene,  
In the carved and gilt pavilion, on the plain of Guisnes?  
Plate, and cloth of gold and arras,—fountains running wine—  
Gems that hungry eyes embarrass with their changing shine;  
While, amid those blazing splendours—cynosures of all—  
Move the Kings, with their defenders, proper men and tall.

BRANDON, DORSET, RATCLIFFE, NEVILLE, CAPEL, and CAREW,  
England's champions in the revel, and the tilt-yard too;  
ST. POI, MONTMORENCY, BIRON, FLEURANGES, and COMMINES,  
Lusty sires, in silk or iron brave alike of mien.  
Meteor-like in trailing scarlets WOLSEY rides along,  
While Lords, proud to serve as varlets, at his stirrup throng.

In old time, 'twas in such journeys, with their pomp and pride,  
Masques and mummings, jousts and tourneys, kings, not countries vied.  
In the persons of their princes nations then were known;  
What of light that time evinces shines from round the throne.  
Of the people,—of their willing, working, suffering—nought!  
Good for taxing, they, or killing, while kings spent or fought.

Times are changed. Nor mask nor tourney gilds our sober days;  
Kings, like common folks, must journey by the iron ways.  
For our QUEEN, of outward honour make we small ado;  
Yet a splendour waits upon her bluff HAL never knew.  
With no shows nor pageants pressing round her though she move.  
She has gems—a people's blessing; she has guards—their love.  
In their Sovereigns' courteous meeting France and England share,  
The nations are repeating vows the monarchs swear.

### THE FIRST SINGER GOING—BUT NOT GONE.

GRISI gave us the gratification of singing during the past season at the Italian Opera, because happily her villa at Florence was not completely ready for her—the Glazier having omitted to glaze the windows, or the Painter having forgotten to paint the doors. Happily for the Parisians the same neglect still prevails among the tradesmen of the Prima donna, for she is announced to sing in Paris during the ensuing winter, in consequence, no doubt, of the Upholsterer having failed to put up the curtains according to contract, and having thus left her free to appear before the curtain again. We dare say the tradesmen of GRISI will know how to accommodate their future movements to the taste of the public; and if the Queen of Song is required next year at Covent Garden, nothing will be easier than for the Ironmonger to forget to send home the scraper, or the Bell-hanger to omit to hang the street-door bell.

Of course it would be unreasonable to expect a public favourite to retire until everything is made perfectly comfortable for her reception, and it is even possible that if she should have finally taken leave, and the pipe of the cistern should burst, or the rain should come in at a loose slate in the roof, she might be induced to re-appear for a few nights during the completion of the necessary repairs. The only thing to be apprehended is the possibility that the lady herself may get a little damaged in her vocal machinery, and that before her villa is in every respect ready for her, the public may begin to feel that it is time to say Farewell! The time has not yet approached, but we recommend the still attractive favourite to keep her tradesmen up to the mark, if she wishes to have her villa in perfect order for her reception, when it is really time for her to take possession.

### Official Incubation.

MR. MONSELL has confessed that Government has had MR. BASHLEY BRITTEN'S improved shells nine months under consideration. The presumption might be that the shells were empty, since Government has been sitting on them so long without hatching anything, if we were not satisfied of the fulness of the shells, and equally convinced of the Government's emptiness.

### THE ADIEUX OF DUFFY.

MR. DUFFY has taken farewell of Ireland; and proposes to go to Australia, there like the hunted ostrich, to hide his head in the Bush!





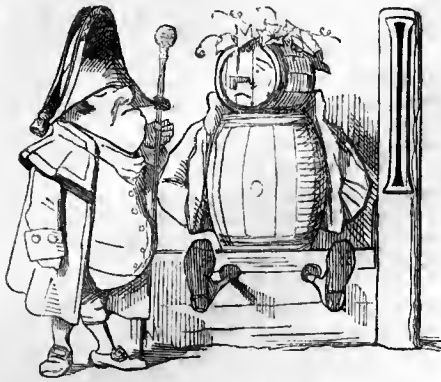
LA BELLE ALLIANCE, 1855.



LA BEIRUT A BANGOR 1972

**BARNUM FOR PRESIDENT.**

(From the New York Freeman.)



It is with no ordinary pleasure that we announce a new candidate for the Presidential chair of this great and enlightened Republic; and we shall be much surprised if the news that the individual in question is about to tender himself for this, the most honourable office in creation, does not at once cause the heart of every true American to leap with rapture, while tyrants upon the thrones of

the old world experience the shudder which foretells impending desolation. The HONOURABLE TAYLOR PHINIAS BARNUM, as will be seen in another part of our columns, addresses the people of America, and asks their suffrages at the ensuing election for President.

What the honourable candidate has urged in his own manly, masterly, ay, and majestic appeal, we cannot hope to strengthen by our advocacy. He has there shown with irrefragable force, why he is at this moment the fittest man of all our glorious millions to take the conduct of the State. His one irresistible and logical argument must carry conviction to every bosom. "An American for the Americans," he not less boldly than truthfully says, is a maxim eternal as the undying stars; but his corollary is scarcely less triumphant, namely, "the most American of Americans is the man for America." To that title the honourable candidate appears to us fully to make out his claim; and because we believe him to be the complete and noble representative of all that is great and original in the character of our nation, we humbly, but strenuously, proffer him a support which gold would vainly seek to buy.

The honourable candidate has enunciated his views in words of singular force, and it will be a proud day for the Republic when her state papers are composed in a style which combines the lucidity with the solidity of the diamond. As well might you seek to displace a stone from a wall with the aid of your finger as to disturb his collocation of phrases. He says:—"I own, not with shame, but with pride, that my character is truly American. I glory in the thought that my nature reflects that of the millions to whom I now appeal. I admit that I have the true American admiration for all that I have myself achieved, and the true American disbelief in the achievements of others. So thinks the nation of herself and of her contemporaries, and I adore her for that noble pride. I own that the cold petty dogmas of antiquity, on what it arrogantly calls truth and justice, have as little echo in my bosom as in that of this glorious Republic. A nation with a mission like ours takes its creed from no less worthy source than its own mighty intellectual organisation. I add too, and add proudly, that it is not for a freeman to chain himself to what pedants call truth, but by the inspiration of anticipatory prophecy, to state facts as he would have them, and then, by his dominant might, to mould them into what he has described them. I am an American, and I dauntlessly say, that he best represents America who is bound by no tyrannic fetter, but who bends his knee alone at the shrine of progress and enlightenment."

To the inherent nobility of this declaration, which has been made in feebler words by many of our leading statesmen, who have, not always ineffectually, followed out its principle, we can add nothing. But as the virulent pens of the hirelings of tyrants, will doubtless be let loose, both in Europe and here, upon the honourable candidate, let us forestall some of their venom. It will be scoffingly said, that Mr. BARNUM has been a showman. He has—nay, he is one at this hour, and millions of dollars attest to his success. Is this a reproach in a land of liberty and equality? From the haughty Ten Thousand, the miserable caricatures of English and French aristocrats, we may expect the taunt—we should blush to think that a true American would think less of his President because he had made his fortune by exhibiting the wondrous creations of Providence. No, we will not answer this. But it will be urged that he has lowered his dignity as a man by attending a wretched dwarf from Court to Court in the Old World, and accepting the gold and jewels of "patrons." Patrons! The THUMB tour was the noblest work ever done by an American freeman. It was a death-blow at kings and king-ships. BARNUM has solemnly declared, upon the unstained honour of an American citizen, that his only object in taking the unhappy monstrosity to Europe was to humble crowned heads by exposing their folly and weakness, and to show them to the New

World, slaving over a loathsome dwarf, and enriching him with a colossal fortune, while men of genius were starving, neglected in their garrets. Such was the THUMB tour, and the deed alone entitles BARNUM to claim the suffrages of republicans.

We fearlessly and fervently echo that demand. Not for his efforts to honour the sacred name of WASHINGTON, by honouring even the aged negress on whose dusky bosom the liberator's infantine form had lain,—not for his endeavour to confer upon the agriculturists of our colder provinces the invaluable boon of an animal that could contend with the icy wind—we allude to his introduction of the Woolly Horse—not for his graceful tribute to the reproductive talent of the Republic, when he gathered around him the childish loveliness of our States, and rewarded the most exquisite of the baby forms with a prize the sickly seedlings of royalty might envy—not for the yet more chivalrous courtesy with which at this moment he proffers the golden apple to the female beauty of the nation, but, with a delicacy unknown to regal courts, he covers that beauty with the veil of the daguerreotype—not for all this, but because TAYLOR PHINIAS BARNUM is emphatically an American, a type and a symbol of the glorious Republic, do we echo the national cry—"BARNUM FOR PRESIDENT!"

**A SPIRITUAL WEEKLY PAPER.**

The *Spiritual Telegraph* is a New York Paper, worth, it would seem, many a rap. In South Nuggetson, however, Vermont State, there are "weekly papers" edited and got up wholly by spiritual management! We are told that a Mr. and Mrs. MERRILL of that enlightened place have, like JEPHTHA, a daughter—that is, a medium daughter.

"They have an interesting medium in the person of their own daughter, fifteen years old, through whom volumes have been written."

Written, doubtless, on tallest foolscap, and bound in thickest calf. But this is nothing,

"They receive 'weekly papers' printed in imitation of type, and edited by angels;" and they have 'sheets written by invisible hands in red and black ink,' though they have 'no red ink in the house, and never had any.' They have seen the Spirit-hand which wrote these, seen Spirit-lights, and had many other demonstrations of Spiritual presence."

That papers should be edited by angels proves that the printer's devil has, at least in Vermont State, been altogether superseded. Now, by what means do these angels write? With sunbeams? or with quills, plucked and nibbed from their own wings? that may, in some measure, account for the redness of the ink. As for the "Spirit-hand," we can easily imagine what sort of hand this must be, Mr. *Punch* having, in his varied experience, often seen the sort of hand, of exactly the same crooked pattern, held up in the dock of the Old Bailey. Mr. *Punch* can, in his own person, almost believe in the possibility of an angel of an editor; but how about an angel of a penny-a-liner? Who is to swallow him?

**The Nightingale's Nest.**

A HOSPITAL is about to be built, to be dedicated by way of testimonial to the melodious-minded Miss NIGHTINGALE; a hospital, in which, writes Mrs. SIDNEY HERBERT, Miss NIGHTINGALE'S "own system of unpaid nursing" is to be carried out. Mr. *Punch* will add no word of his to the beauty of the design; for words are not wanted. He will merely, as in blithe duty bound, observe, that those who think gratefully and lovingly of the notion of the NIGHTINGALE'S Nest will, without loss of time, duly deposit their golden eggs at COURT'S. When golden eggs are not forthcoming, the nest may be most cosily lined with bank-notes.

**Austria at St. Cloud.**

THAT capital actor, REGNIER, in the play at St. Cloud, has given a fillip in the face of Austria,—and that too in the presence of France and England. In the *Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, "the policy" of Austria is named; upon which REGNIER, as *Duboulay*, after his manner cries "O Austria! Austria!" QUEEN VICTORIA laughed—the EMPEROR chuckled in his own hearty way—and PRINCE ALBERT roared! It is said that the Austrian Ambassador has asked for an explanation of the government of France, and has been respectfully referred to—M. REGNIER!

**Very Honourable of Him.**

MR. DISRAELI, in the course of rather a severe article in the *Press*, on LORD PALMERSTON'S levity, makes amends by saying "The PREMIER has resolved to show the country that he thinks the *Comic History of England* the best extant." This handsome admission that, after all, LORD PALMERSTON'S judgment is sound on subjects of real importance, does credit to the candour of a political opponent; and Mr. *Punch* is glad to see that even amid the asperities of controversy, the EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER does not endeavour to inflict real injury, as he might have done, by accusing the PREMIER of holding a reverse opinion.



### PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,  
That he is grown so great!"

*Julius Cæsar, Act i., Scene 2.*

### A LIGHT CAVALRY CHAUNT.

Oh, I'm a light cavalry trooper so trim,  
I stand five foot seven, I'm slender of limb;  
I'm small in the waist and not big in the booe,  
And yet for all that, Sir, I ride twenty stone.  
With my tol de rol lol.

I've a chako that won't stay a-top of my pate;  
I've a stiff leather stock for to keep my head straight;  
My jacket is tight, and my overalls too;  
And to turn round is more than I'd venture to do.  
With my tol de rol lol.

I'm all buckles and buttons, and brass-work and belts;  
When we trot, my horse blows—when we gallop, he melts;  
And as with long stirrups we're forced for to ride,  
I can't shift my weight on his back if I tried.  
With my tol de rol lol.

My carbine to look at is all you'd desire,  
But it's too long to load, and too heavy to fire.  
I've two pistols besides, but, for taking a shot,  
One light Colt's revolver were worth the whole lot.  
With my tol de rol lol.

I've a beautiful sabretash dangling at heel;  
I've a sword, and to blunt it a scabbard of steel;  
And to tire my sword-arm, if all else chance to fail,  
On each of my shoulders I've got a brass scale.  
With my tol de rol lol.

With any light troops in the world I will show,  
As a beauty to look at, a bad 'un to go.  
In short, I'm turn'd out, as the Horse Guards may boast,  
For the minimum work, at the maximum cost.  
With my tol de rol lol.

But there's one thing the Horse Guards can't do, try their  
best,  
That's a muzzle the pluck in an Englishman's breast.  
To cripple the soldier they've done what they can,  
Balaklava will show they've not damaged the man.  
With my tol de rol lol.

Then here's pensions and peace to Peninsular men,  
And more power to big JACOB OMNIUM'S pen:  
Here's GENERAL GOOD SENSE *vice* GENERAL ROUTINE,  
And here's up with old England and God save the QUEEN!  
With my tol de rol lol.

### BOMBARDMENT OF SWEABORG.

(From the *Invulnerable Russe.*)

A SUPPLEMENT to the above journal contains the following despatches from the commander of Sweaborg. They are dated 29th of July (otherwise August 10).

The enemy's fleet, consisting of 150 ships of the line, 120 mortar-boats, and 230 gun-boats, anchored at 9 and 11 A.M., and opened fire. They fired from 500 to 520 shots a minute, but with no effect.

2:40 after midnight.—The fire of the enemy has become so heavy that three mortar-boats have been shattered to pieces by the recoil, the crew of which were picked up by the boats of the ships of the line. The enemy has already lost 10,000 shells.

5:55 A.M.—A shell has fallen upon a spirit shop, and the conflagration of twenty hogsheads of raki is the consequence. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of our brave soldiery, who burn for the hour of vengeance.

8:15 A.M.—A rocket has just entered a chemist's, and an explosion followed. The chemist's unfortunately adjoining an oil and pickle shop, the flames have spread. The conduct of our troops is excellent.

10:25 A.M.—A shell has burst in a barrel of tar, in close proximity to a powder magazine. The impending destruction was stayed by the heroic BOMBARDIER WAGHISOWNCHINOFF, who flung himself into the burning mass, and, at the cost of his life, and with incredible coolness, extinguished it. His ashes have been preserved, and, duly enshrined in an urn of platina, will be dedicated to ST. ANDREW.

12:30 P.M.—The enemy has brought up all his boats, but, thanks be to ST. NICHOLAS, has done nothing of consequence.

1 P.M.—A lucifer match manufactory caught fire, but the flames have been extinguished by a milkmaid (name not given).

2 P.M.—The enemy have withdrawn all their ships, mortar-boats, and gun-boats that have escaped.

All our batteries are consolidated in their foundations by the thunder of the enemy.

Casualties.—One Cossack missing.

### SALARY FOR A SHARP YOUNG MAN.

SHARP young men of business appear in a commercial sense to be flat. Here is an advertisement from the *Times*, whence it would seem that in the labour market they are quoted at a very low figure:—

WANTED, a sharp YOUNG MAN, thoroughly acquainted with the examination floor, Custom House, and Dock Business. Salary about £30 per annum. Address full particulars to A., 146, Leadenhall Street.

Perhaps the hours during which it is proposed to work the sharp young man daily at £30 a-year are few in number; or perhaps that moderate salary is to be a superaddition to board and lodging, with treatment as one of an uncommonly happy family. It is rather unreasonable to expect the services of a sharp young man on terms not exceeding those which would be expected by an able-bodied labourer; and the sharp young man who would accept them would probably be discovered by his employer to be, in regard to any property he might be intrusted with, considerably more sharp than honest.

### The Rule with many Government Places.

THE height of the place is not always in proportion to the merit that fills it. You frequently see a weak person in a high place, and wonder to yourself how he got there. But do not be discontented—at a dinner-table is not the highest seat invariably occupied by the most childish?

### AS SURE AS A GUN.

THERE used to be a doubt as to the value of guns when brought into operation against walls, but recent events at Sweaborg have proved that an English mortar is more than a match for any quantity of Russian bricks.

BONNETS AND BIRTHS.—The present style of Bonnet is certainly not of a Malthusian character, for since they came into use there have been more hairs apparent than ever.

HINTS FOR CONTINENTAL TRAVELLERS.

(By our own Tourist.)



T this season of the year, everybody who can afford it, together with many who can't, will besiege the Railway or the Steamboat Station at London Bridge, for the purpose of indulging in a Tour. Some seek to bury their cares in the bosom of Gravesend, with its shrimps, its Rosherville, and other cheap attractions, while others carry their blighted hopes to Margate, and endeavour to efface bitter memories by transferring them to the sands. Some there are whose pursuit of pleasure or oblivion runs in another channel, or rather in another part of the channel, for they will cross the sea from Dover to Calais or from Folkestone to

uniform, which but for their obtrusiveness might make one fancy they belonged to a *corps de reserve*.

The landing of the luggage from the steamboat is a great military operation, for not a *sac de nuit* can be passed through the Custom House without a series of evolutions performed by gentlemen in handsome regimentals, and who, to do them justice, combine the civil with the military in an eminent degree.

The *table d'hôte* at the Calais Station affords the traveller, who is going on by the fast train, an opportunity of purchasing half-a-crown's worth of experience, for he will have just time enough to pay three francs for a dinner which he has no time to eat. The traveller should beware of entering too speedily into friendly relations with a class of gentlemen holding commissions from themselves, and taking the title of Commissioner, who if he is an Englishman, will attach themselves to him and follow him wherever he goes. If he knows what to do, they will tell him, in indifferent English, what he is doing, and when he has done it they will touch their hats and ask to be paid. If he does not know what to do, or where to go, they will walk about with him until they have got the keys of his luggage, and he will then be completely in their hands. The Commissioner is from that moment the "master of the situation," the traveller will find no escape until he is fairly off by the train.

On arrival in a Continental city, be it Paris or Brussels, or any other, you will naturally go to see everything that is to be seen. On these occasions avoid taking a stick for your companion, for a stick is always disagreeable, most especially when you have to pay a couple of sous for leaving it at the door. It has been said that a horse can eat his own head off, but this operation is more rapidly performed by a gold mounted cane, which eats off its head in less than a week, if a penny is paid every time it is left in a porter's hands.

Boulogne. On reaching the shores of France, the tourist will find them guarded by a strong force of custom-house warriors, each armed with a sword, and dressed in full military uniform. The experienced traveller will recognise among this corps some veterans who have been long in the service of their country; and there is one who was present at the taking of a carpet-bag from a party of English as far back as 1840, when an attempt was made to introduce some British calico into France. Our ally is indeed a great military nation, for even her beadles in her churches are armed with warlike weapons, her police are invested with swords, and even the touters from the hotels appear occasionally in a sort of

AN ENTIRELY NEW HOSPITAL.

THE proposed NIGHTINGALE testimonial announced in the *Times*—a hospital served by unpaid nurses under her direction—is a tribute, the idea of which we regard with feelings far different from those with which we contemplate the gold salver voted to the arch-rogue of a railway company, or the tea-service and slippers presented to the clerical humbug. Indeed, we are rather ashamed at having named such very dissimilar things in the same sentence. If the public gives Miss NIGHTINGALE a hospital, it will acknowledge the good she has done by giving her more of it to do. Virtue, in this case, will be its own reward, but the case will be, that one of extremely rare occurrence, wherein the meritorious party can enjoy the recompense. The sufficient military hospital, also advocated by the leading journal, is an institution of which not only is the establishment desirable, but the want is infamous. It may, therefore, be feared that the suggestion for the foundation of such a hospital will not be adopted by any Ministry. But there is a description of infirmary whereof the notion might very possibly find favour with a British Cabinet. Many of our enlightened aristocracy, among them, we believe, LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, support a place of provision for the treatment of disease by doses of medicine imperceptibly larger than the ultimate particles of matter. Of course, these fashionable philosophers and wise ladies have studied anatomy, physiology, and pathology, and have thence been enabled to discern that HUNTER and ABERNETHY were two humbugs, and that HAHNEMANN was not one, for clearly he was one, if they were not two.

A homœopathic hospital is not, however, what we are now alluding to, although the ruling powers might be likely enough to entertain the proposal of that. We mean a hospital of an entirely novel character, albeit conducted on medical principles which have long been recognised officially. This is to be a hospital without physicians, surgeons, or an apothecary. One medical officer is to serve for all three. That individual shall be the Patent Medicine Vendor. He shall supply the patients with whatever remedies they may choose to demand, they having to prescribe for their own cases. To enable them to manage this not very difficult matter with perfect ease, let them be furnished with plenty of advertisements of various and rival pills, ointments, mixtures, balsams, elixirs, tinctures, &c. &c., including testimonials

and directions for use. As Government not only permits the sale of quack medicines, but encourages it by sealing them with the stamp of its approbation, it of course thinks the self-prescription of specifics a form of medical treatment proper for the public at large, and must therefore approve of a hospital in which the indigent sick may relieve themselves of their maladies by the same practice.

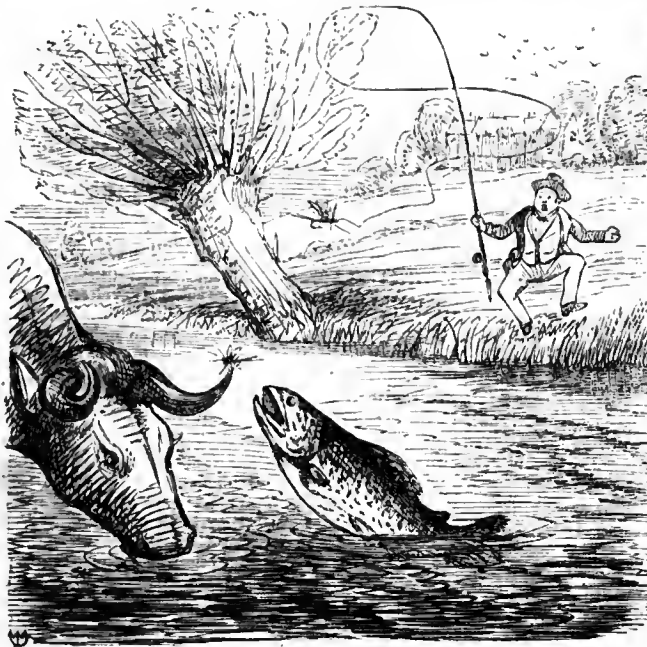
PEACE UPON CRUTCHES.

THERE is a very pretty story of the War that we hope foreshadows the conditions of a peace. On the attack of the 18th on the Malakhoff, CAPTAIN M., a Frenchman, and CAPTAIN S., a Russian, meet and exchange the "usual compliments" with sabres. Both are hurt; and the Frenchman is made prisoner. Both are sent to Odessa: again both meet. The Frenchman is cured of his wounds, is hale and strong; but the Russian is still upon crutches. However, the old combatants recognise each other; embrace; and become such friends that, when they part, they separate with weeping eyes!

What a pity that men do not embrace before fighting, that no fighting may come of it! Is it not so, MR. GLADSTONE; is it not so, MR. BRIGHT? We know that both of you will say "ay," and so says *Punch*; but since this cannot be; since the CZAR, strong upon the wrong side, will cross his sabres, let us hope that, with the Russian CAPTAIN S., he may have the worst of it. We can only embrace Russia with safety, when we embrace her upon crutches.

Austria Slandered.

SOME evil-disposed foreign journals have stated that Austria had remonstrated with KING BOMBA on the wholesome punishments introduced, under royal patronage, into Naples and the Two Sicilies. There is no truth whatever in the malignant report. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," says high authority. "Spare the stick and spoil the subject," thinks Austria. It is understood that KING BOMBA will continue to use the stick until compelled on his own account "to cut it."



### RATHER ANNOYING.

Mr. Todgers's disgust, after flogging the water all the afternoon, in vain, to see Farmer Giles's stupid Old Cow get a rise the very first cast.

## THE ROYAL SALUTES AT BOULOGNE.

MR. PUNCH very much regrets that, circumstances over which he of course had no control—(whoever has?)—kept him from the shores of Boulogne on the arrival of QUEEN VICTORIA; otherwise there would not have been left for future historians, a great question—to be henceforth known as the Great Kiss Question—never, perhaps, to be satisfactorily settled. The unsatisfactory report of that kiss will descend, echoing through generations. We are told by the *Morning Post*, that ought to know something about a question of "cheek," that when the royal yacht was brought to, a flying bridge was extended to her from the shore.

"But no sooner had the QUEEN put her foot on it and left the deck, than, as on her first touching the soil of France, the EMPEROR, who had previously dismounted, came forward, took HER MAJESTY by the hand, and saluted her on both cheeks—a salutation customary among royal personages on such occasions."

The English present, not aware of the royal etiquette, were at first taken, says JENKINS, by surprise. However, they soon recovered themselves, and corroborated the salute on both cheeks "with three very hearty cheers." Now, history would be content with this; but how is it possible, when—on the testimony of the *Morning Chronicle*—the cheeks are changed? The *Chronicle*, with historic gravity avers that—

"His Imperial Majesty immediately stepped on board, and, having bowed, kissed the hand of the QUEEN. HER MAJESTY then kissed the EMPEROR on both his cheeks."

Will this question ever be cleared up? We fear not. It is hardly to be expected that HER MAJESTY will "write to the *Times*," denying the statement of the *Chronicle*; whilst, on the other hand, it would be a shocking want of gallantry in LOUIS NAPOLEON to do so, he being most delighted to enjoy the benefit of even a doubt. However, Mr. Punch thinks he espies a way by which the difficulty may be managed.

Boulogne has already one column, a column commemorative of the landing (that did not take place) of NAPOLEON in England; let there be another Boulogne column that, to all future generations, shall perpetuate the pacific landing of VICTORIA in France. The EMPEROR would have come wielding thunderbolts,—the QUEEN really lands, offering the rose of Albion to be bound up with the violets of Gaul. Very different memories will be awakened by the two columns.

"Colonels, forward!" writes NEY in his *Account of his Division for the Invasion of Great Britain*—and "in ten minutes and a half, twenty-four thousand men embarked." Another signal proved it was a feint to try the rapidity of their embarkation: for "in thirteen minutes from the time the soldiers were on board, they were drawn up in battle array on the shore."

That is, not on the shore of Dover. The Napoleon Column commemorates a feint; the Victoria Column will testify to a truth. NAPOLEON

did not land—VICTORIA did. There were no thundering guns on the shores of Kent, but the salute of peace on the strand of Picardy; and as the givers and takers of these salutes may otherwise be a matter of dispute, Mr. Punch proposes this easy mode of compromise. On the base of the monument there will, of course, be four medallions. Let one of these medallions show how the EMPEROR saluted the QUEEN on both cheeks, and how on both cheeks the QUEEN saluted the EMPEROR.

## RARE FUN AT RYDE.

ONE of the most amusing as well as intellectual of our old English sports and pastimes, is a competition consisting in the pursuit of an animal greased as to the tail, and in the endeavour to catch and hold it by that appendage. Another is the rivalry of climbing, or rather attempting to climb, a pole similarly lubricated, on the top of which is placed a similar animal. That animal is the prize of scansory or prehensile prowess; amusement results chiefly from unsuccessful exertion; the competitors are clowns in general: and the animal is always a pig.

The refined mind will admit that this diversion beats cockfighting by much, if it is not very superior to chess or billiards. To a more robust taste, if not to a stronger intellect, it may appear insufficiently exciting, and capable of improvement in that respect. Something has been done towards filling the room for that improvement: as witness the following copy of a handbill published at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight:—

## POLE DANCE.

On Thursday, August 9th, 1855, at Four o'Clock in the Afternoon (weather permitting),

## A GREASED POLE

Will be suspended from the Pier, at the end of which will be placed a Box containing a Pig, which, with Five Shillings, will be a prize to any one residing in the Island, who will walk along the Pole, let out the Pig, and bring it ashore without the aid of a Boat.

All Persons wishing to try, must be dressed in Guernsey Frocks, and enter their names at the Pier Toll House, before Two o'Clock on Thursday.

Should the weather prove unfavourable on THURSDAY, the Sport will take place on SATURDAY, the 11th, at the same hour.

Ryde, August 6th, 1855.

G. BUTLER, Printer, "Observer" Office, Colonnade, Lind Street, Ryde.

The horizontal arrangement of the greased pole and the pig over the water is a great improvement upon the perpendicular on *terra firma*. The fun of failure is much enhanced by the consequent ducking; besides which the sport has the interest of danger to the competitors. If one of them, in falling, knocked his head against the pole, he would perhaps be stunned, and then he would not only tumble into the sea, but would never rise out of it. However, some attendant emissary of the Humane Society might succeed in spoiling this consummation of the sport; and geese swim; therefore, instead of suspending the pole over the sea another time, it would be advisable to set it over a tank of boiling water. A close plantation of spikes would answer the same purpose at less expense.

But what public-spirited party is it that has been thus treating, or offering to treat, the Isle of Wight people to games? Whoever that party may be, the Ryde Pier proprietors ought to be particularly obliged thereto: for no doubt the attraction held out by the pig and the "Pole Dance" to the intelligence of the Island was calculated largely to augment the receipts at the Toll House alluded to in the above-quoted announcement.

## Mr. Laing's Russian Reward.

THE *Times* benevolently observes on the melancholy case of Mr. LAING:—

"We hope that, if peace does ever again visit the earth, MR. LAING will reap the reward of his support of Russia, and gain the concession of a railway long enough to console him for the immediate loss of all the dividends and premiums which the miserable people of Italy are not to supply to him."

Yes; a very long railway; so long that it may reach even to Siberia; MR. LAING having the privilege to issue tickets the whole of the way, to his friends the peace-at-all-pricemongers; tickets carrying luggage, but by no means returnable.

THE KAISER AND THE POPE.—A Concordat has been signed between Austria and Rome. JUDAS has kissed BARABBAS.



**PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.**

"Hear the king's pleasure, Cardinal: who commands you  
To render up the Great Seal presently  
Into our hands:—"

*Henry VIII., Act iii., Scene 2.*

**A PARISIAN SOLEMNITY.**

OUR Parisian contemporaries have been full of glowing descriptions of what they termed the "solemnity" which took place at the Grand Opera on the occasion of the QUEEN'S State Visit. The solemnity consisted of a trio from *William Tell*; some variations sung by CRUVELLI; an *étincelant bolero*; *le galop cosmopolite*; and, by way of conclusion, *le fameux Gode Save the Queen*. Our vivacious neighbours have an odd idea of a "solemnity" when they describe by such a term a sort of medley performance, in which a bolero and a galop formed the principal ingredients. We could conceive the title of "solemnity" being given to a selection from the Old Masters, whose Ops. present the most ponderous specimens of abstruse counterpoint; but to attach the notion of anything solemn to an entertainment comprising sparkling boleros and cosmopolitan galops is an idea we cannot realise.

We can imagine a solemnity made up from the labours of the old contra-pointists, but there is a vast difference between the galop of modern date and the slow coach movements of the ancient harmonists. With our mercurial neighbours, however, everything is a solemnity, if it has any object beyond the moment; and as such we are willing to accept every incident connected with the visit of the QUEEN to the FRENCH EMPEROR.

**IDIOSYNCRASY OF THE CZAR.**—Some people faint at the smell of cheese: a cat in a cupboard will make others uncomfortable. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who can swallow any quantity of train-oil, is thrown into fits by the mere mention of a box of Sardines.

**PUNCH AT BOULOGNE.**

AUGUST 27.—Boulogne has scarcely been in bed all night; the town may have taken twenty winks, but before cock-crow was wide awake and doing. When VICTORIA flashed along the Port to the railway terminus, she just left a lambent stream of light behind her to mark her way, but that was all. Boulogne saw nothing of the royal countenance—nothing of the royal smile, that, during the absence of the sun from foggy England, ripens the royal peaches in the royal gardens. Therefore, Boulogne resolved, on the return of the QUEEN, to embark for faithful Albion, to have a good stare at HER MAJESTY by day-light, moon-light, and fire-light. To this end, the sun of sunny France vouchsafed its brightest lustre—(it could not have been finer on the morn of Austerlitz)—whilst the moon, with a gentle pale face, sweet and fair as EUGÉNIE'S, looked mildly down; and yet the same moon that shone on Agincourt! The fireworks slept like dragons in sheets of paper, ready to spit and sparkle with the first "Promethean touch." Boulogne was so full, that many families aleep with their feet out of Hotel windows—English all; a fact easily, and withal painfully, communicated to the Gallic beholder by the clumsiness of the sleepers' shoe-leather. One enthusiastic solicitor from Thavies' Inn could be accommodated for a bed with nothing more extensive than a knife-board; but being professionally accustomed to make much of a little, he was overheard to assure his friend KNAGGS (of Furnival's) that he couldn't have slept more sweetly on a woollack. Perhaps, indeed, he got up all the sharper for that knife-board!

It touched the British bosom tenderly, musically,—so musically, that the British heart-strings, vibrating to the sentiment, softly murmured *God Save the Queen*—to mark the hospitable, the affectionate preparations made to welcome the *Bonne Petite Reine*. She had shot through Boulogne like a sunbeam onward to Paris; she had beheld, to the astonishment of the dust of grandfather GEORGE THE THIRD, the capital of his natural enemy; she had beheld, and wondered; and was now returning, filled and lustrous with the splendours she had gazed upon! The glories of the Hôtel-de-Ville must still float about her—the glitter of the thousands of bayonets, glistening in the Champ-de-Mars, must make a halo around the royal bonnet. QUEEN VICTORIA, an excellent little QUEEN, landed at Boulogne, and went on her rapid way to Paris. But now she returns, glorified, sublimated by the homage, the raptures of the past week,—and, *par Dieu!* she is now not only *une bonne petite reine*, but *une reine magnifique!* For, had she not gone, hand in hand with the EMPEROR, to the coffin of NAPOLEON? Had not BRITANNIA,

a little remorseful about St. Helena, gazed with reverent softened eyes at what covered so much dust—dust, that once burned with the quickening might of myriads! That right hand had hurled thunderbolts, every bolt bringing down some throne. *One* the thunder could not reach, but still fell short, still went down into the deep that still hissed in scorn. And now, the gentle woman who adorns that throne, in her very gentleness embodying the calm strength of England, comes to the coffin of the dead enemy of her land; and in his coffin—the while the organ peals old England's anthem—buries all dead enmities. Such an incident is, in its solemnity, the very religion of history. Painters historical, prepare your palettes!

*Punch* changes paragraphs, and is again at Boulogne. At five o'clock, a cannon boomed forth—"Here she comes!" "She comes!"—"she comes"—bellowed another and another. "She is come," another bellows, with thundering satisfaction. The magnificent QUEEN has returned to Boulogne, and Boulogne fetches a long breath!

There can be no doubt of the magic influence of Paris on the QUEEN OF ENGLAND; yes, and on the QUEEN'S first and most dutiful subject, PRINCE ALBERT, late of Saxe-Gotha. The Boulogne mind discerns even in the improved bonnet of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND the blessed influence of the Paris visit. The QUEEN'S brow is more ample; a tablet enlarged to hold greater memories: the QUEEN'S eyes were blue as the sea at its bluest,—but now, as the sea, they are deep. HER MAJESTY has devoured so many wonders, that she has become exalted beyond mere Britannic royalty. She has eaten and drunk of the ambrosia and nectar of Paris, and her mien, her looks, declare the influence of the celestial fare. So speculates and resolves, the philosophic mind of Boulogne!

In a few minutes, and the QUEEN is prepared to review the troops on the Sands. The Champ-de-Mars had been honoured in Paris,—why not the Champ-de-Neptune in Boulogne? There were the compact fellows drawn out, drawn in; and all of them very plainly understanding their business; a truth *Mr. Punch* was immediately convinced of, when he observed FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT give an approving nod. The MARSHAL seemed particularly pleased with the marvellous movements of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, who treat war as a practical joke, and would have as much fun and no more in dislodging monkeys from a sugar plantation as in routing regiments of Russians. In fact, to a Chasseur, a mounted Don Cossack is no more than a monkey on pony-back.—Nothing can beat the good-temper of these fellows: they crack a skull as a good joke; and to their teeth bullets are merely sugar-plums. If there be "dogs of war," then are the Chasseurs war's playful puppy-dogs! The review ended, and, it is said by some who

boast good eyes, that as the troops moved off the ground, the statue of NAPOLEON on his own Column, bent a little forward; and his bronze lips moved somewhat, as he vouchsafed down from his eminence, an imperial bow. NAPOLEON in the flesh had, in his time, been on that cliff: nothing could move him then: but now a scene was acting on Boulogne Sands, that in its wondrous strangeness moved and melted even bronze. To think that French regiments should, on a French shore, pass in review before a QUEEN OF ENGLAND, the while English three-deckers, calm in the magnificence of their might, should lie lazily in the offing!

The QUEEN OF ENGLAND went to dinner, and all the fireworks, from smallest, most spluttering squib, to tallest, and most starry rocket, must have felt the warmth of impatience that still pervaded Boulogne, growing the warmer as the hour came on. At length, *God Save the Queen* was breathed through regimental brass! (Again, a very sharp eye-witness averred to Mr. Punch that he saw the bronze NAPOLEON just lift his bronze chapeau!) The QUEEN descended; and, at the same time, the QUEEN'S yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*,—like the Sea-Serpent illuminated—with fiery speed, dashed to the harbour to receive her mistress. The thing seemed alive, and of its instinct seemed to know its duty.

Can MR. PUNCH write fireworks? Can he dip his pen in pyrotechnic ink? Why, perhaps not. But let the reader consider the page before him. Let him imagine every letter—black and small, and thronging—

suddenly touched into a firework of some sort—this P a marvellous rocket, showering stars; this U a Bengal light; this N—this C—this R—each and all a marvellous combination of fire and colour,—let the reader obligingly think this, and so thinking, multiply the fireworks by multiplication that shall reach to the skies, and he may, perhaps, imagine somewhat of the splendours that burned about QUEEN VICTORIA as she took her way on board. Out blazed a bouquet, growing to the heavens,—a bouquet of red, white, and blue fire-flowers—roses red and white, and violets of azure—as the yacht, its quarter all a flame, like burning arrow, shot along the sea!

And then—and then—the guns of the English ships gave mouth; as it seemed to Mr. Punch's ears—with a gruff affectionateness, welcoming their mistress, the Royal Lady of the Lions, back again to them!—Still they roared, and still deeper and deeper, as though their satisfaction deepened as their own QUEEN came nearer and nearer; and she was once again among them!

And in such affectionate, such loyal guardianship—with the hopes of France and England intermingling above her and around her—so leave we VICTORIA.

Two Mermaids rose in the offing. One sang *God save the Queen*, the other trilled *Parlant pour la Syrie*. One was an English maid; the other French. When each had done her singing, each by way of keepsake changed with each, her comb and glass.

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A COMPANY under the above title is in course of formation upon the newly-legalised principle of Limited Liability. The superiority of private enterprise to the operation of Government, which has hitherto been exemplified in every instance where the one has come into contrast with the other, warrants the conclusion that a body of intelligent capitalists would pursue the arts of war with the same relative success as that with which similar societies have cultivated those of peace. The speedy and satisfactory termination of the War is an object, which of itself, would render a large outlay a wise investment on the part of any important member of

the mercantile community, and the projectors of the Projectile Peace Company have accordingly determined to fix the Company's Shares at

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS PER SHARE.

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DESTRUCTION OF HER MAJESTY'S ENEMIES,

Their Fleets, Fortifications, and Strongholds; and one of its immediate proceedings will be to investigate the

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For the annihilation of Sebastopol, Cronstadt, &c. Early in the next Session of Parliament a Charter will be applied for to enable the Company to try, on their own pecuniary responsibility, any such destructive agent, power, machine, or invention upon the enemy, as they may deem worthy of the experiment, always, of course, with the proviso, that such experiment shall not interfere with any operations contemplated by HER MAJESTY'S Naval and Military Forces. In the event of a demonstration of the capability of the scheme thus tested to answer its purpose, should the Government still neglect it, as they neglect the proposal of LORD DUNDONALD, notwithstanding its approval by

SIR CHARLES FOX,

The Projectors submit, that the restoration, by their unaided efforts, of such a peace as that which they contemplate would alone more than repay the Subscribers; to say nothing to the great

### Economy of Human Life

And human suffering which would result from the wholesale, but limited, destruction of savages.

\* \* \* Subscriptions will be received at the Company's Office, 85, Fleet Street.

### "WRITE ME DOWN" A 'RECORD.'

THE *Record* lately quoted from our last number some lines relative to the Promenade Concert given in Kensington Gardens on Sunday to the Public, by the QUEEN. To this quotation were annexed certain comments, reviling us, of course, for ribaldry and profaneness. Our sanctimonious contemporary accused us, moreover, of advocating, in those verses, the institution of JULIEN'S concerts upon Sundays. If the *Record* writer has ever been present at the concerts of M. JULIEN, he must know that they usually include quadrilles, polkas, and other frivolous and trumpery pieces of music, whereas the music which we represented as proper for Sunday, was distinctly described by us as having, on the mind of the hearer, an effect essentially and beneficially spiritual.

Veracity is not the forte of any of the fanatical journals, Popish or Protestant: but we do not accuse the *Record* man of having uttered, to the prejudice of Mr. Punch, the thing that is not, knowing it not to be. We dare say that he has not the most remote idea of what we mean by good music. To him, probably, sacred music is parish psalmody; nothing else, and nothing more; miserable and vulgar tunes married to equally miserable and vulgar verses; such as the doggerel into which NICHOLAS BRADY and NAHUM TATE have presumed to turn the Scriptures, in diluting, corrupting, and rhyming, the songs of DAVID.

Sacredness in music, as apprehended by him, is probably what, to any person with an average ear, and ordinary sensibilities, is maudlin dreariness; æsthetically the same thing as the groaning, and moaning, and whining in the pulpit, accepted by the sect which he represents for devotional expression. His allowance of ear, however, may be said to be considerably above the average, and in respect of both ears we should say that he ought to have, by some inches, the advantage of the "tremendous justice *Midas*," or the "translated" *Bottom*.

### A Weighty Argument.

WE hear a good deal about the War being necessary to preserve the Balance of Power, which is no doubt the case; but there is another Balance—and a pretty powerful balance it is—which is likely to be destroyed rather than preserved by the existing state of things. There is not a state in Europe which will not find its balance—if it happens to have any in its treasury—seriously jeopardised by the hostilities which have broken out.



PORKERS ON PARNASSUS.



HE fine Statue of SIR ROBERT PEEL at length stands in its place in Cheapside, and the noble Emancipator of Corn faces his old friend, the warlike Emancipator of Catholics. The Aldermen have had sad grief and trouble about it, however, and their last unhappiness has been about the inscription for the pedestal. The only report which has been allowed to escape the Court states that the Fathers of the City "finally resolved that the stone should bear nothing but the name of 'PEEL,' with the dates which open and close his history." But it seems that many of the Aldermen had strong feelings upon the subject, and thought that the inscription ought to say a great deal more. One of

them considered that the names of all the civic dignitaries who conspired to do the statesman this remarkable honour ought to be engraven on the pedestal, as it would naturally add to his fame if the world knew what very great men had thought well of him. Several had prepared inscriptions, for which they fought with much animosity. The kindness of an official supplies us with a copy of these. ALDERMAN GRUNTER moved the following—

"He made food Cheap, for which we Sigh'd,  
And so this is erected in Cheapside."

This epigraph excited some approbation, and but for the envy of other Aldermen and poets, would have been at this moment on the pedestal. But it was opposed by ALDERMAN GREENPAT, who, with a loud voice, read his own composition:—

"To SIR ROBERT PEEL, Bart.,  
The City gives applause,  
For taking an active part  
In taking off the Corn Laws."

ALDERMAN GLOBULAR thought that both of these were well, so far as they went, but still he considered that the Aldermen "ought to be brought in somehow," and he proposed to introduce them as follows:—

"The Aldermen of London  
Can appreciate public merit,  
So erect this figure of PEEL  
On account of his public spirit."

The neatest inscription of all was, however, tendered by ALDERMAN GHERKINS, who suggested this—

"Erected to SIR ROBERT PEEL,  
Because we think he did a deal  
Of service to the common-weal."

A fierce debate, however, arose upon the last word of this composition, some maintaining that it ought to be spelt "wheel," being an allusion to the helm of state, and others—indeed the majority,—contending that its initial should be a "v," which produced some sarcasms of the usual civic elegance, in which the changes were pleasingly rung upon veal and calf; and finally, after a great storm, the Meeting sulkily decided that there should be no inscription at all, except what has been mentioned. And this is certainly the right decision, for the less very small men have to say about a very great man the better.

Gazette Extraordinary.

HER MAJESTY has been pleased to command that the fashionable mushroom hats are to be called Ladies' All-rounders.

OLD BRICKS AND OLD MORTARS.

Yes—we are an exceedingly practical people:  
The *History of England* that virtue will show,  
We don't trust our eyes, when they say "there's a steeple,"  
But, bang, with our noses against it we go,  
And not till our noses bleed after collision,  
Do we feel we're entitled to say, with decision,  
"Yes—it is solid stonework, and not a mere vision,"  
And the practical proof quite makes up for the blow.

Hence our wars have been triumphs: for, when we commenced them,  
We conclusively proved all the stone walls we found,  
By gallantly running our heads up against them,  
Singing out Q. E. D., as we came to the ground.  
Thus we've proved the Crimea makes had winter quarters,  
And the proof has but cost us an army of martyrs:  
To exact the same proof in all Russian waters,  
Through our naval campaigns, we by logic are bound.

North-Sea skippers declared that the Baltic was shallow,  
So, too, said the charts; but JOHN BULL's not so flat  
As, without some more practical proof, things to swallow,  
On mere word-of-mouth and eye-witness, like that!  
So of man-of-war stations our Whitehall assigners,  
Send into the Baltic our first-rates and liners;  
If they get aground, Sir,—a fig for the shiners!—  
'That's a practical proof there are shoals—*verbum sat*.

Theoretical writers maintain'd, for such waters,  
That gun-boats of some six feet draught were the thing:  
That Russian forts to the pounding of mortars  
(Though they mock point-blank fire) soon "peccavi" would sing.  
More reasonings that gunboats are needed, we scout them!  
Let's have practical proof, first, by trying without them:  
To show long guns won't knock the foes' casemates about them,  
Long guns, and not mortars, against them we'll bring.

Well, the practical proof—dear to BULL—has been given;  
Our liners have grounded, our long guns have fail'd—  
With short soundings and stonework in vain we have striven,  
Vainly GRAHAM has written, and NAPIER has rail'd.

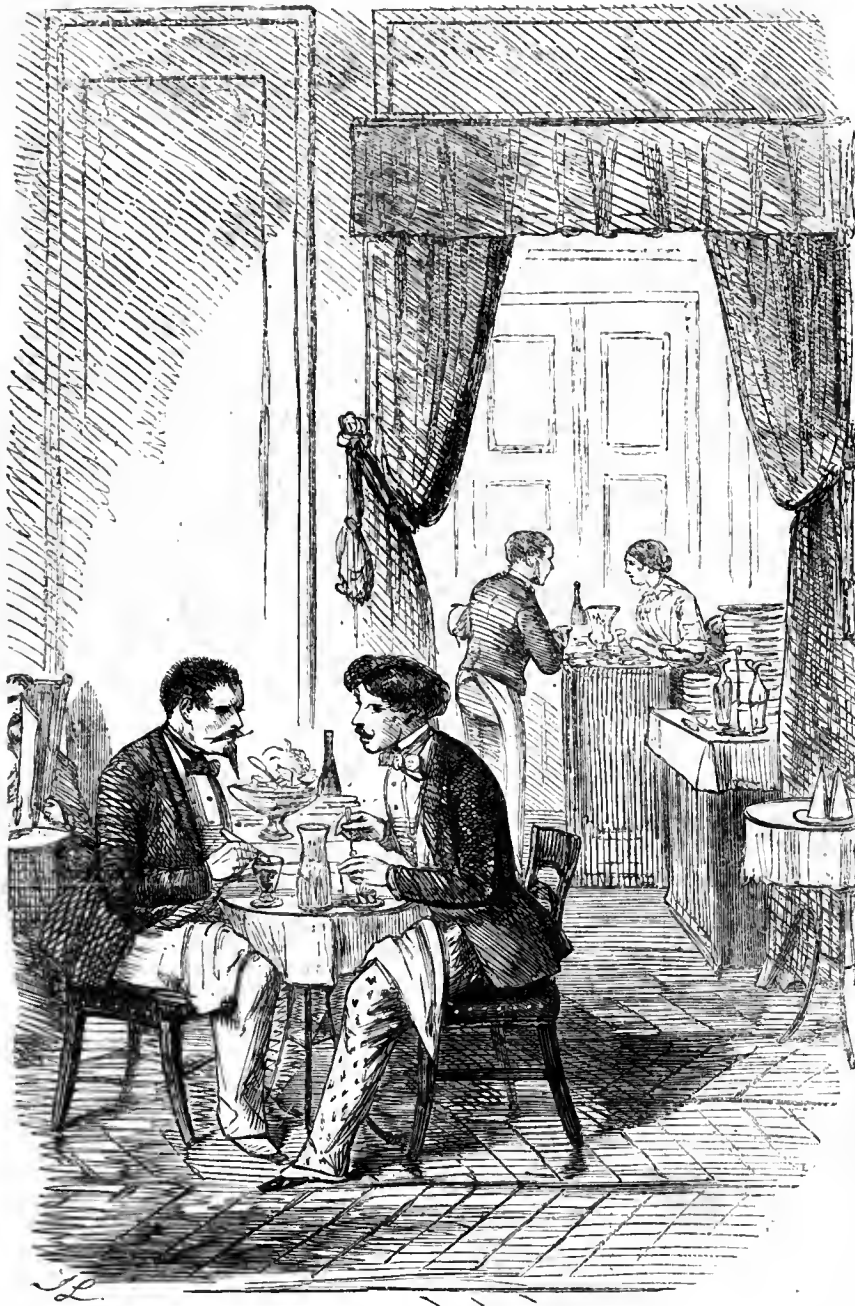
And at length—Hip-hurrah!—we've got gunboats and mortars;  
And now, spite of granite and sands and shoal waters,  
Our Tars will soon have their own way with the Tartars:  
Sweaborg first, and then Cronstadt will soon be assai'd.

"But hold"—say the theorists—"mortars, 'tis certain,  
Will wear out with firing—the fact is well known,"  
Is it so? We can't rest on mere random asserting;  
By a practical proof we must have the fact shown.  
Send our mortarboats out with no relay of metal,  
If the mortars fail, mend 'em, as tinkers a kettle;  
If they burst—why, the practical point it will settle,  
That honey-comb'd gun-metal's best let alone.

Here, too, we've had practical proof that with firing  
Gun-metal will crystallise, duly, and burst;  
But who, save JOHN BULL, would have thought of requiring,  
Loss of life, and a half-and-half victory first?  
But what if we have lost some men by explosion,  
If the granite of Sweaborg still towns o'er the ocean?  
We've got practical proof of what was but a notion  
Of a few closet-writers, in theories nursed.

Now 'tis fact, that old officers wear like old iron,  
And this fact *Mr. Punch* in JOHN BULL's head would fix;  
With old mortars our arsenal yards we environ,  
Why not with old mortars get rid of old bricks?  
We have gonty old admirals, cranky and crusty,  
Peninsular heroes, grey, mildew'd, and musty:  
Let us not wait for practical proof how untrusty  
A WELLINGTON's self grows at sixty-and-six.

The glorious old boys! *Punch* profoundly respects them.  
He knows what they have been, but sees what they are:  
Their duty to do, he, like England, expects them—  
Which is to lie up, and nurse chalkstone and sear.  
Let them warm their old bones in the sun, and have pensions—  
JOHN BULL can afford it—of monster dimensions,  
And like NAPIER, confining to print their pretensions,  
With insular pen wage Peninsular war!



## OBSERVATIONS ABROAD.

(BY A PREJUDICED MAN.)

PERHAPS there is no more striking difference between the gross English and the refined French than in the matter of eating. "*Les Anglais!—Mon Dieu! Comme ils mangent!*" says your Parisian, and with reason, no doubt. For young MR. BULL would, in all probability, have gone the length of eating an egg and a piece of dry toast, or even a rasher of bacon, with a cup of tea, by way of breakfast; whereas the young fellows in the picture have had nothing in the world but a couple of fowls, with nice greasy sauce—a dish of cutlets, accompanied by mushrooms, olives, and cockscombs—a melon—a bowl of eggs beaten up with truffles—about a pint of currant juice and iced water—a large crayfish, or lobster, a bottle of ordinary red wine, some salad, with plenty of oil, four peaches, two apricots, a dish of potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel*, two cups of coffee and some rum, a yard and a half of bread, and just a handful or so of radishes, a few almond and ratifia cakes, and a dozen lumps of sugar! How much more delicate and sensible is such a meal! And yet, somehow or other, at the age of thirty, a Frenchman is generally obliged to wear stays to preserve his figure, and he has no digestion to speak of.

## POUNDING OF SWEABORG.

THE trembling Baltic shore  
With a volcanic roar,  
The fast and furious cannonade astounds;  
Thousands of bombshells fly  
Across the smoky sky,  
In every one of them—there goes five pounds!

But pitch away the cash,  
And may the death-bolt crash  
Into as many little bits of bomb;  
Those fragments, every part,  
Reaching a Russian's heart,  
As there are farthing pieces in the sum.

The more gold we expend,  
The more Cossacks we send  
To NICHOLAS, who loosed them on mankiad.  
How much of life we save,  
In smashing every slave,  
To work a Tyrant's murderous will design'd!

Delightful is the note,  
From the blazing iron throat,  
Answering the Muscovite hyæna's yell,  
When, Liberty to crush,  
The brandied Helots rush,  
Mow'd down before our batteries pell-mell.

Those mortars are the things,  
Upon Destruction's wings,  
The telling kind of messenger to send  
Those, who to no discourse  
Save that of mere brute force,  
Their stupid, savage, servile ears will lend.

More mortars! send out more,  
Burn arsenal and store,  
Let the shells scatter death on every side;  
Among the slaves, to show  
Their CZAR that he is no  
Colossus that shall all the world bestride.

Work, founders, work away,  
There will be much to pay:  
If there's as much to show we'll cry "Content!"  
Sink, burn—that War may cease,  
Kill and destroy—for Peace;  
Spend money, that less money may be spent.

## A PROBABLE GLUT OF GENIUSES.

AN anonymous individual, who is quite right in concealing his name, has given 10,000 francs, some £400, to be distributed in prizes to men of letters of every degree, and of every nation. We tremble to think of the number of geese that will be sacrificed to provide quills for the myriads who will rush into manuscript on the chance of obtaining a share of the proffered plunder. The highest prize is one of £40, for the best novel, consisting of not less than 50,000, and not more than 60,000 letters. We suspect that even the successful competitor will starve before an award can be made, for the arbitrators cannot come to a decision until they have counted all the letters in all the novels that may be sent in for adjudication; and when this operation has been gone through, it will be necessary to read every one of the million manuscripts that will pour in upon the harassed judges.

When all this has been done, there will still remain the task of appropriating some £200 among the authors of second rank; and as the numbers of those who come off second-best in the literary world are incalculable, we look with real horror on the task that has been imposed on those who have been appointed to adjudicate.

## MODESTY WHERE LEAST EXPECTED.

DELICATE SWELL (*holding up his long coat previous to running over a dirty crossing*). "Good gracious! I hope to goodness no Lady will see my ancles!"



## JUSTICE PARSONIFIED.

*Reverend Gent.* "AS FOR YOU TWO COLLINS, YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF THE HEINOUS OFFENCE OF LEAVING YOUR WORK TO SEE A REVIEW, AND AS YOU DON'T SEEM SORRY FOR IT, I SENTENCE YOU TO FOURTEEN DAYS' IMPRISONMENT IN CHELMSFORD GAOL, WITH HARD LABOUR." (*Fact!*)



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES  
BY JOHN B. HENNINGSHAW  
PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL ARCHIVE



“ PLEASE 'M, HERE'S FIDO BEEN A ROLLIN' OF HIMSELF IN THE ' KETCH 'EM ALIVE, O ! ”

ENGLISH CONVERSATION.

MR. PUNCH has read in some book or other, that “ Conversation is a difficult Art.” Like most things in most books (except a series of volumes of which this is the twenty-ninth) the statement is ridiculous. Conversation is perfectly easy. In England, especially, the art is carried to the utmost pitch of perfection. You have only to listen to what takes place in the omnibus, or on the steamboat, or in the next box at the opera or eating-house, or as you come home from church, or in the railway train, or in any other place where people talk publicly, to be convinced that English people talk remarkably well—that their conversation is easy, precise, pointed, full of information, instructive but not pedantic, lively but not flippant, bold but not audacious, serious but not didactic, and a great many other things but not a great many other things, and, in short, that the British Public talks admirably.

Eager for the honour of his native land, Mr. Punch has been taking notes of a good deal of Conversation which has lately reached his immortal ears. And in proof of the justness of his eulogium, he subjoins a specimen of a brilliant dialogue which occupied and amused the estimable individuals who delivered it, all the way from the Nine Elms Pier to Blackfriars Bridge. He took it down in short hand, and his notes may be seen on application at the publisher's.

SCENE—After-Deck of the “ Bride ” Steamer.

Enter, embarking from the Pier, MR. BROWN, a well-dressed, florid, fussy, puffy lady's man, of middle age, and some rotundity; MISS JONES, a highly-dressed spinster, of a certain age, with rather a made voice and simper to match, and her friend, MISS ROBINSON, of the same pattern. The ladies were unacquainted with the gentleman, but they met at the pay-place, and the plot of the drama is that the man who gives the tickets thought for a moment that the three were one party.

Mr. Brown (bustling aft, and smiling). Ah, ha! Ha, ah! [Waits.]

Miss Jones (following). Hee—hee—hee. [Takes her seat.]

Miss Robinson (fainter). Hee—hee. [Takes her's.]

Mr. Brown. Ha! Ha!

[The Ladies being seated, MR. BROWN sits. They all smile for some time.]

Mr. Brown (with a more subdued laugh). Ah—ha!

Miss Robinson (volcanically). Hee—hee—hee—hee—hee. [Boat moves off.]

Mr. Brown. I am bound (emphatically, and with action) to say, ladies, that I do not think he meant to be impertinent.

Both Ladies. O dear no! O DEAR NO.

Mr. Brown. Mistakes will occur, you know.

Both Ladies. Just so, just so.

Mr. Brown. You are aware that he must see a great many persons in the course of the day.

Miss Jones (thoughtfully). I suppose he must.

Mr. Brown. Yes. And some of these persons come alone, while others come, perhaps two, perhaps three, perhaps even more together.

Miss Robinson (apprehending). Ah! Exactly! Yes.

Mr. Brown. Well then, it is difficult, unless he is told, for him to know whether one person belongs to another's party, or not.

Miss Jones. It must be, of course.

Miss Robinson (eagerly). Especially when they approach his box at the same moment.

Mr. Brown (delighted at her quickness). Precisely so—precisely so.

Miss Jones (jealous of her friend's laurels). Of course, if a person deposits the money for one ticket only, he is not likely to mistake.

Mr. Brown (considers this problem). No—no. At least he is less likely to do so.

Miss Robinson (evidently an administrative intellect). Except that sometimes in a party everybody agrees to pay for themselves.

Mr. Brown. Yes, and that avoids confusion. Besides, in that case, it would not matter what he thought, because he would give but one ticket to the person presenting the money, you see.

Both Ladies (crushed by the masculine grasp of the subject). Just so—just so. [They bump Lambeth Pier.]

Mr. Brown. I did not for a moment consider that he meant to defraud.

Miss Jones. O, certainly not.

Miss Robinson. I should think he was an honest person.

Mr. Brown. He looks so, but then we mustn't judge by looks, ladies, ha! ha! [They all laugh.]

Miss Robinson (timidly). But—but, it is a place of trust. I think I have heard that the men are obliged to give—securities—is that the word.

Mr. Brown. I have no doubt they do. I say, most distinctly, that they ought to do so. I say so as a man of business. Were this Company under my direction, I should feel it my duty, and most assuredly one from which I should not be tempted to swerve, to demand security from any person who received the Company's money.

[The Ladies muse over this statement—perhaps think what worlds of other Companies are under MR. B.'s direction. They bump Westminster Pier.]

Miss Robinson (whose subtle brain is perfectly GLADSTONIAN). He did not like to give me the three-penny piece, at first, though.

Mr. Brown. Few people like parting with money. Ha! ha!

Miss Jones. True. Yet what is the use of money, unless spent?

Miss Robinson. Money is the root of all evil, they say.

Mr. Brown. Still it makes the mare go. Ha! ha! [Great fun for some minutes.]

Miss Robinson (bent on the solution of her new problem). But his trying to keep back the three-penny piece would not show that he was dishonest towards his employers, but only to the public.

Mr. Brown (solemnly). My dear lady, I have always remarked, in my progress through life that—(They bump Hungerford Pier). Dear me, there is always a mess at this pier. O, all right. I was going to say, that I have always remarked, in my progress through life, that a person who will be dishonest towards one person will be so towards another.

Miss Jones (determined to go in for honours). Certainly—

Miss Robinson (forestalling her friend). Because there is nothing more to make a person honest in one case than in another.

Mr. Brown. Precisely. Except the fear of being found out. Ha! ha!

Miss Jones (who has something in her, after all). Fear of detection is a low motive to deter from the commission of wrong.

Mr. Brown. Very just, very just. It is so.

Miss Robinson (rather a failure this time). Persons should know their duty, and do it.

Mr. Brown. Very true, very true. So they should.

Miss Jones (pursuing her advantage). But if everybody did what they ought to do—

Mr. Brown (the masculine vigour re-asserting itself). We should not want those majestic buildings to remind us of what is proper and right.

[Points to St. Paul's, as they bump Waterloo Pier. The Ladies gaze upon the Cathedral, as if seeing it for the first time in a new light.]

Miss Jones (giving way to her enthusiasm). It is indeed a fine structure.

Miss Robinson (devotional feeling having overcome her rivalry). Is it not? And how well you can see it from the river.

Mr. Brown. It was built, you are aware, by SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Both Ladies (thankfully). O, SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Miss Jones. I always forget the name.

Miss Robinson. I think of a little bird, but then I forget which bird.

Mr. Brown (facetiously). Perhaps, if the man had kept the three-penny piece, he would have spent it in paying to go in and see St. Paul's.

[The Ladies are convulsed, until they bump Blackfriars' Pier.]

Mr. Brown. “Ha! Ha! I wish you good morning, ladies. I am going to get out here.

Both Ladies. Good morning.

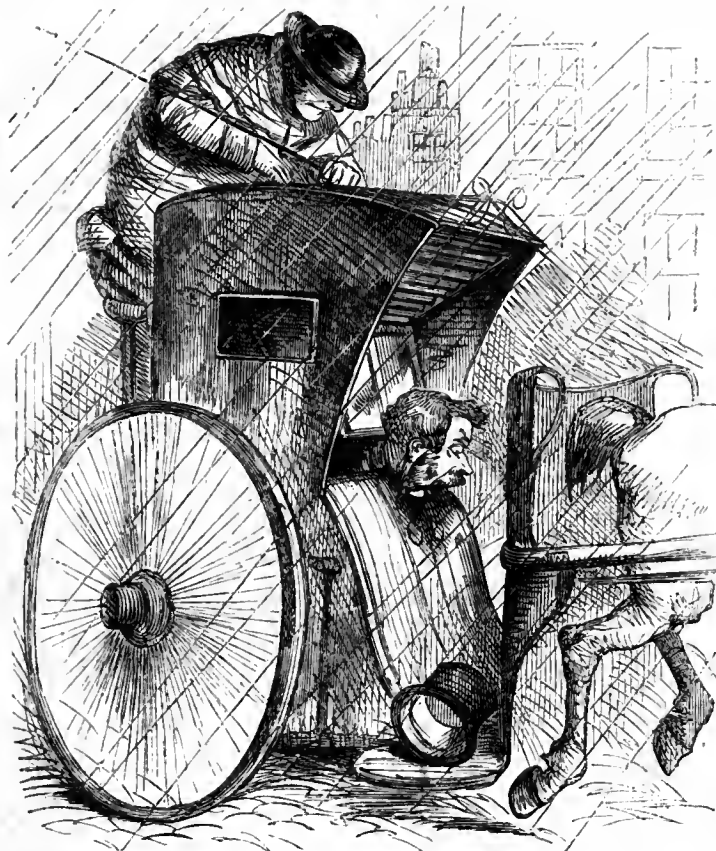
Mr. Brown (as he ascends the pier). Very nice, lady-like women—full of intellect and appreciation. [Exit.]

Miss Jones. What a very well-informed man, dear. Evidently an influential City merchant.

Miss Robinson. Or banker, perhaps—his manner is so superior. [The “Bride” proceeds on her perilous way.]

The Right Man in the Right Place.

MR. GAVAN DUFFY, Irish Patriot and Parliamentary flunkey to his Holiness the POPE, has signified his intention to transport himself to Australia. MR. GAVAN DUFFY is a good judge.



THIS IS CAPTAIN GOGGLES, WHO WOULD SIT FORWARD IN A HANSON WHEN IT CAME ON TO RAIN.

### A COMPLAINT FROM THE PADDLE-BOX.

*By a Captain in the Above-Bridge Service.*

ALL down the Thames I steam until I'm ill, O!  
 All down the Thames to London Bridge from Kew:  
 And I'm forced by way of antidote before I seek my pillow,  
 With the draught that is so black to wash down the pill  
 so blue.

If any one should ask me the reason why I sicken,  
 I tell him 'tis because I live on liquified manure:  
 For while all the drains of London the Thames with garbage  
 thicken,  
 Though its tide be e'er so slow, it will certainly be sewer.

Beside the drains, the bone-mills all add their foul out-pour-  
 ings,  
 And gaseous filth from gas-works flows in emetic streams;  
 And while the dirt at bottom defies all tidal scourings,  
 With cat and dog inanimate the surface thickly teems.

Then all down the Thames small wonder I'm so ill, O!  
 And shall be until Parliament to cleanse it finds the way:  
 But except the River-Cholera some sitting Member kill, O!  
 'The House, I fear, won't listen to advice from FARADAY.

### THE IMPASSABLE PARK.

PRINCE ALBERT is Ranger of St. James's Park. He has a fine view of it from the front of Buckingham Palace. The prospect of the busy multitude of foot-passengers, diversified by nursemaids and hoop-trundling children, must be pleasing to his Royal Highness of a fine morning, when, full of benevolence and breakfast, he surveys that scene from one of the windows, with a serene countenance, and his hands behind him under the tail of his dressing-gown. But he must observe one deficiency in the spectacle. He beholds his Royal Consort's foot subjects, but not HER MAJESTY'S horse. The comfortable carriage and convenient cab do not cross the field of his vision. The look-out is pretty enough, but deficient in the Hansom. PRINCE ALBERT being, as aforesaid, Ranger of the Park, has the power, and doubtless only wants the hint, to do the handsome thing by conceding a carriage way across it to the cabs.

### STREET NAMES.

AMONG the numerous benefits which London will derive from the new Act for the Government of the Metropolis, is a revision of the system of street nomenclature. The mass of King Streets, Queen Streets, Victoria Streets, Albert Streets, and the like, will have to sort themselves. To each King Street will be put the Shakspearian question, "Under which King, Bezonian?" and the Queens will be expected to be equally explicit, and to apply to MISS STRICKLAND for separate christening. Victoria Street (and Punch Street) will be names restricted to the very highest order of thoroughfare, morally, socially, and architecturally considered; and the Albert Streets, with perhaps a couple of exceptions at opposite quarters of the town, will be told off into Consort Street, Hat Street, Night-light Street, and other titles which, preserving affinity, may avoid confusion.

Equal justice will be meted out to the plebeian localities. SMITH and BROWN will not be allowed to stud districts all over with Smith Streets and Brown Terraces, nor will it be held sufficient reason for having eleven Mary-Ann Places in one suburban parish, that eleven respectable and uxorious builders have wives of that name. As for John Street, James Street, William Street, Alexander Street, Henry Street, Edward Street, and all the other streets with mere *prænomina*, they must prepare to take less ridiculous appellations. A Christian man may be entitled to be called a brick, but bricks are not entitled to the Christian name of a man.

A register is to be opened, and every street is to have its own name recorded, and no street to take that of another. Why, indeed, should it? What is the use of an *alias* to a street? It can always be identified if it gets into disgrace; and though one street often runs into another, it is sure to be caught. We hope, therefore, that all decent streets will hasten to obtain their own distinctive names.

Some difficulty, it is thought, may arise in the selection of the new titles, and inhabitants who have settled placidly down under the no-meaning names of Pleasant Row, Prospect Terrace, the Paragon, or the simply declarative River Terrace, Thames Bank, or Parliament Street, may rebel against any title which may have more definite associations. But, while respecting this English feeling, let us remind such persons that no vow of allegiance is at present held to be implied by residence

in a street with ever so specific a name. Living in Wellington Street does not compel you to go about in Wellington boots, residing in Grosvenor Row does not pledge you to the Sunday Trade Bill, chambers in Regent Street do not make you an admirer of GEORGE TURVEYDROP, a house in Gordon Square does not constitute you a worshipper of LORD ABERDEEN, and you may dwell in Wood Street and yet join the rest of your fellow creatures in considering the First Lord of the Admiralty no very great statesman. Did a house suit *Mr. Punch*, were there hot and cold water to the top, no black beetles or church bells to be seen or heard, and the taxes reasonable, he would not hesitate to live therein, even though the street were called after MR. DUFFY or MR. CALCRAFT.

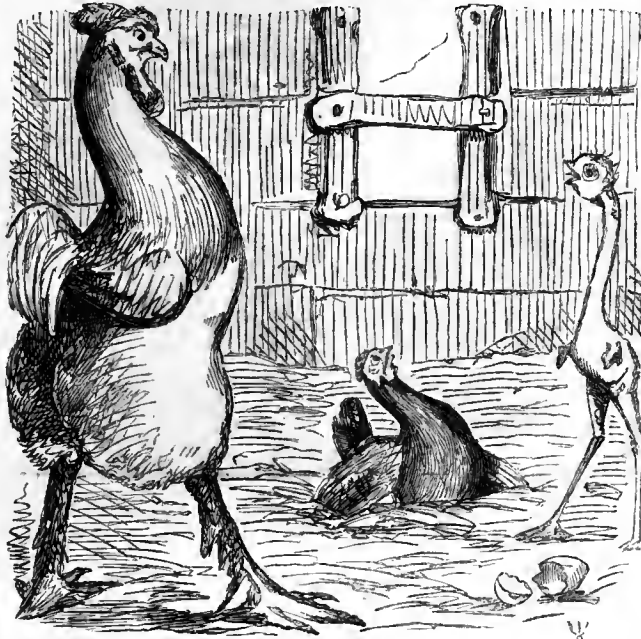
A Commission, with *Mr. Punch* at its head, will probably issue for the allotment of names, and literature may be enabled to render some assistance in the business. He is not inclined to forestall his work by publishing his whole plan, because in that case Government would probably steal it, and give him no money. But he will furnish a specimen of his notion. He would divide London into districts, and by means of his own immense topographical knowledge—not that he would not be glad of the co-operation of his friends PETER CUNNINGHAM and JOHN TIMBS—he would decide what feature gave worthiest historical, social, or other characteristic to the prescribed locality. Settling this, the feature in question should give the key to the nomenclature. Suppose, for instance, that the district included the New Palace of Westminster. This is, evidently, the key required. Parliament Street exists. Add to it Lord Street, Commons Street, Throne Street, Speaker Street, Mace Street, Bauble Street, Green-Box Alley, Black Rod Passage, Lobby Street, Order Street, Bill Street, Vote Street, Count Street, Bore Street, Bribe Street, Profligate and Unexampled Expenditure Street, and so forth. Observe the great advantage of this system. It would make no second title necessary. Who hears the word Bore or Bribe, and does not instantly think of Westminster?

Take another instance. Suppose Drury Lane theatre were the feature of the district whose streets required names. Preserve Drury Lane. Add Kemble Street, Kean Street, Young Street, Siddons Street, O'Neill Street, Macready Street, Vestris Street, Braham Street, Malibran Street, Stanfield Street, Grieve Street. Or, if it would not be too humiliating to a respectable locality, even the names of authors and

composers, who have in some humble degree contributed to the success of the stars, might be used for the back lanes and by-ways, as Shakspeare Court, Ben Jonson Alley, Beaumont Passage, Fletcher Lane, Sheridan Corner, Rossini Row, Balfie Buildings. One would not be severe, and suggest titles which, though they have no connection with any of the above honourable names, might hit elsewhere, as Rant Street, Stamp Street, Quack Street, Puff Street, Gag Street, Clique Street, and other appellations that might occur to the malicious.

Or, finally, suppose the district to be named included *Mr. Punch's Office*. How the corner of the streets would sparkle with one constant illumination. Punch Street, Judy Street, Toby Street, would be the grand titles, and despite what has been said about non-allegiance, the rents would go up fearfully from the moment those names went up. Happy too would those lucky householders be whose destiny should plant them in Almanack Street and Pocket-Book Row; happy the dwellers in Caudle Street, Titmarsh Street, Struggles Street, Pips Street, Briggs Street, Comic England Street, Violet Street, Honeymoon Street, Bib Street, Bashi-Bazouk Street, with those in Wit Street, Humour Street, Wisdom Street, and the other streets which would derive their names from all the Virtues formerly resident with BISHOP BERKELEY, but now far more comfortably installed at 85, Fleet Street, London.

THE CUMMING MAN.



HOWEVER profitable to his publishers, it must be, or it ought to be, very painful to DR. CUMMING to be made the subject of the numerous and various puffs which are circulated concerning himself and his works in the different newspapers. We are beginning to be almost as familiar with the name of CUMMING as we are with those of HOLLOWAY and a few others, who will go down to posterity in the supplement to the *Times*, or the advertising sheets of the *Quarterlies*. It no doubt answers the purpose of the pious publishers who wish to sell a few extra copies of the *Voices of the Night* or of the *Morning*, or of the *Afternoon*, or of any other hour that may be thought suited to the taste of the day,

to render DR. CUMMING notorious in newspaper paragraphs; but to the Reverend Gentleman himself it must be—or it ought to be—most distasteful to have his “reputation kept alive,” as the commercial phrase goes, by continual puffing. The latest instance we have seen of this kind of thing is a puff for one of DR. CUMMING’s Sermons, which is said to have been preached before SIR J. CAMPBELL, previous to his leaving for the Crimea, which Sermon is said to have made him “ready to die as a Christian,” and he accordingly “fought and fell like a hero.”

Of course the inference is, that the Reverend Gentleman’s Sermon was the cause of the Christian heroism of the unfortunate, but gallant General, who we have no doubt would have manifested all the noble qualities he evinced, even if he had not attended the Chapel in Crown Court, Covent Garden, before proceeding to Sebastopol. We hope we shall hear no more of gallant officers having been preached to death by DR. CUMMING.

BREAK DOWN OF THE INCOME TAX CART.

WE have to announce a break down of the Income Tax Cart, whereby the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been thrown out, but no one as yet appears to have been seriously injured. The accident was owing to a defect in one of the wheels, known as Schedule D, which moves on the swindle, or unequal pressure principle.

The *Times*, in commenting on the occurrence, observes, that Schedule D does not yield what it ought to do, and illustrates this remark by the statement, that there are only 805 persons in Great Britain returning between £900 and £1000 annual profits from trades or professions, and that the number of those who return between £1000 and £2000, from the same sources, does not exceed 5,350. That the Income Tax Cart should have thus broken down will not surprise those who long ago foresaw that the vicious principle on which Schedule D was constructed would sooner or later insure its failure.

No doubt this is a had job, and our leading contemporary has reason in urging that the Tax Cart must be got to go, if the War is to be carried on; and that the War must be carried on, or the Cossacks will triumph over us. Of course, it is a great plague to Government that the public will not pay up and grease the unlucky wheel of this fiscal vehicle. It is natural that every Minister should have “complained very bitterly” of that shortcoming. But then, how bitterly did the industrious public complain of Schedule D! They complained piteously of the shame and the wrong of taxing the whole sum of one man’s earnings, and the interest only of another’s capital; the entire property of JONES, and merely a part of

ROBINSON’S—that part being precarious. They cried out on the monstrosity of taxing an income which, long before the call of the collector, might have ceased to come in. They cried, not indeed to deaf ears, but to callous hearts. The iniquity was admitted: the answer was, that they must grin and bear it. This is the language of cool unprincipled Force addressing the helpless. Most people oblige such a recommendation as far as they please, and no farther than they must. They grin; but instead of grinning and bearing the injurious, they grin; and, if possible, evade it. They grin, and evade Schedule D, and the Income Tax Cart breaks down.

Tell men to grin and bear the confiscation that you are able to enforce at the point of the bayonet; but don’t be so silly as to give that advice to persons whose own conscience is the instrument by which you mean to subject them to extortion. What verdure a statesman must imagine that he sees in the eyes of a people, whom he expects to afford the information which he asks for, avowedly in order to bamboozle them. It is wisdom almost worthy of MR. MERRYMAN to propose to swindle any person, with the knowledge of that person, by means of questioning him upon his honour. To question any one for such a purpose, you should use the thumbscrews. It may be the duty of the unfairly-taxed victim to be an accessory to the fraud which Government seeks to practise on him. If an incorrigibly insolvent rogue, whom you do not wish to offend, asks you if you have five pounds about you, with a view to borrow the money, the rule of strict veracity may require that you should answer in the affirmative, if you cannot, in accordance with fact, reply in the negative. But except our noble selves, and a very few others, frail mortals appear to be incapable of such exalted morality—and so we have a break down of the Income Tax Cart.

Very lax, very lamentable, perhaps: a sad bluntness of moral sense may be evinced in meeting imposition with subterfuge, instead of yielding to it with simplicity. A truly conscientious man, perhaps, would rather be a party to cheating himself than cheat the Government, if obliged to do one or the other. The generality of people under such circumstances give themselves the benefit of the doubt. This is human nature, in the face of which Chancellors of the Exchequer must not fly: if they do, Tax Carts break down. Indeed, how is an unrighteous tax ever to be got rid of, but by making Governments discover that it will not answer? Let us have a new Tax Cart—one that will go—rolling along equitably. Our admirals and generals have just found out that mortars are the best means for a bombardment. Perhaps Ministers may, by deep study, arrive at as great and as simple a discovery in taxation. What if an increase in the Inhabited House Tax would furnish a satisfactory Tax Cart? Wanted, a tax which cannot be evaded, and which there would be no excuse for evading if it could. At least, a man’s house affords a truer revelation of his means of living than any confession likely to be extorted by the rack of a fiscal inquisition.

French “Welcome.”

THIS has been a difficult word for our neighbours to spell rightly. However, they managed to do it with due significance in the *bon accord* they gave to LORD MAYOR MOON; for, over his Hotel, blazed in oil lamps, the letters—“*Veal come!*”

A SHAME AND A SNUFFLE.

IN order to name, correctly, the Court of inquiry in the Crimea which virtually tried MR. BAKWELL for calumny in his absence, it is necessary to catch a cold. The tribunal in question was a Court Partial.



OUR ARTIST GOES TO ALDERSHOT TO MAKE A SKETCH IN THE CAMP, AND MEETS WITH AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

### THE TREADMILL FOR A TRIFLE;

OR, A HARD CASE FOR CATNACH.

'Tis of a case of hardship as you shall quickly hear,  
Of cruel prosecution and punishment severe,  
Related by JOHN COLLIN; his age is fifty-two,  
Of his two sons sent to Chelmsford Gaol for attending a Review.

The one is THOMAS COLLIN, the other GEORGE by name;  
GEORGE COLLIN is a married man and THOMAS is the same.  
GEORGE COLLIN he has one child and THOMAS he has five,  
Whom a Reverend Beak for fourteen days of their fathers did deprive.

JOHN COLLIN's deposition, sworn to and taken down,  
Declares that he and his two sons were at work for JOSEPH BROWN,  
Of Roydon Hamlet, Essex—a sheep-jobber is he—  
And likewise a small farmer of petty mean degree.

'Twas on the fourth of August these two young men did say  
To MR. CHURCH, BROWN's foreman, that they wanted half a day,  
To see the Essex Yeomanry review'd on Naziug-mead,  
Whereto the foreman neither objected nor agreed.

Upon the following Monday, JOHN COLLIN said and swore,  
That he and his two sons got up as soon as half-past-four,  
Which was before their regular time, their master's work to do,  
So that they shouldn't wrong him by their going to Review.

They work'd till one o'clock, when CHURCH bade them to cease to  
now,  
Then THOMAS unto Naziug-mead immediately did go,  
GEORGE COLLIN follow'd after in about another hour,  
Not thinking of curmudgeons, nor of Jack Priests in power.

On Tuesday and on Wednesday they work'd as they were wont,  
On Thursday MR. JOSEPH BROWN call'd them unto account,  
Before a reverend magistrate, GEORGE HEMMING is his name,  
Who gave these poor men fourteen days' hard labour. What a shame!

On the REVEREND GEORGE HEMMING did FARMER BROWN prevail  
To give these honest young men a fortnight in Chelmsford gaol,  
Along with rogues and scoundrels of base and wicked lives,  
To work upon the treadmill torn from their families and wives.

In vain did MAJOR PALMER their hard case represent;  
The Home Office would not remit their cruel punishment.  
Inquiry on the subject having been, by SIR GEORGE GREY,  
Of PARSON HEMMING made, to hear what he had got to say.

Three groans for PARSON HEMMING and three for FARMER BROWN;  
And I think I see three scarecrows paraded through the town;  
Then in a bonfire blazing, with a smell of pitch and tar,—  
A Parson, and a Farmer, and his Majesty the CZAR.

Bad luck to every wretched hunk and all unhappy screws,  
That would discourage fine young men from going to reviews,  
Likewise to every Justice, whether clerical or lay,  
That backs them up in putting any hindrance in their way!

### Abyssinian Progress.

OF all the crowned heads of the present day, that of the KING OF  
ABYSSINIA appears to contain as large a quantity and as good a quality  
of brain as any. His African MAJESTY has prohibited slavery, re-  
nounced polygamy, and banished the Jesuits. Three almost equally  
fine things to do!—what other existing monarch or state has done them  
all? Africa is not only distancing Europe and Asia in civilisation, but  
going a-head of America too.



**A PRODIGY IN THE PULPIT.**



SOMETIMES in ancient Rome the ox used to speak, but till lately the bovine species has not been known to utter articulate language in this country. Rustics, of all people, have the greatest experience of horned cattle; yet no rural person, worthy of credit, has asserted himself to have heard any animal of that kind say anything, from time immemorial up to Sunday the 26th ult., when, according to a statement in a letter to the *Times*, made by "A MILITIAMAN" of the West Essex Regiment, a calf walked into Moulsham Church, ascended the pulpit and pronounced the following words:—

"Now the people of the City of Corinth were exceedingly wicked people, for they were idolators, and indulged in evil and idle sports; and the people of Chelmsford would be equally as wicked as the people of the City of Corinth, if they (the people of Chelmsford) were all like the Militia."

The calf then, says the MILITIAMAN, "proceeded with his Sermon, wherein he again expressed himself as follows upon his own responsibility:—"

"That the people of Chelmsford were tired and disgusted with the Militia, and that they (the Militia) were a perfect nuisance to the town; that the people of Chelmsford wished them away; that the Militia were going headlong to Hell—ney, every day deeper and deeper."

Sensible, no doubt, of the likelihood that these assertions would encounter general incredulity, the "MILITIAMAN" does not call the calf a calf, but names it the REVEREND MR. WILSON. But, surely, it is more easy to believe that the language above quoted proceeded from a calf than from a clergyman. Yes—beyond doubt, if the words were uttered at all, the tongue that spoke them might be an ingredient of mock-turtle, and the possessor of that organ must be one of the Essex Calves.

**MRS. DURDEN'S ANNUAL TROUBLES.**

WELL! Here's my plaguea come back again—the usual torment of the season, Them nasty good-for-nothing flies—I can't think what can be the reason. In course such things is sent to try and punish us for our transgressins! To think that books—oh! all my eye—is wrote to prove the varmint blessin's!

Bother your nasty snails and slugs, and what you call your Recreations In Natural History, fleas and bngs, and insects and their habitations, Inhabiting our ticks and beds, where there's no means of getting at 'em. What can there be in people's heads to like such nasty things? ah, drat 'em!

Your cockchafers, and grubs, and worms, your palmers and your caterpillars, And what's the use of Latin terms for good-for-nothing moths and millers? Which in the candle always flies, and serve 'em right, although they suffers; But then it gutters whilst they fries, and so I kills 'em with the snuffers.

Their homes and haunts, indeed! I know too well what places they infestes; They burrows in my brockilo, and in my cabbage makes their nestes. They winds their ways, and lays their eggs, and frets, and ferrets, and deposits Their nits in clothes on all my pegs, in all my trunks, and drawers, and closets.

Bluebottles, I am quite aware, about my safes and larder buzzes, Left open by the want of care of inattentive thoughtless bussies. Blackbeetles on the kitchen floor, and cockroaches, all night are sprawling, From underneath the cupboard door, or from behind the dresser crawling.

A hole somewhere behind the grate, I take it, is the cricket's quarters, Where they goes on at such a rate a-chirruping at night—the Tartars! In windows and on ceilings both the daddy-longlegs fix his station, And is a sign of shameful aloth whichever is his situation.

I know that mites inhabits cheese, and hams is where we meets with hoppers, I know likewise that straw breeds fleas; thatch'd cottages is full of whoppers;

All that I know; and that 's enough; I want to know no more about 'em, Unless it is what pison stuff is the best kind of thing to rout 'em.

Maggots in filbert nuts is found, and apples also is their dwelling, Wopos in plums and pears abound, and stings, which cause a dreadful swelling;

Talk of the good which they fulfils!—I don't believe a word or letter, What I say is, the more you kills of enemies like them, the better.

They plaguy thinga was made to eat our refuge, lecture-teachers tell us; Rubbidge! they comes to taint our meat.—If we was to believe them fellows,

The blow-flies we should leave alone, and let the spiders live to eat 'em, And he with cobwebs overgrown; a pretty way, indeed, to treat 'em.

Servants would have a fine excuse, dusters and brooms for not employing, If sitch like creturs was of use, and therefore didn't want destroying— I sweeps 'em down, and hunts 'em out with every kind of persecutions, And cresh and tremples 'em without more pity than I would the Rooshians.



**ASTONISHING THE "BROWNS."**

THE Laureate says that we are fools to trust "a tradesman's ware or word," but we hope that we may be permitted to recognise his politeness. The remark is forced from us by observing the exquisite mode in which the West-End traders now return us our very small change. Before us lies the sum of two-pence, which, with a bottle of soda-water, we have received from a Pimlico chemist, in return for a sixpence. The "coppers" are enclosed in the neatest little square scented envelope, on which is embossed a charming wreath of lilies and roses,—the latter coloured rosy red,—and this legend is intertwined with the flowers—"The Change—with Thanks." Can politeness go farther? Echo answers in the affirmative, for we understand that other tradesmen have even blander phrases engraven on their packets. One hands you the change, inscribed, "What a lovely day!" Another, with an eye to business, says, "With hope to see you again," and a third, "Would you recommend our articles?" The Spaniards used to perfume their money. The Englishman does this, and more—he gives you perfumed money and fair words. He may cheat, but even if he does, it is a case of "stealing, and giving odour."

**A Nice Dinner for a Nice Party.**

IN the knapsacks of the Russian prisoners were found bread made of unsifted flour and rapc-seed; a piece of raw suet "which appeared to have been cut out of the belly of a dead animal, and a small bag of salt." *Mr. Punch* proposes that Manchester should invite its peace-mongering members to a banquet, and serve up to them the above rations. As they have such bowels for the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, let them, if they may, digest the creature comforts he provides for his Muscovite children. What is good for the Cossack is surely good for MILNER GIBSON.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—One of the assistants in the reading-room of the British Museum has published a pair of new boots, that are making a deal of noise just at present in the literary world.

## A STATUE FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.



HE moral gallantry displayed at head quarters is only equalled by the physical courage exhibited before Sebastopol. What a daring defiance of public opinion has been shown at the Horse Guards, if we are to credit the following paragraph in the *South-Eastern Gazette!*

"SERGEANT BRODIE.—On Monday, SERGEANT BRODIE, of the First Royal Dragoons, whose conduct in preventing the duel in connection with the 'practical joking,' has repeatedly been referred to in these columns, proceeded, according to his route, to Cbetham, to undergo the usual inspection previous to being discharged from HER MAJESTY'S Service; while ADJUTANT WRISTER, who prompted the duel, and ordered his men to 'knock the Sergeant down with the butt end of their carbines' if he resisted being taken to the guard-room, for preventing its consummation, has been promoted to a captaincy in the Turkish Contingent,—the Sergeant is to be rewarded by his discharge from the Service!"

Military justice is of a nature so peculiar that we beg to suggest an illustration of it in the shape of a statue to be placed in front of the building in St. James's Park which is consecrated to the martial authorities. The statue of Military Justice should be represented with the sword of course, and also with the bandage, but let the latter, instead of being tied over both eyes, cover only one eye, and let that one be the right.

## LETTERS REWARDED.—"NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ."

It is not to be expected of flesh and blood—for *Punch* is no longer ligneous; *Punch*, as Samuel Johnson would now allow, *has feelings*—it is not for *Punch*, then, to suffer any reward vouchsafed by authority to letters, to pass unheeded, unacknowledged. We know not, indeed, what may be in store for literature. We believe that we violate no confidence—and if we do, we cannot help it; joy, in its expression, is apt to be incautious—when we state that a late Royal visit to our dear and affectionate Allies may abound with much future good to Literature, Art, and Science. France and England mutually feel that they can in no better, no stronger way, consolidate the alliance than by each copying the excellences of each. Therefore, England is about to pay France the first compliment of imitation. In France, writers, painters, men of Art and science have, time out of mind, been acknowledged, and from time to time, in so far as the state could dignify, dignified. Even in the time of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, Versailles was little more than a palace-of-ease to poets, dramatists, painters, sculptors. They were the birds of the sun; more considered by the Grand Monarch, than were the ducks of St. James by his brother king and bought flunkey, CHARLES THE SECOND. And so, with a difference, it was with Uncle NAPOLEON; and so it is again to be with Nephew LOUIS. This pleasing fact was made very evident, on the QUEEN'S visit to Versailles and other places, where men of genius were invited, and—no spoons were missing!

It will be remembered that our excellent ambassador, LORD COWLEY, has been attacked in the columns of the *Times*—(the usual pillory for persecuted goodness, misinterpreted benevolence.)—because, forsooth, he was not disposed to acknowledge the existence of English jurymen; individuals, mixed up with literature and science, whom his Lordship, by means of his Lordship's bellicose porter, kept at extremest arm's length. "Literature and science not admitted" were written—but in shortest hand—upon that porter's forehead. It is now to be otherwise: the frontal notice is to be forthwith erased; and, in obedience to the advice of a distinguished Prince, LORD COWLEY is henceforth to receive men of letters, Art, and science. His Lordship felt that he might have justified his late ignorance of English jurymen by the example set in the Royal palaces of Great Britain, but his Lordship is a courtier, and as a courtier, held his tongue.

However, reward of the right men who have written the right books, chiselled the right statues, and made the right discoveries, will henceforth be of daily occurrence. The first person, happily selected to illustrate the new and better order of things is PROFESSOR FERRIER of Edinburgh. The Professor, it may not be generally known, is the editor of the collected works of PROFESSOR WILSON; a man of very varied genius—a man who could dash off a Highland landscape, all fresh

with the morning dew still glittering on it,—a man, moreover, who could impale either man or woman, if wickedly Whiggish, upon his pen, with all the ease of heart, all the loud enjoyment of a schoolboy who runs a corking-pin through the bowels of a cockbeafer. POLYPHEMUS never took a human marrow-bone with greater enjoyment, never made his cave echo with blither bellowings, than did CHRISTOPHER NORTH feel and utter, when he devoured alive, bones and all, a wretched Radical! At such meals, his countryman, SAWNEY BEANE, was not a fuller feeder. At CHRISTOPHER'S *Noctes Ambrosianæ* human hearts were served up—like the peacock's brains at LUCULLUS' suppers—a hundred to a dish. But these were strong-atomached times. A reputation—like a pullet, the whiter the better—was a mere mouth-full. MR. MARTIN, dressed by the cook CHRISTOPHER (he cooked his own dishes), was served up as "an Irish jackass." JOSEPH HUME lay on the sideboard as "a poor creature in mind, soul, and heart." BROUGHAM smoked as "a Billingsgate fish-wife," M'CULLOCH as "an obscure and insolent lout,"—and so forth; for we may not dwell upon half the number of dishes that, from month to month, was served up by the Apician CHRISTOPHER.

Well, as we have said, certain party men had strong stomachs in those days, and they, doubtless, enjoyed these things, even as a Kaffir enjoys his rough meal of swine intestines. When, however, the collected works of WILSON were first talked about, timid folks feared that the *Noctes* would make no part of the reprint: they feared that they might be allowed to pass away with the offal, the dead rats and drowned kittens that were once so buoyant; so biting and so scratching, in the kindred columns of the *Age* and *Satirist*. Such timorous men knew not the stuff whereof PROFESSOR FERRIER was compounded. That conscientious editor has thought it a solemn duty to reproduce all the dishes compounded and gloated over by the living CHRISTOPHER. They were sweet and fragrant to the nostrils of an age when Toryism tyrannised in the Commons, and doubted on the Woolsack; and, like spices extracted from mummies, they must have a smack, a flavour still. We must in 1855 still enjoy the memory of a good, eccentric man, as "an Irish jackass," must still laugh heartily to have LORD BROUGHAM, a "Billingsgate fish-wife,"—still acknowledge the delicious jest, subtly conveyed, in MR. M'CULLOCH as "an obscure and insolent lout!"

With an industry only equalled by his conscientiousness has PROFESSOR FERRIER so far acquitted himself of his edition of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The more pleasant part remains to be told. For reward of the Professor's services, the learned gentleman has been offered, under the operation of SIR BENJAMIN HALL'S Metropolitan Act, a very distinguished position in the sewers. Here, certainly, we have the right man in the right place.

## A FRENCH BULL TAKEN BY THE HORNS.

JOHN BULL is now a very familiar object in Paris, but an Irish Bull is still a novelty in France, though one of our French contemporaries has recently favoured us with what almost deserves to be termed the *Bœuf Gras* of Bulls of Irish origin. In speaking of recent events, the *Constitutionnel* observes, "We see everywhere in France the invisible hand of Providence." Our contemporary is, we admit, endowed with a good deal of penetration, and more than an average share of keen-sightedness, but, his being able to "see everywhere" that which is "invisible," evinces an amount of visual power which we should not have given him credit for. When a writer begins an article by saying "*Nous voyons partout l'invisible*," &c. &c., we decline trusting our eyes any further in the perusal of his remarks, lest we should see something that is not to be seen, or lest in what our eye rests upon, we may be so unfortunate as to see nothing. When a writer begins seeing the invisible, the chances are, that he will proceed to utter some unutterable stuff, or to touch upon that which is not tangible, and we therefore think it better to drop what he has let drop, by putting down the paper.

## Translation and Traduction:

SOME of the Handbooks to Paris are very good, but others, we think, err in carrying to excess the attempt to render the names of Parisian localities into our vernacular. For example, we have no objection to a writer who tries to make his reader feel at home by calling the *Rue des Marais*, Marsh Lane, or translating *Rue d'Enfer* into Holywell Street. But we consider that he goes too far in calling the *Rue des Trois Couronnes*, Fifteen Shilling Street, terming the *Rue de Malte*, Beer Street, or denoting the *Avenue des Anes* as Alderman's Walk. This is what *Ophelia* calls, "wearing your Rue with a difference."

## An Axe-idental Joke.

"WE met a fool in the forest" who had the audacity to ask us the following conundrum:—

Why cannot the proprietor of this forest fell his own timber?—Because no one is allowed to cut, when it's his own deal.

**THE ADULTERATOR'S ALPHABET.**

BY AN APPRENTICE OF THE LAUREL.



's the Mock Auction — go buy, if you choose, The trash palm'd upon you by duffers and Jews.  
**B** is the Baker, whose loaves sell the faster When made up of alum, potatoes, and plaster.  
**C** is the Clergyman—mind he don't mix His Rubric with PUSEY's or Claphamite tricks.  
**D** is the Druggist—the *Lancet* explains How he poisons each drug, and increases your pains.  
**E**'s the Excise, that affixes its locks— But very queer mixtures are made in the docks.

**F** is the Fellow whose Furniture falls To pieces as soon as it's set round your walls.  
**G** is the Grocer—the rascal is he Who puts sand in your sugar, and sticks in your tea.  
**H** is the Hatter—his hats (which you bet) Turn shamefully brown the first time they get wet.  
**I** is the Ink-maker, he's a nice fellow— His deepest Jet black in a week becomes yellow.  
**J** is the Jeweller—I know who is sold When you've bought his sham gems neatly set in sham gold.  
**K** is K.G., and a tittle dehased Since NICK and Nurse AB in the Chapel were graced.  
**L** is the Laureate, who tenders us for song A lachrymose whine when we wanted a war-song.  
**M** is the Member, the place-hunting elf, Selling rubbish he's no right to sell—that's himself.  
**N** is the Nurse who your suffering insults— Who gives GODFREY to babies, and plunders adults.  
**O** is the Omnibus cad, who deceives Concerning his route, and who lets in the thieves.  
**P** is the Publican, neck deep in sin, With salt in his beer, and with turps in his gin.  
**Q**'s the QUEEN's Government (that's but a phrase) Who delude their good Mistress in all kinds of ways.  
**R**'s the Romance writer, read with a groan, What's good he has prigg'd, and what's stupid's his own.  
**S** is the Stockjobber—none can dispute That a bull or a bear is a low kind of brute.  
**T** is the Tailor, who makes us all wroth With his skimping bad fits, and his rotten old cloth.  
**U** is your Uncle, the Usurer POP, And legalised cheating goes on at his shop.  
**V** is the Vintner, you trace, when you dine, His crimes in the mess that is brought you for wine.  
**W**'s the Watchmaker, nine times a-week His "warrants" should bring up himself to the Beak.  
**X** (with an e)'s the EXCHEQUER, which axes All sorts of unjust and irrational taxes.  
**Y** is a Yokel—when he meets your eyes, Look out—he's most likely a thief in disguise.  
**Z**'s ZADKIEL, the quack who, with "Venus" and "Mars," Diddles Zanies, by lying reports from the stars.

**A Most Touching Proof.**

A YOUNG Lady, who had weathered many summers at the sea-side, was accused of dyeing her hair, which is of a rich raven-black. She declared in the most indignant manner, that there was not the slightest truth in the accusation—more than this, she generously offered to let any one examine her hair, to see how false it was!

PROSPECTS OF THE MILL.—If we may judge of warfare by the analogy of pugilism, our aims will very soon be triumphant.—The Russians come up groggy.

**RUSSIAN VERSION OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO PARIS.**

WE borrow the following statement from the *Invalide Russe*.—

The visit of QUEEN VICTORIA and PRINCE ALBERT to LOUIS NAPOLEON has proved a failure. The *fêtes* given to the BRITISH QUEEN were very poor and mean affairs, strikingly manifesting the exhaustion to which the French nation has been reduced by the impious war in which it is engaged against the children of the Orthodox Church, and its Father, our august Sovereign.

The *fête de la Hôtel de Ville*, given by the City of Paris at the dictation of the EMPEROR, surpassed in dullness and heaviness anything of the kind hitherto attempted. The *Rue de Rivoli*, and a portion of the quays were decorated with some old flags, which were mostly worn out theatrical properties. The *Place* of the *Hôtel de Ville* was stuck about with a few smoky lamps enclosed in coloured paper. The vestibule was hung with bunches of faded flowers, and tapestry of the same description, behind which some bands were stationed, which played *God Save the Queen*, and *Rule Britannia*, out of tune, whilst the populace outside sang *Marlbruk*.

A few persons collected in lines between the Tuileries and *Hôtel de Ville* to see their Majesties. They cried "*A bas les Anglais!*" and "*Vive Henri Cinq!*" though some shouts of "*Vive la République!*" were also mingled with their imprecations.

The Royal personages were hissed all the way to Vincennes, and at one of their visits to the Exhibition an oyster-shell was thrown at the Royal party.

The Review in the *Champ de Mars* was a miserable demonstration. The French Army, decimated by its defeats in the Crimea, could furnish but a mere handful of men for the occasion.

At the Tomb of old NAPOLEON, the QUEEN evinced uneasiness, and the EMPEROR frowned.

QUEEN VICTORIA remarked, in the hearing of her Ally, that the display at Versailles was nothing, compared to that exhibited every night at the tea gardens at London, called Cremorne.

The fireworks prepared to signalise the departure of her Britannic MAJESTY and the Prince Consort from Boulogne refused to go off, with the exception of a few squibs.

It is said that the QUEEN and the EMPRESS more than once exchanged angry words on some question of precedence. The former looked thin, haggard, and sulky, the latter more than usually plain, and intensely disgusted.

The QUEEN has sent a few sous for distribution among the poor of Paris. This parsimony is not to be wondered at, considering the state of national bankruptcy on which England is bordering, by reason of the War.

**THE PRELIMINARIES OF PEACE.**

PRINCE DOLGOROUSKI, Prince of Cutthroats and Assassins—for does he not adopt and justify the Hango massacre?—alleges, in one of his avowals of that atrocity, to which he has constituted himself accessory after the fact, that—

"LIEUTENANT GENESTE, of the Royal Navy, landed without waiting for his character as flag of truce to be legally admitted and recognised by the authorities."

How to get a flag of truce admitted and recognised by the Russian authorities is a question which will naturally occur to the French or English Commanding Officer who may desire to send one to our miscreant enemy. Its solution will not be difficult. In letting them know that a flag of truce is coming, it is necessary to keep out of their reach, and the obvious mode of intimating to them the approach of one, will be, to precede the flag of truce with a discharge of shells, at a long range, pitched accurately into the midst of the murderous authorities.

**The Navy of Netherby.**

SIR JAMES GRAHAM, the other day, turned the first sod of the Silloth Railway. This was a navy's work to be sure: but the Right Honourable Baronet could have condescended to a much more unworthy employment. SIGNOR MAZZINI, MR. LAYARD, and SIR CHARLES NAPIER, could mention much dirtier jobs, of which the performance might be possible to SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

**A GENT'S VIEW OF A NEW DISCOVERY.**

ALUMINUM is a new metal, closely resembling silver, that is extracted out of clay; and a relation, from whom you easily extract large quantities of silver, may be said to be a Brick made of the finest clay—that is, full of Aluminum.

THE LAST YANKEE CRY.—No English! no Irish! no Germans! no Taxes! no Government! no Babies!—Know Nothing!!!



### SYMPATHY.

Tailor (to considerable Customer). "TRIFLE THINNER THAN YOU WAS, SIR! GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, SIR! 'OPE YOU'LL SOON GET YOUR 'EALTH, SIR! WHEN WE HEARD YOUR REGIMENT HAD BEEN IN ACTION, SIR—YOU MAY FANCY WHAT OUR FEELINGS WAS, SIR!"

### A BOUQUET OF ROMAN CANDLES.

#### THE ROMAN ROPE-WALK.

IN the city of Rome stands the Vatican;  
And in it there lives a blind old man;  
And this blind old man is call'd the POPE,  
And he's a ever at work—a-twisting a rope;  
And the rope, he thinks, is strong and tough;  
And soon, he hopes, 'twill be long enough.  
But the work that rope will be put to,  
Is not the work it was woven to do.

Pope after Pope, this many a-day,  
At that self-same rope has been working away.  
Round the girth of the world it was to have gone,  
Round castle and cottage, round altar and throne.  
Drawing the souls and bodies of men,  
Back to the fold of Rome again.

That rope was of priest-craft and pious fraud,  
Thick and threefold—big and broad:  
*Suggestio falsi* a strand supplied,  
With *suppressio veri* laid to its side;  
Imposture and Ignorance both were wove in,  
And the priestly right of absolving from sin;  
And lest its black colour should scare folks away,  
They run in a strand of Oxford grey;  
In Jesuit's bark it was tann'd and dyed,  
And round St. PETER'S chair it was tied.

Then to work all the force of Rome did fall—  
The POPE and the Conclave, and Priesthood all,  
By sea and land, and all abroad,  
They flung out their rope of lies and fraud.  
A few crazed consciences in they drew,  
And a nest of addled brains or two,  
But for aught beyond this they strove in vain—  
And the rope kept snapping at every strain.

Yet to knot and splice that rotten old rope,  
Still toil the Cardinals, toils the POPE:  
With foreign bayonets propt in their chairs,  
The blind old men keep splitting bairs,  
To strengthen a cord that was meant to draw  
A moving world 'neath Vatican law.

Let them weave, and weave, and make it strong,  
For its destined work 'twill be amply long—  
For the rope they weave—so a little bird sang—  
Is the rope folks have given, themselves to hang.

### OUR QUEEN AND OURSELVES.

THE Parisians were naturally very much puzzled at the daily announcement in the *Moniteur* that QUEEN VICTORIA had taken Lunch at one o'clock, and every one was full of curiosity to know the nature of *Le Lunch*, to which HER MAJESTY was so constantly devoted. At length it seems to have struck all Paris—of a heap—that *Le Lunch* was a misprint for *Le Punch*, and the mystery was at once solved, for the supposition became general among our French neighbours, that the QUEEN set apart the hour of one every day for the perusal and study of our popular periodical.

We have authority—our own—for stating that this view of the subject is in exact accordance with the facts, and that those who have ignorantly supposed *Le Punch* to be a mere physical kind of grog instead of a rich intellectual draught, which Royalty drinks in with appreciation and delight, are completely in error. No one is more sensible than HER MAJESTY of the force and value of a good example, and when it is known, through the medium of the whole European Press, that QUEEN VICTORIA devotes the best period of the day to her *Punch*, it is probable that other crowned heads may be induced to "improve the shining hour," by a similar excellent use of it.

#### King Bomba Rewarded.

THE POPE is about to give his Orders! On the Festival of the Nativity he will, it is said, found "a new order of chivalry—the Order of the Immaculate Conception." The KING OF NAPLES, it is widely reported, will receive the very first Order—and for this sufficient reason. He will become a Knight of the Immaculate Conception, because as a King, he is a potentate more easily conceived than described.

A THOUGHT WHILST SMOKING.—Love is like a cigar—the longer it burns the less it becomes.

### A LANSDOWNE TO THE RESCUE!

THE matter has appeared in print, as it ought; and therefore *Punch* may make a note of a new act of goodness on the part of the good LORD LANSDOWNE,—ever ready, open-handed, to give more than a cordial shake to the hand of genius. FRANCES BROWNE, the blind poetess, is permitted by the Government to make the experiment of a livelihood on £50 a-year. Even this she owes to the sympathetic liberality of the late SIR ROBERT PEEL; and even this is not paid out of the miserable dole voted for the encouragement of science, literature and art. Lately LORD LANSDOWNE read a very sweet poem in the *Athenæum* written by [FRANCES BROWNE, called *It is come*. His Lordship inquired into the worldly circumstances of the outwardly darkened poetess, and learned sufficient immediately to place at her disposal the sum of £100. A humane and noble act, but only worthy of the coronet of a LANSDOWNE. Mr. *Punch* especially begs the attention of the EARL OF ABERDEEN to this circumstance. If duly weighed in his equitable, in this his pleasant time of leisure, with all the freshening influences of country life about him, it may, perhaps, urge him to do a deed of conscience-money. For it cannot be otherwise than that the late Premier must now and then have a twinge of conscience, when he remembers that under his administration, no less than £1050 were diverted from the £1200 voted for science, art, and literature—leaving only £150 to be shared by MR. KEIGHTLEY and the widow of the gifted, laborious DOCTOR KITTO. However, if we are compelled to give up ABERDEEN, let us hope that at the next distribution of the grant next year, LORD PALMERSTON will follow in the good work begun by good LORD LANSDOWNE.

#### A FOUL COPY.

THE imitation of PEEL in every respect is proposed by SIR JAMES GRAHAM to himself. It will not do. GRAHAM will always differ from PEEL, in wanting the property of being candid.



THE NEXT ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Designed for that Enlightened Monarch, King Bomba.

THE GARDEN OF THE ...



THE GARDEN OF THE ...

...

**THE INDIAN CANDIDATES.**

It was stated in an Indian paper, that among the exercises proposed to Candidates at the late Examination, (which has fallen like a bomb-shell among "University reputations" and other questionabilities) was a quaint device of SIR GEORGE STEPHEN'S. That learned personage conceived a cruel plan for testing the intimacy of a Candidate's acquaintance with history. This was, to propose to him an imaginary situation, in which real historical personages were placed, and from which he was to deduce the probable consequences. Some only of SIR GEORGE'S problems have been given, *e. g.* "Suppose that GUY FAWKES had blown up KING JAMES THE FIRST and the Parliament, what would have been the effect, besides the bang?" and "Suppose KING CHARLES THE FIRST had escaped from Carisbrook Castle, what would CROMWELL have done, after hanging the guards?" But *Mr. Punch*, who takes great interest in all the educational processes of the day, applied to SIR GEORGE STEPHEN for the whole of the papers, with the Candidates' answers; and these SIR GEORGE very politely supplied. For the benefit of future neophytes, (and especially for students of Trinity College, Dublin, which disgraced itself outrageously upon occasion of this first endeavour to ascertain what its *alumni* are good for, not one *T. C. D.* man succeeding), *Mr. Punch* has made a short selection from these suppositions cases and their solutions.

1. An Oxford Man was asked,

Suppose that the Spanish Armada had not been destroyed, and the Spaniards had seized London, what would have been the effect?

After due consideration he replied, very neatly—

The Spaniards, having deposed KING CHARLES THE SECOND, would probably have placed the Pretender, CHARLES EDWARD, upon the throne, with FERGUS M'IVOR as his Viceroy, and would have repealed the Habeas Corpus and the Bill of Rights, and revoked the Abolition of the Slave Trade, for which they were infamously celebrated. They would naturally have proclaimed the Roman Catholic religion, and the horrors of the Inquisition would have succeeded those of JUDGE JEFFRIES and LORD MONMOUTH'S assizes. *Vae victis!*

2. A Cambridge man was asked,

Had RICHARD CROMWELL resembled his father, what course would he have adopted on the death of the latter?

His reply was—

He would have taken prompt and unhesitating steps to secure his power. Recalling CLAVERHOUSE from Scotland, he would have entrusted the English army to that skilful but ruthless leader, and, placing a garrison in the Tower, under the command of the veteran, LORD FALKLAND, he would have dispatched a fleet, led by BLAKE and DRAKE, to assail the ports of France, whose Regent, D'ORLEANS, enfeebled by pleasure, could not have successfully opposed British valour. He would thus have had leisure to put down the intrigues of WALPOLE at home, and to baffle the philosophic but atheistic BOLINGBROKE, afterwards HENRY THE FOURTH.

3. A student from Dublin was asked,

Had the ring given by QUEEN ELIZABETH to LORD ESSEX been re-delivered to her, when he was under sentence, would it have saved his life?

His answer (deducting the brogue) was—

The faymale heart is imminently susceptible, and the soight of the ring might have revoived impressions which niver before existed in the bosom of the Virgin Queen. In the beautiful terrums employed by HORACE, *Humano capiti cervicem*, she would have humanely preserved his head. But the deep insults the miscreant traitor had lavished upon unhappy Oireland, made that felon head a grateful offering at the shrine of outraged nationality, and the leebation of his heart's blood at the foot of the tree of liberty projected a harvest of unadulterated loyalty.

4. A London University Man was asked,

Suppose the elder PITT, "that terrible cornet of horse," had been "muzzled," as the Court desired, what result would have been avoided?

He meditated for a considerable time, and then said—

Perhaps he wouldn't have had the gout, translated VIRGIL, or fought a duel with MR. TIERNEY. Also, there might not have been that statue of him in Hanover Square, or the picture of his falling into the arms of LORD LYNDBURST, in the House of Lords.

5. A young Barrister in the Temple was asked,

Suppose that when the thieves were stealing the Great Seal from the house of LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW, in Great Ormond Street, he had jumped out of bed and caught them, what proceedings would his lordship have instituted?

He promptly answered—

The question is a difficult one. The seal is a part or portion, as it were, of the Court of Chancery, which is inchoate and incomplete without it; and therefore, if the article had been conveyed from the premises, an injunction to restrain the thieves from going away could not have issued. I imagine that it would be held demurrable to treat the seal as if it were a marine animal of the same name, or else, a seal being unreclaimed, and of *feræ nature*, an action of trespass upon the case in which it was kept would be the right course. But on the whole, I should have advised LORD THURLOW to lock the fellows up in the cellar, and bawl for the police.

6. A Youth from Glasgow was asked,

Had KING EDWARD THE FIRST died of the wound from which his Consort, QUEEN ELEANOR, sucked the poison, what would have been the consequence?

He instantly responded—

I dinna! precessely recal the ceerconstaunces, but I just ken this consequence, that, live or die, I wadna have paid the useless doctors æ single bawbee.

**EMIGRATION OF THE LAWYERS.**

THE Bench and the Bar may be said to be at present on their annual Continental circuit, and in the majority of legal motions, the venue is laid in Italy, France, or Switzerland. Several judges may be found sitting in banco under the verandabs of Italian hotels, and various members of the Bar are asking in vain for a rule to show cause, why there should not be an order to tax the bill of some exorbitant Swiss landlord. Our learned friend, BRIEFLESS, has converted his blue bag into a *sac de nuit*, and was much hurt at being asked at the French custom-house, if he had "nothing to declare," which he regarded as a satirical allusion to his not having much to do in the way of drawing declarations. When we last heard of him he had just attained a very considerable eminence—geographically speaking—and was looking back on the Jura Mountains, which he had just crossed, when with excusable emotion, he burst into a strain of eloquence, characteristically commencing with the words "Gentlemen of the Jura." He has since been heard to observe, that the difficulty of the pass would be altogether removed, if the parties on both sides would consent to have a Jura withdrawn.

**THE LITERATURE OF THE TOILET.**

ON reading the subjoined extract from *Le Follet*, some people will be inclined to think that the journal so called deserves its name:—

"The month of September is an epoch in fashion, and also in the customs of the *beau monde*. In September we must begin to renounce the zephyr dresses of summer—the grenadines, the muslins—those light materials we have worn with so much pleasure—for *taffetas d'Italie, moires*; in a word, for tissues more solid and comfortable."

Our finical contemporary talks, in a tone of regret, of renouncing the grenadines and muslins which it, and the ladies, "have worn with so much pleasure," although it says that they are going to "renounce" these tissues for others which are more comfortable, and which they will, therefore, have still greater pleasure in wearing. Of course, the fair readers of the *Follet* do not prefer elegance to comfort. Surely they cannot derive the vivid pleasure it alludes to from the mere circumstance of being decorated with the specified tissues, with which they adorn themselves, not for their own gratification, but for the delight of their beholders.

**Sphere of Usefulness for Lords Spiritual.**

It appears that a visitor to the British Museum cannot be permitted to see the Library there without an order, to be obtained only by application to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the BISHOP OF LONDON, or some one or other of the directors. Considering the incomes which the above-named prelates enjoy for doing a by no means proportionate amount of service, not to say work, would it not be as well if they were to take turns of attending at the Museum Library door to examine applicants for admission as to their moral fitness for the privilege, and to pass the duly qualified in?

**Retributive.**

SIR JAMES GRAHAM opened letters that were private, though not so marked. SIR CHARLES NAPIER prints letters, in defiance of "the private" written thereon by the late LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. We hear that SIR JAMES expresses himself as perfectly shocked at SIR CHARLES!

AN UNRECORDED CURIOSITY OF LONDON.—The great pillar of the Stock Exchange is BARON ROTHSCHILD; and yet, strange to say, this pillar is all Capital!

**THEATRICALS.**

We are authorised to correct a false statement that, with the inherent lightness of falsehood, has been very generally circulated, with respect to two interesting young ladies, from whose united services the modern drama may hope for considerable advantage. An enlightened public is already in possession of the fact, that the lessee of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane is in happy possession of two sisters of the Guinea Coast, bound together by a family tie similar to that which united the Siamese Twins. The young ladies are very young, but full of talent, having executed a song before the magistrate of Bow Street, who at once perceiving that they were Africans, complimented them on their habits of sobriety, in lustrous contradistinction to the confirmed drunkenness of the English. However, our present object is to give the denial to a false, and we will add, malicious rumour.

We believe it is generally known, that a drama is in course of preparation for these interesting strangers; one drama; as, it is evident, from their configuration, that not even for the manager's benefit, can they appear in two pieces. The piece—the title has somehow oozed out—is



**THE BEST PREVENTIVE AGAINST SEA SICKNESS.**

WHEN YOU CROSS THE CHANNEL, ESPECIALLY IF IT SHOULD BE BLOWING HARD, "KEEP YOUR PECKER UP," (AS THAT AGREEABLE RATTLE, YOUNG FIPSON, CALLS IT,) BY MAKING A HEARTY MEAL AT THE SHIP OR PAVILION,

to be called *The Guinea Sisters*: and will illustrate the most striking points of African history. There will be a real bamboo throne; and Mr. GORDON CUMMING has, in the handsomest manner, offered to superintend the draping of the lions' skins. A live elephant has also been engaged; and all the blacks retained from all the London docks. Indeed, no expense will be spared in order that the reality of the spectacle may be complete; the real in the furniture of the play being, of course, in every way superior to the ideal in the player.

We now hasten to deny a very foolish, if not a very malicious report. It has, then, been stated that, stimulated by professional envy, the *Corsican Brothers* have expressed a determination to appeal to Chancery for an injunction against *The Guinea Sisters*. We pity the mind that, for a moment, gives credence to such pettiness. What! Is there not room for all? Is it probable that, in a profession so favourable to the development of our most generous impulses—so exalting to the higher aspirations of our nature, as that of the stage, that *Corsican Brothers* could, for an instant, feel anything below the most generous emulation of *Guinea Sisters*? As we have asked before—is there not room enough for all?



AND ONCE ON BOARD, FIX YOUR EYES UPON SOME DISTANT OBJECT, AND ADAPT THE MOVEMENTS OF YOUR BODY TO THE ROLLING OF THE VESSEL, AND THE RESULT WILL PROBABLY BE, AS ON THE PAGE OPPOSITE.



THE BOSTON BABY SHOW.

After TENNYSON.

I WENT to our Gardens, CLAUDE, when the Boston babies were shown ;  
I went to our Gardens, CLAUDE, to criticise beauty and bone ;  
And my cheerless bachelor lot I abhorr'd, and long'd to have one of  
my own.

The Royal Harmonics I heard on the flute, violin, bassoon ;  
Each gay little Mammy-boy coo'd like a bird, while its Mammy humm'd  
it a tune ;  
Each infant to nourishment never demurr'd, with cheeks like a harvest  
moon.

Mothers and nurses a hundred and one, with their charges, sat in array,  
But MARY ANN JACKSON reign'd not alone as the "PRETTIEST GIRL"  
that day ;  
Full half of the voters bow'd at her throne, while half to her charms  
said "Nay,"  
For the heart from a stone or the veriest crone ELLEN BRIDGEMAN  
would steal away.

Then I said to JOE MAWER, "Now JOE—here goes, I'll bet you a  
bottle of wine,  
Out of all his fat rivals in all those rows, your WILLIE will tak the  
shine :  
From the bridge of his nose to the tip of his toes, he's the 'FINEST  
Boy' of the fine."

And the sight of the twin RAYS stirr'd the blood of MR. MANAGER  
SMALL,  
So a three-guinea special prize, he stood, for he bow'd to the public's  
call ;  
But ELIZABETH ANN was the tenderest bud,—the "SMALLEST BABY"  
of all.

Then MARTHA BENTON so chubby and neat, won the "HEAVIEST  
BABY" prize ;  
"Twill be many a month ere she "feels her feet," if her mild-looking  
mother's wise ;  
For such cherubs a roll on the floor is meet, or a go-cart Paradise.

QUEEN ROSE of the rose-bud garden of girls, of the "PRETTIEST  
BABIES," A I.,  
Proud SPILSBY need grudge not the ocean its pearls, to compare with  
LOUISE it has none ;  
The heir of a hundred Plantagenet carls might deem thee fit bride for  
his son.

Well may MR. SMALL talk large of this treat, since he mark'd seven  
thousand head  
Of visitors, passing his check-taker's seat,—and oh ! when I got to bed,  
On baby-touches so soft and sweet my slumbering fancy fed,  
And I dreamt till morn of their fat little feet, and dimples of white and  
red.

WANTED, THE "VAN."

THE Betting-House scoundrels are making another attempt upon the forbearance of the police. They are working a system of "lists," which, according to the *Sunday Times*, is a change of the old system in one respect only. Money is still staked, but no tickets are produced—except, we suppose, the tickets-of-leave, which are carried by most of the betting-house fraternity. The *Sunday Times* reluctantly warns its friends that "an open transgression of the law cannot in any case be defended." Having precluded, in a wonderful sentence which we dare not pretend to disentangle, that "however oppressive and unjust may be the restraints which legislators in their wisdom may place upon the liberty of the subject, however unpopular may be their enactments and inquisitorial their statutes, that love of order and respect of the law, which are supposed to be inbred and involuntary among Englishmen, ensures their obedience, because it is known that they will be carried out with vigour" the journal advises "circumspection," for "however unpleasant the fact may sound to ears polite, they (the ears) are under the eye of the police."

We should like to see a policeman with polite ears under his eye, especially as it appears to be his duty to carry out Englishmen with vigour—carry them out of the betting houses, we suppose. But if nothing worse than eccentric grammar were in question, we should not presume to interfere—a journalist knows what kind of composition is acceptable to the class he addresses. We, however, protest against any kind of expressed or implied toleration being extended, by any portion of the press, to the betting scoundrels, upon whom we trust the police will not keep their eyes long, inasmuch as under SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN'S admirable Act, the duty of watching the rascals may be expeditiously transferred to the keepers of HER MAJESTY'S gaols.

QUEER OBJECTS OF CHARITY.

THE Widows and Orphans of the Clergy can hardly be the sort of people they are generally supposed, if the following remarks of the *Morning Post*, commenting on the "Festival of the Three Choirs," are correct:—

"Most proper it is that there should be a fund for the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen, but is it not a roundabout way of raising it to spend £2,658 in pleasure in order to give £900 in charity? Does it not show that, after all, the real object is not appreciated? Would not nearly the same people have gone to the same festival had the collection been for a totally opposite object—say, for the prevention of cruelty to animals, or the promotion of teetotalism."

Perhaps they would; but are not the prevention of cruelty to animals and the promotion of teetotalism objects more especially opposite to the sale of spirituous liquors and the amusement of dog fighting than to the sustenance and relief of Clergymen's Widows and Orphans? Is there any opposition between the Widows' and Orphans' benefit and the cause of temperance and humanity? Are the relics and fatherless children of the Clergy particularly given to gin and ratting? Surely our aristocratic contemporary could not have said a severer thing of the abandoned wives and children of the mobility.

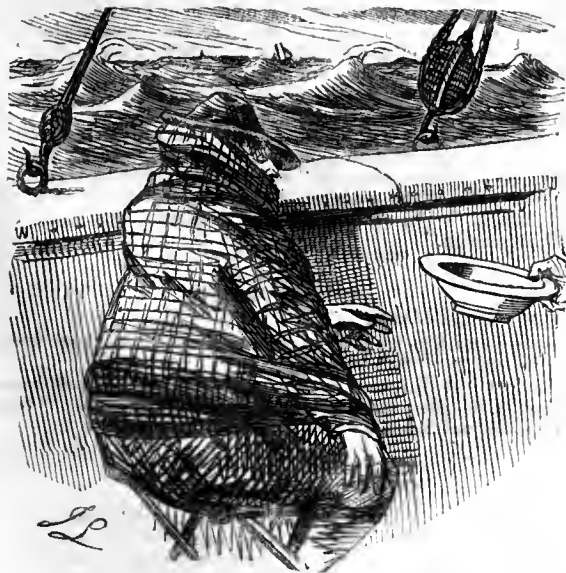
TESTIMONIALS WANTED.

THE sound men and true of Sheffield are about to embody their admiration of their out-speaking member, ARTHUR ROEBUCK, in a Testimonial. We are glad of it. Were they to bestow upon him another Koh-i-noor, it would only typify, in its unflawed purity, the high integrity of the senator and the man.

But this is the vacation, and are there not other members of Parliament with claims to testimonials, very significant of their services and merits? Shall nothing be bestowed upon MR. GLADSTONE, in commemoration of his oratorical aid to Russia? Old REGIMONTANUS once made a fly, so exquisitely constructed that it would use its wings, make circles, and buzz. Why should not Oxford offer a premium for a mechanical spider, with eight diamond eyes, the spider always carrying eight that, politician-like, he may keep a sharp look-out for all sides; a spider that will spin the finest gossamer, every line of film nicely balancing the other? Or, if this mechanical achievement be impossible, why not present to the Ex-CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER a full-grown chameleon?—a logician, poetically said to live on air, and a politician by no means warranted of fast colours?

As it is very probable that MR. JOHN BRIGHT is at Rhyl, North Wales, and as he must, on the early fall of Sebastopol, write another letter from the sea-side to Manchester, in condemnation of the wickedness of the bombardment, we think a bran new pen from the wing of a Russian eagle could not fail to assist him, even in his best moments of inspiration.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know, whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong to call it "a waste of water!"



THE RESULT!



### PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"And breathe short-winded accents of new BROILS."

*Henry IV. Part 1, Act i, Scene 1.*

### SUICIDE BY STATUTE.

THE new Health of Towns Act is a capital Act, but one of its clauses seems to contemplate the infliction of capital punishment. In speaking of a place pronounced to be injurious to health, the legislature has declared it shall be "unlawful to live in it," and therefore the only legal course will be to die in it as soon as possible. We should be glad to have the opinion of the law officers of the Crown on the point, whether in a place where it is "unlawful to live," and consequently obligatory—under the Act of Parliament—to die, suicide will cease to be a crime, and become simply permissive, or actually imperative? We should be gratified, also, to be informed, whether all persons whose existence is declared unlawful, are to be liable to be executed according to law; or whether in the event of their not perishing by their own hands, when it becomes "unlawful to live," they may appoint their own executors or executioners. We presume that, although there may be some places in which it will be "unlawful to live," it will always be lawful to "hang out," in a sense more literal than agreeable.

### ALEXANDER'S MASKED BALL.

THE CZAR is said to have commanded a series of masquerades, in order to recruit the spirits of his subjects, by way of compensation for the recruits which they are daily compelled to afford his army. We have not been furnished with a programme of any one of the entertainments; but we suppose that the celebrated *Dance of Death*, arranged upon the model of HOLBEIN'S work, would be a principal feature of them. The masquerade, to be complete and characteristic, should include a masked battery, which, accompanying the fiddles, might play upon his Russian Majesty's own people. A *Flag of Truce Dance* should be composed for the occasion, to be performed by DOR-GOROUSKI and GORTSCHAKOFF, with all the flower of Russian chivalry, in the character and costume of Ojibbeway Indians. These masquerades will not deceive Europe. Russia threw off the mask when she invaded the Principalities, and will get no good by resuming it now.

PROCRASTINATION.—It is with our good intentions as with our dishes—to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

### "THAT FELL SERJEANT," ADAMS!

A GREAT compliment has, all unwillingly, all unconsciously, been paid to the undaunted, unbending integrity of SERJEANT ADAMS. To be sure, the eulogist does not hold a very high position in the world: and—the pillory being abolished—may never achieve the elevation that, in other times, might have rewarded him. In a word, JOHN JACOBS, the eulogist of the Serjeant is, in the stern English of the police-reporter, "a well-known Jew thief and burglar." Nevertheless, even a Jew thief may be capable of fine appreciation of character, and truth—to his own astonishment—may break out from the lips of a burglar.

MR. INGHAM, the magistrate, proposed to send JOHN JACOBS to Clerkenwell to be tried. JOHN JACOBS had strong objections to such a movement. The earnest burglar observed, "I would rather not go before SERJEANT ADAMS." He repeated his objection; and at last emphatically declared, that "old ADAMS would convict his own mother."

Surely "this is more than Greek, and more than Roman fame!" We have had BRUTUS condemning his own son; and we know—especially at college—how very stoically sons do sometimes sacrifice their own fathers; but for a Serjeant to suppress within him all filial risings, to put down the *hysterica passio*, and convict his maternal parent, is the very martyrdom of duty!

We earnestly propose the subject to Academician WARD. It would make a fine fresco; and would be an illustrative and enduring memorial of the judicial inflexibility of SERJEANT ADAMS as avouched by burglar JACOBS. We leave the treatment of the subject in the hands of the painter, merely stipulating for the introduction, in some corner, of JACOBS himself, looking straight at the Serjeant—straight as the crow-bar flies. This is due to the thief and housebreaker as the proposer of the subject. We are all familiar with the picture—*Chief Justice Gascoigne commits the Prince of Wales*; but how poor the theme to that of—*Mr. Serjeant Adams convicts his own Mother*; MR. JOHN HUMPHREYS PARRY, with all his horse-hair on end, vainly striving to move in arrest of judgment!

### "THEN MUST THE JEW BE MERCIFUL."

THE "cruel Jew" was an old phrase, dear to persecutors, but one did not expect to find it justified in the present day. It appears, however, that the Animals' Friend Society have discovered that the mode in which the Jews put to death the creatures they eat is especially barbarous, and the law is invoked to put a stop to the system, under which it is alleged that a poor ox is a quarter of an hour in dying. Time has been given to the Jews to get up their defence, their advocate intimating that "their religious liberties might be involved in the question." We trust it will be found that they are not, and that a Jew may be as free as possible, without the necessity of his torturing beasts to show his liberty. Anyhow, such practices must be abandoned, the rabbi must be merciful to the rabbit, and however little else a Jew may stick at, he must stick to a sheep with humane promptitude. Surely those who were divinely forbidden even to "muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," must misread any order which they imagine directs them to kill him by inches. "We all expect a gentle answer, gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion."

### Sadly Flippant.

A LOCAL newspaper says,

"A marriage was solemnised at Darton on Monday, which excited much interest in that locality. In the procession were seven asses, gaily decked out."

A heartless and disrespectful wretch, whom *Mr. Punch* instantly kicked out of his office, remarked, on reading the paragraph, "What a fuss to make about five more than ordinary."

### Our Foreign Relations.

ENGLAND and France have turned pawnbrokers in favour of Turkey, offering to lend it so many millions upon such and such security. In honour of this monetary alliance, we should not be at all astonished, if, for the future, every *Mont de Piété* in Paris, and every pawnbroker's in London, were to take for its sign,—*La Tante Cordiale*.



THE 'ROUND HAT.

- 1. When it is all very well.
- 2. When it is objectionable.
- 3. When the Police ought to interfere.

AN UNWARRANTABLE AFFAIR.

Can this be true?

"We have now found out that Policeman HICKS, of Roydon, had no warrant or summons when he took us before MR. HEMMING, on Thursday the 9th of August; we thought that the piece of paper which he produced at the time was one. But in consequence of the statements which appeared in the newspapers, the chief constable for the county of Essex, CAPTAIN M'HARDY, sent to the superintendent of police at Epping, MR. GODWIN, on Saturday, the 25th of August, to know if there was a warrant issued for Policeman HICKS to take us before the REV. MR. HEMMING on the 9th of August, when he, MR. GODWIN, went to the REV. MR. HEMMING at Parndon, on Sunday the 26th of August, and got from him a warrant, dated the 7th of August, which he sent to Chelmsford to CAPTAIN M'HARDY, thereby deceiving him, and making him believe that all was done regularly, which turns out now not to have been the case."

The above is the statement of THOMAS COLLIN. Surely it is not understood rightly if it appear to represent MR. HEMMING as making out a warrant on the 26th August and dating it on the 7th, in order to assist the superintendent of police in deceiving his chief. We know that MR. HEMMING committed the COLLINS; nevertheless, we should think he would have been afraid to commit a written act—which we forbear to denominate.

Nos Poma Natamus.

THE *Times'* critic states, that at the dance with which the cider aristocracy of Hereford finished their musical festival, great, and in fact, impertinent precautions were taken to exclude a Reporter from the floor. This showed prudence, if not manners; for the conversation of the class in question can scarcely be up to reporting mark, if it be true that one of the Ladies Patronesses thought it was "very low" to give MARIO "a song about Cider." Her hearers were puzzled, but at last, an unusually acute short-haired Hereford discovered that the accomplished lady had been puzzling over the programme, on which was (a little carelessly printed), thus—"La cidar em to mano."

NOTICE TO MARINERS.—By an order from his IMPERIAL MAJESTY, ALEXANDER THE SECOND, the Harbour of Sebastopol has been constituted a Sink Port.

THE ROYAL ROAD THROUGH ST. JAMES'S PARK.

SCENE—A Castle in the Scottish Highlands.

An ILLUSTRIOUS PAIR at Breakfast.

*Il. Lady (throwing down the Times).* How very provoking!  
*Il. Consort (pausing in the middle of a venison pasty).* Hein?  
*La.* Where do you think, Papa, those stupid men propose making the new road across St. James's Park?  
*Cons.* Mamma, I cannot conceive how they could possibly take a wrong direction.  
*La.* Would you believe it?—they are actually going to cut the Park in two by a road to lead from Birdcage Walk right through the Gardens to a point between St. James's Palace and Marlborough House!  
*Cons.* But they will have the ornamental water in their way. Aha!  
*La.* They are going to throw a bridge over that. Fancy!  
*Cons.* What! cut up those beautiful gardens, disturb their quiet, disfigure them with a great unsightly bridge? Oh, what terrible want of taste and judgment to create a nuisance and establish an eyesore in that delightful spot!  
*La.* So needlessly, too, since the proper line for the new road is obvious.  
*Cons.* In front of Buckingham Palace, of course?  
*La.* Undoubtedly. The railing would keep the traffic sufficiently far from the Palace, and the sight without the noise would be agreeable.  
*Cons.* I like the sight of the noble British Public.  
*La.* I should think you did—the dear, generous Public! Such a good, kind, delightful Public as that!—to have one of its favourite places of resort spoiled! Oh! I've no patience with that stupid board.  
*Cons.* The board must be a wooden board.  
*La. (remonstratively).* Oh! But it's too serious a matter for joking. What will our friends over the water think of such a barbarism? What will NAPOLEON say the next time he comes? Fancy anybody proposing to him to bisect—isn't that the word?—the Place de la Concorde!  
*Cons.* He would probably bisect the booby for his pains.  
*La.* Well—this thing must not be. Only think how happily we are situated in comparison with our friend whose name I mentioned just

now, and others—all our headwork done for us—no trouble beyond a little ceremony—wanting no gratification that an opulent nation can bestow—we, surrounded with every comfort and convenience, must not allow of any interference with the pleasure and enjoyment of our Public. We can do no wrong, ourselves; and we won't, if we can help it, let others do it.

*Cons.* A thoroughfare in front of the Palace would be so much pleasanter. How pleased I should be if yonder road, which winds so far around our dwelling, could be brought within a shorter distance of our windows. What finer figure in a princely landscape than a picturesque peasantry?

*La.* Spoken with that feeling for the Fine Arts for which you are celebrated. Well, as I said, we must put a stop to this. Pray write instantly to SIR BENJAMIN, and tell him we say so.

*Cons.* I will, mine love, so soon as ever I have done my breakfast.

Holy Russian Fire.

GORTSCHAKOFF calls the fire sustained by the wretches under his command at Sebastopol a *feu d' Enfer*. What was the fire which the Russian miscreants poured on the Turkish fleet at Sinope? What does GORTSCHAKOFF call the fire which his murderous countrymen directed at LIEUTENANT GENESTE's crew, and their flag of truce? Probably the Russian gunpowder does not smell of brimstone. *Feu de Ciel*, we suppose, is what GORTSCHAKOFF denominates the fire of his angels.

THE RIGHT DUKE DOING THE RIGHT WORK.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND is making noble amends for his Admiralty mistakes. We learn that he is expending £50,000 a-year on new cottages, farm-houses, draining, and so forth. Long may his Grace remain out of the Admiralty to serve his country!

THE STICK'S PROGRESS.

THE stick continues to make wonderful progress throughout Naples. It sticks at nobody and sticks at nothing!

## CALISTHENICS OF COMMON LIFE.



INCERELY do we invite the attention of all our fair readers not afflicted with paralysis of the lower extremities, not wearing a wooden leg, not weighing twenty stone, not being ailly and unfit to go about, hut being, perhaps, indolent and indisposed to exertion, to the subjoined paragraph, extracted from the columns of a fashionable contemporary:—

“A FEMINE ACCOMPLISHMENT.—A female pedestrian, MISS ISABELLA MELROSE, performed last week at North the astonishing feat of walking 500 half-miles in 500 half-hours, and 500 quarter-miles in 500 quarter-hours. The event came off upon the green near the railway station, in the presence of a large number of persons.”

It is very much to be desired that pedestrianism were, really, what the *Morning Post* sarcastically calls the above-mentioned exploit; “a feminine accomplishment.” Nobody, of course, but a wretch

would like to see it carried to the extent of walking a match, farther than to Church; or would wish to behold a young lady accompanying the pedestrian feat by that of picking up pebbles with the mouth which was made for other purposes. Five hundred half-miles in five hundred half-hours, may be rather too great a distance, in proportion to the time, for the majority of our female friends and relatives; but that of as many yards in as many days,—an amount of walking exercise in the open air, which is not exceeded by a great many of them,—is hardly far enough. For, in that case, the blood stagnates, and is insufficiently aerated; hence, headache and all manner of poorliness, besides the more disagreeable consequence of loss of blooming complexion. This dreadful misfortune is aggravated by discolorations,

may, eruptions; in fact, not to mince [the matter, breakings-out and pimples, consequent on inaction of the skin. The muscles lose their tone from disuse; and the figure, no longer braced by their action, bulges and falls away; besides which, it often becomes deformed by the calamity of fat. The ligaments of the joints relax from the same cause, the ankles thicken and swell, and the tarsal arch giving way, the feet spread out, and expand into slabs, in form and dimensions resembling fire-shovels and flat-irons.

## A BISHOP MADE EASY.

It is proposed to split the see of Exeter into halves and make a new bishopric of one of them under the name of Cornwall. The BISHOP OF EXETER consents to the partition, which may seem wonderful; but the endowment of the new see is to be provided by the liberality of the REV. DR. WALKER, and it is not designed to divide the income as well as the diocese. DR. WALKER is the rector and patron of St. Columb Major, of which benefice, worth £1,600 a-year, he offers to resign the incumbency and advowson, giving up his own living to supply the BISHOP OF CORNWALL with a maintenance. He is prepared also to give the Bishop a house fit for him, and two other houses, for canons. Thus DR. WALKER precludes a pun that might otherwise be committed against episcopal extension, in the shape of an objection that we are too much in want just now of mortars and Lancaster guns to be able to think of affording more bishops and canons.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GERMAN BED.—“Good Stabling for Nightmares.”

## THE CANT OF SQUARETOES.

The *Liverpool Standard*, in replying to the question, “Where are our great men?” observes that—

“If our great men are asked for, the inquirer is referred to the names of FARADAY, STEPHENSON, BAUNEL, and other masters of science; the materialism of hard facts having totally superseded the imaginative faculties, and wisdom given place to mere human knowledge.”

When, since the Britons wore coats of paint, and no pantaloons of any other material, did the superhuman wisdom, of which our Liverpool contemporary speaks, exist in these islands? We can think of no example of the wisdom of our ancestors more nearly divine than that of the celebrated dramatic author to whom our Allies apply the epithet in question, under the name of WILLIAMS; meaning SHAKSPEARE. At present SHAKSPEARE has probably more readers than he ever had, so that his wisdom, at least, has not given place to any inferior description of knowledge. We do not get a SHAKSPEARE, as we do not kill a pig, every day; and the same remark, with still more propriety, perhaps, in the opinion of many, may be applied to BACON. Now, BACON'S philosophy is precisely the basis on which modern science is cultivated, and by proceeding thereon such men as FARADAY discover facts instead of imagining fallacies; but is it not a considerable advantage that the materialism of facts, whether hard or otherwise, has thus superseded the softer unreality of the imaginative faculties?

To attempt the search of truth by the imagination, instead of the perceptive and reasoning powers, is rather characteristic of a great fool than a great man. What the old Eldonite writer in the *Liverpool Standard* probably means in complaining that the present age is deficient in great men is, that there are few minds among us which predominate over the general mind; but this circumstance may be owing not so much to the scarcity of great men, as to the circumstance that solemn prozers and pompous moulthers do not now make that impression on the public which they made in the good old times, and would still, perhaps, if they had any scope for their genius, make upon himself.

## The Manchester Bells.

We read with satisfaction that on the arrival of the news of the Fall of Sebastopol peals of bells were rung from the Churches of Manchester. The Manchester School bell, however, was tolled by the Manchester scholars in a slow and solemn manner, sounding a knell.

## A SERGEANT'S SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

THERE lives in the little village of Brentwood, a sergeant retired from the 7th Fusiliers, by name THOMAS EVERETT, illustrated in the Crimean War with five wounds, and the loss of one eye. A mighty hunter of Russians was THOMAS EVERETT; having, it is said, bagged fifty of the children of the CZAR,—the miserable little ones! At the Alma a shot whistled through THOMAS EVERETT'S ear, whispering danger private and confidential. A bayonet went through his arm in a sortie; and, by way of variety, THOMAS EVERETT enjoyed a ball on the same evening through the hip. A cannon-shot made so near an acquaintance with one of his feet, that it delicately removed the sole of a shoe. Two of his comrades were taken into Sebastopol prisoners, but THOMAS EVERETT stole into the city at night, shot the sentry who guarded them, and returned with his rescued friends. Great, heroic have been the deeds of THOMAS EVERETT; and great, magnificent has been his reward, for—but the theme calls for a new paragraph.

For THOMAS EVERETT has received a silk handkerchief hemmed by HER MAJESTY! How much heroism, how much devotion may be covered by one silk handkerchief! The gallant fellow is, of course, delighted—proud of the present. We think he ought to be permitted, on Sundays and holidays, to hoist that handkerchief as his own peculiar flag, on his own staff before his own cottage-door. How, streaming to the wind, it would gather around it all the youthful rustics, firing their blood with a sense of glory; and kindling their hopes that, for only the loss of one eye, the inconvenience of five wounds, with deeds of prowess too numerous to particularise, they too might hope, some day, to obtain a silk handkerchief! Of course, THOMAS EVERETT, sergeant, receives a pension. But wherefore has he not been promoted to the rank, at least, of ensign? At least the silk handkerchief might have wrapped up a commission.

## The Bane and the Antidote.

It seems, after all, that the greatest adulteration of milk is with water. But it is a question, with what kind of water? If it is with Thames' water, there cannot well be a worse kind of adulteration, against which chalk itself would be a thousand times preferable. In fact, the chalk should be prudently reserved as an antidote against the bane of drinking the Thames' water, for we all know that Chalk Mixture is repeatedly administered in violent cases of cholera.

THE CAMPBELL MASSACRE.



THE Massacre of Glen-coe is avenged! ELGIN has been down upon CAMPBELL. Henceforth let that unpleasant page in the history of our deliverance from Popery, slavery, wooden shoes, and other comforts, be held to be balanced.

At Elgin, on the 11th of September, 1855 (the date is as memorable as the 9th of May, 1691), a banquet was given, ostensibly to entertain GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN on his return to his native country. About 280 unsuspecting Scotch

people sat down, and two suspicious circumstances occurred—one, according to the *Inverness Courier*, being that the supply of waiters was very deficient, and the other, according to all the reports, that the gallant SIR G. B. talked a great quantity of nonsense. These circumstances ought to have put the assembly on their guard, but they seem to have gone on eating and drinking out their twelve-and-sixpence a-piece, with no uneasy feeling, except that "the price of the tickets was comparatively high." We consider that it was positively high, considering what followed.

At a given signal, the President, no other a person than JAMES GRANT, ESQ., Provost of Elgin, drew a long breath, rushed upon THOMAS CAMPBELL, who had offered him no offence whatever, and deliberately murdered him in the following manner:—

"Bold northern usurper, we have marshall'd our clans,  
Their swords altho' thousands, their bosoms are one;  
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And like resperes descend to the harvest of death."

They welcome be Russia's hordes to the shock,  
Let them dash their proud foam like a wave on the rock;  
But woe to their kindred, and woe to their cause,  
When Albion her claymore indignantly draws."

And, brutally repeating, not the lines of the poet, but the stab at his intellect, proceeded,—

"Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,  
Like ocean weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,  
I, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in my bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With my back to the field, and my feet to the foe;  
And leaving in battle no blood on my name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."

The felonious ferocity of that last wound at poor CAMPBELL can scarcely be exceeded. It finished him, and he was heard of no more. But we understand that such was the determined fury of the slaughterer, that had this not been enough, he meant to have concluded the awful deed as follows:—

"Hast laugh'st thou, PRINCE, GORTSCHAKOFF, my vision to scorn,  
Proud double-headed eagle, thy wing shall be torn,  
Because a darker spectacle is near,  
The war drum is beating, and black is your fear,  
Accure be the ashes that glow at thy feet,  
'Tis Sebastopol's ruins, now quite complete."

But enough of such melancholy tartrinde. Let us only linger on it long enough to say that, despite the similarity of names and of style, the gentleman who upon this occasion displayed so marvellous a familiarity with the treasures of poetry, was not our own J. G. Scotland may be proud—she has two sons who can appreciate verse. Circumstances would have brought our own J. G. much nearer to the text. He would have said—

"The war-drum is muffled—and black is the Beer."

May it be long before Elgin has again to record such an act upon her Marbles.

An Earnest Teetotaller.

It is told of a distinguished teetotaller (whose decanter bears the motto, "private and confidential") that when he read the hoax, printed some time since, of the utter destruction of the Falls of Niagara, he immediately went into deep mourning.

MANCHESTER IN PARIS.

WE rejoice to find that Manchester flaunts and flourishes in the French exhibition. The *Times'* correspondent does all honour to the fineness, the delicacy of the drills—so fine that even the EMPEROR approved of them, so delicate that the EMPRESS became a purchaser. We further learn that Manchester's agent, MR. MURRAY, in the blandest manner informed His MAJESTY that these drills, notwithstanding "the prohibitory tariff, found their way into the French market; the cost of smuggling varying from 50 to 100 per cent." At this guileless avowal, His MAJESTY merely observed, "It was a good thing to know." And as far as the benign effects of the smuggler may operate, *Mr. Punch* will add, "a good thing to do;" for the smuggler may, in a sort, be considered a public benefactor: a citizen of the world that circulates the world's good gifts. There were several LUTHERS before the successful one, says a philosophic historian. There were many WILL WATCHES before RICHARD COBDEN.

The name of COBDEN brings us to BRIGHT, with whose house the *Times'* exhibition critic is very wrath. The subject is carpets—carpets which are exhibited by BRIGHT AND CO. The savage critic declares,—

"These carpets are execrable in design, though remarkable in other respects; and for the sake of British taste, which the Manchester manufacturers appear to glory in doing all they can to vulgarise, we could have wished that the gold medal said to have been awarded in this instance had been withheld, on the special ground that it is a high industrial offence to use the multiplying powers of machinery for the purpose of debasing in any country the appreciation of the beautiful."

These be bitter words: but we believe JOHN BRIGHT AND CO. may plead this much in extenuation: the carpets were not intended for France, but were originally manufactured for Russia; the unsophisticated children of the CZAR, like all children of nature, having a passion for the strongest conflict of colours. That Manchester delights to debase the appreciation of the beautiful can hardly be true, seeing how it at once appreciates and elevates JOHN BRIGHT, a very pattern-man, though it would seem not quite the man of carpet-patterns.

We have, however, heard a trade report that, if true, will go very far to enhance the reputation of JOHN BRIGHT as a fancy carpet-weaver. Our readers are, of course, familiar with pocket-handkerchiefs on which the whole text of documents—poetic or patriotic—are printed. Well, JOHN BRIGHT is about to produce for the Russian market—the goods

will go through Prussia—certain carpets with his own speeches in condemnation of the Russian war, and in praise of Russia, printed, to the last letter, in the very best Russian,—the translation having been obtained by means of a certain Greek merchant located in Manchester, who every day drinks, in the choicest Samian wine, confusion to the Allies by sea and land!

There can be no doubt that these goods will find a ready sale throughout holy Russia. Most fittingly, too, will the speeches of MR. BRIGHT be transferred to carpets, for such specimens of Manchester logic and Manchester patriotism cannot be too often or too much trodden under foot.

RUSSIAN RECEPTION OF THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

ON the receipt of the intelligence of the Fall of Sebastopol, MR. GLADSTONE retired into his bedroom, and locked the door.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM wept.

MR. COBDEN, who was at tea, ordered the things to be taken away. The hon. gentleman was taken very ill in the course of the night.

MR. BRIGHT stopped his ears with cotton, that he might not hear the ringing of the bells.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL scratched his head.

KING OTTO, of Greece, shook in his shoes.

BOMBA danced with rage for a few moments, and then broke out into a violent perspiration.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, who was writing an autograph to the CZAR ALEXANDER, ground his teeth, and tore the letter to pieces.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA was seized with a vertigo. When he recovered he expressed himself very unwell, and called for brandy and water, of which beverage His MAJESTY drank several glasses, crying more and more profusely over each, and was ultimately carried to bed.

Prussia Illuminates.

THE illumination for the Fall of Sebastopol at the Prussian Embassy in Paris was, of all the illuminations, the most brilliant. With a touch of refined diplomacy, it is said that the lamps were filled with the very choicest Russian oil.



### USEFUL, IF NOT ORNAMENTAL.

*Master Alfred (an ingenious boy).* "LOOK HERE, WALTER! SEE WHAT A JOLLY TARGET OLD AUNT BETSY'S ROUND HAT MAKES."

### THE HARVEST OF THE WAR.

The heart of Britain heaveth with an universal gladness,  
From the Land's End to the Orkneys, from the Wash to Arran-more :  
The voice of Britain cleaveth the air in jubilant madness,  
And the clashing of her steeples,  
And the shouting of her peoples,  
Bear a burden to the cannon as they roar !

'Twill be time for tears to-morrow, o'er their names that conquering  
perish'd ;  
But now let those who mourn for their loved ones stricken down  
Like Spartans hide their sorrow, in the thought that those they cherish'd  
Fell, with the foe before them,  
Their country's banner o'er them,  
And hands clench'd in death upon the crown.

We knew they would not fall us—that flower of four brave nations—  
Though the struggle might be stubborn and the conquest dearly bought :  
Coward doubtings might assail us, and petulant impatience,  
But we knew that no contriving  
When Wrong and Right were striving,  
Could bring God's rule of justice unto nought.

All through the winter dreary, when the clouds were at their blackest,  
We felt the sun behind them—soon in radiance to appear :  
When inaction seem'd most weary, and progress at its slackest,  
With heart and hope unbated,  
The tidings we awaited,  
That at length burst on Europe's listening ear.

Sebastopol is taken ! spread the news till it engender  
A fear in all enslavers, a hope in all enslaved :  
Till the CZAR's proud heart be shaken, in his terror-haunted splendour,  
And he own the wrath of Heaven,  
Embodied in the levin,  
That scathes where his flag so lately waved.

Sebastopol is taken ! as the scorpion girt by embers  
Deals death upon itself with suicidal sting,  
So Moscow's blazing beacon the Muscovite remembers,  
And in ruin lays the city,  
While his wounded scream for pity,  
As the fire round them draws its hungry ring.

Sebastopol is taken ! its stored accumulations  
For long-plann'd schemes of conquest in the air are idly hurl'd,  
Or blaze, or stand forsaken for the victorious nations,  
To break them or to burn them,  
Or to noble uses turn them,  
For the freeing, not the fettering, of the world.

Sebastopol is taken ! Those walls whose teeth of iron,  
Guarded arsenal and harbour and war-ships, frown no more ;  
Red tongues of fire unslaken the bastions environ, . . .  
Whose glare lights victors gazing,  
On Russian hulls a-blazing,  
And her army to the northward pouring o'er.

Sebastopol is taken ! But the work is not completed,  
While a foot of the Crimea the CZAR dares call his own ;  
While a race with heart to waken under Russian rule is seated ;  
While Georgia Russian wrong holds,  
And the Baltic has its strongholds,  
Where the double-headed vulture sits in stone.

Sebastopol is taken ! Peace is the cry already  
From those who cried that cry, 'ere War's flag was well unfurl'd ;  
"No Peace"—say we. The Kraken, though stunn'd, yet welters, ready  
With force or subtle suction,  
To fold to their destruction,  
The onward-moving nations of the world.



THE HARVEST OF THE WAR.





A CARD.—ST. JAMES'S PARK.



R. PUNCH respectfully invites his brother citizens and fellow Englishmen, to indulge in a little philosophic and scientific contemplation in the green enclosure of St. James's Park. In the first place, Mr. Punch would wish Englishmen to give their most calm but most earnest attention to the water-fowl, disporting—as a great deceased authority would have said—in the translucent ripple. They are particularly required to note well the habits and deportment of the Solan goose, and then dispassionately

inquire of themselves, whether they believe that goose—as to all intents and purposes goose it is—is nevertheless one half so great a goose as “the party,” however it may be, who hopes to drive an omnibus through the green-ward of St. James's, the folks of London loyally twiddling their thumbs, and submissively looking on?

Englishmen are next requested to mark and give ear to the ducks,—and, having attentively heard them all, to say,

whether there is so great a quack among them as “the party” aforesaid?

Finally, Englishmen are desired to eye well the bare poles, the dry dead wood that marks the line “where beauty lingers,” to be speedily sullied, deformed, and in very truth to be cast upon the town, by being made a parcel of it. Englishmen are earnestly desired to contemplate such poles, and then to declare, whether, in their opinion, there is not more genial life in such dry desiccated wood than in the head or heart of “the party” who has placed them there?

These are a few matters to be considered calmly and dispassionately. GOD save the QUEEN! And from all Goths and Vandals, God save St. James's Park!

SIMPLETONS WHO MAKE SOTS.

At a meeting of busybodies, which took place last Monday week, at St. Martin's Hall, various resolutions were agreed to, one of them being to the effect:—

“That, as it had been proved that much drunkenness took place on Saturday night and on the evenings of Sunday, it was important that petitions numerously signed should be prepared for presentation early in the next session of Parliament, praying that public houses and beershops might be closed at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, and remain closed the whole of Sunday in every part of the United Kingdom; and that strenuous exertions should be made to reduce, as speedily as possible, the number of public houses, with a view to their utter extinction, so far as the sale of intoxicating liquors were concerned.”

These meddling persons constituted what is called the “Temperance Conference,” and many of them were members of an impertinent body calling itself the “London Temperance League.” We suspect that some large capitalists in the wine trade are at the back of these “Temperance Leagues” and “Conferences,” the result of whose frantic ravings and insane resolutions must be to produce a re-action against that moderate use of fermented liquors, which has been of late years gaining ground, and thus to occasion a greatly increased abuse of those fluids. The sanctimony of the Puritans was one of the principal causes of the dissoluteness of the Cavaliers, and the fanaticism of the teetotal quacks and maniacs will, in a corresponding measure, tend to the promotion of drunkenness.

Exit Menschikoff.

THERE appears to be no doubt of the fact that PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF has become Prince Pious; having entered a monastery at Moscow. The former Prince Plenipotentiary is now a humble Monk of the Order of Dunbrownsky. With a pensive recollection of his historical swagger at Constantinople, it is said that his principal occupation is to hatch and cram young turkeys.

VAUXHALL AND THE HARVEST.

THE very first day that Parliament resumes its labours, a notice of motion will be placed upon the paper for leave to bring in a Bill to the following effect:—

Title. AN ACT for prohibiting the Opening of VAUXHALL GARDENS during certain periods.

Preamble. WHEREAS the Harvest of 1855 was being got in under the most favourable circumstances, and in the most delightful weather; and whereas while such Harvest was being got in, certain parties malevolently announced the opening of Vauxhall Gardens, whereby Rain, as was natural and habitual, instantly descended, and the weather became cold and raw:

Be it enacted, that in future any person or persons announcing the opening of Vauxhall Gardens at any period between the putting in the first sickle, and the carrying the last Harvest home, in the United Kingdom, shall be publicly whipped in the said Gardens twice a-week until the said Harvest is in.

Vauxhall not to be opened during the Harvest.

A COUPLE OF WONDERS.

THERE are always two money-questions, which puzzle people more than any other social question, including even the celebrated question, repeated *de die in diem*, of “What shall we have for dinner to-day?” These questions assume the form of riddles that are constantly being asked, but to which we never recollect hearing an answer. Scarcely a day passes, but what you hear the question applied to some one you know. Every one present takes it up, repeats it in nearly the same form, until at last the whole society loses itself in a labyrinth of absurd surmises, out of which they are only conducted by the thread of the next discourse.

These money-questions are:—

1st., I wonder where So-and-So gets all his money from? and 2nd., I wonder what So-and-So does with all his money?

Now, these riddles have been going on ever since our earliest childhood, when we remember the difficult inquiry of, “When is a door not a door?” exploding for the first time in all its terrifying perplexity upon us. They still remain unguessed, and it would be a regret if the difficulty were solved, for the riddles once guessed, there would be an end for ever to the amusement.

There are some friends who are worse even than the Income-Tax Commissioners. Not satisfied with knowing the amount of your income, and from what particular sources you draw it, they would also wish to know how you spend it. What a pity these meddling persons are not allowed to send round papers every quarter with questions relative to one's income, like the above, drawn out at elaborate length, which their friends should be compelled, under a heavy penalty to answer, down to the smallest details, accounting satisfactorily for the outlay of every penny of their disbursements. Some day, when we have nothing better to do, we will draw out this new form of Income-Tax papers, and give ample instructions as to the precise fines and penalties to be imposed upon all persons who fail in meeting the demands of this new tax levied upon their patience. It is, in fact, strange that this general want on the part of so numerous a class as the Busybodies has never been supplied before!

Bulletin from Rochdale.

It was to be expected that the news of the Fall of Sebastopol would materially shock even the nerves of the eloquent Member for Manchester. The disastrous tidings were therefore revealed as cautiously as possible. We are happy to say, that at the time we went to press, MR. BRIGHT was as well—and it is not saying much—as well as could be expected.

CATCHING IT IN THE CRIMEA.

WHEN the Russians first seized on the Crimea, they captured a great many of the inhabitants, but amongst all of these they never got hold of such a native as the Tartar they have now caught at Sebastopol.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"An eye like MARS (Ma'e) to threaten and command."

*Hamlet, Act iii, Scene 4.*

A CAROL FOR CRICKETERS.

AIR.—*Apparent.*

HERE a sheer hulk from fierce round bowling,  
We mourn a batsman true;  
No more he'll send the ball a-rolling;  
He's batter'd black and blue.  
Long at the stumps he did his duty,  
And puzzled many a scout,  
For though swift balls might spoil his beauty,  
They rarely put him out.

Ne'er from the wicket he departed  
Without a decent score;  
And seldom were his timbers started  
Until his legs were sore.  
At pads and gloves, as things new-fangled,  
With pleasant scorn he'd laugh;  
But now so grievously he's mangled,  
No more we'll fear his chaff."

Curious Characteristics of Waiters.

IN Ireland, the waiter, when he answers you, is always "Going!" in England, however, your waiter, when he favours with an audible response, is always "Coming!" But we have generally found with waiters, as a class, that it is when you want them to come that they are always "going," and, on the contrary, it is when you wish them to go that they will persist in "coming." To avoid these unpleasant contingencies, there is nothing like a dumb waiter—one who bears without a murmur anything and everything you choose to put upon him, and expects no fee or gratuity in return.

THE REAL "VINE DISEASE."—Drunkenness.

THE CLERICAL AUCTION MART.

ON Tuesday afternoon, says a paragraph in the *Times*, MR. ALDERMAN FAREBROTHER attended at GARRAWAY'S Coffee-House, for the purpose of disposing, by public auction, of the advowson and right of presentation to the rectory of Lytchett Maltravers, in the county of Dorset. After stating various interesting particulars about the living, the value of which was estimated at £607 a-year, the worthy Alderman proceeded to inform his congregation that—

"The incumbent was thirty-three years of age, and some representations had been made as to the state of his health. He (the worthy Alderman) would not say what those representations were, but intending purchasers might easily satisfy themselves on that point."

The *Times'* reporter, however, omits to state that the Alderman in the pulpit—a worshipful preacher in a place of suitable worship—proceeded to dilate upon the delicate hint above quoted, in the following extemporaneous burst of song, to the tune of *George Barnwell stood at his shop-door*.

Yes, gentlemen, certainly, yes,  
'Tis true, and the truth must be told, Sirs,  
He is but thirty-three, I confess,  
Such a fact it were wrong to withhold, Sirs.  
The incumbent is but thirty-three;  
And the purchaser's loss would be weighty,  
If he should—as might possibly be—  
Hold his present preferment till eighty.

(*Spoken.*) If he should, ugh! ugh! (*coughs.*) If he should by a miracle—by a miracle—ugh! ugh!—by a miracle—ugh! ugh! ugh! The air of the locality is recommended by the faculty too in cases of—ugh! ugh!—in cases of (*pectorates*) ugh! ugh! ugh!

Thirty-three is an earlyish age,  
One would count on a longer lease, surely;  
They who sleep at the end of that page,  
Shut up human life's book prematurely.  
Thirty-three and a fine healthy air,  
Thirty-three and a light occupation,  
Thirty-three and exemption from care,  
Might look forward to lengthen'd duration.

(*Spoken.*) Old PARR lived to a hundred-and-twenty. But old PARR never had to take cod-liver oil—ugh! ugh!—to wear a respirator—

ugh! ugh! ugh! It isn't everybody at thirty-three, even with a broad chest and sound lungs, that's likely to live as long as old PARR. Ugh! ugh! Dear me, what a cough I'm troubled with!—but I hope it isn't a churchyard cough, though a man might have a churchyard cough at the early age of thirty-three.

Life's flow stops at thirty-three soon,  
To compare human life to a river;  
But the sun of our day sets at noon,  
From organic disease of the liver.  
How long a young man may drag on  
Existence is not a hard question,  
Supposing his stomach is gone,  
And has quite lost the power of digestion.

(*Spoken.*) When no food is retained; when the face is hollow (*sucks in his cheeks*)—eyes thus (*pressing his own back in their orbits*); abdomen so (*describing a concavity by a downward curve of the hand in front of his stomach*); when physicians of the greatest eminence have been consulted in vain—when there is schirrus of the pylorus, ossification of the valves of the heart, hypertrophy of the left ventricle, aneurism of the aorta, incipient ascites, *ramollissement* of the brain, tetanus opisthotonos, and threatening paralysis, the whole system preacting one complicated mass of disorder and disease, no sane actuary would calculate on a protracted existence—even although the age of the sufferer were only thirty-three.—Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ahem!—hem!—ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh!

An old age, hale, hearty, and green,  
May the present incumbent await, Sirs,  
Some representations have been,  
Of his health made respecting the state, Sirs.  
What they were I won't say; but to such  
As may fancy to risk this transaction,  
The trouble will hardly be much,  
Of obtaining complete satisfaction.

Short-Lived Cholera.

THE provincial papers record, as a wonder, that the Americans are wearing "paper shirt-collars, which a New York manufactory throws off at the rate of a thousand an hour." The invention is in keeping with the "Go-ahead" nation. What is paper, but linen in an advanced stage of existence?

SAVE ME FROM MY INDIAN FRIEND.



HERE is published in MR. VERNON SMITH'S Asiatic dominions, a newspaper called the *Friend of India*. It is ably and honourably conducted, except that the title is delusive. Were the journal named the *Friend of the India-House*, nobody could quarrel with its uncompromising advocacy of the H. E. I. C., and its interests.

There is published in QUEEN VICTORIA'S European dominions a journal called *Punch*. It is needless to say how that periodical is conducted, or that it is devoted to un-

promising advocacy of the interests of QUEEN VICTORIA, and of all her honest subjects.

The European and the Asiatic journals appear to have found a point upon which they differ in opinion.

Some months since it was stated, authoritatively, that officials in the service of the East India Company employ Torture in dealing with the tax-payers. *Mr. Punch*, on due consideration, cast his indignation upon this subject, not after the fashion of some of his contemporaries, into howls, and yells, and notes of non-admiration, and other intense typography, but into the form of an advertisement, by a Sheffield Firm, which proposed to supply the Company with the newest and most excruciating appliances for inflicting torture. Spasmodic appeals are usually wasted—*Mr. Punch's* acid bit even into the brass of Leadenhall Street.

The Company's organ shall speak for itself:—

"The Torture question has got into *Punch*, and we annex to this article an advertisement on the subject, written in his best style of racy and sarcastic humour."

To this introduction we have no objection at all. The writer then proceeds to say, that the "attack is in the highest degree unjust." Of this, more anon. The *Friend*, after a brief analysis of the advertisement, which he has the fairness also to quote in full, meets the alleged injustice, by treating it as an imputation upon the "Company's Servants," by which title he states that in England "European civil officers in the Company's Service" are "exclusively" designated.

Now this, with great respect to the *Friend*, is something like trifling with a grave accusation. *Mr. Punch* is not in the habit of making charges that are either unjust or ridiculous. Every reader of *Punch* knows perfectly well what he meant. Nobody for a second supposed that he imputed physical cruelty to one English gentleman engaged in administering the affairs of India. When was *Punch* guilty of putting such insane trash to paper?

But he did make an imputation, and a pretty strong one, and one which he has since repeated, and one which he means to repeat until the last vestige of a reason for it is done away; namely, that Torture is used in India for the collection of the Company's Revenue. And as, since he published the advertisement, the clearest proof of the fact has been put forth at much length, and with due circumstantiality, by the *Times* and other journals, and as the *Madras Torture Report*, about to appear in England, will formally register the accusations, *Mr. Punch* in nowise regrets that he has called universal attention to the subject. The very modes of inflicting the torture are before the world, and therefore, luckily, it is needless for *Mr. Punch* to pain his readers by the recapitulation of such atrocities. When the Honourable East India Company has done what no doubt every gentleman, either in its direction or its service, desires should be done, namely, rooted out the infernal system from every Indian village under British domination, it will be time enough for its advocates to become indignant with English journalists. Meantime, it would be well for those advocates not to try to ride off on a quibble, such rides generally terminating where the equestrian performances of mendacity are popularly held to end.

The Torture Commission sat but a short time, but, says the *Press*, in

reply to the attempt "to show that the use of Torture in the Company's territories has been exceptional," during that short time they received "1440 letters of complaint of the practice."

In presence of this fact, and some hundreds of other facts which have been and will be made known, *Mr. Punch* is obliged to intimate to the *Friend of India* that, while entirely agreeing with him, that

"The article in *Punch* will be read by millions, and it will now become the settled conviction of the people of England, that the *European* [no, not European, but Asiatic] servants of the Company are constantly in the habit of resorting to the most flagitious modes of torture."

he cannot concur in the sentiment that

"It is impossible to overrate the mischief which such an article will produce, and the deep and fatal impression which it cannot fail to create in the national mind;"

for *Mr. Punch* is happy to believe, on the contrary, that he will have largely aided in the formation of a popular feeling which will speedily enforce upon the Honourable Company the necessity of doing away with a foul blot upon the Anglo-Indian escutcheon.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

"KNOWLEDGE is power;" but in America this power consists in the knowledge mainly of knowing nothing.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" consequently, to avoid all danger, it is far better to know nothing at all.

The old precept, "Know Thyself," is quite wrong. A real Know-Nothing, if he carries out strictly the principles of his creed, has no right even to know himself.

What becomes of State Education, when the great object of life is to know nothing? only, in England, our many religious sects have for years past arrived at this happy conclusion; for they are unanimously resolved, that if a child cannot be educated according to their own peculiar way of thinking, he shall not be educated at all—in other words, that he shall be a complete Know-Nothing, and live and die in that blessed state.

We wonder if a Know-Nothing ranks as a cipher in the State? and if these ciphers are only valuable so far as they help, like other ciphers, to swell the value of the figure that stands at their head? And again we wonder, how many of such ciphers it would require before that figure would be able to make anything like "Political Capital" out of them? For instance, what would be their political market value to such a figurative statesman as GLADSTONE? and with what justice might he be quoted, from being the principal national figure of the Peebies, as standing in England at the head of the English Know-Nothings?

A Know-Nothing is one who sticks at nothing in order that America may be "nothing to nobody," excepting to such as are regular Know-Nothings.

But, perhaps, the Know-Nothings are so called to distinguish themselves from the MITCHELLS, and the like in America, who are generally Good-for-Nothings?

The man, who professes to know everything, is generally proved to be a know-nothing; but, in general, mistrust the man who meets an accusation by saying he "knows nothing," as it is pretty evident that he knows something that he is most anxious to conceal, and a great deal more than he would like to confess.

True Dignity.

SOME of the French authorities last week gave a banquet to the English men of science forming part of the English jury; and thereto imprudently invited the English ambassador, LORD COWLEY. His Lordship gave no direct answer, but in the most dignified manner caused it to be made known to the inviters, that it was not his custom to dine with low people. Very proper: science ought to know its place. An electric telegraph is all very well in its way, but what is the fiery eloquence of a discoursing wire compared with a blue riband?

Epigrammatic Despatch.

BY PRINCE GORTSCHARGOFF.

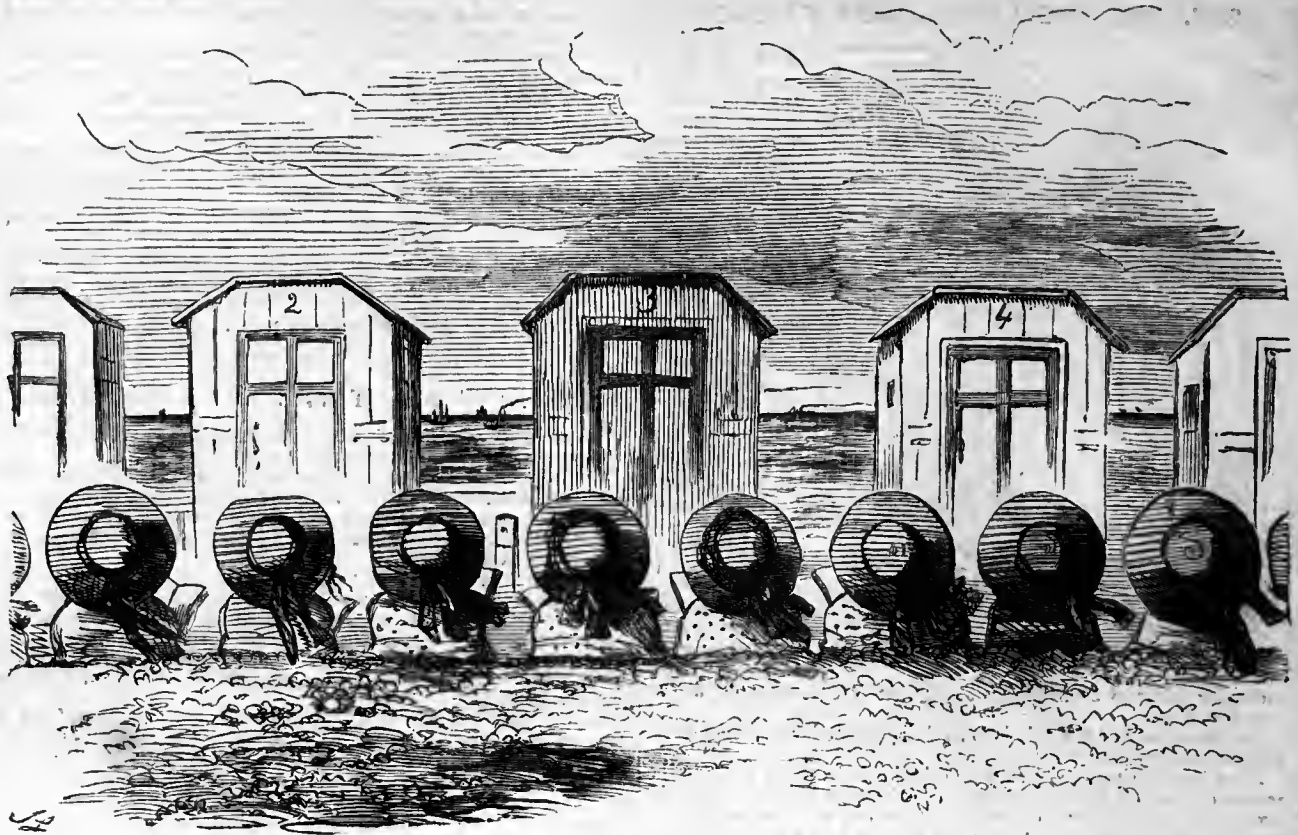
THOUGH Victory refused our arms to bless,  
We ran away with wonderful success.

ADMIRALTY DOCTRINE.

WHILST the NAPIER Correspondence was going on in the *Advertiser*, the newspaper used to be sent to the Lords of the Admiralty regularly, with the following endorsement, "A NAPIER-ient Pill for SIR JAMES—one or two to be taken every morning."

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY.

WHEN the House of Commons is up, public robbers are down upon St. James's Park.



SCENE ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

## A SPLENDID SPECIMEN OF CANT.

WE have a contemporary calling itself the *Christian Cabinet*—a title which conveys an insinuation against LORD PALMERSTON'S Government. This journal is addressed to mechanics and labourers, whom it professes to supply with news of a general character, and articles imbued with Christian sentiment. A paper, assuming the prefix of Christian, of course intends thereby to distinguish itself from the rest of the newspaper-press, the larger portion of which claims, though it does not arrogate, that epithet. It might be surmised that the Christianity of such a paper would be something peculiar. Whether that is the case may perhaps appear from the following taste of its quality:—

**IDOL WORSHIP IN ENGLAND.**—*To the Editors of the Christian Cabinet.*—It cannot be denied that idol worship is greatly on the increase in this country. Let any thoughtful person go to the British Museum, and observe the earnest gaze of the people at the hideous idols which have been brought into this country at an enormous expense to the nation."

But why not rather ascribe the "earnest gaze" to interest in objects which illustrate and attest Scripture, than to idolatry? The letter, of which the above is the charitable and rational commencement, proceeds in the ensuing language of modesty and humility:—

"Why were these abominations of a wicked nation brought into this land to be a blot upon its fair escutcheon, and to bring down the wrath of the Almighty upon us, by war, disease, and taxation?"

The signature attached to this sensible epistle is J. LANE. MRS. LANE—for the sex of this writer must be female and her age advanced—is a cool old lady to pretend to a knowledge, which of course must be of a prophetic nature, that MR. LAYARD'S bulls have brought upon us the Russian war. We expect that J. LANE will shortly give herself out as the successor of J. SOUTHCOTE.

Poor old MRS. LANE continues—

"Let the people destroy those idols, and level them with the dust."

Fair, but anile iconoclast! But how is your advice, GOODY LANE, to be followed by the people without resistance to the powers that be, which include policemen, besides the soldiers who mount guard at the gate of the British Museum? Now, MRS. LANE, you know what is the penalty in such case made and provided by a higher Court than even that of Parliament.

GOODY LANE then moderates the rancour of her pen; and her next suggestion is less dangerous, if not much more reasonable.

"Let tables be placed in those magnificent rooms, and cover them with religious books and papers for the spiritual improvement, daily, of the people."

There is one thing to be said in favour of this proposal. The rooms certainly would not be overcrowded, and it would be possible for the frequenters of these religious reading rooms to pursue their studies without the slightest mutual interruption. But we are afraid that this plan would involve the presentation of the sack to SIGNOR PANIZZI. We do not know what are the views of that gentleman as to the religious character of literature, but apprehend that they would at least differ from those of MRS. LANE. On that question the Public, moreover, would entertain some diversity of opinion.

MRS. LANE adds the following piece of advice:—

"Let a large organ be placed in the rooms, that the people may hear solemn music, at least once a-week."

But the people can do that already. At St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey there is an anthem and chanting every day. Besides, there is very solemn music in *Le Prophète*, which they have frequent opportunities of hearing, also in *Robert le Diable*. There is some deeply solemn music in the *Zauberflöte*: and the opening of the overture to *Der Freischütz* is marvellously solemn. But MRS. LANE, we suppose, disapproves of the theatre, and disapproves equally of cathedrals.

MRS. LANE'S last recommendation is, that all Christians should pray for peace. Very proper. We trust, too, that she will in future hold her own. By printing that venerable lady's letter the *Christian Cabinet* appears to participate in her sentiments on the subject of sculpture. But then it ought to style itself the *Mahometan Cabinet* rather than the *Christian*—save that all enlightened Turks have by this time outgrown the old fanaticism of Islam in regard to imitative art.

## Wiseman and St. Winifred.

ONCE upon a time, JAMES THE SECOND turned aside from a progress to visit the well of ST. WINIFRED, in order to supplicate the Saint to bless him with an heir to the English throne. A few days ago, DOCTOR WISEMAN, it is said, not only visited ST. WINIFRED'S waters, but bathed in them! Is the POPE in want of another son to the "true" Church?



**PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.**

"The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA was my father :  
Oh ! that he were alive, and here beholding—"

*Winter's Tale, Act iii, Scene 2.*

**CAPTIVITY AMONG THE NATIVES OF RUSSIA.**

WHAT can you expect from a bear but brutality?—but contrary to expectation, it seemed that the Russians had treated some officers of ours, who had fallen into their hands, humanely. A different story, however, is told by the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who says—

"I have spoken to a gentleman, who has just arrived in Paris from Constantinople. A number of English exchanged prisoners had just reached the latter city, half dead: They had been subjected to the most insolent and humiliating treatment by the Russians whilst marching. One officer told my friend that he had been marched more than 1900 miles on foot, with nothing to eat but black bread and dirty water. When the party arrived at certain villages on their way, he was made to walk two or three times through the place, to be shown to the people, and was insulted and spat upon. The guard gave him dirty water to drink when clean was at hand, and, throughout the march, sought to annoy him in every way. I hope this gentleman, who is now ill at Constantinople, will make his case known, for I am assured it is no exceptional one. The Russians are taught particularly to insult the English, it appears."

The writer then makes the very natural remark, that the Muscovite prisoners in France and England are treated too well. But France and England cannot stoop to retaliation. They do not scalp captive warriors because those warriors have scalped French and English captives. The worst we could possibly allow ourselves to do to the Russian prisoners would be to send them back to Russia. But then we must keep them, in order to exchange them for the men whom we have had taken. The longer they remain among us the more thoroughly they become imbued with liberal ideas, and the greater service they do us as live bombs when they come to be thrown back upon the CZAR.

**An Act of Dotage.**

THE *Times* one day last week presented its readers with an uncommonly absurd case of "conscience-money":—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the first half of a Bank of England £100 note, from 'F. G. Y.', en account of undemanded Income Tax."

Of course, F—G—Y can only stand for FOGY.

**LORD BROUGHAM MADE A VALUABLE CONSIDERATION.**

AN advertisement in *Galignani* announces for sale a chateau in the South of France, which, among its other attractions, is said to be "adorned with the Cactus," to be "within forty-four to fifty hours of London," and "only five minutes' walk from the residence of LORD BROUGHAM." To the amateurs of the Cactus the inducement above held forth is legitimate enough, and it is reasonable to intimate that the chateau is within forty-four or fifty hours of London; but the propinquity to LORD BROUGHAM is a matter which no speculator has any right to take advantage of. We do not imagine that it is with LORD BROUGHAM's consent that he is thus introduced into an advertisement as a means of enhancing the attractions of a chateau for sale in his neighbourhood. It is of course a merely nominal advantage to be within five minutes' walk of LORD BROUGHAM, unless the privilege of dropping in upon that accomplished nobleman is to be included in the purchase. Unless LORD BROUGHAM becomes a party to the conveyance, and agrees to a clause, in which he undertakes to be at home when the purchaser drops in, we do not see how the fact of vicinage will add to the value of the premises. We think it would be only fair that LORD BROUGHAM should have a portion of the purchase-money in consideration of its amount being increased by the announcement that his Lordship is within five minutes' walk of the property. If the advertisement had appeared during the session, we should have expected a motion to have been made in the House of Lords on the subject.

**Punch to the Smoking World.**

*(After Readymadensy.)*

LEARN to smoke slow. The other grace is,  
To keep your smoke from people's faces.

**Pop goes the Pontiff.**

THE POPE has lately been engaged spiritually in the sort of work that other European powers are doing in a material sense. He has been letting off his artillery, particularly at Spain, and our Allies, the Sardinians. The ordnance of his Holiness is, however, of a small description, and makes but little noise; in fact, it is an almost childish species of artillery, consisting of mere POPE-guns.

**THE TEETOTALLERS WANTED.**

THE attention of the Universal Sackcloth and Cinder Sunday Society is respectfully called to a flagitious ceremony too frequently acted in HER MAJESTY'S Dockyards. A few days since, MISS GORDON stood godmother to a new ship, naming it the *Pearl*. We are told that—

"Having taken a very brief survey of the Ship, COMMONORE SHEPHERD placed the garlanded bottle of wine in Miss GORDON'S hands, which she immediately dashed against the cutwater, exclaiming, 'Success to the Pearl!'"

What can be expected of a *Pearl* so christened, but that, as in the case with pearls in general, it should at some time be found at the bottom of the sea? Why cannot HER MAJESTY'S ships be baptised with the pure lymph; or, for at least a season, is it allowed that the Lords of the Admiralty have cast sufficient cold water on the true interests of the navy? What a moral is conveyed in the garlanded bottle! Innocent roses, with the wine "biting like a serpent" under them! We recommend this thought to MR. GOUGH, to be duly made up with his other flowers of rhetoric. We have, moreover, to call the attention of the above Sackcloth Sunday Society to the fact that, under the auspices of PRINCE ALBERT, whiskey was drunk about the bonfire lighted at Balmoral, in commemoration of the tumble down of Sebastopol. Of what use, it may be asked, is the moral influence of FORBES MACKENZIE in Scotland, if the good man is thus to be outraged by the sad example and mischievous patronage of a PRINCE CONSORT?

**"Cooking" a Barometer.**

GREEK merchants of Liverpool in the interest of Russia, have been accused of an attempt to depress the corn-market, by tampering with the quicksilver of the Exchange barometer. They have protested against the imputation, signing three names; they are GLADSTONIADI; GRAHAMILIZZI; and RUSSELLAYANNI. A brass bar now protects the barometer from all meddlers: the quality of the metal suggested by the impudence of the offenders.

## THE PIOUS PUFFERS.



It must be very painful to a sincere professor of those doctrines by which self-glorification is especially condemned, to find himself continually made the subject of puffing paragraphs. We have already called attention to the lamentable case of poor dear DOCTOR CUMMING, who has been so bespattered, besmeared, and bedaubed with booksellers' puffery, that we naturally begin to look for a list of his works in that portion of a newspaper which is devoted to medical and miscellaneous quackery. Some of our friends have become so thoroughly possessed with the idea of a connection between the name of CUMMING and newspaper notoriety, that we have been seriously

asked, whether the lion-slayer at the top of the Haymarket is the same CUMMING whose appellation has been made the subject of that familiarity which is said to lead to contempt, through the medium of advertisements. We should scarcely be surprised if the pious puffers of DOCTOR CUMMING's books were to take advantage of the popularity of the present connection between the name of CUMMING and the King of Beasts, and were to send forth a list of his works with the words, "DR. CUMMING, THE GREAT RELIGIOUS LION OF THE DAY," by way of an attractive heading.

While we are on the subject of pious puffs, we may as well remonstrate against a paragraph we lately met with, in which one DOCTOR CLOSE, the idol of the old maids of Cheltenham, has been introduced with the interesting accessory of a bad leg, or something of the sort,

for which he has been taking a trip somewhere on the Continent. The newspaper puff informs us that his leg is getting better, and that his "people" at Cheltenham will soon have him back, and that he thinks of his "lambs," or some twaddle or other, which will, of course, go the round of all the Cheltenham tea-tables. If DOCTOR CLOSE's anile admirers like to be called his "people," we see no objection to the title; but when we recollect that the Doctor was one of those who wrote a book to prove the Satanic agency of Table-turning and Spirit-rapping, we think that a better term than "lambs" might be found for those who accept the Reverend gent as their guide; and we should be disposed, in selecting a word from the animal creation, to describe them as DOCTOR CLOSE's Donkeys.

The over-sanctimonious, and not over-charitable portion of the public, will believe, or rather will assert without believing it, that we intend to sneer at Religion or its ministers, because we denounce the quackery and puffery which make the latter contemptible. It is, however, obvious to common sense, that the clerical profession is only degraded by the unwholesome pandering to personal vanity, to which it is in these days so much exposed, and which has placed a "popular preacher" and a "popular performer" in much the same position. We simply wish to put down that morbid and usually feminine feeling with reference to parsons which develops itself in working slippers and antimacassars, or in giving silver tea-pots to unmarried clergymen.

We recollect an instance in which a bachelor divine had been presented with so many embroidered shoes and tea services by the spinsters of his flock, that he might have started with a capital stock as either a slipper-dealer or a silversmith; but happening to marry a lady out of the parish, he was nearly torn to pieces by his fair adorers, who called on him to return all the plate that had been presented to him for his bachelor piety—his single blessedness.

## SOME VERY ODD FISH.

AMONG the pranks performed by the animal creation in what is called the "dead season" by the penny-a-liners, we have met with nothing richer than the conduct of a certain cod-fish, who, if newspaper paragraphs may be believed, has recently indulged in the eccentricity of swallowing a kitten. This feat appears to have been performed in a fit of jealousy at the alleged achievement of a ling, who, according to a Scotch paper, had recently devoured the leg of a rabbit. Of course nobody will inquire very closely how the rabbit lost his leg, or whether the ling was at once the amputator and the devourer of the unlucky limb; nor will any one be too curious to ascertain which way the cat could possibly have jumped to have found its way down the throat of a cod-fish. If these stories of lings swallowing rabbits' legs and cods bolting entire cats are believed by the readers of a newspaper, it might certainly give a portrait of one of its subscribers as that of an animal that can swallow anything.

## CURE FOR HOT COPPERS.

A CURE for the complaint commonly called hot coppers would be a great boon to a no small proportion of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, who occasionally exceed in strong potations. If their coppers want cleaning, let them eat some street-oysters, and wash those molluscs down with street-vinegar. That fluid, in some cases, consists, according to a statement made by DR. HASSALL at the late meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, of little else than sulphuric acid and water, coloured with burnt sugar. Sulphuric acid and water are dilute oil of vitriol, which, as most people know, is the proper thing to scour copper-kettles with. Indulgence, therefore, in street-oysters is very likely to cleanse, and, if repeated often enough, effectually to cool hot coppers; so effectually, that the coppers will be rendered incapable of being heated any more.

CON. BY SAIREY GAMP.

Will the proposed Port of Hartlepool be like the dirty Thames River?—Because it will be a Harbour of Refuge.

## AN ACQUISITION TO PLAIN ENGLISH.

THE writer of *Notes and Sketches* in the *Morning Post* makes the following remark, among others of a more judicious character, on the subject of "Discourse."

"To say that some point has been excluded, or left out of the question, is much better than to say it has been ignored."

If conciseness is desirable in expression, "ignored" is better than "left out of the question;" besides, the word means more than that phrase, and than the term "excluded." To ignore is wilfully, and cunningly, and deceitfully to leave out of the question; fraudulently to overlook; mendaciously to affect not to know; to blink; to pretend ignorance of a fact that the fact may pass unnoticed, and not be taken into account. It is a word which describes, with beautiful precision, a thing very common both in the writings and the conversation of zealots and bigots, and especially of solemn ecclesiastical humbugs; it compendiously expresses one of their artifices; it neatly bottles off a puff of their smoke; therefore they don't like it: but therefore it is a lovely word, and well deserving of incorporation with the QUEEN'S English.

## A WASHED DUKE.

THE *Glasgow Citizen*, in describing the personal appearance of some of the savans assembled at the meeting of the British Association, is good enough to remark of the DUKE OF ARGYLL, that he looked "superlatively clean." Did the Scotch reporter muddle the modicum of French in his possession, and think it was a case of *savon* instead of *savant*? Or, is it such a wonder that a Scotch Duke should be physically clean? Some of the Scotch Dukes (like some of the English ones) have done very dirty things in their time, but it was hardly matter of surprise that the DUKE OF ARGYLL, who, moreover, is a very estimable young man, should have washed his face and put on a clean shirt upon such an occasion. To be sure such a luxurious demonstration might excite a trifle more notice in Glasgow than in most places, but even there the upper classes occasionally set examples of unobjectionable neatness. This Citizen has been showing his freedom rather unwarrantably.

THE INFERIOR ARTICLES OF WAR.



PUNCH is disgusted to observe, that while the public at large are looking at the War in a patriotic spirit, the merely mercantile mind is inquiring, how the War can be made to pay, and how it can be converted into a medium for puffing. The press accordingly teems with advertisements of all sorts of goods, bads, and indifferents, to which the word "War" has been attached, from the War-Sermon of the puffing parson to the War-Jacket of the advertising tailor.

It is rather too bad that a great cause should be desecrated by a connection with one of the lowest of tradesmen's tricks, and that our triumphs should be converted

into a peg for cheap and inferior clothing to hang upon.

Already have the names of some of the heroes of the Crimea been given to all sorts of coats, whose inventors may be said to be hanging on to the skirts of Victory. It is nevertheless unfair, that our brave generals should be made to give titles to all kinds of ill-made garments, and that a SIMPSON should become synonymous with a wrapsascal, or that a Pelisse should usurp the appellation of a PELISSIER.

One of the advertising tailors has invented a jacket, which he declares is designed to commemorate one of our recent victories, whose name has been given to the article alluded to. Glory would indeed be short-lived, if the achievements of our soldiers had no better commemoration than a low-priced coat, in the sleeve of which our enemies might comfortably laugh, if they thought that the fame of our victories would not be more durable than a bit of bad broadcloth.

VERDURE AND FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

FOR some time lately the water ejected by the Trafalgar Square Fountains has been observed to be of a green colour. Speculation is baffled in the attempt to account for this phenomenon. The Serpentine is the only known source whence it is easily conceivable that water of such a tint could be derived. But the Fountains are supposed to be supplied from an Artesian well; and there are many considerations, besides those of a geological nature, which preclude any idea of a communication between the well and that sewer. Had the well been out of order, the authorities who preside over it might, perhaps, have entered into an arrangement with one of the Thames' Water-Companies, for the temporary supply of the Fountains with the fluid which those societies distribute among the inhabitants of the Metropolis for drinking purposes. In that case, however, the Fountains would squirt up a liquid of an "opaque, pale drab-colour," and not a green. Perhaps a drainage-pipe leaks into the well, a pipe conveying away the slush from an adjoining institution, the administrators of which have been at work again scouring the Old Masters. A correspondent of the *Times* compares the water of the Fountains to "cabbage-water;" but its tint is more probably derived from the Old Masters' greens.

The sight of verdure associated with water-works is very charming, when the relation between the water and the verdure is merely that of one element in a landscape to another. But, when the latter is chemically or mechanically combined with the former in the shape of a solution, the eye is offended; and the disgust of that organ is usually shared by the nose.

PALMERSTON AT THE ANTIPODES.

We were rather startled a few days ago by reading in capital letters in a column of the *Times* the somewhat striking words, "LORD PALMERSTON AT MELBOURNE." We knew that Australia was in a condition to need the aid of statesmanship; but we also felt, that whatever might be the necessities of Victoria in the Colonies, there is a VICTORIA at home with a paramount claim on the services of the PREMIER. We were next disposed to think, that the affair was a joke, and that by way of showing how completely the PRIME MINISTER had been "transported" by the news of the fall of Sebastopol, he had caused himself to be announced as "LORD PALMERSTON at Melbourne." Again, we fancied we might be indulging in a dream of the future, and that we might be living in the year 1875, when it is probable that a minister may be running over from Downing Street to Melbourne as rapidly as he now passes from London to Paris. All these hypotheses were, however, put to flight by the sudden recollection that there is a place called Melbourne in England as well as in Australia, and that the former locality rejoices in the ownership of LORD PALMERSTON, who can go to Melbourne when duty does not call him to VICTORIA.

FINALE TO SEBASTOPOL.

A Serio-Comic Opera.

SCENE—The Palace at St. Petersburg. The Imperial Council-Chamber. The CZAR ALEXANDER, MENSCHIKOFF, DOLGOROUKI, CHORUS OF COUNCILLORS.

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

Alex. Ha!

Chorus. He nods. Look—look—ah! look—About our ears the walls affrighted shook.

Alex. MENSCHIKOFF!

Mens. To my buckles thus I bend.

Alex. Attention!

Mens. Humbly I attend.

Alex. To what a grave reality we wakco! O Heaven and Earth! Sebastopol is taken!

Mens. The fact, my liege, is sad,

Alex. It almost drives us mad;

We are surprised, confounded, Amazed, bewild'rd, and astounded, Sebastopol fallen! What can be the reason?

We cannot think—unless it fell by treason.

Your system of sorties upon the foe

You discontinued—wherefore did you so?

We'll have that mystery at once unveil'd!

Mens. My ammunition fail'd.

AIR.

Although the soldier's heart and hand

Be all that is desired,

By every General in command,

There's something more required:

His hand though steady, heart though stout,

In warfare that's not all;

The soldier cannot do without

His powder and his ball.

RECITATIVE.

Alex. (to DOLGOROUKI.) Of your high office why did you fulfil

The paramount duty so extremely ill,

As not to take care that our troops had got

Plenty of powder, and sufficient shot?

Dolg. My liege, I answer with submission,

That there was plenty of ammunition.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Mens. You lie!

Alex. Oh, fie!

Chorus. Oh, fie! Oh, fie! Oh, fie!

Alex. He gives him

Dolg. He gives me } the lie!

Mens. I give him

Chorus. Oh, fie for, shame! Oh, fie!

A much too strong expression's that of lie.

RECITATIVE.

Mens. The pardon of your Majesty I crave,

Thus in your presence stung to misbehave;

I'll only say your Highness (to DOLG.) tells a story:

And it is idle and derogatory,

Ridiculous, and perfectly absurd,

To let your voice be in this council heard,

Assembled to discuss affairs of war.

You never have received one warlike scar,

Even in retreat; no soldier are at all;

A bomb you know not from a rifle-ball;

And have—although in talk there's not a louder—

Neither invented, burnt, nor handled powder.

Alex. Cease, I say, these rude discussions,

Unbecoming polish'd Russians;

We will inquire to which the blame is due:

Woe to the one or other of the two!

BRAVURA.

Yes, woe and vengeance on the slave,

And wrath, and rage shall fall,

No matter whether fool or knave,

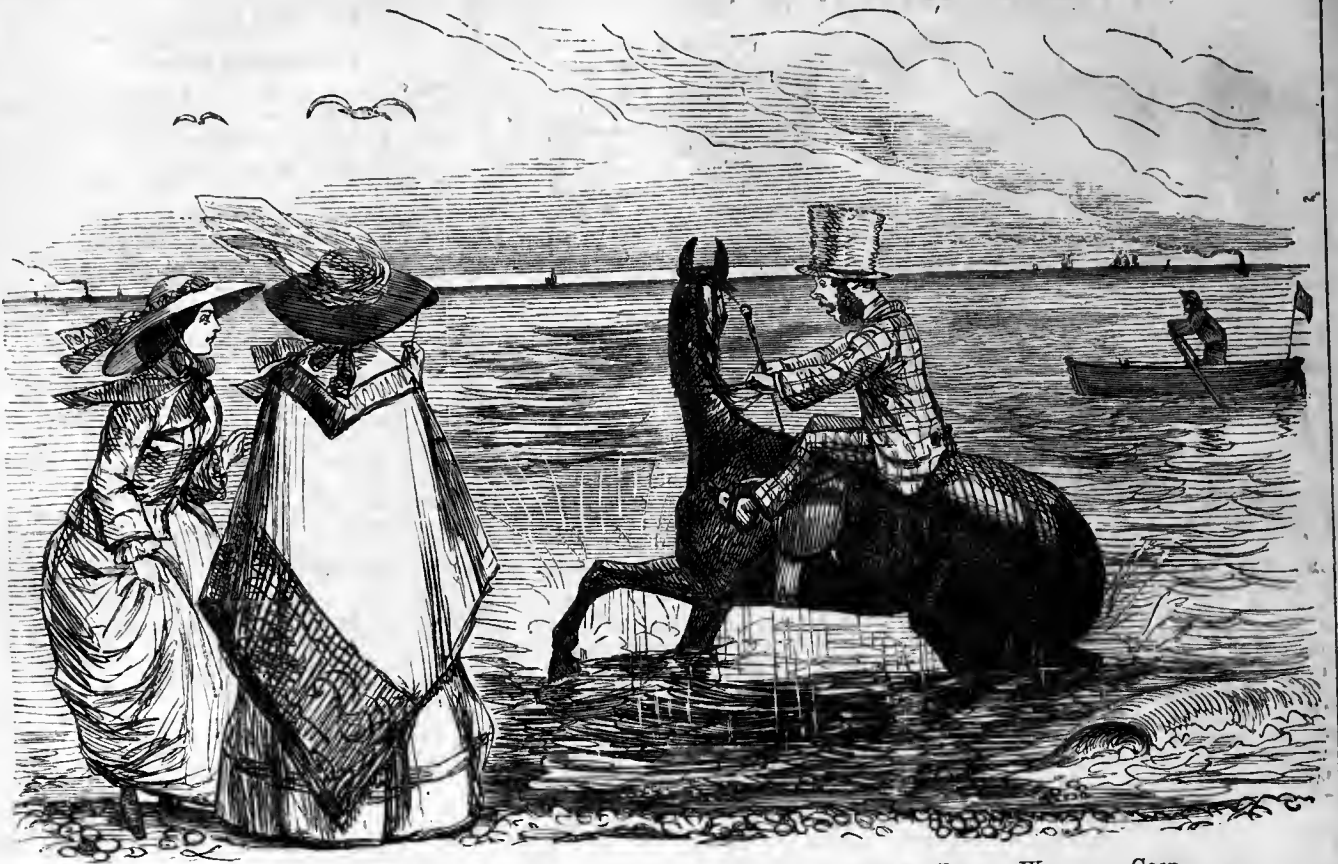
Who lost Sebastopol!

His fault that guilty wretch shall rue,

For we will find him out;

And safe will be, for one of you,

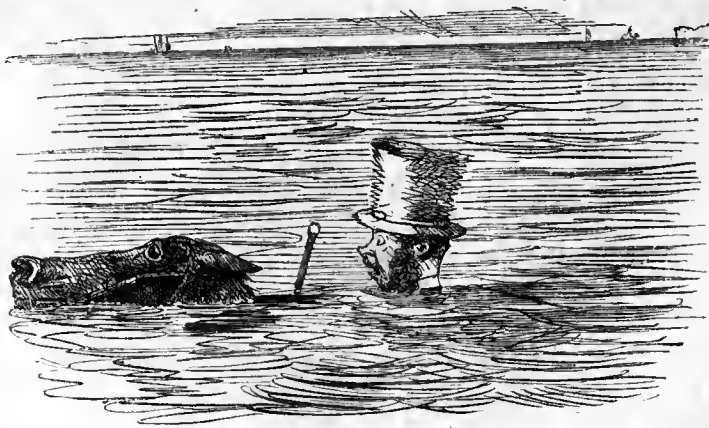
Siberia and the Knout!



OUR LITTLE FRIEND, TOM NODDY, THINKS THE SEA-WATER WILL DO HIS MARE'S LEGS A WORLD OF GOOD.

#### THE HAIR NOT APPARENT.

WE are continually being taunted in the newspapers by the disagreeable question, "Do you want beautiful Hair?" We confess that we are obliged to respond to this rather impertinent interrogatory, by avowing that we are deficient as to our capillary attraction; and that we do, in fact, "want beautiful hair." We, however, must decline the assistance of those, who would put all sorts of things into our heads, with the view of giving luxuriance to that, which at present resembles a mixture of stubble, with a slight dash of the



THE PLAYFUL CREATURE OBJECTS AT FIRST, BUT FINDING THE PROCESS AGREEABLE, DETERMINES TO HAVE A COMPLETE BATH.

door-mat, and a touch of the mop. We are not tempted by the avowal of the Berkshire lady, who says, "my head, which was once quite bald, is now covered with new hair;" for, we would as soon think of putting our old wine into new bottles, as of cramming our old head into new ringlets. We therefore decline any attempt to give luxuriance to our locks; and, indeed, it would be impossible to do so; for the well-known maxim, "first catch your hair," would apply in a case of curling, just as much as it would in a case of cookery.

THE Greeks are anxious to repudiate the name given to their country—*Bear's Greece*.

#### AN ERROR ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

NEWSPAPER paragraphs have sounded the praises of the QUEEN, for her generosity in giving £50 to a Scotch Station-master, for having been "the fortunate person to bring before HER MAJESTY the glorious news of the taking of Sebastopol." The donation was no doubt very handsome; though the Royal act was evidently one of impulse rather than of principle; for it is difficult to see why the Station-master who telegraphed the news, should have been better entitled to £50 than the individual who communicated the fact to him, or the still earlier informant who worked the telegraph at the Crimea. If priority of communication is the real ground on which a reward is to be given, the Scotch Station-master seems to be less entitled to £50 than any of those engaged in transmitting the news, for he is clearly the last person

instead of the first who forwarded the intelligence, which is so gratifying to HER MAJESTY. The practice of giving a handsome gratuity to the one who immediately communicates a welcome fact, is likely to retard rather than to expedite good news; for everyone has an interest in keeping the knowledge of it to himself, until he can personally arrive at the spot where the information is likely to be lavishly paid for. Our remarks are not quite in accordance with the tone of flattery that has been employed by our contemporaries in reference to this piece of Royal generosity; but we are quite sure that HER MAJESTY will agree with our view of the case; and we are ready to admit, that under the same circumstances, we might have done the same as the QUEEN did, if we had had £50 to spare, and taken no time for reflection.





# THE SPLIT CROW IN THE CRIMEA.

He's Hit Hard!—Follow Him Up!



THE CAUSE OF BAD MAGISTRATES.



THE following story has appeared in the *Bucks Advertiser*, and if true, is "passing strange:"—

"A HARD CASE.—At the Petty Sessions held at Stony-Stratford, Buckinghamshire, on Friday last, a man, named LEVI HENSON, was charged with firing off a gun within 80 feet of the turnpike road. The evidence was very conflicting. The defendant was employed in a field, and had been ordered by his master to shoot the birds if they touched the wheat. He had, it appears, shot a jay, and his master, having measured the ground, found that the spot was above 80 feet from the road. The magistrates, however, told the defendant that he stood convicted upon the clearest evidence they had ever heard, and fined the poor fellow £1, with 17s. 6d. costs."

Perhaps some enemy of the Magistrates alluded to in the above paragraph communicated it to our *Bucks* contemporary. Perhaps the reporter dreamt the circumstances therein stated. Perhaps it is not the fact that those Magistrates pronounced the illegal sentence ascribed to them. Perhaps

they were justices of the peace, and not injustices of Buckinghamshire. Perhaps they were gentlemen, and wise men, and good men, and not precisely the reverse. But such judgments as they are alleged to have delivered are, in fact, not seldom delivered by country Magistrates. For this, the country is itself to blame. At first sight it may appear that Magistrates might be deterred from inflicting unjust and malicious punishments by the fear of incurring punishment themselves. For instance, you feel that a bench of brutes and boobies, for having punished a man so shamefully as the bench in question is (by mistake, we hope) charged with having punished LEVI HENSON, might and ought to have their heads shaved, and be set to work at the crank, for a warning to others. But what sort of justice can you expect

from amateur judges—who like their office, for the most part, from the love of punishing; because it is fun to them to fine and imprison, because it gratifies their arbitrary and tyrannical passions? Nothing is ever well done for nothing. Justice—like children, as the notice says in the *Hammersmith omnibus*—must be paid for. Pay all your Magistrates if you want the due administration of justice; otherwise what can you expect upon the Bench better than such a set of fellows as those must be who could be capable of inflicting the iniquitous fine which the *Bucks Advertiser* represents certain gentlemen to have inflicted on LEVI HENSON?

AN AGED ALDERMAN.

A FEW days ago the citizens of London elected an Alderman, to whom there was no objection, except on the score—or rather the three scores and upwards—of his age. We cannot help thinking that, in the present doomed state of the Corporation, which may be said to have at least one foot in the grave, no amount of years can be considered a disqualification for one of its representatives. An Alderman of London in the prime of life, presents a picture of vigour, which by contrast would render more striking the decrepit state of the tottering body of which he is a member. To introduce a hearty and healthy individual into the Aldermanic fraternity of London would be almost as cruel as to tie a living being to an inanimate corpse, or—still greater horror—to bind the brawny limbs of active youth to the moribund frame of age and imbecility. We accordingly recognise the wisdom of the citizens in selecting age before everything else as a qualification for the office of Alderman.

ENGLAND'S HUMILIATION.

(For the Invalided Russe.)

SUCH of our countrymen as are acquainted through our columns with the real state of public opinion in England, as to the unholy war in which that island is engaged with us, will, we apprehend, be quite prepared to learn that the intelligence of our temporary evacuation of Sebastopol has plunged the entire kingdom into the deepest mourning and dejection. Accounts slightly at variance with this statement have, it is true, been published by the English press; and an obscure print, called the *Times*, whose circulation is about as limited as its ability, has had the effrontery to suggest that a medal should be struck to perpetuate the memory of our triumphant retreat. We need, however, scarcely remind our enlightened readers, that nowhere is the censorship of the press exercised with greater rigour than in England; and any editor who had dared in this case to reveal the real feeling of the nation would have been tried by a court-martial, and in all probability sent to Coventry,—an equivalent, it is well known, to our own Siberia.

But, notwithstanding the dastardly attempts of the despotic British Government to prevent the transmission of letters to the Continent—evinced especially of late by their reduction of the rates of postage—we have received from one of our own Manchester correspondents, a description of the way in which the so-called victory was actually celebrated; for the veracity of which our known character of truthfulness will, we do not doubt, be a sufficient voucher. In part, for we epitomise his report, he says:—

"The news of the partial capture of Sebastopol has occasioned here the greatest sorrow and indignation. Throughout the Metropolis, on the night of its arrival, the people were so incensed at the Government that it was found necessary to call out the militia; and an attack being meditated upon St. James's Palace (the usual autumnal residence of HER MAJESTY), the QUEEN and her Ministers fled with the greatest precipitation to the Highlands, where they are still hiding under the alleged plea of 'living in retirement.' Knowing somewhat of the real feeling of the populace, the LORD MAYOR very prudently declined the office of proclaiming the so-termed victory. There is little doubt that he would have been torn to pieces if he had attempted it. General illumination there was none, of course. At the French Embassy some two or three lamps were lit up on the sly, but on the approach of an indignant member of the Peace Society they were hurriedly extinguished.

"At Woolwich there was a tremendous bonfire in the Arsenal, the

mob destroying several millions' worth of Government stores. Effigies of GENERALS SIMPSON and PELISSIER were burnt *à la Guy Faux*, and the boys exploded a vast number of 10-inch shells and Congreve rockets without the slightest injury to any of the bystanders.

"The one ship left in Portsmouth had her flag hung half-mast high, in mourning for the loss of the remainder of the Russian fleet. Her captain has in consequence been dismissed the service, and is now *en route* for St. Petersburg, where he will doubtless be received with honour.

"As may be supposed, the demonstration at Manchester was extremely gratifying. All the manufactories and shops were closed, and the principal inhabitants appeared in deepest mourning. The bells rang muffled peals throughout the day, and most of the churches were hung with black. At a meeting in the evening, a vote of condolence with the EMPEROR and PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF was unanimously agreed to, and a subscription for the late inhabitants of Sebastopol was most liberally commenced. Three groans having been given for the murderers, SIMPSON and PELISSIER, three hearty cheers for Russia were led off by MR. BRIGHT.

"P.S. There is little doubt that on their return home, the British troops will be lynch-lawed and their officers beheaded."

"OH, BRING ME SHOWERS!"

IT never rains but it pours when the penny-a-liners are describing a storm, and the newspapers are accordingly inundated with torrents of a most overwhelming character. A recent paragraph describes a series of showers in the Jura, which were distinguished by hailstones of the size of an egg, and the appearance of which must have been greeted with a cry of, "Hail, fellow, well met!" from the delighted dealer in paragraphs. We have no doubt that if the hailstones in question resembled eggs, their existence may be traced to some adjacent mare's-nest. It is possible that the reporter may have somewhat exaggerated the violence of the showers; and although he cannot be accused of giving the reins to his imagination, it is not unlikely that his imagination may have been the principal source of the excessive rains he so copiously dilates—or dilutes—upon.

Mr. Gladstone's Dog.

WANTED, A RUSSIAN RETRIEVER, to retrieve the position of Russia. Address to the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, Oxford.



### SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

Miss Raphael makes a study for her grand Picture, "The Day after the Deluge."

### POETIC REWARD.

THE *Athenæum* corrects an error of *Mr. Punch*, and *Mr. Punch* owns that he blushes for the mistake, albeit really not his, but the scurvy blunder of whosoever for the time being distributed the pensions to literature, art, and science. *Mr. Punch* lately stated, that MISS FRANCES BROWN (the Blind Poetess) was in the small enjoyment of £50 a-year. The gratification is not, it seems, half that amount, being no more than £20. The liberal, the literary (for the Viscount has in his time dallied with quill and ink), the chivalrous PALMERSTON will, surely, on the next partition of the pension list, end this scandal. Twenty pounds per annum is (see *Mr. Punch's Pocket-Book*) seven-and-eightpence per week, or one shilling and a penny farthing per day. How many a plain cook, whose genius stuns short at the perfect boiling of a potato, rejoices in a larger income! It is even better to be maid-of-all-work to the MOWBRAYS of Baker Street than handmaiden to the Muses of Parnassus.

### QUICKSILVER MARTYRS.

THE Greeks always paid great homage to Mercury, because he was the God of Thieves and of Merchandise, whence latter word came his name. It would seem that a banking after this idolatry is still supposed to prevail among the modern Greeks, and an illustration of the fact is found in the circumstance that certain Greek corn-merchants, in one of our large towns, have been accused of not being able to keep their hands off a Barometer much consulted by folks whose corn transactions are guided by the state of the weather. The suspected individuals have denied the charge of tampering with the instrument, but we should have honoured them more had they admitted it (if true), and clamoured for the right of exercising their religious worship in a free country. This would have shown that Greeks make some pretence to conscience, and the novelty of this discovery would render it doubly acceptable.

### A Letter for Doctor Pettigrew.

DOCTOR PETTIGREW, of London, acknowledges the receipt, per post from Somersetshire, of "a live lizard, measuring 19 inches in length; lively, after having undergone no less than eight post-office stampings. A live bluebottle, placed as food for the lizard, was dead at the journey's end." This is all very well for an experiment, but we hope it will stop here. Otherwise, should the hint be maliciously improved upon, we may have porcupines delivered by post in their own letters, and hedgehogs in their own envelopes.

### SONG OF THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

I ROAM and wander o'er the Town,  
And where I see the straw put down  
I take my stand, and grid away,  
For there my music's sure to pay.

Forth comes a servant from the door  
Which I pick out to play before,  
And gives me sixpence to move on,  
And get myself and music gone.

He says his mistress is a-bed,  
And that the least noise splits her head;  
Or master's near his latest breath,  
And wants to die a quiet death.

So off I walk, repeat the trick  
On some one else that's lying sick,  
And thus my pockets often fill  
By plaguing people who are ill.

### A Wedding-Ring in Difficulties.

IN Cheshire, if a bride bake a cake with her ring in it, the person who gets that part of the cake that contains the ring will next be married. Last week, avers the *Cheshire Chronicle*, "a young man present took the piece of cake without knowing the ring was in it, and ate both cake and ring." Now, we beg to ask of *Notes and Queries*, if a ring so taken may be considered as in any way binding upon the party so swallowing it? For when a ring is so eaten, may there not be the whole marriage chain "to follow?" We have often heard of simple young men swallowing wedding-rings before they well knew it; but it is one thing to swallow a wedding-ring, and another to digest it.

### CHEAP TESTIMONIALS.

A TESTIMONIAL has been presented to jolly SIR JOHN TYSSEN TYRRELL, in the shape of his own portrait painted by LUCAS; and showing the best and most gratifying evidence of the fact that, although England is destroyed, crushed, wiped from the map of nations by the repeal of the Corn Laws, SIR JOHN, like a protectionist and a philosopher, still looks gay and hearty, "smiling at ruin." We are glad that SIR JOHN is favoured with his own picture; but in other cases would suggest a more economic style of testimonial. For instance, instead of giving a man his own portrait fixed in oils,—why not present him with a looking-glass?

### "Enlarged at the Expense."

OUR eye is continually falling on an advertisement relating to "the stomach and its difficulties." We should find it no easy task to fill a book on the subject, but we believe that a great deal may be got into a very small compass where the stomach is concerned. The difficulties of the stomach vary of course, according to the circumstances of the owner, for while with one class the difficulty is "how to fill it," with another class the great object is to keep it within moderate dimensions. We have no doubt that the author fully understands his subject, and however numerous his readers, he would of course have "stomach for them all."

### "A Line must be Drawn."

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, in his despatch on the downfall of Sebastopol, thanks its valiant defenders even in their defeat, saying—  
"There is a line which is impassable even to heroes!"

That line has now been found the line in blue, and now the line in red. There is, however, another line, to be drawn in diplomatic ink; a line to be traced in the new map to be prepared by the Western Powers for Russia.

### Shah! Nonsense!

WE have carefully perused the Persian Treaty recently entered into between the SHAH and the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. We see no objection to it, except that in recounting the glories of the high contracting parties, it states that each "takes the Sun for a Standard." The Persian sovereign may know no better than this, but the EMPEROR is well acquainted with our journals, and ought not to have been described as capable of making such a blunder. He would be as likely to take the *Record* for a *Punch*.

## A CRUSADE AGAINST THE BUTCHERS.



SOMEbody is endeavouring to get up a movement to bring the grazier and the consumer into connection without the intervention of the butcher. We are not generally favourable to the employment of a middle man, but we must say, that if every one were obliged to kill his own mutton, very few would enjoy the luxury of eating it. We there-

fore feel that it is rather premature to recommend the abolition of the butcher, as an intermediate agent between the owner of the animal and the individual who eats it. We confess we should feel considerable inconvenience in having to kill the whole of our animal food, and we are quite sure that not one of our readers, who might wish for a pound of steak, would feel disposed to purchase and slaughter an entire bullock. Such, however, would be the case if the butcher were to be abolished, and every transaction in meat were to be an affair between the grazier and the consumer. It would be hard, indeed, if one could not indulge in a pork chop without buying an entire pig, which would be going the whole hog in a most unequivocal manner.

## CAPTURE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WATER-SNAKE.

WE may now very soon look for the capture of the Sea Serpent, seeing that as a sort of instalment of the "take," the dwellers on the Silver Lake, near Perry Village, New York, did on the 12th of August harpoon and haul to land the Great American Water-Snake! There can be no doubt of the interesting fact, all the circumstances being detailed with that precision, that delicacy of touch, that so distinguishes every American record of wonders and triumphs. When Niagara subsided to a dead level, what other quill, save a quill from the American eagle, could so truly have painted the catastrophe. A kindred pen—a pen from the same pinion—traces the last moments of the Great American Water-Snake. The Snake, in an evil hour for himself, appeared to the whalers provided with a harpoon. He was laying "quiescent on the surface," when—

"The iron whistled in the air, and went deep into his body!"

Under these circumstances, prolonged quiescence was not to be expected; assuredly not. Therefore—

"Instantly the whole length of snake lashed the air!"

That is, the snake bird-like raised its whole body in vacancy; but only for a while, for he darted off, almost dragging the boat under water. However, in due season, he was hauled to land, when, as was very natural on their part—

"Four or five ladies fainted on seeing the snake, who, although ashore, lashed his body into tremendous folds, and then straightened himself out in agony, with a noise that made the earth tremble."

BARNUM himself had shaken in his shoes at such a snake-quake. And now follows a most interesting description of the victim:

"He is fifty-nine feet eight inches in length, and has a most disgusting look. A slime a quarter of an inch thick covers his body, and if removed is instantly replaced by exudation. The body is variable in size. The head is the size of a full-grown calf."

In fact, exactly the size of the heads of the believers in the Fejee mermaid and in WASHINGTON'S negress nurse.

"Within eight feet of the head, the neck gradually swells to the thickness of a foot in diameter. It then tapers down, and again gradually swells to a diameter of two feet in the centre, giving above six feet girth. It then tapers off towards the tail and ends in a fin, which can expand in fan shape three feet across or close in a sheath. Double rows of fins are alternately placed along the belly."

The "fan-shaped fin" must have some affinity to the mermaid; whilst the "sheath" would imply, at least, a distant relation to the sword-fish:

"The head is most singular. The eyes are large, staring, and terrific, with a transparent membrane attached to the lids, protecting the eye without impeding the vision. No gills appear. The mouth is like that of the fish called a sucker. It can stretch so as to swallow a body a foot and a half in diameter."

In fact, about the same capacity of swallow as that required of the docile and elastic reader.

"When he rears his head (which he generally keeps under water) he presents a

feared aspect. In expanding his mouth, he exhibits a blood-red cavity, horrible to look at, and the air rushes forth with a heavy short puff!"

There is this advantage in the last faculty of the Great Water-Snake for dealing in "heavy, short puffs," he will be able to write his own advertisements from the Museum in the Broadway. The "slime, that a quarter of an inch thick covers his body," will supply him with ink: the supply, moreover, is inexhaustible; for "if removed, is instantly replaced by exudation."

We have solicited the scientific opinion of the first naturalist of the day—need we name him—as to the classification to which this Water-Snake is clue; and have received the following brief summary—"It is my opinion, from the description supplied me of the Water-Snake, that it is only a huge specimen of a monstrous sea-calf, resulting from a cock-and-a-bull and a nightmare." There can be little doubt of the proprietorship of the parents: the cock-and-a-bull and the nightmare being indubitably the property of Mr. BARNUM; and the written account thereof one of his heavy, but not very short, puffs.

## THE SANHEDRIM OF WORCESTER.

WHAT Pharisees and hypocrites abound on every side, All puff'd up with authority and insolence and pride! Poor old NATHANIEL WILLIAMS, of Alfrick, has been fined By a bench of Worcester magistrates belonging to that kind.

Five shillings they inflicted, and twelve and tenpence more, For costs, which is a heavy sum in case a man is poor; And what do you imagine, now, was old NATHANIEL'S crime? Why cutting wheat on Sunday, in stress and want of time.

From morn till night was WILLIAMS engaged in daily toil, The little piece of wheat, his own, would have been sure to spoil. In case he had not cut it upon the Sabbath day, For which the sham-Jew magistrates condemn'd the man to pay.

If one of these strict Rabbis an ox or ass possess'd That tumbled down a sink or well upon the Day of Rest, Till twelve o'clock at night there, of course, they'd let him lie, And leave the brute to take his chance—most probably to die.

The noses of these justices are very likely red, Their veins perhaps would mostly run port wine if they were bled; They fill their bellies daily with the very best of meat, And they fined this man for cutting on Sunday food to eat.

Some eighteen hundred years and more ago had they been born, They might have punish'd other men just so for plucking corn; Who, through some fields in Palestine, when hungry, on their way, Began to pluck the ears of corn upon the Sabbath Day.

## A FULL MOON MADE FULLER.

IT is very hard that a LORD MAYOR cannot go anywhere, even to visit a private friend, without his being at once treated as a goose, and stuffed accordingly. The other day LORD MAYOR MOON went to see an old acquaintance in a quiet way at Congleton, when the inhabitants of the place insisted upon blowing him out with a quantity of cakes, for which it seems the neighbourhood is remarkable. We really think the Corporation should protest against the notion that its head is all mouth, and that the LORD MAYOR is ready to perform a series of disgusting feats of gormandising wherever he presents himself.

It is, moreover, especially hard that when the City potentate rushes out of London to take breath, after the continued consumption of green and other fats, he should be taken as it were by the throat, and crammed with the puffy, stuffy cakes of sweet-toothed Congleton. We have never had an opportunity of analysing a Congleton cake, but we are quite sure that any kind of paste must lie heavily on any part of such a Corporation as that of the City of London.

## EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

WE want two or three Women Judges, Female Juries, and Lady-like Barristers to try and adjudicate certain evil-doers, whose sins are not duly appreciated by mere men. Further, we want a prison with a Female Governor, and Female Turnkeys. Among the most efficient troops of the KING OF DAHOMEY is his regiment of Amazons; a very terror to his enemies. Considering this, Mr. Punch proposes, that all brutes guilty of beating their wives, should be committed by Lady Magistrates, tried before a Lady Chief-Justice, convicted by Gentlewomen of the Jury; and when sentenced, to be given into the custody of strong-minded women. Punishment upon marital brutes will never be duly carried out, unless by functionaries chosen from the sex so cryingly outraged. To the hands of the avenging Beauties would we render up all the offending Beasts.



### THE FAGGING SYSTEM.—TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

*Old Gent.* "AND PRAY WHO IS YOUR FRIEND WITH THE COFFEE POT?"

*Small Boy.* "THAT? OH! HE'S MY FAG—HE GETS ME MY BREAKFAST AND SUCH LIKE, BUT I ALWAYS LEAVE HIM SOME CRUMPKETS—AND—NEVER BULLY HIM!"

### A BARGAIN ON HORSEBACK.

We are always happy to assist in the elucidating a problem; and, although we think that the following inquiry should have been republished by our excellent contemporary, *Notes and Queries*, rather than by *Mr. Punch*, still, we cheerfully submit it for the consideration of the world. The demand originally appeared in the *Stamford Mercury*. The names of the parties not seeming to affect the interesting inquiry in question, we substitute asterisks, in order that the philosophical world may proceed, unimpassioned, to the abstract problem.

#### CAUTION!

WHEREAS I, \*\*\*\*, of \*\*\*\*, Farmer, on the 10th day of September, 1855, sold to Mr. \*\*\*\*, of \*\*\*\*, Farmer, all my old Wheat, at £5 per quarter, and he wished me to get off my horse to sign the bargain, which I did; and then, after it was wrote, he refused to sign!—Is that a Gentleman, or what?  
(Signed) \*\*\*\*\*.

We would rather abstain from giving our own opinion at the present stage of the investigation; but we incline to the conviction, that *that* is rather to be considered a pronoun than a gentleman; and we cannot at all assent to the view that it is what. Other interesting points arise on considering the above advertisement. It may be surmised from the allusion to the horse, that the advertiser was smoking, and that the other party told him he was welcome to a light. The word "wrote," would seem out of place, but (the subject being agricultural) may have something to do with the wrotation of crops. But the mystery deepens as we proceed; and we invite everyone to forward speculations on the topic, distinctly pledging ourselves that none of them shall be inserted.

### Bomba in want of a Barber.

BOMBA should get his head shaved. His frenzy might then abate, and his outrageous conduct cease. In that case he would be spared a more serious retrenchment, as his subjects would be satisfied with his loss of his hair.

### KNIGHTHOOD OF THE STEAM-BATH.

THE Order of the Bath is an order of chivalry almost as oddly named as the Order of the Garter. One would think it should rather be the reward of dirty doings than of noble deeds. The Order of the Bath is a very proper sequence of a committal to the House of Correction, and shameful behaviour is suitably requited with a ducking. A warm bath is a very good and a very comfortable thing; but so is a sofa, so is an arm-chair, so is a hot-water bottle, so are many other domestic conveniences, which, in relation to warlike achievements, or any other grand exploits and magnanimous actions, are simply absurd. What sort of a Bath can that be, the Order of which is esteemed a fitting recompense for the valour of the heroes who fought before Sebastopol?

It appears to be a Vapour Bath, a Bath designed to promote perspiration. Warriors, by means thereof, are subjected to that process to which certain Semitic persons are accused of being accustomed to subject sovereigns, and with similar results. Admission into the Order of the Bath costs the Knight Grand Cross £164 13s. 4d.; that is to say, the Knight on whom that honour is conferred is let into it for that amount. This money is distributed among various persons employed about the Bath. A head man called Bath-King-at-Arms, for example, sacks two separate portions of it, amounting together to £28 13s. 4d. The Dean of the Order pockets £22 6s. 8d.; the Gentleman Usher nets the same sum. The Messenger walks off with £18 13s. 4d., the Secretary sweeps up £6 13s. 4d. The Registrar and Genealogist come in for £22 a-piece. One would suppose that the service rendered by these persons consists in shampooing the Knight; they appear to do that effectually, for they certainly squeeze a great deal out of him.

What does a man get, then, for bleeding for his country who gets the Order of the Bath? He gets antiphlogistic treatment. Having lost blood, he has to swallow a sudorific.

### A Generous Enemy.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF takes credit to himself and his troops for having rendered Sebastopol a heap of "blood-stained ruins" for the reception of the Allies. We are very much obliged to him.

### ROUT OUT OF A ROBBER'S DEN.



HERE is the inventory as published by the *Moniteur*, of the naval and military goods and chattels left behind by the Russians at Sebastopol:

"Cannon, 4,000; Ditto Balls, 60,000; Hollow Projectiles, a few; Grape, a large quantity; Gunpowder, a great amount; Copper, 25,000 kilogrammes; Steam engines, 36-horse power, two; Blindages, a considerable number.

As the items above enumerated are to pistols, pistol-bullets, bullet-moulds, slugs, jemmy, centre-bit, picklocks, lucifer-matches, and black vizards, so is Sebastopol to the den of a burglar, and so is

the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS to BILL SIKES.

### The Flag that has not Braved Anything.

ALL the Prussian Flags are to be called in, and to be re-modelled. In honour of the active part that Prussia has taken in the present European war, the Prussian army, for the future, is to exhibit none but Neutral Colours.

THE DISTILLER IN DIFFICULTIES.



Ye are informed by a Scotch Distiller, that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue have published, for the guidance of Supervisors and Distillers, a book of instructions: in which occurs the following direction:—

“The windows of the mill-room, if not glazed, must have coverings of wire gauze or perforated metal, and be so secured that no malt can be removed through them. The man is to be locked in, and the door must not be opened for his ingress or egress oftener than once in three hours, and then only on notice in writing, except in cases of emergency.”

Poor man! How is he to make his emergency known? The Board does not, we suppose, require that anybody shall be in attendance outside the door to open it, in the event of an “emergency” occurring to the man. What is he to do? Write a formal demand for liberation and pass it under the door—for he will be unable to throw it out of window—and take the chance of its getting picked up and conveyed to the key-keeper? Or shout and scream, proclaiming the ground of his claim to be released in a loud voice?—But suppose his emergency were apoplexy!

Our spirituous Scotch friend furnishes us with two other notable precepts from the same code; viz., firstly:—

“The sacks in which malt is removed must be free from patches or holes, and the folds of the seams must be in the inside. The mouth of each sack is to be securely closed by the trader with strong cord, sewn or fastened to the haggling, and when tied, passing twice at least round the neck.”

That a sack of malt should be free from holes is not merely very desirable, but absolutely necessary. But one would think that the purchaser might be safely left to take care of that. *Caveat emptor.* That the folds of the seams of the sack should be in the inside is manifest, but the Inland Revenue Board might have been saved the trouble of making an express order to that effect by the consideration, that there is hardly anybody who would be likely to turn the seamy side outwards.

Secondly:—

“With a packing needle, a piece of red tape is to be drawn through a fold in the neck of the sack, drawn tight round the neck, and tied in a double knot, the ends are then to be passed through the small holes of a leaden seal, the tape drawn tight and tied in another double knot, when the lead is to be shifted, so as to cover the last named knot, and the seal is to be firmly closed upon it, with an impression of the die with which each officer is to be furnished.”

The great Macedonian cut-throat and robber, the namesake of the present EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, contrived to deal with the Gordian knot by cutting it. That knot had to be untied,—this has to be tied; probably, however, the Distiller will treat the Government knot as the despoiler treated the Gordian, and cut the thing. Being DAVUS and not ŒDIPUS, he will never attempt to solve such a puzzle as the formula above quoted; which the Commissioners of Inland Revenue had better send in for publication in the next edition of the *Boys' Own Book*, accompanied, of course, by an explanatory diagram. It will not have escaped observation, that the ligament by which this wonderful knot has to be tied on the malt-sack, by order of Government, is Red Tape. A very proper material for that application. Red Tape to the sack—the sack to Red Tape!

GERMAN DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

How is it, that in the German hotels they never give you any more than one towel?

How is it, that they are just as liberal with their water?—the quantity given being the proportion that in England is generally put into a finger-glass?

How is it, that at dinner they only give you one knife and fork to do duty for about five-and-forty dishes, consisting of every possible variety of joint, game, pastry, fruit, preserve, pickle, and cabbage?

If this is the cleanliness, if this is the system of domestic economy practised by the Germans in their best hotels, where everything is open to the criticism of strangers, we tremble to think what can be the state of cleanliness, and what must be the awful destitution of domestic economy, practised by them in their own homes!

CRIMINAL PREFERENCE.

We read in a weekly contemporary,

“Many of our most active thieves now prefer immediate punishment under the new larceny act, instead of the former system of delay.”

This statement must afford gratification to every reader. Any legislative improvement which tends to the facilitation of commerce—the equivalent of thieving, according to court poets—must be welcome to a commercial population. The “delay,” which used to impede the “activity” of operations in silk, specie, purse-leather, and other articles, was much to be deplored, and we doubt not that the amended “system” will be found to have an invigorating effect upon the markets, especially those in Field Lane and Houndsditch. Could any further plan be suggested for preventing the unnecessary shackling of commerce, or commercialists? A Thieves' Clearing-House, perhaps, might be advantageously established, and the banking experience of an eminent and saintly prig—now in durance—would naturally point him out for its Superintendent, when the expiration of certain probable engagements shall permit him again to give his attention to business. In the meantime we trust that the Magistrates will do their best to carry out the intention of the Legislature, and with as little “delay” as possible consign “many of our most active thieves” to the sphere in which their activity may have the amplest scope, and where Whips and Cranks may reward its “wanton wiles.”



A BRILLIANT TRANSLATION.

1st Britisher (with intense pronunciation). “*Cahfay Flakmarng—Well now, what do you say to a glass of bitter beer at this Flaming Corfy?*”

NOT QUITE POSTED UP.

OUR affectionate cousins in America so seldom give us credit for being in advance of themselves in the smallest matter, that it is doubly vexing, when they do condescend to praise us, to find the praise undeserved. A case of this kind occurs in the last file of New York papers. A fearful railway catastrophe—“massacre”—the *New York Herald* more justly calls it, had elicited a very severe article from the Editor, who vehemently denounced the cupidity and negligence of railway Directors, and the inefficiency of the laws to compel them to provide for the public safety. The article might be transferred, bodily, to a London paper, à propos of any of the “massacres” which have recently taken place on our own lines. The only passage which, we are truly sorry to say, would have to be expunged, would be the New York journalist's statement, that “for lesser offences against public safety, British Railway Directors have been imprisoned for a term of years.” We no more think of punishing rich and respectable people than our American cousins do. We send engine-drivers, pointsmen, station-masters, and such like *canaille* to prison “for a term,” but a Railway Director—the really guilty party—imprison *him!* “No, our fair cousin!”

## EVERYBODY'S OPINION.

"DEAR OLD PUNCH,

"I AIN'T an Artist, and I ain't an Author—but this is *our* idea of what ought to be done in the Crimea with our trench-loving Generalissimo.

"Yours to command,

"JOHN RAMROD, (— Rifles)."



## PITY FOR THE FOE.

LAY the might of Russia low!  
"Pity for the prostrate foe?"  
No, my BRIGHT, my GLADSTONE, no:  
RUSSELL, GRAHAM, say not so.

Let Ambition's mangled alive,  
Cruel, barbarous, but brave,  
Not in vain for mercy crave;  
Him, the unit, spare and save.

But what pity for the horde,  
And their CZAR, on earth who pour'd  
Forth the plague of fire and sword,  
Can humanity afford?

Pity, such as that we take,  
On the crush'd and writhing snake,  
Smitten, in a thorny brake,  
With a strong arm and a stake.

Pity?—yes, indeed; the same  
As, his sting about to aim  
At his own head, girt with flame,  
The poor scorpion too might claim.

Pity—as we do the fall  
Of a tiger shot—his sprawl,  
And his frantic dying squall,  
Aud his glaring green eyeball.

Oh, the lost, the brave, the good!  
Oh, the waste of noble blood!  
Pity Russia!—he who could,  
Would he like a leg of wood?

"Pity for the fallen great?"  
Pshaw!—that hackey'd cant abate,  
Strike, with all your strength and weight,  
And strike down the Robber State!

A COIFFEUR'S DISCOVERY.—No wonder that we hear of curling Smoke, when it has the fire-irons applied to it so repeatedly!

## RACHEL AND JONATHAN.

RACHEL—France will be happy to hear it—has given satisfaction in America. Just before her *début*, the Yankee critics very properly remarked, that a most important epoch in her life was approaching, and that the question, whether she were "clever" or not, was to be settled by "an audience as intellectual and subtle as that which first sat in judgment upon her." Indeed, the value of the test was increased by the fact,—recorded in the same papers—that the American mind was a *tabula rasa* in regard to her, and that the intellectual and subtle audience assembled in some doubt as to what they were to see or hear, one journal having described her as "a great *danseuse*," and another having congratulated "the lovers of good music" upon her arrival. However, New York has now found out—and of course talks as glibly of the discovery as if it were of ancient date—that there were some French Dramatists called RACINE and CORNEILLE, who wrote "the most boring plays ever heard in America," and that RACHEL really delivers their language brilliantly, and with a very pure French accent. Nay, rushing into extremes, as usual, the Americans actually find histrionic merit in the bundle of Hebrew sticks whom RACHEL takes about with her to fill the other characters, the innocent Yankees being unaware that all the acting permitted to those articles is the acting as foils to herself. Let it be added, that RACHEL's slight figure has been duly appreciated, and that the leading New York critic describes it as, "very light physical timber." *Punch* felicitates Paris upon the endorsement of its bills—play-bills—by New York.

## The Jumping Wafer.

THE priests in France now announce a new miracle about twice a week. The last is a jump which the "wafer" made, in church, from the hand of a person who ought not to have touched it, to the missal of a very devout lady, and thence into her mouth, which happened, providentially, to be open at the time. This was clever, for a wafer, though we confess the greater miracle seems to be, that a priest should print such a story and not be sent to St. Pélagie as a rogue, or to Bicêtre as a fool. However, the Jumping Wafer is the last addition to the *repertoire* of the Roman Catholic Wizard of the South, and is a worthy companion to the Winking Virgin.

## GERMAN CRITICISM.

(Compounded from certain popular Berlin recipes.)

If a German critic were describing some of our most popular performers, it would be probably thus that he would largely qualify them:

BENJAMIN WEBSTER, ESQ.—"The never-remembered Benjamin with Napoleon-headed and Napoleon-minded genius that all things touching and all things adorning with the equal talent on the British Publican on the fiddle plays."

E. WRIGHT, ESQ.—"The jolly jovial winking gagging dearnomy wopsy bricky wicksy son of Momus with the stitch in the side provoking humour and from overlaughter deep thirst only with beer to be quenched exciting talent that often with his 'Boy Believing you' round as a barrel ribbed Pauline adless mazes of fun loses itself."

MISS WOOLGAR.—"The many-sided facile the blithe Protean plastic wonder beautiful boy girl woman fairy devil poacher gipsy tiger and most accomplished actress ever dancing evering in laughing gaily and beautifully sighing er ying dyings such as at all times on our knees even without a pooketh and kerchieft okneel upon can never be sufficiently admired."

S. PHELPS, ESQ.—"The manager actor might majestic magnetic mirthful in the divine realms of heavenly Shakspeare dom without rival near the throne reigning highest either with the ears of *Bottom* our fancies irresistible to tickle ear with the wand of *Prospero* our heart gently to touch with genius tinted equal tier scimintly gifted."

MRS. KEELEY.—"The domestic quaint tragic familiar extravagant nature al killing melting ecstasy producing sky transporting spouting ascending chimney descending kitchen stirring parlour moving attic convulsing kid gloves plitting ngbut ton bursting and hearty appetite for our ysters supers provoking actres s deeply honoured and of one of England's smallest but greatest comedians of the name of ROBERT but more familiarly as BOB KEELEY known the equally honoured wife."

## "That Air Three Facts." (From an American Paper.)

"WASHINGTON's tomb is in ruins and mire,"

"BARNUM's new mausoleum's as fine as can be."

Moral—That Yankee dom approbates higher

The "selling" one's fellows than setting them free.



## A HINT FROM THE ANTIPODES.



THE representative of Royalty in Victoria has been accused of shabbiness in an entertainment given at the Government House, — where the beer is said to have been lamentably small; the negus something less than negatively weak; the trifle trifling in quantity, and the tipsy-cake of the very soberest character. We can understand the desire of his Excellency to set a lesson of economy in a country running over with gold, where the ruling vice is likely to consist in a tendency to the most vulgar display and tasteless extravagance. We are therefore not disposed to be very hard on a Governor, who gives a cheap and wholesome lemonade to a population saturated with strong drinks; and who offers limited supplies of "twopenny" to a crowd, whose usual beverage is described by the greatest possible combinations of the letter X, or consists of other still more stimulating compounds. It says little for the *élite* of society in Melbourne, who would probably be the guests at the Governor's ball, that they clamoured against the

feebleness of the beers supplied at the Governor's table. It is clear, however, that he has deeply wounded the feelings of the Victorians by not ministering to their animal appetites, and the disappointment has been the subject of various witticisms which do not say much for the state of wagery in Australia. The following advertisement, extracted from one of the Melbourne papers, is about the

best of the squibs which have been let off, like a small shower of damaged fireworks on a damp day, at the expense of the Governor:—

**RETURN BALL.**—To His Excellency the Governor of Victoria, SIR CHARLES HOTHAM, K.C.B., Rear Admiral of the Blues.

Several Gentlemen being Highly Gratified with their reception at TOORAK HOUSE, on the evening of the 24th of May last, the Anniversary of the Birth Day of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN, And having fully appreciated the Lesson of Economy which His Excellency so graciously and feelingly taught them that evening, have entered into arrangements with Mr. CUTTIFINE, to give a

RETURN BALL to His Excellency, On the 24th of June next, And are happy to say that, in order to bring it within the reach of all parties,

Tickets are 1s. each. Ladies Free.

This seems to be a discharge of very small shot against SIR CHARLES HOTHAM'S Ball, and it is only fair to the Governor to say, that if he exhibits economy in his public entertainments, it is not for the sake of pecuniary profit to himself; for while he practises retrenchment on those beneath him, he sets the good example of voluntarily relinquishing a portion of his own salary. In a colony where animal indulgences are eagerly sought, while intellectual pursuits are almost entirely neglected, a lesson of abstinence from the grosser kind of gratifications should be regarded as a subject of encouragement rather than a theme for ridicule. Even in our own more civilised society, a wholesome example would be set by any one in high quarters who would hold out some nobler inducement than gluttony to bring people together. Somebody has already introduced the fashion of "dancing teas," and we wish somebody else would boldly establish "boiled-beef-and-beer balls," in opposition to those extravagant quadrille suppers which half ruin the host, while damaging the digestion of his visitors.

## Plain Facts for Plain People.

It is a question, whether a Physician holds his hand out to a Patient when he comes with half so much pleasure as when he goes.

The Man in Armour fancies you are staring at him, whereas he is inside the armour, and you cannot well see him. The truth is, you are looking at the armour outside the man.

A Bell is a handy hint, when a Bore will not take any other hint to go.

## THE WOMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

It is not very easy, if we look abroad upon the world, to find a more atrocious kind of savages than the Russians; wretches who fire on their own comrades, if in murdering them they have a chance of shooting their enemies; miscreants who bayonet their crippled helpless antagonists; demons who set the haunt they are expelled from on fire, and leave their own miserable sick and wounded men to burn alive in the ruins. The subjects of the KING OF DAHOMEY, or those of the Sovereign who rules the roast of the Cannibal Islands, may be a little more disgusting in their customs, but in conduct they are not at all more barbarous than the slaves of the CZAR OF MUSCOVY.

A more anticelestial set of brutes than the Russians we do not see in the world if we look abroad. No; hut ruffians of a yet lower grade are to be found by anybody who will look at home. He has only to walk into the London slums, when his ears will be assailed by the most hideous yells, the most revolting words, and the most blasphemous curses, uttered by those ruffians, and mingled with the most piercing and dreadful screams, which proceed from women whom they are beating, kicking, and trampling to death, and who are their wives.

A Russian female has, or had, on the occasion of her marriage, to present the male with a whip, usually manufactured by herself, in token of her subjection to the stronger brute: but it does not appear that even the Muscovite serf is accustomed to thrash his wife with quite the frantic ferocity of the British blackguard.

The outrageous maltreatment of women is becoming a specific crime, which will soon, probably, acquire a distinctive title in legal nomenclature. The criminal will perhaps be formally indicted for Woman-battery; and provision that, if convicted of that dastardly offence, he shall be duly punished, should be the object of an Association hereby proposed, to be called the SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO WOMEN.

It is quite clear that the object of this Society can be accomplished only in one way, namely, by securing for the cowardly offender the

infliction of an extreme and acute amount of bodily suffering, pain, and unpleasantness.

Whipping is for brutes; and only for those brutes that are incorrigible by any other means. A dog ought not to be whipped for any purpose which could be answered by coaxing. But the habit of walking on two legs, and the faculty of speech, are not sufficient to constitute a human being; and the brute who beats women has no sensibility to appeal to but that of his skin. He cannot be degraded; he has sunk to the zero of baseness, and is fit for nothing but to be lacerated by the cat-of-nine-tails, that he may howl and scream, and stand as a scarecrow for a warning to other brutes like himself.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women should endeavour to get a whipping-clause added to the Women's Protection Act as soon as possible.

If the Whip will not suffice, add the Pillory. It will not demoralise the populace to cast any filth on a recipient much fitter for it than any cavity or corner.

## A Fortunate Scotchman.

At a meeting held at the Gordon Hotel, Covent Garden, for the purpose of getting up a Testimonial to SIR CHARLES NAPIER, a gentleman, named LAWRENCE, is reported to have remarked that—

"He believed that a brave man had been basely treated, and that certain incapable members of the Government had been allowed to go Scot-free when they ought to have received chastisement."

The head of those incapable members, LORD ABERDEEN, is a Scot who has gone more than Scot-free. The noble but anile Earl has gone Scot-gartered.

## A MARRIAGE QUESTION.

If a man addicted to smoking marries a widow, does it follow that he must lay down his pipe, because she gives up her Weeds?



### THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN.

*Precise Female (in answer to a rude inquiry).* "YOU ARE A VERY IMPERTINENT BOY!—YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL, THAT IT IS A MATTER OF NO MOMENT TO YOU WHO MY HATTER IS!"

### BOW, WOW, WOW!

ONE of the features of the "organ nuisance" which appears to have escaped notice, is that occasioned by the newspapers themselves when they become the organs of twaddle. A weekly contemporary, which seems to have what the French call a *spécialité* for the gossip of servants, and the other "kitchen stuff" of the Court, produced last week from its collection of literary perquisites an account of the QUEEN having entered an apartment at St. Cloud, during her recent visit, and remarked to the EMPEROR, "If my own little dog were lying in that chair, I would assuredly fancy myself at Windsor."

In the first place, it is not likely that HER MAJESTY would have been so ungracious to her Imperial host, as to have expressed any hankering after Windsor while on a visit to the French capital. There are, however, more absurdities as the story proceeds; for we are told that on the QUEEN's entering the apartment the next morning the "canine favourite" was sleeping on the identical chair, which HER MAJESTY had been pleased to indigitate. How the dog found his way to Paris is a mystery: that is solved by the statement, that "the EMPEROR had telegraphed for the animal, which being sent off by express, arrived in time to surprise and delight its Royal mistress." Of course there must have been special trains on both sides of the Channel, with a special steamer to cross it, and special attendants to take charge of the pet, who must have been sent specially to sleep, in order to secure its position on the chair specially selected by the QUEEN for canine occupation. When all these little difficulties are got over, there yet remains the puzzling question, how the facts came to be known to the newspaper reporter, whose information must, in the first instance, have proceeded directly from either the QUEEN or the EMPEROR? Did LOUIS NAPOLEON tell the Lord-in-Waiting to tell the flunkey to tell the "own correspondent" of the weekly print, or did VICTORIA write off the facts with her own hand for the enlightenment of the Court organ?

We never peruse paragraphs of this description without wondering

### DIRTY JEMMY.

THERE is a naughty dirty boy  
Who wants the sense of shame;  
The QUEEN has had him in employ;  
His name is JEMMY GRAHAM.

He's always getting in a mess;  
His hands, his head, his face,  
Bedaub'd all over, and his dress:  
For ever in disgrace.

And when he's in that nasty state  
He does what's nastier still;  
A trick which I dare scarce relate,  
Lest it should make you ill.

In fear of punishment and stripes,  
And loss of cake and toys,  
This miry varlet goes and wipes  
Himself on other boys!

TO MASTER LAYARD, JEMMY GRAHAM  
Attempted so to do;  
And then he basely tried the same  
On CHARLEY NAPIER too.

### EIGHT HUNDRED HEADS TO A SERMON.

IN 1798, says the *Annual Register*, "Eight hundred heads of Frenchmen were exhibited before the Seraglio in Constantinople." In 1855, a good many more were to be seen in the same place, with the advantage of having stalwart bodies attached to them. The SULTAN has discovered that the Seraglio itself is all the safer from his importing his Frenchmen entire, and this advance in commercial science warrants us in hoping for further progress—even the exportation of the "old Turkish party" one of these days. This is the most objectionable old party we ever heard of, worse than MRS. HARRIS herself, or her Protectionists, and the sooner its heads—we mean, of course, its leaders—are sailing down the Bosphorus, the better, under the direction of their friend, the new and bigoted CAPOODAIN PASHA. We know that the SULTAN has *Punch* read to him, and we trust that he will excuse this hint: we make no scruple in poking him up for his good, as the Turkish is the only Porte benefited by being shaken up.

whether the privileges of the press include the *entrée* to the domestic circle of Royalty; for we frequently meet with paragraphs which have produced perhaps ineptness to the narrator, and which profess to record facts that can by their nature be known to no other than the penny-a-liner and the Sovereign.



Nurse. "DRAT THE CHILD! WHY CAN'T YER WALK!—YER MORE PLAGUE THAN ALL MY MONEY!"



A DAY'S FISHING AT SEBASTOPOL.

*Jack.* "HI! JIM, BRING THE LANDING NET—BLOW'D IF I HAIN'T HOOKED ANOTHER SEVENTY-FOUR."



A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

PROOFS THAT PARLIAMENT IS UP.

(With a Sub-Editor's Compliments.)



HERE is an old lady now living at Sherborne who has attained the age of ninety-six years, having been born in 1759. She has therefore lived in five reigns; namely, those of GEORGE THE SECOND, GEORGE THE THIRD, GEORGE THE FOURTH, WILLIAM THE FOURTH, and OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN, the present occupant of the throne of these regions.

THE steeple of Little Congleton Church, Gloucestershire, used to be repeatedly struck by lightning, which is in the habit of falling upon elevated points, but it has not been touched for exactly thirty years. Some of the oldest inhabitants attribute this to a conductor having been put up in 1825.

THE weather has been so unusually mild this autumn, that in various parts of the country, cages of canaries, ring-doves, Java sparrows, and other domestic favour-

ites, have been left out of doors during the entire night without doing the animals any injury.

FROM the circumstance of several flights of birds, on the peculiar species of which our informants differ, having passed over Salisbury Plain, apparently on their way to the sea, the observers of the weather in that part of England are inclined to believe, that there will be a good deal of severe weather either before or after Christmas.

As some labourers were lately digging in a field near Petersham, the spade of one of them struck upon a hard substance, which being disinterred, proved to be the blade of a knife. There is no evidence as to the date of its being deposited, but the REVEREND WILLIAM BODGE, F.S.A. (in whose domain it was discovered), has deciphered the letters R. O. G. E. R. upon it, and considers that it may have belonged to ROGER BACON, who is known to have visited Petersham.

WHAT might have been a melancholy accident took place at Worthing last Monday. A small boat, capable of holding about eight persons, broke away from her anchorage on the sand, and drifting out to sea, nearly capsized. Fortunately there were no persons in her (though as late as the previous Saturday she had taken a party out for a row), and she was ultimately recovered by a shrimper.

THE Gentlemen of the Long Robe will, it is whispered, derive more satisfaction from an action about to be brought at the next assizes, to be held not a hundred miles from \*\*\*\*, than a gallant gay Lothario who will be the defendant, and who, it is said, will be taught, by a verdict for breach of promise of marriage, that though "a Rose by any other name might smell as sweet," still that "the labour," the learned counsel "delight in" will decidedly "physic Payne." We say no more. *Verbum sap.*

THE RUSSIAN PIG-MARKET.

AN old English saying expresses a man's incurring unpleasant consequences through any speculative proceeding, by describing him as having driven his pigs to a pretty market. According to "A SUNDERLAND MAN," writing to the *Times*, there are certain Sunderland swine-merchants who deserve to find that they have driven their pigs to a market of that sort. It appears that,

"At the present time there are many thousand tons of pig iron lying on the quays of Sunderland Dock: this iron is being (and has been during the year) shipped off for Steffin. The captains of the Prussian vessels say: 'We carry it to Prussia, it then walks off to Russia.'"

Are there no means, by an Order in Council, for instance, of walking off such pigs as these into HER MAJESTY'S arsenals, and their proprietors into some of HER MAJESTY'S prisons, hulks, or penal settlements?

A HINT TO MEDICAL COBBLERS.—When the Mind's diseased, it's frequently not healing a man wants so much as fresh-souling.

FIGHTING DOG EXTRAORDINARY.

WONDERFUL! will be the ejaculation of some people, whilst others perhaps will invoke the name of WALKER, on reading a very extraordinary story of a fighting dog related by the *Gazette* of Trieste. At the battle of the Tchernaya, according to that journal, as quoted by the *Post*:

"While the struggle was at its hottest, a large dog belonging to COLONEL METTMANN, of the 73rd Regiment of the Line, broke his chain, and rushed into the midst of the combatants. Having saved the lives of a sergeant and a soldier, and made three Russians prisoners"—

This twofold feat we presume the sagacious animal accomplished by the single act of seizing the three Russians who were going to shoot the two Englishmen. He probably managed the matter by grasping them all three between his fore-paws; which he must have been a large dog to do: but it would have required a still larger dog to hold three men at once in his mouth. Without, however, stopping to explain this little difficulty, the Trieste paper proceeds—

—"he received a severe bullet wound in the leg, notwithstanding which, he continued in the field, and grappling with an officer among the enemy brought him to the ground, and secured his capture."

This clever dog not only brought his prisoner to the ground, but, when he had got him there, secured him—by what means our Trieste contemporary omits also to state; no doubt by tying his hands and legs together with his own sash. It is astonishing what dogs can be trained to do. The reader will be gratified by the information that—

"After the battle the leg of the animal was carefully dressed by an army surgeon, and it is said that he will receive a medal, in token of the fidelity and prowess which he displayed."

There will not be wanting some persons who will be of opinion that a bone, perhaps, would have been a more suitable reward for this valiant dog than a medal. But he could not have wanted bones. He had doubtless killed a great many Russians in the course of the day, and eaten all he had killed, and a very proper meal for such a consumer are the brutes who bayonet our wounded, and fire upon our ambulances removing their own.

The breed of this remarkable animal is not mentioned. Displaying so much bull-dog courage and enormous strength, he may reasonably be presumed to have been a bull-dog of gigantic size; a bull-dog much exceeding the magnitude of an ordinary bull.

THE LOWEST SCALE OF BORROWING.

SCENE—Bohemia in Paris.

*Confirmed Borrower.* I SAY, my dear fellow, I want you to lend me twenty francs.

*Friend.* I'm sorry I cannot—I haven't got so much.

*Confirmed Borrower.* Well, then, let me have ten.

*Friend.* I can't let you have even ten.

*Confirmed Borrower.* But, on second thought, five will do.

*Friend.* Five is equally impossible.

*Confirmed Borrower.* Come, you've got a two-franc piece, surely?

*Friend.* No—the fact is, I have nothing at all.

*Confirmed Borrower.* Botheration! it's deuced provoking! You see I am very unwell, and I don't mind telling you, I wanted the money merely to buy some medicine; you haven't by chance got such a thing about you as a couple of COCKLE'S PILLS or draught that you could lend a poor devil until to-morrow morning?

*Friend.* Yes, as good luck will have it, I've got the very thing—and I'm sure they are both perfectly at your service. Never mind, you needn't trouble yourself about returning them.

[Exit CONFIRMED BORROWER, with the Pills, quite elated at the thought that his visit has not been altogether in vain, as he has been able at last to borrow something!]

THE GAËL IN THE HEATHER.

AT the late Gathering of Highlanders before the Castle of Mar, the principal Highland Clans were not present. A few MAC KENZIES, MAC INTOSHES, and other clansmen of the more familiar denominations, attended and danced about the awords which they might as well, or perhaps better, have been wielding; but the races by which the Scottish Highlanders are now mainly peopled kept aloof. FERGUS MAC IVOR was present with his retinue, but CERVUS MAC ELAPHUS and his kindred, the Red Deer Highlanders, who have supplanted the MAC GREGORS, did not honour the company with their presence. The clans MAC CAPERCAILLIE, and MAC PTARMIGAN, or the Grouse Highlanders, also absented themselves. Some FRAZERS showed; but not a single STOR made his appearance; neither did any one individual of the great Clan BOS; and there was an equal paucity of the wool-clad representatives of Clan OVIS.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Oh, I should have a *heavy miss* of thee."

*Henry IV., Act v., Scene 4.*

### WHO HAS ASCENDED MONT BLANC?

SINCE MR. ALBERT SMITH has made the ascent of Mont Blanc the path to popularity and profit, there seems to be a fashion for following his steps, and another and another expedition to the summit of the Monarch of Mountains is continually being chronicled. Among those who have made the experiment during the present year is a resident of Barnard's Inn, who is much hurt at an insinuation that he did not reach the top; and who has written to the *Times* to complain of this cruel imputation on his altitude-attaining character. He admits having made one failure, but then he had "lost his Alpentstock;" a guide had "refused to carry his great-coat;" and the same guide had cruelly left him "without any stimulant." We were not aware that "stimulants" were needed on these occasions; for, though we have heard of people being "elevated" by champagne, we doubt whether anyone would be able to get to the top of Mont Blanc by such a mode of elevation. It seems, however, that the occupant of Barnard's Inn was not to be kept down by common disasters; and he accordingly made another attempt, which was so perfectly successful, that the Syndic has given a certificate under his hand and seal of the feat having been accomplished.

Considering how pleasantly one can ascend Mont Blanc, in the company of MR. ALBERT SMITH, at the Egyptian Hall, it seems unnecessarily laborious and expensive to perform the task elsewhere than in Piccadilly. As there are many, however, who will not be satisfied without going up something or other, and being "able to say" they have actually "been at the top," we think that Primrose Hill might be used as a cheap and commodious substitute for the Swiss original. An arrangement might be made for the attendance of a "Syndic" (as a policeman specially appointed for the duty might be figuratively called) to grant certificates to those reaching the summit of the Metropolitan Mount; and the payment of a small fee would amply repay any expense attending the performance of this extra duty. As the object of most people in going to out-of-the-way places is to be able "to say they have been," it matters little what the place may be, if it is understood that it shall be regarded as an achievement to have arrived there.

### [THE NUDE IN RAILWAYS.

A CURIOUS difficulty has accompanied the opening of railway traffic in India. The *Mofussilite*—a very smartly edited paper, by the way—apprises us that the natives have an objectionable custom of taking a ticket—and nothing else—for their journey, or, in other words, that they insist upon getting into the trains either *in puris naturalibus*, or with such an apology for clothing as is more to be deprecated than the *statuesque* negation of raiment. A Bahoo seems to have been pitched out of a carriage for such Arcadianism, and to have brought an action against his ejector. We hardly know what ground he will take, unless he puts forward the legal fiction, that, having purchased his place, he was what the law calls, "clothed with the freehold," but whether the Indian courts will consider this a sufficient travelling costume, we cannot say. The Directors should put in the corner of their tickets, as our theatrical managers do on private box-orders, "Full Dress," and an Indian Jew might turn an anna by keeping a stall at each station, and letting out costumes, varied in price and elegance, according to the class of carriage to which a traveller aspired. It is odd, that while the Crystal Palace people are assailed by silly folks, for not attiring their casts, the people whose castes are the originals, renounce attire. However, we trust that the difficulty will be amicably adjusted, and that when our Indian friends take a ride in the Company's carriages, they will remember their company manners. Every elephant they pass on the line should remind them that a trunk is essential, and they should consider, that if they would bring their journey to a fitting close, they must really bring fitting clothes to their journey.

### A Wash to Cure a Nuisance.

AN interesting modification of a well-known hydraulic apparatus has been devised by an ingenious mechanist. It is an elegant form of the common garden engine, adapted to drawing-rooms; and its purpose is not to irrigate the plants in the balcony, for promotion of their growth, but to besprinkle the organ-grinders in the street, in the event of their refusing to move on. No library or sick-chamber facing the street should be without one of these useful contrivances. The liquid recommended for the spargefaction of the noisy vagrants is soap-and-water: a fluid to which they have all evidently a great objection.

### "I'LL LEND THEE A WIND."

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science has advanced it at last, with what revengeful people call a vengeance. The DUKE OF ARGYLL, with characteristic modesty, abstained from alluding to the feat in his inaugural address, but *Mr. Punch* is restrained by no ducal *mauvaise honte* from at once proclaiming the fact in his loudest tones.

Among the papers which were read before the Association, was one thus described in the Syllabus:—

"*Captain Fitzroy, R.N.—COMMUNICATION OF NEW CHARTS OF WIND MOVEMENT ON THE SURFACE OF THE GLOBE in Accordance with the Directions of the Board of Trade.*"

The Board of Trade, therefore, now directs the Movements of the Wind over the surface of the Globe, and the vulgar joke about a Clerk of the Weather-Office becomes a mere administrative truism. The long and exhaustive experiments of Government in raising the Wind have, finally, resulted more satisfactorily than could have been expected, and we hear that the rate of insurance at Lloyd's has been greatly reduced since it has been known that a captain, instead of going to a Lapland witch to buy a wind, has only to send to the President of the Board of Trade. It is needless to dilate upon the great commercial advantages which this acquisition will give us over all other nations, or to show how we shall take the wind out of their Sales; but what does THOMAS CARLYLE say to official Windbags, now? It is delightful to think that we shall be able to give a heavy Blow as well as a great discouragement to all competition, and we trust that the Board of Trade means to take care to have the Right Wind in the Right Place.

### Dead Weight.

AMERICA may certainly boast that her contributions to the Paris Exhibition are on a very extended scale, for the principal object sent from the United States consists of a long row of weighing machines. This is quite characteristic of a calculating people like the Americans, who attach more importance to the power of the balance among themselves than to the European balance of power.

## FIVE POUNDS REWARD.



AMONG the miscellaneous articles advertised as "Missing" in the morning papers, we find a very curious specimen, for which a reward of Five Pounds is liberally offered. We think that anybody, after reading the description, will be of opinion, that the price for the recovery of such a very odd article as that which has disappeared, is rather extravagant. The object of the advertisement is a man whose name it is not necessary to set forth, and who, from the description given of him, seems to be by no means worth the five pound note that his friends are prepared to give for him. He is, it seems,

"Aged about 53 years, about 5 feet 9 inches in height; lost his right eye, of sallow complexion, and strong, close cut, greyish hair; loud and extravagant talker, addicted to drink, and generally very much excited when in liquor. Was last seen in Sheffield in the early part of July, 1854, and addressed a letter from London on the 29th of that month, stating that he was in daily attendance at one of the London Infirmaries, having, as it is believed, a wound in his leg. Any person who will give such INFORMATION as will lead to his discovery (if living), or afford proof of his death (if dead), shall receive the above reward, on application to MESSRS. —"

Five Pounds seems a very large sum for "a loud and extravagant talker, addicted to drink," and we cannot help thinking, that his acquaintances should be glad to have got rid of him, instead of being prepared to pay to get him back again. We know some "loud and extravagant talkers," whom we should be delighted to send away

with the dust or other rubbish, and, whom we would not attempt to recover if happy chance had once removed them from our circle. The only intelligible part of the advertisement is that which offers Five Pounds for a proof of the death of the disagreeable individual with one eye, a wounded leg, a propensity to drink, and a tendency to conversational extravagance.

To know that such a person is not likely to be troublesome for the future, might indeed be worth more than the sum advertised to those who have been subject to the infliction. We can only hope that he is at rest, for his own sake as well as for the comfort of all his acquaintances.

In the old days of murder and romance, we should have imagined that the offer of Five Pounds for a proof of his death, might have been a covert hint to some professional assassin to put the obnoxious individual out of the way, for the consideration named in the advertisement.

## CRITICISM.

GÖTTE is called "one-sided." I have yet to learn that it is a merit in an author to be "one-sided." It strikes me, that one-sided views are not always the best. Is it not rather the duty of a philosopher to draw his conclusions from both sides? It is only a barrister who has a right to be "one-sided." He is hired expressly to advocate only one side; but what is hiring the barrister is only lowering to the philosopher. But I am getting cruel, and that is not what I mean. Perhaps GÖTTE, after all, had but one eye? or, it may be, that he was "one-sided," simply because he didn't like to show his squint? — JENKINS, in the *Illiterate Gazette*.

## The Least Said the Better.

THE first historian of Germany was TACITUS, —and the best historian that Germany of the present day could in charity have, would be, also, a TACITUS.

## SWEETLY PRETTY.

MATRIMONY should be a Stereoscope, in which two hearts, though they may slightly differ, appear to the observer as one.

## RAILWAY LUXURIES.

We have been rather mystified by an advertisement issued from the offices of the North-Western Railway; and as the publishers of Christmas collections of puzzles will be shortly on the look-out for "novelty," we beg to call their attention to the following:—

**LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY CONTRACT FOR PERMANENT MATERIALS.**—The Directors of the London and North Western Railway Company are prepared to receive Tenders for the supply of the undermentioned Materials:—

100,000 Sleepers.  
4,000 Tons Chairs.  
500 Tons Fish Plates.  
275 Tons Spikes.  
120 Tons Bolts and Nuts.

Specifications, with Particulars, may be obtained on application to the Permanent Way Office, Railway Station, Stafford.

Tenders addressed to the Secretary, at this Office, to be sent in on or before Wednesday, 10th October, 1855.

By Order, CHAS. EDWD. STEWART, Secretary.

Secretary's Office, Enston Station,  
15th September, 1855.

We think our readers will admit that the above announcement presents ample materials for the ingenuity of any Wizard of the North, or the South, or the North-East-by-East, or any other still more acute quarter of the compass, to go to work upon. We can understand an extensive demand for sleepers on certain lines where somnolency among the officials is such a constant habit as to amount to what may be called their "permanent way," but we should hardly have expected that "sleepers" would be in request on a line so generally wide awake as the London and North-Western. The other requirements of the Directors appear to be of a somewhat festive kind, including, as they do, "4000 tons of chairs," and "500 tons of fish-plates;" from which we infer that a fish dinner on a most extensive scale may be in contemplation. We cannot help thinking that the number of fish-plates seems rather excessive, and that a few dessert-plates might be substituted, especially as the advertisement shows that several tons of nuts—which can only be introduced by way of dessert,—are required. What on earth the Directors intend to do with such an enormous quantity of nuts is a mystery, which we leave those who are desirous of dealing with "nuts to crack" to elucidate.

## TYING UP A BRASS KNOCKER.

MR. PUNCH does not very often waste his space upon bumptious pretension, because it is unphilosophical to assail what is incurable, but he must sacrifice an inch of room to a nest of folly which he routed the other day out of the *Globe*.

"MR. and MRS. POPPY BLOCK have arrived at the family mansion, No. 51, Barnacle Street, from their seat in the Isle of Man, to attend the confinement of their daughter, the HONOURABLE MRS. BOUNCE (LORD KILLYSCULLYBOY'S daughter-in-law)."

Now, who are these people (whose names, as they are women in the case, *Mr. Punch* has, with his usual chivalry, disguised) that they should print such an announcement? First, who cares whether they are at the family mansion or not? Next, what did they come for at such a time? Or, thirdly, if the HONOURABLE MRS. BOUNCE liked to have her mamma in the house, what did MR. POPPY BLOCK come for? What use is he? Is there no servant in such an establishment who can run round to the red lamp, without the necessity of keeping the ancient POPPY fussing about all night in his dressing-gown? Fourthly, where's the HONOURABLE MR. BOUNCE, whose manifest duty it is to fetch the doctor? Fifthly, what needs mention LORD KILLYSCULLYBOY. Anybody who knows the POPPY BLOCKS must know that BOUNCE married their daughter, and who he is, and certainly the world does not want to be told of the relationship. Heartily wishing the HONOURABLE MRS. BOUNCE comfortably and happily through the little affair, *Mr. Punch* advises old KILLYSCULLYBOY, who, as a real nobleman, must dislike snobbery, to tell the BLOCKS that this is not the kind of thing to do.

## Something for the Sphinx.

THE following genuine specimen of Herefordshire unintelligibility should have been sent to the Editor of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide*, and not to us. However, we print it:—

"Sein in The Herefor timns honyor list aplechans for farming baifls isould wish too ingaag miself if thar is any opaing iham experienced man for the Last twent ears Ples too stat your fe iwil atend immedent ly nam and adres Samuell Thomas Moukland near Leominster 1850 5 May The 13"



### TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

"WE KNEW HOW IT WOULD BE—GIRLS HOLDING THOSE GREAT ROUND HATS OVER THEIR EYES SO THAT THEY CAN'T SEE WHERE THEY ARE GOING.—WHY, HERE'S FLORA PLUMLEY RUN RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF THAT YOUNG HORACE SPANKER, WHO HASN'T A PENNY."—*Extract from our Aunt's Letter.*

### RUSSIAN REASONING.



THAT ingenious print *Le Nord*, evidently at its wit's end to find an excuse for the evacuation of Sebastopol, (which by the way, we understand was first telegraphed to St. Petersburg as a "successful retrograde movement of our troops,") apologises thus:

"Impartial history will do justice

to the resolution of PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, who by making a momentary sacrifice, and avoiding a use (as effusion of blood, has preserved for Russia an army trained to war by a struggle of a year's duration, which for intensity has no parallel in military annals, and placed that army in a position which enables him to hold a commanding situation."

We have small wish to detract from the character of PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF as a military genius, but we cannot help remarking that the successful "preservation" of his army, for which he is here so abundantly commended, must not be regarded in the light of an original conception; it clearly is a plagiarism of

"He who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day."

We do not know what precise duration of time the writer in his own

### A GERMANY OF GERMANS.

WHAT hero now the Chief would be  
Of one united Germany?  
Italy free, let him proclaim,  
Poland and Hungary the same.

Free press, free speech, and senate free,  
And every kind of liberty,  
Of tongue, of pen, of hand and arm,  
But that of doing others harm.

Should such a Chief his standard raise,  
Would not all Germany outblaze,  
All Germans round that ensign band,  
With rifle and with sword in hand?

The CZAR'S vice-kaiser and vice-kings  
They would release from apron-strings;  
And give, unpinn'd from female gowns,  
Them decent hats for shabby crowns.

Then would all Europe stand allied,  
Against brute force controll'd by pride,  
Her civilised nations leagued to pen  
The Russians in their proper den.

A kingdom, then, the world would see,  
Or commonwealth of Germany;  
And he who held the first command  
Would Father be of Fatherland.

### AS SAFE AS THE BANK.

THE writer of the money article of one of the morning papers talks of "the suicidal course adopted by the Directors of the Bank of England." This is rather strong language; and would make a timid person believe that the Directors contemplated self-destruction. If the Bank housemaid should be a nervous individual, and were to read the paragraph in question, she would be afraid to open the Bank shutters, lest she might find a quorum of the Directors hanging together in the Bank Parlour. We must confess that the word "suicidal" is rather objectionable in other respects, for as the Bank happens to be a Corporation, and a Corporation never dies, it would be an absurdity on the part of the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street to attempt to lay violent hands upon herself, as she could not make away with herself in an effectual manner.

mind would assign to the "sacrifice" he here describes as merely "momentary;" but certainly, unless that adjective have a widely different meaning in his dictionary to that which DR. JOHNSON gives it, we think he might with greater chance of truth have used a more enduring one. As for PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S retreat enabling him to "hold a commanding situation," that, for Russian ears, is well enough; but it reads to us certainly a little akin to sarcasm. For with our knowledge of despotic governments, we should not be surprised if the loss of Sebastopol were to entail upon PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF the loss of the only "commanding situation" we can admit him still to hold—namely, the situation of Commanding Officer.

### TRUMPETERS.

THERE are three sorts: 1st, the Impudent Man, who blows his own trumpet; 2nd, the Clever Man, who gets the trumpet generally blown for him; and 3rd, the Really Clever Man, who will see all the trumpets blown first before he will stoop to any such trumpety expedients. It is for the latter that Fame takes up the instrument, and, with a trumpet-note, sounds their names all over the world; but, as this class is necessarily a very small one, we cannot quarrel with the modesty of certain men, who, feeling there is but little chance of Fame ever blowing the trumpet for them, become subscribers of that highly-popular Musical Society of, "Every Man His Own Trumpeter," and blow away lustily for themselves. Some of our greatest politicians, patriots, doctors, tragedians, and tight-rope dancers are already members of the above Society, and the numbers are increasing daily.

### History Rationally Explained.

THERE is nothing so very strange in the fact of a Wolf having suckled ROMULUS and REMUS, for it is evident that of all animals a She-Wolf alone could have acted as an *Ursa* to two young children. (*Oh! oh!*)





Charles. "FIGURE, INDEED! WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO? A MAN MUST WEAR SOMETHING. HATS AND COATS ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION—THEY ARE REALLY SO VERY EFFEMINATE."

### JONES BAYS THE "MOON."

ONE JONES, at the election of the new LORD MAYOR—(and the LORD MAYOR'S Dinner is now become removable into a Jewish Feast)—opposed the resolution of thanks to LORD MAYOR MOON, inasmuch as he "had not sufficiently encouraged Art and Science by inviting members of the various City Guilds to partake of the hospitalities of the Mansion House." This is, no doubt, a serious charge: heavy as the MAYOR'S mace: but, tell us, JONES,—where are Art and Science in civic guilds? Where do they, unlike the noses of the liverymen, blush unseen—where, unlike the turtle, do they waste their sweetness? Is there a CHANTREY among the Spectacle-makers, a CLARKSON STANFIELD in the body of the Fishmongers? Does another author of another Calculating-Machine glorify the Goldsmiths? The Art and Science of the City Guilds might have been very effectively represented by GOG and MAGOG; but then, in defence of LORD MAYOR MOON, it must be confessed, they are somewhat above the ordinary dimensions of the most elevated diners-out; whilst, as they have not been provided with hinges, they could have hardly stretched their legs under the civic mahogany.

We think One JONES has with the very worst grace bayed our MOON. We firmly believe, that when the eventful civic year of 1854-5 shall be written in a pomp and manner worthy of its events, that the mayoralty of MOON will shine like his gold plate, will abound with cordial sweetness, like his own loving-cup. The greater, too, is the credit of MOON; inasmuch as though it was his fortune to cross twice to Paris, and twice to come within the cold, shady influence of LORD COWLEY, our English Ambassador who keeps continual fast in the Rue St. Honoré,—his Lordship each time returned to town as genial and as ripe as ever; eventriper, like a travelled pine-apple.

Having alluded to LORD COWLEY, it will be only humane in *Mr. Punch* to warn his fellow-countrymen against the savageness of a French mastiff, who, in his Lordship's service, receives passports from timid travellers, to be viséd, &c. &c. We have heard that there are no less than six Englishmen at the present hour lamed for life, having been wantonly bitten in the calf of the leg by the mastiff aforesaid. LORD COWLEY, with only £8,000 a-year, and no dinners to give, may not be

### THE TEETOTAL TOAST-BOOK.

THOUGH there is nothing very jovial in the idea of total abstinence, and it is difficult to get much jollity out of a pump, we do not see why the Teetotallers should not adopt the practice of giving "sentiments" when they drink, and thus realising the popular combination of Toast-and-Water. We subjoin a few specimens, which will be found suitable to those aqueous associations, whose members seem to look upon the garden-engine as the only really moral engine, and the water-cart as the only vehicle of progress.

A light heart and a heavy water-jug.  
May ewers always be mine, and ours be ewers.  
May the pump always give us its succour.  
May the pitcher of strength never want the water of purity.

The noblest works of man—the water-works.  
The pump—the only true source of legitimate liquid.  
May sorrow find a watery grave.  
A fig for my friend, and a pond for my pitcher.  
Confusion to the donkey who stops up (by getting his foot into) the plug-hole.

A full water-bottle and nobody to partake of it.  
May the good ship *Britannia* draw plenty of water.  
My friend and filter.  
May every pipe be put out, except the water-pipe.  
The best of all Unions—the grand junction.  
Water—an excellent fellow in the main.  
May confidence always break the ice, and friendship drink the water.

May the tear of sorrow from the cistern of the heart be purified by the filter of affliction, and join the waters of oblivion.

The prudent housewife, who keeps a full washing-tub, and is never without floating capital.

May the sackbutt always get the sack, and all other butts but the water-butt.

The brightest diamonds are those of the purest water.

May the hand of friendship be extended to every pump that needs it.

Here's to him who is always doing his fellow creatures a good turn—the turncock.

Confusion to the pride, that would keep its head above water.

able to afford to keep a gentleman to do the passport duty of his office; but, at least, he might employ a well-mannered Christian. Or at the worst, if his Lordship will not, or cannot part with his present growling, snarling official, he might humanely cause something like the following notice to be painted up in the office below.—"Persons coming here on business are requested to beware of the dog."

### UN-FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS IN BRIGHTON.

MR. and MRS. JONES and family have left the Bedford Hotel—at the door of which they stopped to inquire the prices—and then proceeded in the direction of the Railway.

MRS. POPPLEKINS has not quitted her apartment in Brunswick Terrace. She has torn up the notice to quit; and tells the landlord to "do his best and do his worst."

THE MARQUIS POLIGLOTTO, a Polish nobleman, has visited several of the tradesmen of the town, to whom he has given large orders, none of which are likely to be executed.

MR. and MRS. ROLEY POLEY have taken the whole of the back portion of the third-floor of a house in the neighbourhood of Regency Square. Their stay will be limited.

CAPTAIN FAMESH dined in the coffee-room at Peggs' on Tuesday last, and left unperceived by the waiter. The Captain is not expected to return.

The Reverend and dis-Honourable ARTHUR SWINDELL has left his lodgings on the Terrace. From the contents of his portmanteau, which have been inspected by the landlord, the dis-Honourable and Reverend gentleman would seem to have been engaged in archæological pursuits, for his luggage consists entirely of bricks.

### Eccentric Orthography.

ARCHDEACON HALE, writing on the philosophy of the dead body, with an instinctive regard to burial profits, can spell philosophy in no other way than—"fee-losophy."

## A BATCH OF ADVERTISEMENTS.



EW more amusing articles have appeared in the *Quarterly Review* than a recent one on the subject of Advertisements, past as well as present, and every day affords such a choice of materials, that another article as interesting as that to which we allude might already be written. As our voluminous contemporary cannot devote much less than some forty or fifty pages to any topic (though we might dispose of it in about half that number of lines), it is not probable that the *Quarterly* will within the present century give another article on Advertisements. The subject, however, is too good to be allowed to drop, and we shall therefore continue to take it up and let it down, as our humour prompts us, and as the theme may appear to be one that requires dropping or dealing with. The *Times* of Wednesday, the 3rd,

is rich in curiosities of the second column. Among others, is an invitation to a gentleman, "late of Kennington," who is requested to "oblige a well-wisher," by "leaving his papers at—Chancery Lane;" a recommendation which looks very like the commencement of a lawsuit. How any well-wisher can ask anybody to leave papers in Chancery Lane is a puzzle to us, but the mystery is perhaps capable of solution. True friendship would, in our opinion, rather suggest the committal of one's papers to the bottom of the Thames, than propose their being left in Chancery Lane, for we should expect them to go off by a sort of spontaneous combustion into a Chancery suit, if we were to leave them in such a dangerous locality.

The next advertisement is a repetition of the offer of five pounds—to which we have already alluded—for the "loud and extravagant talker addicted to drink," who has "lost his right eye," and was "last seen at Sheffield." It is possible that he has by this time lost his other eye, or become otherwise so mutilated as not to be known to others, while it is obvious that he occasionally forgets himself, and thus the probability is, that he will never be discovered.

A little further on, we find the following interesting announcement:—

**A LADY LOST A PAPER**, on Saturday last, in an omnibus, near the Bank; a Gentleman spoke to her respecting a scarf she wore, saying he had thirty tenants who made such; will he, if he saw the paper, kindly write to A. B., &c., &c.

This gives an insight into what may be called omnibus life, and affords a glance at the habits and manners, the conversations and opinions, of travellers by those useful vehicles. A gentleman speaks to a lady about her scarf, and goes into a description of the occupations of his numerous tenantry. The lady seems to have picked up something that dropped from the conversation of the gentleman, who it is delicately hinted may have picked up something that dropped from the hands of the lady. This style of thing may come under the denomination of "give and take," but when the thing given is gratuitous information about one's tenantry and the article taken is "a paper," there may be an inequality in the exchange, which on one side might be inconvenient.

We shall wind up for the present with a lamentable instance of error which seems to have occurred recently in the neighbourhood of London.

**CAME ASTRAY, A DONKEY.** The owner can have the same by paying the expenses. Apply to JOHN LAMBERT, 27, Norland-road, Notting-hill. If not claimed within seven days, will be sold to pay the expenses.

Considering the number of donkeys that daily go astray, it is fortunate for the errant ass who is above specified, that he has fallen into such considerate hands as those of MR. JOHN LAMBERT. It is not everybody who would trouble himself about a poor creature who has been such a thorough donkey as to go astray, and indeed it is not every donkey in that predicament who would be kept for even seven days on the possibility of his being of sufficient worth to pay his expenses for that limited period.

#### The Belle-Isle Nuisance.

We have lately seen a good deal of correspondence in the Newspapers on the subject of the Belle-Isle Nuisance, but we have been reluctant to go very deeply into a matter which everybody seems to view with disgust. We were not aware that the suburbs of London possessed an Isola Bella, and we can only regret, that a place with so taking a title should have got itself into such bad odour.

## THE PEACE-MONGER'S PEACE.

WE hope that no Peace-at-any-Price man will be allowed to have anything to do with any Peace that may be entered into with Russia, else the following will be about the Price that England will be called upon to pay for it:—

To surrender possession of the Crimea, and to rebuild Sebastopol as it formerly existed.

To provide Russia with another fleet, in every way as good as the one that was sunk at Sebastopol.

To make good Bomarsund, Swcaborg, and Kerteb, and to repair generally all the damage that has been committed, either in the Baltic, or the Black Sea, or the Sea of Azoff.

To pay Russia an indemnity (hereafter to be calculated by MESSRS. BRIGHT, GLADSTONE, COBDEN, and SIDNEY HERBERT) for all the expenses of the War.

And further:

That the PRINCE OF WALES be sent to St. Petersburg, as a hostage, until such indemnity be paid.

The above would be, probably, the principal items of the Peace Price, but there would be smaller disbursements, of course. For instance, England would pledge herself to guarantee:

That all HER MAJESTY'S inferior Ministers should be tried before a Russian and Manchester jury for high treason.

That LORD PALMERSTON should be sent (without trial) to Siberia.

That LORD PANMURE, or MR. ROEBUCK, or PRINCE ALBERT, should, with a lighted candle in his hand (such candle to be made of the finest Russian tallow), do public penance before the statue of PETER THE GREAT, and, in the name of England, beg pardon of the EMPEROR for having dared to wage war against the Autocrat.

That the swords of GENERAL SIMPSON, LORD RAGLAN, SIR CHARLES NAPIER, SIR EDMUND LYONS, SIR DE LACY EVANS, LORD CARDIGAN, and others, too numerous and insignificant to mention, should be surrendered up, in order to be laid as trophies upon the tomb of ST. NICHOLAS THE GREAT, implying thereby the penitence of the owners that they had ever drawn them against such a holy martyr.

That every gun used in the Crimea or elsewhere against Russia, be given up for the purpose of erecting out of the metal a votive offering to that same blessed martyr.

That MR. ROEBUCK'S testimonial, be it what it may, be confiscated, and the proceeds devoted likewise to the same sainted purpose.

And lastly:

That HER MAJESTY'S crown-jewels, together with the coronets of all her nobles, be lodged for the next thirty years in the Kremlin at Moscow, as some small security that England during that period will maintain peace with Russia.

And further, as a still better security, that during that same period, LORD JOHN RUSSELL be kept irremovably in power, as England's Prime Minister.

We do hope, however, that England, anxious as she may be for Peace, will never consent to pay terms so exorbitant as the above!

Only consider—LORD JOHN Minister for thirty years!!!

#### ROYAL CHAFFING.

WHATEVER may be the merits or demerits of PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA, he is evidently a wag, or he would never have "left Berlin on the 18th to compliment the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA." We should like to have heard a few of the compliments passed on the occasion, though we can imagine the effect they must have produced when the PRINCE began to compliment the EMPEROR on the state of the War, and the aspect of affairs at Sebastopol. If we had just had our house burned down about our heads, if the servant we had left in charge of it had run away, and if we had recently lost nearly all our money in a mad speculation, we don't know exactly what we should say to an individual who came to pay us compliments. Perhaps, if we knew the precise answer addressed by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to the compliments of the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, we should have some guide to follow.

#### Logic of Le Nord.

We really cannot understand the exultation of the French and English Journals, and the rejoicings of the respective peoples, not only of those countries, but of all the other European states, at the result of the late operations of the Allied Armies at Sebastopol. The one Point of the celebrated Four, on which Russia held out, was the limitation of her preponderance in the Black Sea. That point is now disposed of; the question at present to be determined is, that of the preponderance of the Allies themselves in the Black Sea. Thus the tables are completely turned upon France and England.

## IMPROVEMENT OF THE RAILWAY WHISTLE.



A PATENT has just been taken out for an invention which will very much increase the pleasure, and in the same degree diminish the danger of travelling by railway. Not only that, but the excursion of a few will be rendered conducive to the delight of the many by this contrivance.

The railway whistle has hitherto been a necessary nuisance. But what a nuisance! Ten thousand screech-ows, as many cats, and an equal number of infants in concert, could hardly make a more horrible noise. It is worse than the most piercing squall wherewith any young lady that couldn't sing and would sing ever split our ears at an evening party.

The invention above alluded to will substitute railway harmony and railway melody, for railway discord and railway din. It will supersede the steam-whistle. It is, in fact, a sort of Steam Apollonicon; to be connected with the engine, capable either of mechanical performances, or of being played upon by a competent musician, who will accompany the engineer and stoker for that purpose.

Besides delighting the ear of the passengers and the public, this instrument will form an important addition to the present means of making railway signals. It will give different intimations by distinct tunes. There is a song called, "*Men of Action clear the*

*way.*" Well, on approaching a station the Siderodharmonicon—that seems to be a simple and appropriate name for the instrument—might play the air of that song. "*There's a goods-train coming, boys,*" would be the unmistakable import of an obvious popular air. The approach of the Parliamentary train might be indicated by what fast people denominate slow music—because they cannot discern any other quality in it than slowness of time; for instance, the "*Dead March in Saul.*" A graver occasion for the performance of that funeral composition might be averted by thus playing it in time.

During the whole Royal Progress to Osborne, Balmoral, or elsewhere, the Siderodharmonicon might play, "*God Save the Queen.*" for the entertainment of HER MAJESTY; thus she would have music wherever she went.

Old stagers miss and regret the guard of the ancient coaching days, and his horn. This deficiency of the iron road, as compared with the turnpike, will be more than supplied by the Siderodharmonicon.

No doubt this invention will be forthwith adopted and applied by the Railway Companies, and they will appoint an able Professor of Music to travel with every train, and perform appropriate airs, at an ample salary; behaving in this respect with that generosity, liberality, munificence, and solicitude for the public safety, accommodation and comfort, for which all their arrangements are so justly celebrated.

## Human Forgiveness.

LET cynics say what they will, Man is not vindictive. Here for years we have been subjected to the daily torture of wearing the Hat, and we haven't even preserved the name of the wretch who invented it!

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIGHT.

It was settled that Liverpool should not illuminate on the occasion of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S visit. Many ardent souls were bursting into light, when suddenly Mr. J. R. JEFFREY, in the expansive shape of a wet blanket, came down upon them, and the nascent fires were put down. We avow and admire the courage of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. He fought like a trooper at Inkermann; and, doubtless, even as a Royal Duke, won his after-ease and his round of nobility visits, although Sebastopol remained to be taken. But wherefore illuminate? If the English Duke were a Russian DUKE CONSTANTINE, a huge offering of oil and tallow would be only a due sacrifice to the idol. It is otherwise with our hearty DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. Let him be highly and fully feasted; and let all the wind instruments of Liverpool blow till they crack again on his advent "*See the Conqu'ring Hero Comes!*" and let the dear women flutter their cambric, and scatter their roses; let them, moreover, in their own eyes light up the best Liverpool illumination, to the great economy of Liverpool gas.

MR. WET BLANKET JEFFREY talked, it must be confessed, in a very unphilosophical way on what he democratically stigmatised as "tomfoolery!" he, moreover, more than hinted that it would be far better to expend the £4,000 at least, required for gas, oil and candle, "on those who would be left widows and orphans" by the War. To this sentiment there were—could it be doubted?—"loud cheers."

Ere the damp periods of the Wet Blanket aforesaid had penetrated to the skins of the hearers (who finally voted against the illumination), promises had been received, "when the books were first put round," to the extent of about £200. The light was put out in favour of the widow and orphan; when the "actual cash" that came to hand, "did not exceed £3!" Such is the philosophy of light at Liverpool. And how should it be otherwise? When Dor, of the house of Dor, Cross, and Co. gives £5 for an illumination, his eyes have the money's worth. He sees the brilliancy of his public spirit, the lustre of his citizenship. But when the £5 is expended in coals and candles for the widow and orphan, what knows he of the tallow and Wall's-End? They make an illumination of which he must needs be insensible. Dor, therefore, buttons his pocket; and if the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is not to be illuminated, neither shall be the fire-side of the soldier's widow. If the Duke be denied his blaze of gas, the orphan shall go to bed without a candle.

## FÊTES FOR TICKET-OF-LEAVERS.

THE Proprietor of the Clyfaker Gardens, Convictoria Road, Brixton, in humble imitation of the example of his superiors, who avail themselves of passing events to attract patronage to their entertainments, begs respectfully to announce, that it is his intention to open the above brilliant and enchanting gardens with a series of fêtes, in commemoration of various matters more or less interesting to his own immediate patrons. He proposes that the following Galas shall take place during the ensuing week (wet, or dry).

*Monday.* A Fête in honour of Liberty—this being the anniversary of the discharge of SAMUEL MORDECAI ISAACS from the manacles of tyranny. The identical handkerchief, whose abstraction caused his retirement for two months, will be exhibited at the Bar.

*Tuesday.* A Fête in honour of our American Brethren, to whom on this day four years, "JIMMY" DUFFER and EBENEZER SMASHER escaped from the bloodhounds of law. The Star-spangled Banner in fireworks.

*Wednesday.* A Fête in honour of Woman's Love and Courage, when a transparency will be exhibited, showing the heroic SAL OF BATTERSEA, as she appeared this day three weeks pouring hot water on the heads of the policemen who came to arrest her lover for burglary.

*Thursday.* A Fête in honour of Art. A lecture will be delivered by COPPERAS FLIMSY, Esq., in which the science of multiplying Bank of England notes without the aid of the Bank of England will be explained, with anecdotes of personal experiences inside and outside Newgate.

*Friday.* A Fête in honour of the Laws of the Country, when a testimonial will be presented to the eminent Old Bailey barrister, HORSE-HAIR CHEEKY, Esq., for his exertions in procuring, during the past year, no less than two hundred and seventeen acquittals of parties persecuted by conventional hypocrisy.

*Saturday.* A Fête in honour of the Constitution, when the Humours of a contested Election will be exemplified, and a series of combats between the SLOGGING SPIDER, CRACKSMAN CRIBB, BILL STAGGERS, and a host of supernumeraries, accustomed to "physical canvassing," will give enlivenment and truth to the picture.

No Police admitted.]

[Tickets (of leave) at the Bar.



## PLEASANT !

Affectionate little Wife (who has made many abortive attempts to fathom the secrets of Free-masonry). "WELL, BUT, DEAR! TELL ME ONE THING. DO THEY PUT YOU INTO A COFFIN?"

## THE CZARINA TO HER MATE.

My own sweet CZAR, dear EMPEROR of my soul,  
Thy purple's hem in earnestness I twitch,  
Let me not vainly thine Imperial stole  
Tug, my beloved NICOLAEWITCH.  
No further let this horrid war proceed,  
Stop it; it is too dreadful: 'tis indeed.

Have pity on your subjects—those poor things—  
Although, of course, they all were made for you. !  
Yet they are men—and women—and it wrings  
My heart to think upon what they go through :  
The agony, the grief, the monstrous loss  
Of life—for that pretence about the Cross.

The Cross! My dear, you know, as well as I,  
The Cross suffices to defend its own ;  
And dare we hold it forth to screen a lie ?  
For aggrandisement only and alone  
We've drawn the sword. How awful that to do,  
Dearest, if what the Cross means is all true !

What can you hope to get by going on ?  
You see, the stake for which you play'd is lost,  
My dear, you know Sebastopol is gone ;  
The Black Sea Fleet, too. Would it had ne'er crost  
That plaguy Euxine on that horrid day,  
To do that slaughter in Sinope's Bay !

Fortune declares for England and for France ;  
Leave off at present, saving all you can ;  
Another day you'll have a better chance ;  
Wait that, and bide your time, there's a dear man.  
Run not the risk of having to resign  
The power which you enjoy through friends of mine.

'Tis you, my CZARRUMS, only, who maintain  
My dear relations on their German thrones.  
To fight the French and English if you drain  
Your armies, and exhaust your means by loans,  
How will you get the bayonets and gold  
Which, solely, their vicerealties uphold ?

Them should their discontented subjects send  
About their business, as they would, no doubt,  
In Europe we should not possess one friend.

BOMBA will soon go to the right about :  
And you, my love—I shudder!—who knows where ?  
Grant, then, MARIA ALEXANDROWNA'S prayer.

## IF WOMEN BET, WHAT DO THEY BET ?



OME men, when they lose wagers, pay in hats. We do not know whether ladies ever wager together, or what the nature of their wagers may be, but you may be sure they are not bonnets, simply because ladies would derive no pleasure whatever in winning bonnets from one another. A wager, so won, would destroy the amusement a lady always has in getting a new bonnet out of her husband, and would take away most materially from the enjoyment of that husband's society whenever he had been persuaded to leave the City a trifle earlier, "just to take a stroll before dinner with his dear little wifey."

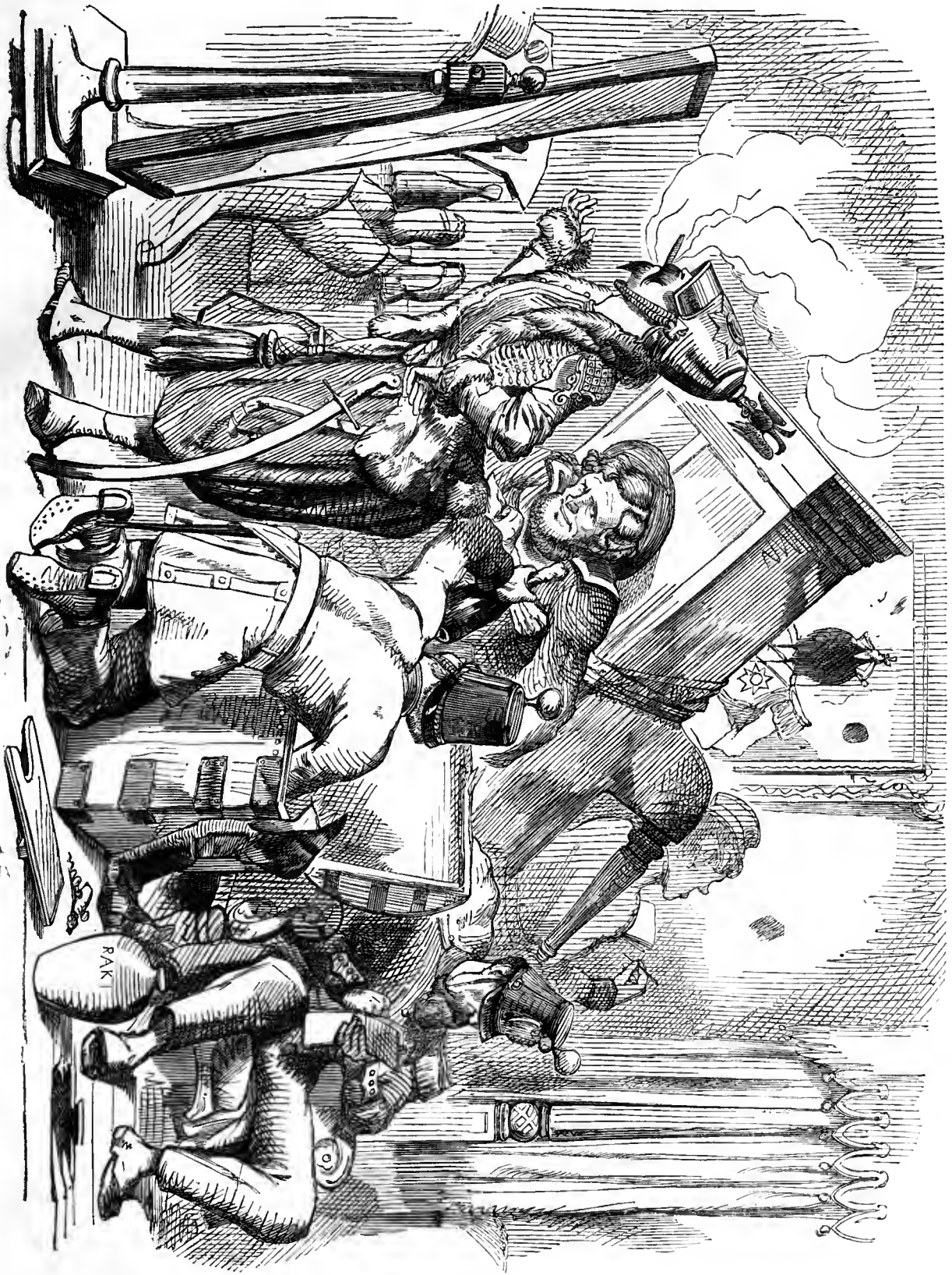
It is about the rarest thing in the world, when a wife is favoured, in public, with her husband's company, and it would be too bad to deprive that rarity of one-half its charm by attempting to strip it of its principal attraction. An afternoon's walk down Bond Street, or a quiet saunter whilst dinner is getting ready through the Rue de la Paix, would be dull, indeed, even in the very finest weather, unless there was the incentive of a bright new bonnet glittering in the distance. It is the belief of some, that a woman would lose her head sooner than part

with her bonnet! But still the question remains unanswered, "Do ladies bet? and what is the nature of their bets?" The latter may be (for what we know) gloves, or bottles of Eau-de-Cologne, or packets of pearl-powder, or boxes of bonbons, or pots of pomatum, or night-caps; but we strongly suspect they are cups of tea. This is, of course, only amongst themselves, for with all wagers entered into with gentlemen, no lady would ever think of demeaning herself by paying her losses. A bet with a lady is only valid so long as she wins.

We confess the question, even now, remains involved in the greatest obscurity, and we hope the British Association will take it into consideration at their next meeting. In the meantime, we think it is satisfactorily proved that, if ladies do indulge in bets, at all events they never stake bonnets on the issue, as gentlemen stake hats. Just as if a bonnet was not by far too important a thing to be left to the caprice of a wager! And, besides, where is the lady who would trust another lady to choose a bonnet for her? or care about choosing a bonnet at any other shop than her own?

## THE LITERARY LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

SOMEBODY has published a book, under the quaint title of *An Hour with the Hollyhock*. We confess we have not much curiosity to read the work, for we cannot see how sixty minutes, spent in the company of a rather vulgar-looking plant, can afford matter of either an amusing or instructive character. We would much rather have *Five Minutes with a Pine-apple*, or even *A Moment with a Peach*, or *A Quarter of an Hour with a few Apricots*. The language of flowers is all very well; but we do not believe the biggest hollyhock, or the downiest of daffodils can have anything to say for itself that would justify any reasonable being in giving up even half an hour to its society. *An Hour with the Hollyhock* appears to us, therefore, to promise nothing but the details of a very dull and unsatisfactory interview. We should have preferred *A Minute with the Mignonette*, or *Six Seconds with the Seringa*, or even—though the experience of such things at an evening party is not very promising—*A Quarter of An Hour among the Wallflowers*.



THE MEN IN POSSESSION.—TAKING THE INVENTORY.



### BABY SHOWS.—A SEA-SIDE MONSTER.

At the late Baby-show at Withemsea, the sea-bathing place of Hull, all the visitors were, as a matter of course, canvassed for subscriptions, in order that the prizes might be equally worthy of the precious child carrying off the prize and the proud mother carrying the baby. We are appalled at the capable atrocity of human nature; but we are moralists, satirists, and part journalists, and, at whatever cost of feeling, will perform, like Cerberus, our triple duty. A hideous old bachelor, with a face corrugated like a walnut, and a mouth like a tweezer-case (we forbear to give his name,—indeed, it is unnecessary), received, in due course, a circular soliciting his mite for the triumphant poppet. To this urbane, and most humanising epistle, the sea-side monster wrote the following reply:—

*Griffin Hotel, Sept. —, 1855.*

“Sir,—I thank heaven, I am sixty-two; and what in a few years may be made a show of in what was once domestic and respectable England, I am happy to say I am not likely to see. I can understand a lamb-show, a pig-show, or even a learned pig-show, but why parents should ask to be rewarded for fine babies, like a couple of mountebanks sending round the hat for clever tumbling, I am not yet old or wise enough to learn.

“I see a great many old women about this place; visitors, who I hear are spinsters, every one of ’em. These women go about with big round brown flop-hats, to save their skins; just, I suppose, as we cover up furniture in summer to keep the mahogany from cracking. Now, Sir, why not make a show of them, and let the oldest that can pass for the youngest carry off the prize? It might amount to enough to make it worth any honest labouring man’s while, and buy the poor thing a partner for her natural life. To this benevolent object, I have no objection to give *my five pound*. More; I will give the article away.

“But to contribute towards a prize baby, this in the least way I will never be brought to do. Stop; as it is ever my wish, in my annual visit to the sea-coast, to conform, in so far as I can without an entire loss of self-respect, to the tom-foolery of the place,—I will subscribe my two, nay, my ten guineas, to what you are pleased to call this ‘most laudable, most interesting, and most domestic purpose,’ on one proviso: and that proviso is this—

That the Baby-show having taken place, and the prizes awarded, the unsuccessful candidates, without distinction of month or sex, shall be *one and all immediately drowned*. On this simple condition, you may send your treasurer for my ten guineas.

“I am your Obedient Servant,

“HEROD THROTTLEM.

“P.S. When the Baby-show has come off, why not follow it up with a Show of Donkeys; for, of course, ‘the affectionate parents’ accompany ‘the interesting offspring!’”

### THE ROMANCE OF EUCLID.

THE papers informed us the other day, that MR. SYLVESTER, the new Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, has “a passionate love for the Science.” We do not doubt the Professor’s high qualifications, but we cannot believe that there is anything passionate in the attachment of this gentleman, or that he is either sentimental, or what is usually termed “spooney,” over the pursuit to which he is devoted. If we are to believe the paragraph alluded to, MR. SYLVESTER is a sort of Mathematical Romeo, with one of EUCLID’S figures for his Juliet. If this were the case, he would, of course, be jealous of every other clever individual who pays attention to the alleged object of his affections; and no other Professor of Mathematics would be safe in his Chair, if the assertion of the paragraph-monger were to be credited. If MR. SYLVESTER had anything like “a passionate love” for Mathematics, he would be writing odes to Problem 1, or sighing over the *Pons Asinorum*, and, perhaps, precipitating himself, from very sentimentalism, over one of its parapets. We, however, believe nothing of the sort; but we are satisfied that MR. SYLVESTER has a sensible regard for the ingenious Science in which he has so eminently distinguished himself.

### PALMAM QUI NON MERUIT—SNEER-AT.

WE cannot share the surprise of our contemporaries at the elevation of certain veterans to the rank of Field-Marshal, for the operation is in perfect uniformity with the system that has generally prevailed at the War-Office. Age and incapacity are quite as worthy of promotion as some of the other materials out of which Field-M Marshals have been made; and it may, at all events, be said, in defence of one of the recent instances of exaltation, that the “party” has a name which entitles him to the step he has gained; for Cumber-mer is an appellation that may be considered appropriate to a rank which, from the objects on which it is usually conferred, may be regarded as mere-ly Cumber-some.

### ABSURD RUMOUR OF AN APPROACHING MARRIAGE IN THE HIGHEST LIFE.

THEY say that young PRUSSIA our PRINCESS will wed, }  
Which shows that we can’t believe half that is said.  
What! she marry the nephew of CLICQUOT the mean!  
The friend and ally of the foe of the QUEEN?

Why, nothing keeps CLICQUOT from standing array’d  
Against her in arms, but his being afraid.  
His near kinsman the spouse of HER MAJESTY’S child!  
Pooh!—the notion is monstrous, preposterous, wild.

His nephew her husband!—whilst over his head  
Dethronement apparently hangs by a thread.  
He is far below zero in Honour’s scale down.  
How long with good name lost will he keep his crown?

Suppose his liege subjects made him cut and run,  
Would his brother succeed him, or that brother’s son?  
They’ll bundle the dynasty out, neck and crop,  
And set up, most probably, quite a new shop.

Deposed, we shall have him to keep over here,  
And find him in brandy, in wine, and in beer;  
And his nephew and bride we should have on our hands,  
And to grant them a palace, and money, and lands.

The PRINCESS is—bless her!—scarce fifteen years old;  
One summer more even o’er *Dinah* had roll’d.  
To marry so early she can’t be inclined;  
A suitable *Villikins* some day she’ll find.

Moreover, in her case, we know very well,  
There exist no “stern parients” her hand to compel,  
Affording the LAUREATE a theme for a lay,  
With a burden of “Teural lal leural li day.”

### INK FROM BEER.

MR. PUNCH’S admiration of that remarkable paper, the *Morning Advertiser*, is not habitually expressed, he hopes, in terms which may be considered fulsome. But he is bound to say, that the mode in which it would appear that the journal in question is governed is so preposterous that much may be excused to the unfortunate executive. The paper is the property of a set of Licensed Victuallers, who hold periodical meetings, and thereat discuss, not merely the general management of their organ, but the merits of the Editor, Writers, and Reporters, and the proceedings at these meetings are not even kept private, as might be expected from men of business, but the Wilters’ criticisms on the articles are reported and published. One Boniface declares that the Editor “draws it a deal too mild,” and another complains that the editorials are “frothy,” and that the paper wants “more head to it.” A Wiltler of practical character suggested, at the last meeting, that one of the writers should be told to “leave out some of his poetry,” possibly thinking that the poor quoter gave unsatisfactory measure. When GRAHAM, GLADSTONE, and HERBERT retired, and bread became dear, the crisis was discussed as that of the “Quartern and three Outs,” when the Sewerage Bill was debated, doubts were expressed whether the rate-payers ought to “stand a drain,” and one day a leader-writer gave awful offence when, in citing from the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he remarked, that there were many objectionable things to be found in Old Burton. Now this kind of supervision, by personages whose education has been somewhat “concentrated” must be peculiarly undesirable. We admit that *fas est ab Host-e doceri*, but doubt whether a Newspaper-writer who understands his business can be taught much by the Host of a public-house. Without the least disrespect to the Wilters, who, no doubt, deserve all the compliments lavished upon them the other day by MR. WAKLEY, and fully subscribing to the truth of that gentleman’s tribute to the “grace and sweetness” of their female relatives, we must think that a publican knows less about Ink than Beer, and that he had better leave the management of a Newspaper to those whose business it is to understand the subject. We doubt whether even the WARREN, “who kept a Poet” insisted on mixing blacking with his ink; and we confess that only one thing surprises us more than this kind of interference with the legitimate functions of those who, having been chosen considerably, should be trusted implicitly; and that is, that any English journalist should submit to dictation from behind the Bar. On recollection, however, is it so?

### A TRAVELLING TRUTH.

YOUR genuine travelling Englishman carries his grumbling, his in;vincible discontent everywhere. In fact, it forms part of his luggage and he would no more think of leaving it behind him than of travelling without his medicine-chest.



**PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.**

"Poor Tom's a-cold."

*King Lear, Act iii., Scene 4.*

**ILLUSTRATIONS OF SUNDAY READING.**

*To the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.*

**MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,**

Excuse my apparent rudeness in not addressing you as the most Reverend FATHER, &c. I rather think I am prohibited by a very high Authority from calling you FATHER at all in the spiritual sense. Certainly, I have not the honour of being Mr. SUMNER, *filis*.

Your Grace—I am not forbidden to apply that title to you, although, perhaps, your primitive predecessors would have repudiated it for themselves—is probably aware that a petition has been got up by the jewellers, goldsmiths, and other trades, praying that the British Museum and National Gallery may be open on Sundays. I respectfully ask your Grace to support the prayer of this petition on the following grounds.

Your Grace, as a sound Protestant, must subscribe heartily to the proposition, that a material body cannot be in two places at once. Whilst, therefore, a jeweller, or any other artisan, or indeed, individual, is engaged in inspecting objects of art and natural history at the National Gallery and British Museum, he cannot also be employed in drinking beer, and smoking tobacco, at the Cat and Fiddle.

A divine, named WATTS, a Doctor of Divinity, has propounded a dogma which, although the divinity of that Doctor does not on all points coincide with that of DOCTOR SUMNER, your Grace will doubtless endorse; namely, that the great Enemy of your Grace, and myself, and all mankind,

— "finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

I invite your Grace seriously to consider what employment a journeyman or mechanic of any sort can find for his time between church hours. Will you say that he ought to be reading the Bible all day? That would be a new duty, may it please your Grace, for a common Christian man: a duty not three hundred years' old, whereas we are now living ANNO DOMINI 1855. That he should be thus availing himself of the advantage afforded him [by the invention of printing, and the solicitude of JAMES THE FIRST, would be very desirable, if the occupation were as consistent with his bodily health as it would be conducive to his spiritual welfare. Conducive to that,

if he read the Book with intelligence. How many working men does your Grace suppose capable of so reading any but a very moderate portion of that Book, on the meaning of which DR. CUMMING and other Doctors so widely differ?

Your Grace should not forget that, having heard the text of that same volume expounded in Church, the working man might, were the Gallery and Museum open on Sundays, go and see illustrations of its narratives at the former institution, and attestations of its authenticity at the latter. Does any more innocent—nay more edifying—occupation for him occur to your Grace?

Had he better sit during the intervals of Divine Service twiddling his thumbs? That expedient, certainly, would preclude any mischief which might result from the idleness of his hands.

Had he better literally observe the Day of Rest by going to sleep?

Your Grace, of course, would consider his making a railway excursion, or taking a steamboat trip, quite out of the question.

You could hardly desire that he should walk in the Park, and countenance and encourage the desecration of the Sabbath on the part of the superior classes, by gaping and staring at their equipages and flunkys.

And surely your Grace will not prefer that he should spend his time in the public-house, as he can if he likes, though he cannot spend it among the biblical pictures, and the scriptural monuments, and the wonders of creation.

A few policemen might supply the place of the keepers of the Museum and the Gallery. Or a proper number of guardians might be appointed, selected from that class of HER MAJESTY'S subjects to which the LORD MAYOR elect belongs, and who observe the Sabbath according to the written Law of their Lawgiver, and not in a different manner and on another day, that other day being prescribed by the Tradition which your Grace altogether protests against, but insists upon in this one instance. The holiday of the keepers would be preserved by the substitution of the gentlemen in the blue clothes, or of those with the aquiline noses; Anglican consistency would be maintained; satisfaction would be given to everybody but the neopharisees; a great boon would be conferred on a great many people; much less gin, and much less beer, and much fewer mechanics would be drunk on Sunday; and very much pleasure would be afforded to your Grace's humble Servant,

**PUNCH.**

P.S. Don't listen to the dishonest suggestion, that the concession of any point whatsoever, whether right or wrong, is damaging to clerical power.

**THE DUKE OF SOMERSET—"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"**

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET has taken the earliest opportunity of celebrating his accession to his title, by still further illustrating that magnanimous contempt of courtesy that distinguished him as LORD SEYMOUR. His Grace, it may be remembered, refused to give security of voting to tradesmen, because certain dealers adulterated their goods. If only men of unadulterated gentlemanly habits were admissible to the House of Lords, where would his Grace be?

The DUKE OF SOMERSET'S "What do you want?" to MR. ALFRED HAMILTON, the visitor from Totnes, is quite equal in dignity to his "Get out of that, old woman," to MRS. ANNE HICKS, of the Serpentine, Hyde Park. They may both, at some long-distant day, make part of his epitaph. We would further suggest as typical of his Grace, that the monument should be capped with one of ANNE'S ginger-beer bottles: an earthy utensil, cold without, bottling mere pop and froth within.

**A SLICE OF BULL BEEF.**

THE Irish paper called the *Nation*, has published a letter which is truly national. The writer is a MR. ALEXANDER PELISSIER, of Mastfield, Clonmel, and the object of his communication, says the Dublin correspondent of the *Times*,

"Is to prove that there can be no mistake with regard to the Irish descent of the conqueror of Sebastopol."

Which fact the Hibernian PELISSIER proves thus:

"The family, he says, is originally Huguenot. ALEXANDER PELISSIER, PETER, and JOHN, with two sisters, escaping from the persecution, settled in Dublin."

So that Irish descent is identical with French extraction; and PADDYWHACK PELISSIER originally came from France—no doubt with his coat neatly buttoned behind him.

**The Sweetest Moment of Friendship.**

FRIENDSHIP dearly loves to crack its nut after dinner, more especially when it has at its side a friend and a bottle of wine, (both of whom have been mellowed and improved by age,) the better to enable it to crack it.



## RACHEL WRITING IN NEW YORK.



A VERY garbled letter of RACHEL'S has appeared in the papers. The letter purported to be a reply to certain of her fellow-countrymen, who on the natal day of old chivalrous LAFAYETTE, ingenuously desired the Hebrew maiden to sing to them, as she had been wont to sing seven years before, the *Marseillaise* at the Théâtre Français. Magnificently, too, did she chant that strain—those notes that have beaten like “the double, double, double drum” upon the hearts of generations. She seemed to glide upon the stage, moving like a snake erect; and clutching the tricolor about her, as though in its web were the charm of her existence, she mutteringly chanted that grand air, as though beneath the doomed thrones of kings, she sybil-like, chanted their universal downfall. Now such a sybil could hardly have written the letter that JONATHAN has printed in her name. *Punch* is fortunate that he can give the true copy:—

“Dear Countrymen,—It is seven years since, in public, I sang the *Marseillaise*, although daily I sing

it for my own patriotic consolation. Then, DELAMARTINE was thundering, like another MIRABEAU, at the Hôtel de Ville, and the barricades of Paris were not removed. Under those circumstances, a *je ne sais quoi* gave me something that resembled a voice. Now, the empire is peace; and were I to make the least effort to sing the *Marseillaise* in New York, I feel that, on my return to Paris, I should be compelled to sing very small indeed. Remembering what the *Marseillaise* was, and as the *Ophelia* of the divine WILLIAMS says, “seeing what I have seen, seeing what I see,” I often feel exhausted after thinking of it.

“As a daughter of Israel, I should really fear to do wrong to interests no other than my own if I were to augment my fatigues.

“You will, I am sure, believe as much as myself in the deep regret which I feel at this moment—(what I may be permitted by my strength to do on my next visit events must say)—at not daring to promise what you wish for me.

“I did love to sing the *Marseillaise* as much as I now love to play my finest part in CORNEILLE, but—but—*nous avons changé tout cela. N'est-ce pas?*”

“Accept (not the *Marseillaise*) but the assurance of my distinguished sentiments,—

“RACHEL.

“P.S. In the home of their adopted country, if I know anything of at least the hearts of Frenchmen, I must know that the native airs of that country must by adoption be dear to their bosoms. Hence, it will give me great pleasure to execute *Yankee-Doodle*. This beautiful, but inspiring air, whilst it animates all the emotions that must ever fire the American breast, is, nevertheless, I venture to hope, still within the compass of my voice; or, *pardonnez-moi*, that *je ne sais quoi* that resembles a voice.”

## Parliamentary Intelligence.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, it is said, is busily engaged in putting the finishing touches of caustic to a tremendous Philippic he intends delivering against the Protectionists next season. The speech is the same that the clever Secretary of the Admiralty had prepared against the present Ministry just before he accepted office; but it is found that with a few alterations, and of names principally, the speech will answer just as well now as then, and that there is no fear of a single “point” being lost to the country.

## I don't Believe you, my Boy.

To the category of Old Boys, which used to be limited to Post-boys and Pot-boys, we must now add the whole tribe of Beggar-boys; for we perceive that a book has been recently published called the *Autobiography of a Beggar-Boy*, comprising his fifty years' experience. We have seen Post-boys old enough to have reached their second childhood, but this autobiographical Beggar-boy may be said literally to beggar every other description of boy by the duration of his puerility.

FEE! FI! FO! FA! FUM!—The reason why a Doctor always feels the pulse is, we suppose, that he should not leave his patient fee(1)-less?

## PRIVACY IN SCOTTISH INNS.

THE “Scots wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,” shed their blood in company with that hero from a strong objection which they entertained to “chains and slavery.” The slavery, however, consisted in foreign domination, and the chains were of alien manufacture; but our Caledonian friends now submit to be bound hand and foot by native tyranny exercised through the Act of a species of busy bailie body. Not that we mean to say that MR. FORBES MACKENZIE is literally a bailie—we mention this to save him the trouble of writing, perhaps, and informing us that he is some other kind of Scotch magistrate. This gentleman appears to have been devoting his energies to the diminution of the comfort of Scotch inns, as far as comfort is comprised in toddy. Such, at least, is the natural inference from a letter signed “BONA FIDE,” which lately appeared in the *Scotsman*, headed “FORBES MACKENZIE'S Act,” and stating that a respectable tavern-keeper in Leven had just been fined £1 5s., with 15s. expenses by a bench of Cupar justices, under the circumstances following:—

“At the last annual fair in Leven, on the 4th July last, a gentleman from Lochgelly put up at the tavern-keeper's and engaged his bed for the night. Although the evening of the annual fair, the tavern-keeper's house was cleared before eleven o'clock P.M., and the traveller from Lochgelly retired to his bedroom, where he was furnished, some time before eleven o'clock P.M., with a gill of whisky and cold water. After eleven P.M., the police constable demanded admittance, and went through the house. He found the Lochgelly gentleman in his bed-room with whisky and water on the table, and reported the case. The tavern-keeper was summoned at the instance of the Superintendent of Police, and on the case being called yesterday, he gave the above explanation, and submitted to the Justices whether he had contravened the statute. The Police Superintendent thereupon rose and stated, that if a drop of whisky was found in a public-house before a traveller, even in his bed-room, after eleven o'clock at night, the keeper of the public-house was clearly liable in a penalty under the statute. The Justices adopted this view, and the tavern-keeper was fined, as already stated, the Justices warning him to take better care in future.”

“I am, &c., BONA FIDE.”

When a policeman can walk into a man's bed-room, in order to see whether or no he is drinking grog at a late hour, without incurring the peril of being legally kicked out again, the degree of personal liberty, to which a people amongst whom that possibility exists has descended, may be said to be low. Are there no exemptions from liability to this *surveillance* of the Police? If so, the Highlands will be a very unsuitable destination for any tourist wearing petticoats other than tartan, and reaching below the knee. Sex constitutes no exemption from being taken ill in the night, and wanting a drop of brandy—or whisky. It might pay an officious constable in Scotland to watch hotels late of nights, mark any sudden light appearing in the window, rush up and demand entrance, and get considerably bribed for waiving his right of intrusion into a lady's chamber. HER MAJESTY, on her way to Balmoral, if she ever chose to put up for a night at a hotel, may run the risk of being much incommoded by some over-active and fanatical officer. The happy pairs who leave St. George's, Hanover Square, will not so often quit that sacred and fashionable edifice for the vicinity of Ben Nevis and Loch Lomond, as such beatified parties used to do before the Act of this MACKENZIE gave such very extraordinary powers to constables, in order to check the consumption of the produce of Islay and Glenlivet.

## Dropping a Line.

THE clever fellows who undertook to lay down the electric telegraph for communication between England and America have laid it down so thoroughly that nobody can get it up again. The whole of the cable has dropped into the ocean, and the only person who will receive any communication through this telegraph is old FATHER NEPTUNE, who is destined to be literally “troubled with a line,” for a large twisted rope at the bottom of one's bed must be a source of very considerable annoyance.

## GREAT BENEFIT OF THE COUNTRY.

A REGULAR Cockney says: “There is certainly one decided advantage that a person derives from living in the country; and that is, it enables him to wear out his old clothes and boots, and to put on such worn-out shabby things generally as he never could think of wearing in town.”

## A Certainty as Safe as the Bank.

A BANK-NOTE is frequently cut in two, and sent on different days through the Post to ensure its safe delivery. And so it is with Sebastopol; we have already received one-half, and expect the remittance of the other half by the arrival of the next despatches.

## FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

A VERY suspicious-looking Eagle has been observed hovering about the Royal palace of Balmoral. It is supposed that the bird of ill-omen has an eye towards HER MAJESTY'S dove-eotc.



Ben. "I say, JACK!—GIVE US A LIFT DOWN WITH THESE HERE BLOOD-STAINED RUINS FROM SEBASTERPOOL!"

["Sebastopol is only a heap of blood-stained ruins."—GORTSCHAKOFF to his Imperial Master.

### THE PLAYGROUND IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

WE do not know which is a greater nuisance, the playing of the fountains or the playing of the boys, in Trafalgar Square. This locality is daily the scene of a variety of games in which the passengers reluctantly find themselves implicated; for every moment they are liable to become involved in the popular diversion of Cat, or the still more exciting sport of Rounders. Now and then, a quiet pedestrian becomes the centre of a game at Leap-frog before he is aware of it, and it will occasionally happen that he is made to serve as "a back" by a string of promiscuous young blackguards, who in the enthusiasm of the moment, are going "over" everything that falls in their way. The appearance of a Policeman only serves to add variety to the daily sports; for directly he comes in sight, he acts as a sort of signal for the commencement of a race of the most exciting character, when the whole of the assembled *gamins* rush off at a tremendous pace, tumbling over the parapets, and executing a kind of steeple-chase over old gentlemen and apple-stalls, ladies and children, anything and everything, in the direction of St. Martin's Church.

Since it seems that Trafalgar Square is to be converted into a playground for all the tag-raggery of the Metropolis, we can only call upon the authorities to appoint a Master of the Revels, that there may be something like order in the conduct of the games. If one of the basins were to be cleared out, and a Clown to the ring appointed, his *facetie* would be useful in filling up any gap in the entertainments which the Trafalgar Square juveniles are in the habit of finding for themselves.

### England's Political A. B. C.

ABOUT the only Education that the State gives its children are the letters of the Alphabet on the Collars of the Police. Government doubtlessly imagines that a boy who has gradually worked his way to the Old Bailey through the letters of the Alphabet is sure in after-life to mind his letters. Thus, the State shirks its parental duty of Education, and the consequence of this neglect is, that so many of the boys in large towns are "brought up" by the Police!

A KINDLY CRITIC.—One who gives you a hand at an awkward pass to help you over the Style.

### IMMACULATE CANNON.

IT is said that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has lately called that very naughty old boy the POPE to task; and that Pro Nono, far from continuing to feel the obligation of French bayonets, has answered in full *pontificalibus*. We yet live in hope—we have seen such twirls of the political teetotum—to see LOUIS' NAPOLEON a very moral imperial schoolmaster. He has snubbed the POPE, and may yet birch the King of the Stick himself. In the meanwhile let us live in hope.

If, however, anything could add to the possible ingratitude of a Pope—if the deepest scarlet could still be dyed a fiercer tint—it is the fact patent against his Holiness, that the clergy of Paris,—good, obedient sons!—have taken the POPE's last manufacture of the Immaculate Conception as joyfully, as huggingly, as your own little girl—parental reader—would embrace and fondle a doll. Why, it is not generally known, that Sebastopol has finally succumbed, not to the bombs of the Allies, but to the flames of the Vatican. Sebastopol has gone down; but it was the wrath of the immaculate Virgin that blew away the Malakhoff, even as she might have blown away a thistle-down in Galilee. To be sure, she was induced—we may not say bribed—to the act, by the promise of a handsome present. The *Univers*, in its triumphant piety, testifies to the fact:—

"Scarcely had one of our Bishops obtained an assurance that the bronze of the cannon taken from the enemy should be employed to raise a colossal statue to *Notre Dame de France*, when two days after, 4,000 guns fell into our possession."

The assurance of a few more statues might, haply, leave Russia without a single gun. It is the more kind of the immaculate Virgin to have brought about this victory, seeing that so many heretical allies were fighting for it. But this may have been vouchsafed as a merciful inducement. Hence—who knows?—a single piece of brass ordnance, delivered to us from Russia, may bring over more of Belgravia to Rome than twenty WISEMANS!

### AMENDMENT OF JOHNSON.

RIBALD. An abusive epithet applied by turncoats, quacks, hypocrites, humbugs, and fools to the Press for showing them up.



### TERRIBLE PROPOSITION.

*Ferocious Hairdresser.* "NOW, SIR, SHALL I TAKE THE PINTS OFF THE WHISKERS?"

### THE LEAGUE OF CROWNED SAUSAGES.

MR. PUNCH presents his most abjectly reverential compliments to the KING OF PRUSSIA, and all the rest of the German Sovereigns upwards, and hastens to retract every line and syllable which may have appeared in this work, calculated to give the faintest offence to any one of the aforesaid Sovereigns, from the pettiest in point of territory, down to the pettiest in point of character—need he again name the KING OF PRUSSIA?

He hopes that this retraction will be attributed to its proper cause (conviction that he was wrong in venturing to offer any criticism upon the conduct of these illustrious personages), and not to the bewilderment of terror, into which he has been thrown by the following announcement of the intentions of the above-named Sovereigns to castigate France and England.

In the correspondence of the *Press*, appeared, on Saturday, this appalling notification:—

"How do the Germanic Sovereigns propose to combat the rational demands for a reformed Confederation which shall form a barrier against Russia? Here is the answer. By forming a league of neutrality, by attempting to induce France and England, by persuasion, and that failing, by force—this is not said in jest—BY FORCE, to accept such terms of peace as they, the Sovereigns of Prussia and Austria, with the petty powers, shall deem satisfactory, and which shall at the same time repress the liberalism of Germany."

"BY FORCE!" Yes, CLICQUOT AND COMPANY are going to put us down! And high time, too. Nay, there must be no mistake as to the fact. The writer of the above paragraph adds, that the KING OF WURTEMBERG and the KING OF PRUSSIA met at Coblenz to establish such a league as is above mentioned—the Great Sausage League is, we believe, to be its historical name—and the Party of the Kings, which is self-named the *Parti de la Croix*, has an accredited organ, which puts the threat in explicit language, and proceeds:—

"Si la ligne des neutres se dressait compacte et résolue, si l'on préparait des forces de terre et de mer pour soutenir ses projets, si l'on s'avancait sur le théâtre de la lutte avec des offres honorables et dignes, les parties belligérentes y réfléchiraient avant de repousser cette action ou cette médiation, si l'on veut lui donner ce nom."

The League of Kings is to prepare ITS SEA AND LAND FORCES, to intimidate the Allies. The Great Sausage League will be down upon us in thunder. Already, the terrible "sea forces" of Prussia are swarming at Dantzic; the mighty navy of Saxony is crowding the noble sea-port of Dresden; Wurtemberg, from her ocean towers, is signalling her ships to come from the uttermost parts of the world; and the huge naval arsenals of Ratisbon and Munich are alive with the clang of the

shipbuilders of Bavaria. Russia has a fleet in the Black Sea; but the keels of her German avengers plough the surface of the deep, and the sun of the Allies is set. Let us make terms—the Sausage League tells us that we shall "reflect," but we will not wait disrespectfully to do that—let us accept "*cette Médiation*," and humbly ask what the League would like us to do? It is no time to trifle, now. The Baltic Fleet is coming home, certainly; but what—even if we presumed to think of resistance—could that do against the navy of Germany?

There was another Sausage League in former days, and for its exploits, are they not recorded by the faithful historian RABELAIS? The furious Sausages of the Wild Island, incensed at the acts of the wise and kindly-natured giant PANTAGRUEL, and his friends, determined to give him battle. It was fearful times for the giant. PANTAGRUEL was naturally "very much daunted," for after discerning "an ambuscade of squab chitterlings in a thicket," he beheld seventy-eight standards advancing with the greasy army. "Their order, proud gait, and resolute body made us judge that they were none of your raw, paltry links, but old warlike Chitterlings and Sausages, and their right and left flanks were armed with a great number of forest (probably Black Forest) Puddings." But victory is not always to Kings or Sausages. A legion of cooks was let loose upon the daring League, and after some slashing and hacking and "slicing of the fat thieves in twain, the survivors betook themselves to their heels, scampering off with full speed, as if the Devil had come for them, while a wonderful shower of Mustard suddenly descended and completed the rout."

What if it should be thus with the *Parti de la Croix*—the League of Kings? There are about seventy-eight standards in Germany, and terrible as it may be to the PANTAGRUELIAN Alliance to see them approaching, and the devices of the Crowned Chitterlings flying in the air, France and England may yet find artists who, having cooked the Russian Goose, will not despair of being able to deal with the German Sausage. Only, instead of Mustard, it is possible that the Anointed may get Pepper.

"Coalized Kings threaten us," said DANTON; "we throw at their feet our gage of battle—the head of a King!" The Allies will not do this, for several reasons; one being that they would be perplexed to find a King with a head at this present writing. But if the coalized Sausages threaten us with their "*forces de terre et de mer*," Punch thinks that—much as he grudges wasting good victuals—he must throw at CLICQUOT'S feet a pound of the most superior Eppings. Punch retracts his retraction, and defies even the mighty Armada of Germany. *A bas les Saucisses!*

### THE POOR PHARISEES OF WORCESTER.

MY Sabbatarian Magistrates—so you've had to repay The man you fined illegally in such a cruel way, For only cutting his own corn upon the Sabbath day. Now meekly take your reprimand, and bear it as ye may.

Tremendous Justice PEARSON, thou, a Reverend Divine, Presiding Genius of the Bench, whose will imposed the fine, At having to refund it, don't—I hope you won't—repine; You'll kiss the rod—I know you will—I should, were your case mine.

Of course you did not puff, Sir, and of course you did not blow, When you got that note from Waddington—no, gentle Parson; no! Your arms you folded on your breast; ejaculated "Oh!" And turn'd your pious eyes up, and said softly, "Be it so!"

You still think you were right, Sir; never mind, Sir, never mind; You're a martyr, Sir; a martyr: be to martyrdom resign'd. Bless you, Sir!—you leave LATIMER and RIDLEY far behind In suffering for conscience' sake, and that old WILLIAMS fined.

Old WILLIAMS, when he reap'd his corn on Sunday, still suppose, Did not a necessary work; to reap's not one of those; But 'tis a necessary work to shave each hair that grows; One single line above a wart beneath a Parson's nose.

### THE POOR MAN'S APOSTROPHE TO CONTENT.

"OH! Content, that to the Captive maketh his chains as light as feathers; that to the Pilgrim, boileth the peas in his shoes; that to the Maid-of-all-work, levelleth five pairs of stairs to the height of one; that to the Wife, sitting up for her husband, giveth wings to the clock as during the days of courtship; that to the School-boy, softeneth the rod with flowers; that to the Policeman, toiling on his beat, garlandeth the area-railings with yards of blooming sausages and ropes of the duck-suggestive onion—grant, that I may learn to pay my double Income Tax with pleasure, deriving comfort and consolation from the thought that I am helping, with my hard-earned contribution, to give that cantankerous, obstreperous old Russian Bear a jolly good thrashing!"

## THE RETURN FROM THE BALTIC.



It is most gratifying to philanthropists to know, that very few casualties have occurred to anybody during the visit of the Fleet to the Baltic waters.

THE Baltic Fleet is about to return home; the playful little salute to Riga (which the inhabitants of that place were perfectly astonished to hear had been intended as a bombardment) bringing the exploits of the expedition to a triumphant close for the year. The order in which the vessels will reappear is not yet known, but it is supposed at Portsmouth that the smaller ships, the *Cautious*, the *Discretion*, the *Hare*, the *Tortoise*, the *Fabius*, the *Inquirer*, the *Examiner*, the *Reasoner*, the *Lingerer*, and the *Observer* will return first; the next squadron being composed of the *Harmless*, the *Threatener*, the *Demonstration*, the *Imposition*, the *Abstinence*, and the *Looker-on*; the rear being brought up by the *Lumberer*, the *Hulker*, the *Wopper*, the *Colossus*, the *Floating Castle*, and the *Preposterous*.

## THE BACCHANALS OF COLOGNE.

BACCHUS wore a vine-leaf crown;  
So did old SILENUS;  
Myrtle sprigs did trim the gown  
And deck the hair of VENUS.  
Either plant our King befits,  
As loud as we can shriek O,  
Ye people, sing then, *To FRITZ!*  
And halloo *Eve CLICQUOT!*

JULIUS CÆSAR had his wigs,  
So says ancient story,  
Made of twisted laurel twigs,  
Periwigs of glory.  
CLICQUOT's chaplet of the vine  
Suggests a state more glorious,  
Although, of course, 'tis not the sign  
Of having been victorious.

CLICQUOT has a right to wear  
Wreaths of sacred myrtle,  
Though there is no lineal heir  
To our Sovereign Turtle.  
Yet has he not one nephew, to  
Await his crown so steady?  
And has he not another, who  
Is EMPEROR already?

CLICQUOT! wear the double wreath!  
Drinking each like twenty,  
We will sing and dance beneath  
Thy "golden horn of plenty."  
Roaring ourselves into fits;  
As long as we can speak O,  
Let all of us shout *To FRITZ!*  
And bellow *Eve CLICQUOT!*

## TAKE CARE OF YOUR COMPLEXIONS!

THE processes of gilding gold and painting the lily are becoming quite surpassed as hyper-superflutics by the means which are adopted by young ladies now-a-days for protecting their complexions. Some few seasons since we fancied that the force of preservation could no further go, when those feminine infernal machines called "uglies" were invented. But a recent visit to a watering-place (we will not make the others envious by specifying which), has completely undeceived us: and although we now imagine that the climax has been reached, we have still a latent fear that we shall find next year it hasn't. Our readers will, however, probably agree with us, that it will require some ingenuity to increase the methods of protection which have already been adopted, when we tell them that the other day we saw—or rather we vainly tried our utmost to see—a young lady, who preserved at once her complexion and *incognito* by wearing—

*Item.* A Round Hat, of the first magnitude: doubled down to eclipse all but her chin!

*Item.* An Ugly: of magnitude to match!!

*Item.* A Veil!!!

*Item.* A Parasol!!!!

And the worst of it is, that very many of these young ladies who muffle themselves up in this more than Turkish manner (for the Turkish women do at least allow their eyes to be looked at), have nothing to be ashamed of that they should so hide their heads for. On the contrary, indeed, it is a cruel fact, that the prettiest faces are in general made the most invisible.

## A HANDFUL OF GERMAN SILVER.

1. GERMANY is a rich cake, cut up into a number of small pieces.
2. The lights of German Philosophy are little better than pipe-lights.
3. The Prussian Constitution is a great Pudding, first mixed in 1815, and which has been boiling ever since, so that it has all boiled away, and now there's nothing but the dirty cloth left.
4. Kings sow promises, and the people reap moonshine.
5. Donkeys prefer thistles to theories.
6. When the German Goose is cooked, there will be no lack of sausages.
7. Liberty will never light her torch from a German pipe.
8. Your German is all smoke, and no fire.
9. German pride simply amounts to this:—Sourkrout will not mix with cabbage.
10. Political Schools in Deutschland have been broken up long ago; the last master starved for want of pupils.

11. No fear of an explosion in Germany—at best it will be but a smouldering volcano of German Tinder. A little smoke, and it will soon blow over.

12. The King, Lords, and Commons of the German Diet are represented by:—Sourkrout, Small Beer, and Small Germans.

13. The first step a Prussian takes in public life is the goose-step.

14. If Prussia is an Eagle that has shown the Russian white feather, Austria is only a paper Kite—a Kite that is only enabled to keep up by the enormous length of Bills it has tied to its tail.

15. One grain of English Sense is worth a whole bushel of German Philosophy.

## MANAGERIAL DOCILITY.

THE Manager of Drury Lane has set an example, to which we see no particular objection, except that its adoption might entail some little inconvenience. Having produced a drama to which one of the critics takes exceptions, the Manager writes to the paper in which the strictures appeared, and states that he will comply with the Critic's wishes, cut the drama into the number of acts recommended, and otherwise follow the directions given. We have no doubt that in the present instance the process will be an improvement. But if dramatic productions are to be thus dealt with, we think that the Critics ought to meet, and agree as to what they shall demand of a Manager. Otherwise the latter may be embarrassed. One Reviewer may have a pleasant home, and social habits, and therefore may like short plays, which enable him to get away early—another may have a controversial wife and declamatory offspring, and therefore may desire nine acts and fourteen *tableaux* as a justification for the latch-key, and non-domestic oysters. Then one, being of a kindly and gentle nature, will, as is usually the case, like murders and all sorts of horrors on the stage, and his contemporary, being of a savage disposition, equally of course prefers elegant dialogue and repartee, and the Manager may be advised, on the same morning, to "cut out the brutal scene where the ruffian throws his mother-in-law and grandmother into the fiery furnace," and to "excise the scene where all that snip-snap talk, intended for epigram, interferes with situations." However, so long as Managers pay the utmost attention to everything but the literature of their dramas, the competent critic must do in type what ought to be done by the Reader to the theatre.

## A Remarkably Healthy Clause.

(To be henceforth introduced into all Marriage-Contracts).

THAT, in all families where Jars abound, it is clearly understood that it is the wife who pays for all the breakages.

## THE ATTITUDE OF PRUSSIA.



“We have observed that “Our own Correspondents” see strange things. Here for instance is a picture of the present attitude of Prussia, which “our own” avers to have been drawn by “an eminent diplomatist,” and to have been exhibited lately in print at Berlin :

“Prussia in the present world-crisis is like a noble animal of the forest, sitting motionless on its hinder part, with head erect, showing her teeth, and with watchful eye, attacking no one, but ready to spring on the first, whoever he may be, that menaces or irritates her.”

Not being much of a zoological turn, we are somewhat at a loss to

guess what “noble animal of the forest” is referred to. As far as we can comprehend it, the description seems to us to point to something between a mad dog and a donkey at bray. If, however, we were asked to find a zoological representative for Prussia, we should say it might be typified in that respect most fitly by its Sovereign, who, according to all accounts, now daily makes a beast of himself.

In which case the above description might with greater truth to life run thus :

“CLICQUOT, like a noble animal of the mahogany, sits with fuddled head and bloodshot eye, attacking no one but the man, whoever he may be, that stops the bottle.”

## THE LAMBTON CASTLE BABIES.

WE read in a provincial paper,—

“The young VISCOUNT LAMBTON, heir of the EARL OF DURHAM, being a twin, is distinguished from his younger brother, FREDERICK WILLIAM, by a blue silk ribbon tied round his right wrist.”

This will not do. Emphatically, *Mr. Punch*, as an adorer of the House of Lords and the respected aristocracy generally, repeats, this will not do. May he be permitted to show why? He will put a case without intending the slightest offence to the EARL OF DURHAM, or VISCOUNT LAMBTON, or the HONOURABLE FREDERICK WILLIAM LAMBTON, or anybody else; but still a case worthy of grave consideration.

*Mr. Punch* knows nothing of the arrangements of Lambton Castle, but he takes it for granted that the nursery department is confided to the care of a head nurse of the most exemplary and conscientious character, one whose faith in the mystic value and influence of primogeniture is worthy of the nurse of an Earl's heir; one who would shudder at the profanity of a mistake in such a matter. But suppose—it is almost profane in *Mr. Punch* to suppose it, but he will patriotically venture—this nurse should, in carelessness, or in wilfulness, or under the control of a wicked and democratic husband—privately transfer the blue silk ribbon from the VISCOUNT's little fat creased wrist to FREDERICK's, and this being done in the secrecy and silence of night, the following morning the brothers should change places, and the VISCOUNT's wet nurse should administer to the comforts of the younger baby, who should thenceforth become “the EARL's heir.” And some day,—many days to come, we trust, for LORD DURHAM is under thirty, but still coronets must be transmitted—suppose the wrong twin should take his place in the House of Lords, and in the discharge of his function as arbiter of our destinies, should give the casting vote for an unjust war, or a disgraceful peace, or against a reform, or in some other way interfere with the history of England—having no right to do so whatever, and taking his seat only by virtue of nurse's blue ribbon. This is too dreadful to contemplate, and we protest against the identity of one of our hereditary legislators being left to the caprice of a nurse, or to the security of a little piece of silk. Our constitution in Church and State must not be left dangling on so frail a support.

*Mr. Punch* would not hurt a fly, far less a baby; but there are stern duties which he owes to his country, and to his aristocracy; and on behalf of the nation, and of the House of Lords, he must insist that no time be lost in tattooing an Earl's coronet (which so nearly resembles the celestial crown, that it is no wonder Earls are so pious) upon some portion of the VISCOUNT LAMBTON, so that there may be no mistake hereafter. The process may not be pleasant for the moment, but when the baby VISCOUNT can read and comprehend from what *Mr. Punch* proposes to save him, his gratitude will be certain. Besides, if he inherit the spirit as well as the name of his noble grandfather, the first EARL OF DURHAM, he will not shrink from a display of patriotism, even at discomfort to himself. The LORD CHANCELLOR, as Speaker of the House of Lords, ought to go down and see the thing done, and afterwards register in the Lords' Journal an attested copy of the marks.

## LORD ERNEST VANE.

“BUT who is my LORD ERNEST VANE?  
And who is my LORD ERNEST VANE?”  
He's a chip of the block,  
And a sprig from the stock,  
Of a Marquis's house, in Park Lane.

“And what is my LORD ERNEST VANE?  
And what is my LORD ERNEST VANE?”  
He's a brat of nineteen,  
Whom our LADY THE QUEEN,  
In her service is pleased to retain.

“And what deeds doth my LORD ERNEST VANE?  
And what deeds doth my LORD ERNEST VANE?”  
Why, he does what he likes,  
And he drinks, swears, and strikes,  
And bangs Managers' backs with his cane.

“And why is he LORD ERNEST VANE?  
And why is he LORD ERNEST VANE?”  
Because his late father,  
A better man, rather,  
Had a brother, a Lord, though insane.

“And who pays for my LORD ERNEST VANE?  
And who pays for my LORD ERNEST VANE?”  
Why, you do, and I,  
For the taxes supply  
Hia pay to this “savage,” young Thane.

“And what said my LORD ERNEST VANE?  
And what said my LORD ERNEST VANE?”  
When policemen forbad  
The impertinent lad,  
In the actress's room to remain,

Why, thus said my LORD ERNEST VANE,  
And thus said my LORD ERNEST VANE,  
“You infernal thief, you,  
NASH, your bidding they do.  
I'll kill you”—neat statement and plain.

“And what did my LORD ERNEST VANE?  
And what did my LORD ERNEST VANE?”  
Why in spite of all prayers,  
He flung NASH down the stairs,  
And then punch'd him, with might and with main.

“But they punish'd my LORD ERNEST VANE,  
Sure they punish'd my LORD ERNEST VANE?”  
Yes, they levied a fine,  
On your money and mine,  
Which greatly distress'd the young CAIN.

“And where is my LORD ERNEST VANE?  
And where is my LORD ERNEST VANE?”  
Why, being a Lord,  
He retains his gay sword,  
And awagers in scarlet again.

“He has ‘friends,’ then, this LORD ERNEST VANE?  
He has ‘friends,’ then, this LORD ERNEST VANE?”  
He has, and he's sent  
Where he'll pitch a Snob's tent,  
Among soldiers of names without stain.

“Then good-bye to my LORD ERNEST VANE,  
Then good-bye to my LORD ERNEST VANE!”  
Yes, good-bye to that Snob,  
And a very good job  
That we're quit of bad heart and bad brain.

“But the System that made ERNEST VANE?  
But the System that made ERNEST VANE?”  
That makes us all flunkies  
To such titled monk-ys—  
Ah! when will *that* finish its reign?

## The Servants' Hall.

THE secret Tribunal that sits in judgment over the Drawing-room, and every night issues its decrees that are distributed all over the neighbourhood the next morning.



LANDING OF TOM NODDY. HIS HORSE HAVING HAD ENOUGH OF IT, RETURNS TO HIS STABLE.

### CHESTERFIELD FOR SOMERSET HOUSE.

COMPLAINTS are continually being made of the incivility of the clerks in many Government Offices, and particularly of the subordinates employed in that department of Somerset House where the money is received for stamps and taxes. It appears that these persons are greatly addicted to the use of bad language, consisting in answers which are much more concise than perspicuous, delivered in a rough and rude tone and manner, to applicants for information which it is their business to afford. These brief and brutal replies, moreover, are, in effect, misdirections as to forms requiring to be filled up, and therefore not only excite disgust and indignation, but also entail inconvenience and expense.

To remedy this nuisance, a measure is hereby proposed, which has produced a great amelioration of the manners of a class of persons, whose speech and demeanour were once not much less objectionable than the tone and bearing of these officials. Let it be enacted, that every individual of the latter class shall, like each member of the former, be compelled, under a penalty, to wear a badge, numbered and conspicuously apparent. And let it be further enacted, that every such individual aforesaid shall, for the neglect, in the discharge of his duty, to return a sufficient answer, or for returning a rough, abrupt, or unevil answer, to any person whomsoever, be liable to be summoned before one of HER MAJESTY'S Justices of the Peace, and on being convicted of any such offence, shall, for each offence, forfeit a given sum; or, in default of payment, be imprisoned in the House of Correction for one week.

Respectful behaviour to that Public whose taxes they subsist upon, would soon, by some such measure as the above, be enforced on these insolent fellows; precisely as it has been on the comparatively polite cabmen—polite comparatively not only to their own predecessors, but also to the contemporary class of underlings at Somerset House.

### A Rhenish Fog.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA is reported to have lost his way in a fog on the Rhine, and to have got to Aix-la-Chapelle too late for dinner. This is a myth, of course. We know of what fumes the fog was constituted, and what was meant by the statement that FREDERICK WILLIAM lost his way. But we don't know how his Majesty's nose is, and we wish we did.

### MAKING ALLOWANCE.

AT a recent meeting of the Creditors of PAUL, STRAHAN AND CO., a proposition was made and agreed to, that two of the Bankrupts should have an allowance out of the assets; or, in other words, that the defrauded Creditors should pay for the support of the parties who are accused of having defrauded them. This request seems to us very like a demand from a pickpocket, that the prosecutor, whose handkerchief has been stolen, shall at once provide for the light-fingered "party" and his family, if he happens to have any. We really cannot see why a bankrupt—and especially a fraudulent one—should continue to be kept at the expense of his unfortunate Creditors. If the parties have sympathising friends, let the friends by all means show their sympathy in any manner they may think fit; but if the ex-bankers are really without the means of support, the law—we mean the Poor-Law—supplies a refuge.

It may be said, that there is money in hand, but this money no more belongs to the bankers than does the "swag," as it is expressively called, which is found in the possession of a party of thieves who are detected in the midst of their operations. We can make allowance for a good deal of human frailty, but we must say that an allowance—of a pecuniary kind—to PAUL, STRAHAN AND CO. is far beyond the limits of our rather "enlarged" philanthropy.

### NOTES AND QUERIES ON 'CHANGE.

Is there no law to hang for high treason any person, or persons, knowingly concerned in negotiating a Russian loan in this country, or in sending or procuring to be sent pecuniary supplies to the enemy? If not, why is not Parliament called away at once from the pheasants, and such a law enacted instantly? What can there be more eminently contraband of war than the sinews of war?

Note, in reference to the question of the gallows: that war is an exceptional state; and an extreme case demands an extreme remedy.

Might not a law, not generally desirable, be advantageously introduced on the Stock Exchange—the law, to wit, Transatlantically called Lynch? Not to suggest that capital punishment should be inflicted, might not tar be applied, with feathers, under this law, to all manner of persons convicted of wilfully spreading false rumours, with a view to create embarrassment in our national affairs? In which case, would not certain Greek Firms assume the very suitable externals which denote "birds of a feather?"



## WHAT WE MUST COME TO.

*Old Party (to P—m—re).* "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR,—DID YOU WANT A SPERTY OLD WOMAN TO SEE AFTER THINGS IN THE CRIMEA? NO OBJECTION TO BEING MADE A FIELD MARSHAL, AND GLORY NOT SO MUCH AN OBJECT AS A GOOD SALARY!"



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY JOHN B. HENNINGSEN, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.O., F.R.C.S.D., F.R.C.S.(S), F.R.C.S.(G), F.R.C.S.(E), F.R.C.S.(A), F.R.C.S.(C), F.R.C.S.(I), F.R.C.S.(N), F.R.C.S.(O), F.R.C.S.(P), F.R.C.S.(R), F.R.C.S.(S), F.R.C.S.(T), F.R.C.S.(U), F.R.C.S.(V), F.R.C.S.(W), F.R.C.S.(X), F.R.C.S.(Y), F.R.C.S.(Z)



## NITOCRIS AT DRURY LANE.

THE play-bill reading public of the Metropolis, who are versed in the literature of large type and the poetry of the paste-pot, have for some time been amused and amazed by a placard issued from Drury Lane, which throws all previous broadsides into the shade—or the waste-paper basket—by its display of learning and mystery. Antiquarian research has become fashionable among theatrical managers, who appear to be up to their eyes in the dust of ages; and it will soon begin to be a question of rivalry as to which theatrical lessee shall be regarded as the regular dustman of the past, and which theatre shall be looked upon as the original dust-hole of antiquity.

The play-bill of Drury Lane commences with the announcement of "an original Egyptian play," followed by the confession, that "the early ages of Egypt are lost in dark mystery." Undaunted by this obscurity, the management has been groping about in the dark for the last eighteen months, aided by the lights of DENON, FITZBALL, DYKWINNYN, and HERODOTUS. "No research has been too trying" for the patience and purse of the lessee, who has distributed his agents and his money over every spot where anything was likely to be found to aid in "reviving the associations of the Pharaonic period." Everything bearing any pretensions to an Egyptian character has been ransacked, from a coffee-cup to a Colossus, and we dare say that even the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly—where the lessee of Drury Lane recently exhibited the African Twins—was occupied in the hope that some Egyptian notions might be got out of it.

After so much expectation had been raised, the house was, naturally enough, crowded to semi-suffocation, or partial asphyxia, on the opening night, when the result of so much learning and so vast an outlay of money was to be presented to the public. To preserve the antiquity of the whole affair, the writing of the piece had been entrusted to the celebrated MR. FITZBALL, one of our oldest dramatists.

The list of characters commenced rather mysteriously with *Mesphra* (*King of Egypt*), MR. EDGAR, and *Tihrak* (*a young Egyptian, conquered by Mesphra*), MR. BARRY SULLIVAN. This seemed to us very like *Victoria* (*Queen of England*), MRS. ANYBODY, and *Jones*, (*a young Englishman, conquered by Victoria*), MR. NOBODY. If *Mesphra* went about "conquering" his subjects, his sovereignty must have been no sinecure, and it must have been rather a relief to him when, in an early part of the play, he was stretched lifeless on the stage, pierced—or rather poked—to the waistcoat by a formidable and rather authentic-looking Egyptian weapon.

We will not go through the whole of the plot, which turns upon the love of *Nitocris* for *Tihrak*, who saved her life—or rather her leg—from the jaws of a crocodile. While the lady was walking near the Nile, the brute in question opened his mouth, in the hope that *Nitocris* would put her foot in it, when *Tihrak* turned the animal into a sheath for his acymitar. *Nitocris* becomes *Queen*, and marries *Tihrak*, who is, of course, conspired against, and who, by what is called in the bills "a great effect, introducing a new electric tinted light, invented by MR. KERR," overcomes his enemies. This "effect" is certainly striking, and says a great deal for the completeness of the water-works of Egypt; for *Tihrak*, who is suddenly elevated from the chair he has just taken to the roof, turns on the main, and the water is supposed to rush into the Banquet Hall. The water is, however, of a peculiar kind, for it does not extinguish the lights, which are seen burning as brilliantly as ever through the inundation. The conspirators, thinking, perhaps, that they are born to be either hanged or drowned, quietly adopt the latter alternative; and, instead of even jumping on to the chairs and tables, or hanging on to the lofty columns as well as they can, surrender themselves quietly to their fate, and lie down with a dogged determination not to struggle, or to rise even once to the surface. *Tihrak* having turned on the main to subdue his enemies, quietly turns it off, that he may have the satisfaction of viewing them grouped together, like so many drowned rats, under "the new electric tinted light, invented by MR. KERR," and contributing greatly to the ghastly appearance of the swamped conspirators.

Nobody, we believe, claims any literary merit for the piece itself, which is a mere vehicle—and rather a slow one—for the effects arising out of it. Some of the incidents were rather dangerously ludicrous, and the audience appeared to relish the absurd position of a certain "dark warrior," who coming in with a "mission" which he might have easily fulfilled half a dozen times over, if he had proceeded at once to his work—that of killing *Tihrak*—became so extremely dilatory over the business that *Tihrak* killed him instead, and the "mission" accordingly failed by the dispatch of the missionary.

It must be allowed that the piece is well got up, and does credit to the liberality of the management. On the first night, the audience clamoured for a few extra acts that seemed to have been left out, which proved that the public, when it can't have too much of a good thing, will not be satisfied with having too little of a bad one. This remark refers to the dialogue and not to the accessories of the piece, for the latter are very gorgeous, while the former had been very properly curtailed, and the restoration of the missing act is no improvement. It is

only just to the lessee to say, that he has done his part well—that he has engaged the best available performers—including Miss GLYN, who did all she could for an indifferent part, and that he has succeeded in producing a spectacle, the splendour of which will be sufficiently attractive to repay much of the outlay that has been bestowed on it.

## WHY DON'T NEWSPAPERS GO BY POST?

THE above inquiry, which is now made on all sides, may perhaps be answered by the following copy of the last Instructions furnished on the subject.

Instruction No. 185,990, cancelling Nos. 11, 1002, 3097, 4608, 9751, and 15,555.

## INSTRUCTION TO POSTMASTERS.

It being desirous to check a Ribald Press, by placing every possible obstacle in the way of transmitting journals, you are hereby ordered to take that notice as the basis of your dealings with all posted Newspapers.

In answer to any inquiry by the public as to the proper mode of forwarding any journal, be perfectly civil, and give the most elaborate instructions, always, however, conveying the impression, that it would be wiser not to attempt sending the paper at all.

In the event of a journal being sent in a way which palpably violates the new rules, do not always detain it. Its exemption under such circumstances, will produce imitation, and then a large crop of disputes and complaints will arise.

If three journals are posted by the same party, all in violation of the rules, deliver one and detain two. The apparent inconsistency of this course will create fresh confusion in the public mind.

When an indignant recipient who finds his paper inscribed "Not in accordance with the law," and himself muled in an enormous postage, comes in to demand explanation, tell him that you cannot understand the reason of the over-charge, but that he had better write to head-quarters—the utility of this latter process being proverbial.

There is no wish that the transmission of Newspapers should be over-burdensome to you, and you are at liberty to delay them, should your own business make it inconvenient for you to forward them until next post.

Close examination is strictly enjoined, and this cannot be done in a hurry, nor is it expected that you should sacrifice valuable time to the purpose. Breakfast and supper offer the best occasions for your looking over the journals, and Sunday morning for the weekly press.

Lose no opportunity of abusing the recent alteration and the new orders, as this will cause additional conviction that the chance of a Newspaper being delivered is very scanty.

You are aware that the affixed stamp is very liable to be detached in your letter-box, or if your counter happens to be damp, or if your thumb should be sticky while sorting. On no account omit to notice the absence of an affixed stamp.

Act up to the spirit of these instructions, and the present belief of the public, that the chances are against a Newspaper being delivered, will become certainty, and the desired effect will be produced.

General Post Office, St. Martin's le Grand.

## APPEAL TO THE TRIUMVIRATE.

KOSSUTH, and MAZZINI, and LEDRU ROLLIN,  
Why not be content to effect what you can?  
You are doing your utmost dissension to sow  
In what should be one camp with one common foe.

Why—blindly and doggedly bent on extremes?  
Why will you insist on unfeasible schemes?  
Accept an instalment, and wait for full pay:  
Rome was not built, and will not be freed in a day.

Oh! how can you be such a triad of fools?  
You serve the CZAR more than his creatures and tools;  
You are three Russian agents—and all we can say  
Is—we trust that you are so without Russian pay!

## Imperial Small Talk.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is going about expressing his readiness to shed "the last drop of his blood" in defence of his country. We have no doubt that when he makes up his mind to part with the first drop, the last will be quite at the service of anybody who chooses to take it. We suspect, however, that the CZAR has no intention of putting himself on tap in the manner proposed, even *pour encourager les autres*, who are being hourly drained of all the blood they possess to suit the pleasure of their imperial master.



"WHY DON'T YER STAND BY 'IS 'EAD? CAN'T YER SEE THAT THE MISSUS IS NARVOUS?"

### UNIFORM FOR ARMY CHAPLAINS.

CONSIDERABLE scandal having been given by some of the Chaplains to the forces in the Crimea, through going about in wide-awakes and wrap-rascals, the military authorities have, we understand, in compliance with urgent representations from many quarters, issued regulations assigning to those reverend military gentlemen a distinctive uniform, whereof the following are the details.

The hat will be of the same material as that worn by the men of infantry regiments generally. It will be a modification of the shovel-hat, to which it will be similar in the size and shape of the brim; for the rest it will be identical in form with the common soldier's hat. Thus it will, so to speak, exhibit, in appearance, a combination of the fire-shovel and the flower-pot. The pompon will be white. To the fore part will be affixed a plate of white metal, whereon will be enamelled, in black, the number of the regiment, under the letters V.R., surmounted by the ace of clubs. The stock will be made of leather of considerable stiffness, so as to give the Clergyman that character of uprightness which is doubly appropriate to the clericomilitary officer. The colour of the stock will, with the same view to the Chaplain's two-fold capacity, be white, and also have white leather bands depending from it in front. The coat will be black, and differ in cut from the ordinary tunic only in being somewhat longer. It will fit with a moderate degree of tightness, as a military Chaplain, by appearing too straight-laced, might incur ridicule, and lose his influence. The epaulettes, facings, and belt will be all white; the collar will be embroidered with lace of the same colour. The trousers will be white also, with a black stripe down the outside.

The gloves will resemble in form those worn by ancient Bishops, for example ARCHBISHOP VON ERSTEIN, a cast of whose effigy, representing the great BISHOP crowning several small kings at once with dislocated hands and arms, may be seen in the German Mediaeval Court at the Crystal Palace. The colour of old ERSTEIN'S gloves is violet; that of these will be lavender, in order that they may not present the appearance of any error of Popery, but, on the contrary, exhibit that of gauntlets becoming gentlemen who are at once officers in HER MAJESTY'S service and champions of Protestantism.

It is whispered that the hat, if not the whole of the military Chaplain's uniform, has been designed by an illustrious FIELD MARSHAL.

### ACCOMMODATION IN GAOL.

THE following announcement appears in a daily contemporary:—

"SOUTHAMPTON NEW GAOL.—The prisoners at Southampton have been removed to a new gaol just built in that town. The new gaol will accommodate about 120 prisoners."

Accommodate! "It is good," as *Justice Shallow* says: "yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase." Doubtless, the "phrase," accommodate, is a very good phrase considered as a verb, governed by the noun substantive "hotel" in the nominative case, and governing the like noun "guests" in the accusative. But with "gaol" in the former relation, and "prisoner" in the latter, the "phrase" may, with some show of reason, be considered rather inappropriate. It is however "commendable" as expressing a fact—commendable for the merit of truthfulness; and just as "a soldier," as *Bardolph* told *Shallow*, "is better accommodated than with a wife," so is a rogue in gaol better accommodated than with a garret, in which many an honest hardworking man is incommoded.

### "HORRIBLE INTENTIONS.

AN Oriental Journalist, desiring to explain the intentions of the rebels in India, horrifies us with the following information:—

"Their plan was to loot Pikoor, then take Kuddums Saw on their way to Doolean, after looting which, they would go up stream, taking everything in their way to Rajmahal, which they would loot, and then go on to Bhaugulpore."

This is truly awful. We are as frightened as we can possibly be; and we do not believe that our having the slightest idea of the nature of this "looting" process would add one bit to our terrors. Surely, MR. VERNON SMITH must be hurrying to the scene where his subjects are conducting themselves in such an atrocious manner, and wanting to play the loot so unseasonably. Will he at once ascertain what they were going to take Kuddum's Saw for, and whether Kuddum gave them leave to take it. Justice ought to be done to the poor man. Altogether, we are very much bewildered, and by no means sure, that the union between England and the natives of India is so tight, that it would not bear a little more luting.

## A SUPERSTITION EXPLODED.

FROM time to time circumstances occur which signally refute popular superstitions. GORTSCHAKOFF attended the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S funeral, and employed himself on that occasion in examining the soldiers' shoes. All this while the knell was tolling. Now, the following story is related of GORTSCHAKOFF, in the *Times*, by "ONE WHO STOOD BY," not at the DUKE'S funeral, but at another spectacle in which the Russian General was concerned:—

"He proposed to his prisoners on all occasions the alternative of the Russian service or the knout. Once a body of 2,000 insurgents were defeated and took refuge in the Austrian territory. The Austrians disarmed them, and sent them to GORTSCHAKOFF. He gave them the usual choice of entering the Russian ranks; they desperately refused. It is said that the General was present at the execution that followed. The flogging lasted many hours; ten died under the lash, seven more yielded after horrible tortures, and were borne to the hospital. GORTSCHAKOFF stated his determination to go through the whole number, if the execution lasted a month. The Poles then bowed the head and were drafted into the Russian legions."

The knell has evidently not the virtue ascribed to it by the old monks. It tolled at the DUKE'S funeral; nevertheless, PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF continued quietly to examine the soldiers' shoes. There he remained in spite of the knell; he, the ministering spirit of the demon then incarnate under the name of NICHOLAS. No; the knell has not the power which the mediæval friars believed it to have, of driving away the FIENDS!

## BABY SHOW BRUTALITIES.



THE Baby Show abomination, which had its origin in the vulgar brain of a greedy American quack, is making, to the disgrace of some of the women of England, considerable progress among us. There was a recent show at Boston, and another at Withernsea, of which more presently. Before us lies an announcement of a third, to be perpetrated in a suburb, and the walls and hoards are placarded with invitations to a fourth, to be appropriately held among the beasts at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

As no decent woman of any class would take her infant into a crowd to be examined, handled, and pinched, as if it were an animal for sale, to have it weighed, and its little bones and muscles commented upon, its fat estimated, and the general process gone through with which farmers and butchers buy and sell their live stock, *Mr. Punch* has no hesitation in using language upon the subject, which he would abstain from employing, were he merely remonstrating with thoughtless persons. He is perfectly certain that upon such women as are not ashamed to assist at these exhibitions, his remarks would be utterly wasted. To the train of coarse and impure thought, suggestion, and comparison which is generated at such shows, he need not allude, because the offensiveness of the original idea is more than sufficient to repel and disgust any true womanly mind, no matter in what station of life the woman may move. He addresses himself to the question as one of humanity, and because he deems it to be a case in which police interference should take place. The greediness of gain has sometimes to be met rather promptly; and here is a very proper occasion for helping the helpless.

Of the nature of the passions excited by these shows, of the treatment to which the unhappy babies are exposed, and of the general character of the scene, an idea may be formed from the following account of the proceedings at the Withernsea Show.

After describing the crowd and the confusion which prefaced the examination of the candidates, the reporter says—

"At half-past three the judges entered the building, and the previous quiet of the scene was changed into bustle and excitement. Nurses and mothers, with babies in their arms, fought their way through the crowd, and blushed not beneath the fire of jokes. How all were safely settled without accident we know not. Those who know what it is to carry a child through a crowd may appreciate the scene. Ultimately the competitors, on the laps of their mothers and nurses, were arranged all round, and in the centre of the building."

That such mothers and such nurses should not "blush" beneath "the fire" of such "jokes" as were likely to be launched on the occasion, we can well believe—those who did not blush to be there at all had little to fear for their modesty. The "judges" proceeded to their examination, and during this,

"Great noise and confusion prevailed, and attempts were frequently made to force

open the front door. At about five o'clock the anxious duties of the judges were completed, and the children were placed in the orchestra, just in time, as the door was then forced open, the impatient crowd rushed in, and all order was at an end."

The bones and the fat and the weight of the poor little creatures having been duly tested, the decision as to the quarter in which Providence had acted most kindly (the profanity of the affair being another of its amiable features) had to be announced.

"Then the uproar reached its height. The time for sweet simpering to the judges was past. Tender mothers expanded into viragoes, frantic protestations arose on all sides; unsuccessful babies were held screaming up at arm's length by the excited parents, and a jury was demanded. The uproar, however, became so intense that the promoter of the display, after handing over the prizes to the parents of the successful competitors, left Hull without delay, fearing that any longer stay might perchance prove personally disagreeable."

(We heartily wish that the "frantic" women had finished the display by dragging the fellow through the foulest horse-pond in the neighbourhood, but this *par parenthèse*.) Such is the treatment to which the babies are exposed—a hot crowd, a frightful noise and riot, and personal ill-treatment. These are the boons proffered to babies by Baby Shows.

A great outcry, with great justice, was made when it was alleged that the humbler classes were in the habit of enrolling their infants in Burial Societies, with the frightful desire to profit by their deaths. This was a foul libel upon the mothers of England. But there was some ground for the charge—the practice, with the alleged object, was not—is not—unknown, comparatively small as is its extent. And if we had to investigate the subject of Burial Societies, we should try to obtain a list of the women who join in Baby Shows. The mother who would pocket money from the degrading exhibition of her infant's limbs and proportions might possibly find consolation for its loss in the money obtained at its death. But with such women *Mr. Punch* can hold no argument—the person to argue with them is the Policeman.

## PERSONAL TO OURSELVES.

THE official Gazette of Colombo, (which we have some reason to think may be somewhere Ceylon way, but we do not profess to know more about the Colonies than the late noble Colonial Secretary) has been forwarded to us, and contains the following announcement:—

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR has been pleased to appoint Ketalabokke Weerewardenna Mudiasselagey PUNCEY Appooahmy, Esq., to be Deputy Coroner for the Kolonna Corle.

Colonial Secretary's Office,  
Colombo, 7th July, 1855.

By His Excellency's Command,  
C. J. MACCARTHY,  
Col. Secy.

*Mr. Punch* is anxious to say, that the gentleman whose appointment is thus announced is, he has no doubt, a most excellent and respectable person; but is no relation, as has been supposed, of *Mr. Punch*. The latter is not in the habit of imitating the aristocracy, and quartering his relatives upon the public. He has, however, every confidence in *MR. KETALABOKKE* which he can reasonably repose in an individual of whom he never before heard in all his life, and trusts that his office will be such a sinecure that he will have time to become as punchey as possible.

## SONNET ON A PARAGRAPH RESPECTING BUSHY PARK.

'Tis said that certain paths in Bushy Park,  
Which every one till lately could pursue,  
Have now been closed by gates of iron, shut to,  
And locked. A hoax, invented for a lark,  
By some buffoon. Fiddlededee! Pooh, pooh!  
Yet Rumour adds the insinuation dark  
That Bushy Palace is design'd to be!  
The dwelling-place of Royalty once more;  
And that the encroaching spirit which some see  
At Balmoral and Windsor, is let loose  
At Bushy too. Nay, the paths, as before,  
Must be, like Britain's Constitution—Goose!—  
Free, yet preserving still the tracks of yore,  
And Royal highways for the People's use.

## Gigantic Hotel Prices.

*First Traveller*. Do you know that at the *Riesen*—the Giant Hotel on the Rhine—they charged the Grand Duchess of Russia £500, it is said, for a single night?

*Second Traveller*. Well, what then?

*First Traveller*. What, don't you think it's enormous?—monstrous?—wicked?—abominable?—awfully, diabolically extortionate?

*Second Traveller* (with wonderful sang-froid). Quite the contrary. For the *Riesen*, I think, it's extremely Riensenable!

[FIRST TRAVELLER orders his Bill in a rage.]



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"What are these?  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?"

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 3.

NEW BLOOD IN THE PEERAGE.

THE election of a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion to the dignified office of LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, will, perhaps, more than mollify the opposition which has hitherto been offered by the House of Peers to the Amendment of Oaths Bill. The noble opponents of that measure will now probably perceive that public feeling so strongly demands the abolition of theological tests of eligibility for the function of legislator, that they will not only consent to the admission of the fellow-believers of MR. SALOMONS into the House of Commons, but also allow them the capability of reception in another place, amongst other persons than mere honourable members. MR. SALOMONS will, in less than another month's time, be LORD MAYOR SALOMONS: why should he not hereafter be LORD SALOMONS, if he deserves to be, and the QUEEN pleases to make him so? The logical consequence of fitness for LORD MAYORALTY is fitness for any other lordship, from the lordship of Barony up to that of Dukedom, except, of course, spiritual lordship. Noble lords set great store by lofty lineage; what gentleman can boast of a loftier pedigree than those who trace theirs to the contemporaries, not of WILLIAM, but of JOSHUA THE CONQUEROR; and higher still?

LORD ISAAC LEVY; the HON. SAMUEL MOSES; VISCOUNT ABRAHAMS; the EARL OF BEVIS AND MARKS; the Most Noble JACOB, MARQUIS OF ALDGADE; how are these names inconsistent in the nature of things with coronets and stars and garters? His GRACE LAZARUS, DUKE OF WHITECHAPEL; why must there not exist such a nobleman? Is Duke's Place to be understood as so denominated *quasi lucus a non lucendo*?

The HON. MR. MOSS has left Town for his shooting-box in Hampshire. LORD COHEN is entertaining a select circle at Castle Davis, the noble Lord's magnificent mansion in Glenbogic. The HON. MR. HYAMS, MR. MORDECAI, and MR. SHADRACH, accompanied his Lordship on a deer-stalking excursion yesterday, and had good sport. The distinguished party, with the addition of SIR SOLOMON HART, Baronet, bagged one day last week 250 head of grouse. Why should not these things be, and be chronicled in the *Morning Post*? And why should we

not be gratified by the announcement in the columns of that fashionable journal, of an approaching marriage in high life between LORD SLOMAN and the HON. MISS REBECCA AARONS, youngest daughter of LORD AARONS, and Maid-of-Honour to the QUEEN?

Of course, it will not accord with the dignity of noble lords and honourable gentlemen to sweat sovereigns and to discount stolen bills: so neither is it consistent with the nobility of lords, and the honour of gentlemen, to cheat at games of hazard, and be concerned in swindling turf-transactions.

What shall stop the man who has passed the civic chair from passing anything passable by a lay subject? From the category of laymen must be excluded, of course, all persons who stand related to the Church similarly with the beadle and parish-clerk. He whom the City has chosen for its Monarch, may surely be presumed eligible to be any city's representative—as eligible as anybody else. A Member who is as fit as any other Member to sit in the House of Commons is clearly equally fit to be raised to the House of Peers. The Chief Magistrate of London is a Lord, and of course noble Lords will treat him as one of themselves—if there is any sincerity in the veneration always expressed by Lords of the Treasury over their wine—and *in vino veritas*—at the LORD MAYOR'S Dinner, for the LORD MAYOR'S office. We may therefore confidently expect that, in conformity with those principles of logic and justice on which the Government and Legislation of this country have always been conducted, the door of the House of Lords will be forthwith opened to those who share the faith of the LORD MAYOR elect—provided they shall have earned the title to enter them. At present, those doors, and all other national doors, stand wide open to anybody making a certain profession of faith—and believing nothing whatever.

A PICTURE OF DESPAIR.—The Russian Bear licking his paws out of rage that he cannot lick the Allies, or the Turks, or the Circassians, or anybody else!

A NEW MOTTO FOR THE CITY ARMS.—"Deserted by the *Waning Moon*."



"I BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'AM, BUT I THINK YOU DROPPED THIS?"

**GREAT PERAMBULATOR RACES.**

(From our Sporting Correspondent.)

THE return of sunshine, during the past week, occasioned a pretty numerous meeting, on the Gower Street course, on Thursday and Friday, and some good sport was shown. There was no great punctuality in the attendance of the competitors; but, when they did arrive, they went to work in good earnest, and, in their sportswomanly ardour, would not even wait for the course to be cleared. Several minor events came off, as did the hats and bonnets of the infant riders; but nothing of much public interest took place until about twelve o'clock, when the following exciting race was run.

The PANGRAS PERAMBULATOR RACE, from the bar in front of University College Hospital to Montague Place. Open to all competitors. The following started:—

|   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| MRS. BROWN'S b. <i>Pretty Pet</i> , 10 months .....             | <i>Sarah</i> .       |
| MRS. ALPHONSO JONES'S g. <i>Duck a Diamonds</i> , 1½ year ..... | <i>Mary-Jane</i> .   |
| MRS. BATHERRA'S twins, <i>Mosey and Nosey</i> , 9 months .....  | <i>Rachel</i> .      |
| MRS. FIGGINS'S b. <i>Only Treasure</i> , 1½ year .....          | <i>Matilda</i> .     |
| MRS. DE BUGOS'S g. <i>Ma's Image</i> , 1½ year .....            | <i>Susan</i> .       |
| MRS. MONTMORANCY'S g. <i>Young Slut</i> , 6 months .....        | <i>Sally</i> .       |
| MRS. WOBBLEBY'S b. <i>Blessed Darling</i> , 1½ year .....       | <i>Sarah-Ann</i> .   |
| MISS PARCHEMENT'S niece <i>Nelly</i> , 2 years .....            | <i>Buckram</i> .     |
| MRS. FITZINGBER'S b. <i>Take Notice</i> , 8 months .....        | <i>Eliza</i> .       |
| MRS. POPPLE'S g. <i>Toddlekins</i> , 1 year .....               | <i>Bella</i> .       |
| MRS. BLOOS'S b. <i>Little Tootums</i> , 10 months .....         | <i>Laura-Maria</i> . |

Of the eleven ten got away, but BELLA'S eye was unfortunately caught by that of a favourite baker, and she was left behind. The ten kept together so well until past the Hospital that you might have covered them with a Turkey carpet, but here the laughter of the drivers and the screeching of the riders began to tell, and the running became more frantic than precise. At the Torrington Place crossing, *Ma's Image* encountered the legs of an Italian boy, and his images fell all over the carriage, to the great delight of the inmate; and here too the Hebrew Twins were beaten off by a stratagem of MATILDA'S, who pretended to drop a halfpenny accidentally, and RACHEL, pulling up to seize it, lost the race, and indeed her time, for the coin was a bad one. The rattle over the stones also proved too much for *Duck-o'-Diamonds*, whose convulsive screams caused the passengers to interfere, and the field was thus reduced to seven, of whom *Young Slut* and *Only Treasure* kept the lead until opposite Chenies Street, where *Only Treasure* was thrown out into the gutter, and *Blessed Darling* took up the running, collared the *Slut*, and made capital play, until SARAH ANN, unfortunately looking round to return the wink of a life-guardsmen, drove the carriage up the steps of an eminent medical man who was at that moment coming out, and the whole party were floored on the doorstep. The ruck was now but four, *Pretty Pet*, *Niece Nelly*, *Take Notice*, and *Little Tootums*, who all dashed past Keppel Street in fine style, but here BUCKRAM lost a shoe, and at the corner, the owner of *Take Notice*, who happened to be out for a walk, and met her infant tearing along at that tremendous pace, stopped the vehicle, seized the baby, made ELIZA herself take notice on the spot, and sent her home with a policeman, to have her boxes searched. The race was now between *Pretty Pet* and *Little Tootums*, and they ran very hard and even, until *Little Tootums*, breaking a shawl knot, rolled out of the carriage; and though LAURA-MARIA, with true sporting feeling, would not stop, but screeched to somebody to pick

up the pieces, and dashed after *Pretty Pet*, SARAH'S superior Gloucestershire wind was too much for her thin-chested London rival, even thus lightened, and she landed *Pretty Pet* under one of PICKFORD'S railway vans (luckily standing still) at the Montague Place corner of Bedford Square, in eight minutes eleven seconds from the start.

No casualty of any particular consequence occurred; but we must advert in terms of censure to the conduct of an elderly gentleman, who was so incensed at one of the carriages (*Young Slut's* we believe) running over both his gouty feet, that he wrote a violent letter in the *Times* on Saturday, condemning the perambulator system as a nuisance. The article is now an institution of the country; and no grumbling old misobabist can injure it. Let him keep at home. As friends, however, of popular amusements, we think that it might be well were one side of a street devoted to these races, while the ordinary traffic went on upon the other; and we also think that some stringent rule should be laid down as to the weight carried. A driver, should, we consider, stop when the infant is flung out; and an owner ought not to interfere (as in the case of *Take Notice*) when a start has once taken place; it is unfair to the other competitors and to the public. But these are trifles; and, we are glad to state, that Perambulator Racing is rapidly increasing in popularity; and, though certain selfish and prejudiced parents set their faces against it, they little know what is done when their backs are turned. Let them content themselves with looking to the springs, while we look forward to the next Spring Meeting, which will be held in Oxford or Regent Street.

Since our packet was made up we are informed that *Only Treasure* is scratched. This we expected—the kerb-stone being a new and rough one. *Little Tootums* has sustained no injury, except that its nose being irretrievably damaged, *Tootums* is scratched too; namely, out of the will of a rich uncle, who had fancied it like himself. ELIZA is at the station-house.

**ADVICE TO ADVERTISING SNOBS.**

MANY a useful lesson may be derived from the animals called lower, but which are not inferior creatures to you. The kite is a clever bird: learn of the kite. When this knowing bird sees a partridge with a broken wing, it forthwith swoops down upon the crippled partridge, and takes a meal out of the victim. As the kite sweeps the fields with its sharp and long-sighted eyes in search of wounded game: so do you sweep the column of "Deaths" in the Newspapers, on the look-out for bereaved relatives. The parties are stricken and afflicted, and you, kite-like, may pick a profit out of their sorrow and affliction.

For instance, if you see that a lady has just lost a son—a young hero who has fallen in action in the Crimea—forthwith, in case that you are in the furriery line, drop the broken-hearted mother a circular, puffing your "Real Aztec Monkey Furs, particularly adapted for Mourning." Or, suppose you are a stonemason, pounce down upon her, in her grief, with a similar application, representing that you "hope her confidence," from the fact, that "at no former period have you had so many memorials as at present to" &c., &c. If you are a quack religious author or publisher, dash at her with an advertisement of your *World of Spirits, a Manual for Christian Mourners*, in royal 32mo, cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. bound, fourth edition.

Humanity, under all its varied conditions, is regarded by the genuine Snob, in one sole aspect; and its states of sadness and misery, like the rest of its phases, are looked upon and taken advantage of as simply affording weak points, and exposing soft sides out of which money may probably be extracted.

**ADVERTISEMENT.**

TO RAILWAY DIRECTORS, FATHERS OF FAMILIES, AND THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL.—A new and instructive game for Christmas. MESSRS. FAIRLARN of Fleek Street, beg to announce, that they have lately produced a most amusing game of chance called "Railway Accidents." It consists of a board on which is drawn a miniature railway, with an "up" and a "down" line, and likewise several branch lines. Each player is furnished with a small railway train, such as an "express," a "stopping," a "goods," "cattle," "first," or "second class," either on the "up" or "down" line. Each player is likewise furnished with a "time-table," which indicates the times fixed on for the departure of the trains from the various stations marked on the board. The mode of play is as follows: Each player having paid a small sum of money into the "pool," the train of the first player is started at the time mentioned in the "time-table." The time of departure of all the other trains, although fixed, is in no way regulated by the "time-table," but on the contrary, by the cast of dice. The great amusement of the game consists in each train endeavouring either to overtake or to come in collision with the trains of the other players. The train which arrives at the end of its journey without accident, pays a forfeit to the "pool." On the other hand, if a "down" train, for instance, should be so fortunate as to get on the "up" line and run into an "up" train at full speed, that "down" train wins the game and clears the "pool." Various other little accidents incidental to railway travelling, are introduced and add to the excitement and amusement of the game. For further particulars, see the printed directions, which may be had, gratis, at every Railway Station in the United Kingdom.



LAD OF OBSERVATION.

"Well, he's jest the right sort o' chap for a—wot-de-call-em?—Prifoneer. Why only shove 'im just through a hedge, and he'd make a gap big enough for a whole Redgimint to march through."

## MELT YOUR BELLS.

THE *Builder* usually contains capital matter, but we shall feel particularly indebted to Mr. GONWIN to take care and exclude in future any such monstrous proposition, or rather, brace of propositions, as has been recently propounded by one of his correspondents. This unfortunate Bedlamite or Hanwellian suggests that all new Churches should be furnished with bells, because "they tend to diffuse cheerfulness." We have indicated the habitual residence of such a writer, and need say nothing to him; but inasmuch as everybody admits that the bells of the old Churches in London (rung and tolled that muddled ringers and dirty sextons may grasp certain fees) are one of the greatest nuisances of the day; and inasmuch as the vicinity to a new Church with a Bell prevents houses and lodgings from being let, except to the unwary, who get let in for a term's damage to their nerves. We rather marvel that an enlightened advocate of civilisation, like the *Builder*, should have inserted such a letter. Let us rather melt our bells into cannon, that they may be "fired" at the common enemy, and our congregations, who assemble for worship without the aid of these noisy contrivances for continuing fees and beer to humbugs, will have additional cause for thankfulness for national triumphs.

## Calumny on the Erring.

WE have been requested by the solicitor of CROWBAR BILL, the burglar, captured in the house of a distinguished Tectotaller, to state that the offender was not found drunk in the wine-cellar of the premises entered. The unfortunate man declares that he never got further than the cupboard.

## "OUR PARK'S" PARLIAMENT:—PRICE OF BREAD.

A FEW earnest patriots have, for a Sunday or two, returned themselves to Hyde Park, as representatives of the wrongs of the people. Duly contemptuous of all property qualification, they have deemed it sufficient to feel in its fullest influence the incitement of their mission, and therefore, like much-moved Quakers, have given tongue simply because they could not help it. As it is likely that the Hyde Park Parliament may, for awhile at least, be prorogued by the police, we think it the more incumbent upon us to save from oblivion—(putting them in decent language as in the case with St. Stephen's) the few remarkable pithy speeches delivered on the passing occasions. At four o'clock the Park assembled, when a Speaker took one of the highest trees.

MR. CHIPPS (joiner), belived that the rise in the price of bread was solely caused by the preposterous number of bakers. The only way to bring down the loaf would be to hang up a baker. (*Cheers.*) As bakers increased, loaves must go up; or otherwise, how were the bakers, with their expensive wives and luxurious families to be supported? It mattered nothing that we had plentiful harvests: the greater the growth of wheat, the greater the number of bakers. He considered bakers to be the poppies among the corn, and did not believe that the loaf would fall to its natural price, until a baker was given to the people to be hanged, one at least every morning. (*Cheers.*)

MR. BLUFF (bellows-mender) said that his friend—for although a nobleman, he was not proud, and had no objection to call him his friend;—his friend the MARQUIS OF GRANBY, had hit the right nail upon the head when he declared that the Russian War had been wholly and altogether brought to our shores by the Electric Telegraph. He thought the same with regard to the dear loaf. When all the ends of the earth could tell one another the price of corn, why, of course, all the corndealers and all the bakers would lay their heads together to keep the figure up. He would say, though he knew very well that MR. CHOWLER would not agree with him—he would say, cut adrift the telegraph, and the loaf would come down to its natural obscurity.

MR. CINCINNATUS SMITH (toyman) had but one opinion. The price of bread was kept up by the cakes of the children of the aristocracy, and the muffins and crumpets of the bloated fundholder. There would be no true equality, until everybody from Windsor Castle down to Matton Hill, was made to eat nothing but good, honest seconds. It was a known fact that the Royal cream-colours were fed upon nothing

but the best twists twenty times bolted. (*Shame.*) If a footman or two with a twopenny *buster* hung round his neck was hung up every morning when the rolls were drawn, bread couldn't but fall, as the flunkey went up. (*Laughter and Cheers.*)

MR. DANTON JONES had but one opinion; and, were that opinion his head—that opinion was at the service of his country. We owed the present price of bread to two things; the visit of the man LOUIS-NAPOLÉON to England,—and the starched collars and rufflers of what glorious old COBBETT called the sons and daughters of corruption. The gorging in the City had first created a dearth of corn, and the collars kept it up. He would confine every swell to a diet of his own collar (*laughter*) and seize all the funds in the Bank of England, as he knew, put by against a rainy day by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

A man here rose, and demanded a hearing. He said—"My friends, I am a baker, and —"

But no more was heard. The indignant multitude gathered about him, and—although several tatters identified by his friends as his, have been picked up—no vestige of the man himself has, up to the present time, been returned to his home.

## Glasgow and Ayr and—Kensington.

SCOTLAND is about to send across the Tweed a body of Missionaries to convert the Sabbath-breaking Southrons. The unco' guide "Free Synod of Glasgow and Ayr" have resolved to memorialise the QUEEN, praying her to make dumb the music in Kensington Gardens on Sundays. Will Kensington quietly suffer its brains to be thus blown out by a Glasgow bagpipe? We think not.

## FORM AND REFORM.

SIR B. HALL has been giving the people seats in the Regent's Park. This is a good beginning, but the seats are out of Parliament. Let SIR BENJAMIN now try his ministerial hand at giving the people seats in Parliament.

## IMPORTANT FROM GREECE.

THE KING OF GREECE has changed his Ministry! It is a remarkable fact, and one of almost equal importance to Europe, that on the same day he also changed his—shirt.

THE PENITENT'S PROGRESS.



LAS! SIR JOHN SAUL, betrayed by the Evil One—whose name too often appears in the indictments of the Old Bailey—forgot the frankincense and manna of another life, and gave heed to the flesh-pots of this valley of tears. SAUL, in the abstraction of an uplifted soul, soared above all material bonds; and made a covenant with himself.

SAUL, knowing from the depths of a learned and pious spirit, that sorrow and affliction chasten the proud and worldly-minded, resolved to make of himself an instrument of chastisement, of the pumps and vanities of his brethren. No sinner was too rich, scarcely any too poor for the discipline of his regards. The rich he humbled, and the poor he flayed; for SAUL, in his Christian love for the beathen had, as we say, made an especial covenant with SAUL. If he loved the benighted Carib, still the more dearly did he detest upon SAUL.

SAUL had built unto himself and his poorer friends a tabernacle—had set up an Ebenezer. And in this tabernacle Saul would, to the confusion of the scorners, show how the riches of DIVES might be enjoyed with the spirit of LAZARUS. And this was the comfortable faith of all men, when it chanced that, even as the Golden Calf was cast down, so was SAUL tumbled into the dirt, and all men mocked and made mouths at him. Of a truth, SAUL was reviled as a hypocrite and an abomination: a younger brother of BARABBAS; a despoiler of widows, and a grinder of the faces of orphans.

The goods of SAUL were taken by the strong hand. His chariots, and his horses, his oxen and his mules, were put up and knocked down after the manner of Basinghall; and SAUL had no rest for the sole of his foot, save in a cab or an omnibus. And SAUL's private tabernacle, the Ebenezer of stone and cedar, was also conveyed away from SAUL, and also, after the manner of Basinghall, disposed of.

Now SAUL, released from bonds, took heart; and on a certain day sought the Ebenezer. He entered what was once his pew, and set himself to work to wail and pray. Now the congregation were scandalised, and the elders, with a strong hand, sought to remove SAUL, but SAUL would not move a foot. "What!" cried SAUL, "and is it thus you would spurn a penitent?"

And again SAUL came, and again and again; and still he cried—"Would you thrust me forth—me, a penitent?"

And the story runs that, after a time—for SAUL was not to be rebuffed nor downtrodden, he was so strong in his repentance—after a time, a new and beautiful house rose up in London's city, even a house known, as the United Myrrh and Spikenard Bank, with the penitent SAUL, for its honoured principal!

THE VOICE OF THE COUNTRY ON BABY-SHOWS.

Now tell me, JOHN TROTTER, wha'st laughin' about?  
Ever since thee'st come whoam, thee hast kep bustin' out.  
What is't thee hast heer'd, mun, or what hast thee sin?  
JOHN, tell us what keeps thee zo broad on the grin?

Well, there, then, old ooman, the truth I ool spake;  
I'll tell 'ee what 'tis meaks my zides for to shake,  
The rummest thing ever you heerd in your life,  
As any man truly med zay to his wife.

Steppun into the Bull as I came by just now,  
I zee SIMON TANNER, and he said as how,  
Up in Lunun there was for to be such a go!  
I zay, lass, wha'st think of a Prize Baby Show?

The breeders o' them as be vinest in size,  
And shape and condition, to hear off a prize;  
Just like 'tis wi' bullocks, wi' ship, and wi' swine,  
S'pose we was to goo there and thee to show thine?

For shame, JOHN, to talk so!—a Baby Show!—where?  
Among the wild beasts at Bartlemy Fair?  
I heerd that was done for, and Smithfield likewise;  
I doubt JOHN thee tell 'st me a passle o' lies.

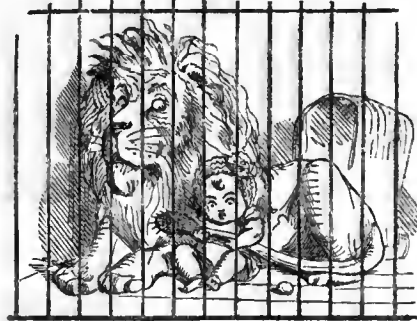
At the Slogical Gairdens o Zurrey 'twill be,  
'Mongst lions and tigers vrom over the sea;  
Hiaynars and zabras, bears oolves, kangaroos,  
Jackanycapes, baboons, and all sorts o' yahoos.

Well, then, JOHN, I zay 'tis a sin and a shame;  
And sitch mothers as they be baint worthy the name,  
To be show'd like a sow wi' a litter o' young!  
To call 'em the right word I wun't trust my tongue.

They lies among straa there, 'I s'pose, on the ground,  
A nussun their young uns wi' hurdles around;  
A vit place vor sitch yolks!—wi' a trough vor a plate,  
And wi' wash for to drink and wi' grains for to ate.

Then the visitors handles their little ones hides,  
And pinches their polls up and punches their sides,  
To think now that Christians theirselves should demean,  
In a pen like fat cattle to goo and be seen!

The mothers their babies as shows like that there,  
Desarves to have tails upon all as they bear,  
Nare a one horn wi' feet, but wi' cleft hoofs instead,  
And some of 'em havin' horns come on the head.



A MAIN REASON FOR A MAINE LAW.

We never felt so much inclined to turn Teetotalers as we did after reading these remarks upon the qualities of *Cocculus Indicus*, extracted from *Waring's Practical Therapeutics*.—

"The berries are never given internally. The kernels contain a poisonous principle—*pirotozin*—the properties of which have been lately examined by DR. GLOVER. From numerous experiments, he concludes that it acts on the spinal cord; that under its use the animal temperature is much increased. In all animals killed by it he observed congestion of the base of the brain. From its intoxicating properties it is used for entrapping game and fish, but animals thus caught are often very dangerous to eat. Dishonest persons use the extract for adulterating porter."

The first sentence in this statement appears somewhat difficult to reconcile with the last: and as it is said subsequently, that "above 2000 cwt. of the drug are imported into England annually, of which about 1 cwt. is used for medicinal purposes," we are disposed to give the writer credence for his last assertion, rather than his first. We think, however, that the "persons" he refers to, deserve a stronger epithet than the word "dishonest." To be asked for porter, and serve *Cocculus Indicus*, is something worse, it seems to us, than giving stones for bread, or wooden knobs for nutmegs. With an eye to what may happen from it, we think that the transaction may be called, in the completest meaning of the words, a dead swindle.

If we were writing for the *Morning Advertiser*, (which, most unhappily for our credit, we are not) we would endeavour to exercise its great public influence—that is to say, its great influence with the "publics,"—in showing that this practice of poisonous adulteration has not merely a murderous but, commercially considered, a suicidal tendency.

It is obviously rather a short-sighted policy to endeavour to increase the profits of one's trade, by killing off one's customers; and surely no publican can expect to have a very brisk demand for his porter, when it is known to be a thorough drug in the market. For ourselves, now we are so well acquainted with the virtues of *Cocculus Indicus*, we mean certainly to adopt all possible precaution to escape being catalogued among the "animals killed by it;" and, so long as we are in possession of our sober senses, we will never run the risk of being "entrapped" into drinking like a fish, nor in any way made "game" of, through an exhibition in our person of the drug's "intoxicating properties." Indeed, we in future never mean to enter any doubtful "public," without asking the landlord for his chemical diploma; and, if he fail to show one, and, instead, recommends us to "ave a drop o' porter," we will inform against him for prescribing drugs without authority; and, perhaps, drag him from his bar to that of the Old Bailey.

A DEFENCE OF THE SYSTEM.—Every General ought to be able to look Death in the face. What, then, more reasonable than to select for Generals veterans who are at Death's door?



Railway Porter. "NOW THEN, SIR! BY YOUR LEAVE!"

### PRAYERS FOR PRISONERS.

THOUGH in conformity with the Church Service by law established, we are in the habit of praying "for all prisoners and captives," it appears that all prisoners and captives are not allowed the pious privilege of praying for themselves; or at least they are not permitted to do so in an audible manner. An exception had, however, been made in favour of the inmates of the Wandsworth House of Correction, who are, nevertheless, to be prohibited from any further extension of the right of devotional utterance, as we find from the following extract from a report of a recent meeting of Surrey Magistrates. The passage, though rather lengthy, is sufficiently remarkable to warrant our giving it entire:—

"The Rev. Mr. KETCH, the chaplain of the Wandsworth House of Correction, in his report to the Court, stated that the conduct of the prisoners had been generally good, and he said also that the permission given to them to make the responses in the chapel at Divine Service had been attended with satisfactory results, and he prayed the court to sanction their being permitted to sing psalms, as he considered it would be attended with more effect during the celebration of Divine Service.

"Mr. AUSTIN said, he felt compelled to express his opinion that it would not be advisable to push the request of the reverend gentleman. The county had been put to great expense in the erection of this prison upon the silent system, and it was found that the permission to give the responses had already had the effect of enabling prisoners to communicate with each other, and if psalmody were allowed, it would give greater facilities for this being done. Psalmody, under ordinary circumstances, no doubt rendered Divine Service more solemn and imposing, but they must not forget that they were dealing with criminals, and it was a most important object that they should be prevented from communicating with each other, as, if they did so, all the expense they had gone to to carry out the silent system would be thrown away.

"Mr. CLARK, as one of the Committee of Visiting Justices who had sanctioned the prisoners being permitted to give the responses, begged to say that it was only intended as an experiment; and undoubtedly, if it should turn out that it enabled the prisoners to hold conversation with each other, it would at once be discontinued. He added that the Visiting Justices undoubtedly had no idea of sanctioning the introduction of psalmody among the prisoners.

"The matter was eventually referred back to the Visiting Justices to consider whether any alteration should be made."

The chaplain, who ought to be the best judge in such matters, is so satisfied with the effect of allowing the prisoners to join in the responses, that he wishes them to be allowed to sing psalms; but the cautious Magistrates are afraid that the gaol-birds would turn their singing to an unholy account; or, in other words, would parody the psalms for the purpose of communicating with each other.

We confess we have not much apprehension on this subject; for the keeping up of a conversation through the medium of psalm-singing, would require a considerable power of improvisation, and a degree of musical ability which the prisoners are not likely to be masters of. Every psalm would of necessity have to be converted on the moment into a concerted piece, with original words, or at least into a series of independent duets or trios; according to the number of prisoners that might be interested in the musical dialogue. Any attempt to hold a communication by means of psalms, could only be carried out by a combination of literary and musical talent, which the inmates of a gaol are not likely to possess; and we do not think the chaplain would have testified, as he has done, to the satisfactory working of the system of responses, if he found that they had been travestied into "the means of communication between the prisoners."

The Silent System may be all very well; but we think the Magistrates are hardly justified in applying it to the performance of Divine Service, where the members of the congregation are called upon, according to the rubric, to utter the responses in an audible manner. Though prisoners must not address each other, it is hard to say that they shall not address the Source from which mercy for all prisoners and captives is invoked; for if audible prayer is an advantage, it is one of which the unfortunate inmates of a gaol should be allowed the benefit.

### Limited Liability for Noblemen.

SEEMING the recent decisions of some of the Country Justices, we are disposed to imagine that they have got an idea into their heads, that the Limited Liability Act, of which they may have heard something, is an act to limit the liability of the higher classes to be punished like common people for any offences they may have committed. It is difficult to account in any other way for the mode in which the recent case of assault at the Windsor theatre was disposed of; for while any ordinary ruffian would have been liable to be committed for trial, LORD ERNEST VANE TEMPEST seems to have had his liability limited to a fine of five pounds, which might as well have been five shillings.



DOWNING  
STREET



B—T.

G—E.

D—I.

THE NEW COALITION.



## THE GOVERNESS GRINDERS.



"DISTRESSED NEEDLEWOMAN" has long been an object of general compassion; but the Governesses have scarcely obtained the share of sympathy which their case deserves. The practice of Governess-grinding, in spite of our frequent exposure of the offence, is still continued to a great extent by those whose vanity induces them to keep a Governess, whom their meanness will not allow them to pay in proportion to her services. It may be said that education, like everything else, should be a matter of free trade, and that a man in want of instruction for his daughters, should obtain his Governess as he would his garments, in the cheapest market. We, however, question whether the article supplied is really an equivalent for even the paltry price paid; for cheap Governessing, like cheap tailoring and cheap furnishing, is often a

most expensive experiment. We should like to know what Paterfamilias might expect his daughters to turn out, if he entrusted their moral and intellectual culture to the article bid for in the following advertisements:—

**GOVERNESS WANTED**, to assist in educating six children; music, singing, and French desirable. No salary given, but advantages offered.—Address, T. 132, at the printer's.

**NURSERY GOVERNESS WANTED**, to instruct and take the entire charge of two children and their wardrobes, ages four and six; also, to be a Companion to the lady. A comfortable home, with laundress's expenses, offered; but no salary.—Address T. 130, at the printer's.

Who with one grain or half-a-scruple of conscience would undertake to educate half-a-dozen children, to set them thumping on the piano, screaming sentimental ballads, and jabbering

bad French, without any remuneration for the onerous task, beyond the vague prospect of "advantages offered." We certainly see some "advantage" to be gained in such a situation by the scope it must afford for the exercise of patience, resignation, self-sacrifice, and a whole catalogue of other virtues, but the obvious impossibility of doing what is required to be undertaken, will prevent any person of real worth from accepting the situation.

T. Number Two is somewhat more liberal than T. Number One, for he holds out the temptation of "laundress's expenses" to a person who is expected to combine the characters of Companion, Dress-maker, and Governess. The "Companionship" would probably be the most objectionable part of the work, for one would be naturally anxious to avoid all association with a "lady" who values the education of her children at "nothing," and wishes to make a milliner of their Governess.

The *Times* of the 11th contains an advertisement too lengthy to quote in full; but which demands the services of "a well-educated accomplished gentlewoman, not under twenty-one years of age," to "train and educate a little girl," and "be willing to undertake the entire charge of her pupil's wardrobe," for a salary of £10 per annum. In addition to her intellectual and millinery acquirements, the accomplished gentlewoman is expected "to combine firmness with gentleness" in her disposition; or, in other words, she is to unite the strength to execute her various labours with the softness necessary to make her satisfied with the shabbiest possible salary.

If people cannot, or will not, pay a Governess for the qualities a Governess ought to possess, they should forego an appendage to their establishment which is in reality a badge of meanness and degradation, though employed for the sake of display, and the Governess is thus the real "victim to appearances."

## DISCOURAGEMENT OF YOUTHFUL GENIUS.

It would be unfair to blame the Magistrates who, according to the *Hampshire Independent*, adjudicated on the following case the other day at the Southampton Petty Sessions:—

## "UNPLEASANT NAMES.

"HENRY YATES, a lad, was summoned by JAMES BROOKS, of the Back of the Walls, for repeatedly annoying him, and calling him, on Sunday last, by the names of 'cow-mouth,' 'slobberchops,' 'pig-jobber,' 'belcher,' and 'bladder-blower.'"  
"He was fined 10s. and costs, or fourteen days imprisonment."

Certainly the Southampton magistrates cannot be justly found fault with for passing the above sentence. It seems a heavy one, perhaps. Ten shillings fine for five abusive names!—that is two shillings fine per name, besides costs; amount unknown. A large sum for an urchin to be amerced in!—but when it is considered that the language of HENRY YATES was calculated—highly calculated—to provoke JAMES BROOKS to a breach of the peace, consisting in the fracture of HENRY YATES's head—for which solution of continuity Mr. Brooks would have incurred a penalty of more than ten shillings—the judgment of their Southampton Worship will appear perfectly righteous.

Yet, whilst we concur in the award of the judges, we cannot withhold our sympathy from the case of the culprit. The juvenile railer was mulcted for the use of strong expressions, but it is impossible not to admire that very strength of them to which the fine was proportionate. How graphic too—"cow-mouth"—"slobber-chops!" We hope the Southampton Magistrates have not nipped a genius in the bud—a genius of invective. Surely, if anybody conversant with his country's literature had been asked to guess the author of the epithets applied to Mr. Brooks by MASTER YATES, he would instantly have named the late WILLIAM COBBETT. Instruction rather than punishment is desirable for such an offender as MASTER HENRY YATES. Were his natural faculties disciplined and directed by education, he would learn to substitute refined innuendo for coarse vituperation, to speak cutting diamonds instead of unpleasant toads and frogs, and desisting from indulgence in the application of abusive terms, to couch an insult in a quibble. By fining MASTER WILLIAM YATES ten shillings and costs for his untutored and unadorned insolence, who knows that the Southampton Magistrates have not spoiled a brilliant wit of the personal species, and deprived future society of a sparkling ornament in the shape of a smart utterer of rude things?

## PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

*The Little Treasure*, at the Haymarket, is a little gem; its great value arising from its great purity, its surpassing brightness. Even as in the fairy tale, a whole mausion is to be illuminated by a single jewel suspended from the roof, so is a whole household gladdened and delighted by the one fireside jewel—bright, pure, and on all sides glancing lustre. The story is full of tender pathos, and yet with merriment in it; a baby's tear. A few words tell the tale. Husband and wife have been twelve years separated: the husband claims our merciful consideration, in virtue, or rather in terror of a mother-in-law. Though a soldier, it is only needful to look at the adamantine curls of *Mrs. Meddleton*—those fireside bolts!—to think somewhat leniently of the naughtiness of the Colonel. To be sure, *Lady Howard* seems a charming woman; but then—with the golden fruit is there not the mother-in-law dragoness? Now *Gertrude*, the little treasure, otherwise the priceless little pearl, learning the cause that separates her parents—(she has no recollection of her errant father, who ought to be ashamed of those lodgings in Curzon Street.)—determines to bring them together; and this she does with all the might of gentleness, with all the art of innocence. The conquest is perfect, and the house rings with admiration of the naturalness, the tenderness, the vivacity, and the pathos of *Gertrude*. In the heart of the hearts of the audience she is confessed to be *not* a little treasure—but a very great one.

MISS BLANCHE FANE is the fortunate *Gertrude*; fortunate in the possession of powers to make for herself friends of nightly thousands. Her *Gertrude* is a flower, fresh with the dew upon it; with not a whiff from the lamps. We are at once assured that the stage has won in her a new attraction. May it be tenderly dealt with!

MRS. POYNTER—the awful mother-in-law—is terribly real. We leave her portraiture to LEECH. He alone can put her in immortal black-and-white.

## Cause and Effect.

THE *Austrian Correspondence* declared that "eighty ships were in sight of Odessa, resolved to bombard the city." The wicked print then added, "the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA will not visit Odessa." Haply, his Imperial Majesty has no taste for fireworks?



## A POLITE REQUEST!

Drover. "Hi!—Marm!—Stop her, Turn her!"

## A SCHOOL FOR TIGERS IN THE EAST.

THE following rather alarming account is taken from a daily Newspaper:—

"RAPID DEPOPULATION OF SINGAPORE BY TIGERS.—Two deaths by tigers every week (says the *Singapore Free Press*) are read of in the papers just about as much a matter of course as the arrival or departure of the P. and O. Company's steamers. It is notorious that during the last fifteen or twenty years many thousands of men have lost their lives from this cause. Yet the only measures adopted by Government, so far as we know, to prevent this enormous sacrifice of life, have been to dig tiger-pits in various parts of the Island (which we are now told did little or no good), and to give a reward of 100 Company's rupees for every tiger killed on the Island. The reward is, for all practical purposes, ineffective; it ought to be increased to 250 rupees; for the price of procuring the destruction of one tiger in the jungle of Singapore is a hundred dollars, and the thing cannot be done for 110 Company's rupees. Such is the position in which we are now placed."

If the population of Singapore is really being converted into feed for tigers, and the inhabitants are departing as regularly as the steamers, it is high time that something should be done to save the remnant of the populace. Considering that the tigers have evidently got the upper hand, we think they show a sort of moderation in taking only two inhabitants per week, and there is consequently no hope of any further diminution, for it is clear that the brutes are already on what may be considered low diet. We cannot be surprised at the anxiety of the Editor of the *Singapore Free Press*, who may any day be selected as a moiety of the weekly allowance of the somewhat abstemious tigers, who appear to be practising the negative virtue of moderation and regular living. Since the Government will not, or cannot, take the matter up, and put the tigers down, we would advise the population of Singapore to enter into an arrangement with the brute-slayer at the top of the Haymarket, and we have no doubt that MR. CUMMING would be hailed as the Coming Man, if he were to offer his services.

The Singapore journalist expresses his fear that the "evil will go on increasing,"—or in other words, that the population will go on diminishing—and we fully sympathise with his editorial fears; for even should he be so lucky as to escape till after every other inhabitant is disposed of, it would be but a sorry consolation to feel oneself constituting the last mouthful at a feast of tigers.

We suspect that our Eastern contemporary is either indulging in a little romance, or is agitated by fears that have grown up under the enervating influence of the climate, for we cannot suppose that the people and the Government are quietly submitting to the gradual consumption of the inhabitants in the manner described, and our friends at Singapore will excuse us, therefore, if we have treated somewhat lightly a subject that we should certainly regard as no joke, if we put faith in the statements on which we have commented.

## CANT AND THE CONJUROR.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the Governors of the Caledonian Asylum, and begs to know what amount of contribution was paid to their funds by the juggler at the Lyceum for the loan of the "fourteen orphans in full Scottish costume," the orphans whose "fathers have recently perished while defending Sebastopol?" Mr. Punch learns from the printed puff, that the juggler himself "who was also attired in the dress of his native land, the MACGREGOR tartan—made a very touching speech concerning them, which enlisted the entire sympathy of the audience." It may be all very proper that these poor children should be occasionally regaled with wine and cakes; but, why for the profit of a juggler, should they—like the animals at the Park—have their feeding time in public?

The conjuror himself only carries out his trade. He, of course, would ply his gilt balls and shuffle his cards for the penny's-worth in a hospital; but Mr. Punch must, in conclusion, put it to the Governors of the Caledonian Asylum, whether they do not, at such a time, betray a sacred trust, when they suffer the orphans of their guardianship to be turned into the ready-money tools of the mountebank?

## Delicate Attention.

WHO says that France and England can be real Allies? England has thrown down the gauntlet to France. We have reason to know that HER MAJESTY has sent over to the EMPEROR one of her own white kid gloves for tying up the Tuileries' knocker.

## COUP D'ŒIL EXTRAORDINAIRE.

It is a foolish notion, that Art languishes while War proceeds. War develops the resources of Art. A singular proof of this has been given in the gradual advance of pictorial art in reference to representations of the scenes in the Crimea. When the struggle began, a few modest sketches of Russian scenery, and a few barren charts of the coast, issued, and satisfied the public. But the interest deepened, and our artists had the benefit of the graphic letters which came streaming in on all sides, and which enabled them to do wonders in the way of illustration.

The immense progress which illustrated Art has made is, however, splendidly shown by the last pictures which have come out depicting the fall of Sebastopol. It is really impossible to have much more for your money. Never was such a *coup d'œil*. The stronghold is in a blaze, while the gallant Allies are respectively attacking Malakheff and Redan, and you can see both attacks at once, and the manly features of WINDHAM and the energetic bearing of PELISSIER are plainly visible from the same point. You can also see the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE on the hill whence *he*, less happy, could see nothing. You can behold GORTSCHAKOFF encouraging his men to run away from the "blood-stained ruins," you can see the commanders of the Russian ships sinking them, while our own brave captains may be made out, stamping on their decks with rage, and ordering bombardments of all kinds. Near you, is Balaklava harbour, with the vessels in repose, and the Railway in active work,—you could hear the whistle but for the cannonading; and, if you look close, you may behold the *Times*' correspondent in his tent, making, with his pen, the immortal photographs which bring the War to every household. We are informed, too, that if you look into the corner of the picture, you may see LORD PANMURE, at the other end of the electric telegraph, spelling out the news, on his features an expression of contempt for GENERAL SIMPSON. The comprehensive in Art is now what is chiefly studied, and this advance, we repeat, we owe to the War.

## Medals and Clasps.

WE hear much of clasps being given, whereas medals were due, to the Crimean heroes. The relative value of clasps and medals depends, let the medals be ever so valuable, very much upon what sort of clasps the clasps are. There is, for instance, the clasp with which the hero, on his return from victory, is welcomed by the object of his affections. This clasp is worth any medals, and we hope it will reward all those who deserve it, as soon as possible.

**A BLIGHTED BEING.**

"Office of Civil Commissioners, Westminster.



RESPECTED SIR,  
 "HAVING failed in a late examination for HER MAJESTY'S Civil Service (owing to a not unnatural mistake between HOMER'S *Odyssey* and OMAR PASHA), I beg to offer myself as a candidate for any situation in your domestic circle.

"I enclose you a copy of the last paper I wrote at the examination—the subject being, to write an official to some great authority, explaining your general views on the subject of the Civil Service.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,  
 "Your most obedient, humble servant,  
 "C. — A."  
 (An algebraic expression, signifying a Clerk without an Appointment.)

"TO THE SECRETARY FOR WAR.

"SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I wish to distinguish myself in any capacity, and my notions are that the pay should be equal to the work, as well as the wishes of the aspirant. I have been educated on an Island which has not circumscribed my knowledge, which is as extensive as the track of sea I formerly gazed upon, and which induced me to study the height, depth, and breadth of all things within my circumference. You will not think it exaggeration for me to say that I could look far a-head. With respect to my predilections for the Civil Service, I beg respectfully to state that honour will not cure a wound nor restore a dead body; that I was always attached to civility, and therefore prefer a service where bows and attention to the polite arts of Routine are eminently practised. The honour of the QUEEN'S Service surpasses that of a private individual in the same ratio that Lombard Street holds to a China orange, or Windsor Castle to a sentry-box, more or less. Having disposed of the *quo modo* and *quare*, I have no difficulty in speaking of the *modo*, according to the expression of Horace, *rem quocunque modo, rem*. This then is not a matter of indifference, but is rather a *sine qua non*. Philosophers and statesmen have disputed whether a little with comfort, or much with discomfort is most desirable. I beg to differ from both parties, and to assert, without flinching, my firm conviction, that a great deal of *pecunia* is very compatible with ease and comfort. I might go further and state the general impression of clerks in office—that mending pens and looking out of window is a pleasant routine of official time, and will entitle a competent person to quarterly payments. Indeed we have heard the fact of an ex-Colonial Secretary, who 'cursed all the Hindoos, looked out at the windows, and sometimes he mended a pen.' My aspirations then lead me to think that in HER MAJESTY'S Service I should receive a competent salary, with the privilege of rising higher, that it is immaterial where I go, provided it is at HER MAJESTY'S expense—that my wishes, perhaps, out-run my prospects with regard to an increase of pay; and that eventually my reward will be, *mens sibi conscia recti* (a mind conscious of right). I would simply add, that I consider all examinations rather a bore than otherwise, being a test of temper, patience, memory, and self-command, highly injurious to the nervous system, involving a concatenation of ideas, which sometimes leaves the examinee worse than they found him. Therefore, I rejoice in that noble sentiment 'my mind to me a kingdom is.'

"I send a form of examination for the benefit of the Service:—

1. Your name and age.
2. State your own merits.
3. Mention your own wishes.
4. Have you had the small-pox?
5. Will you serve the QUEEN?
6. Give your idea of two and two.

7. Is the Earth round or spherical?
8. Did you ever receive a black eye at school?
9. What is the difference between a loose fish and a fish loose?
10. What work do you propose to do in proportion to Salary?
11. Meaning of the word Salary?
12. Meaning of the word *work* in its primary and secondary sense?
13. Was WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR married or single?
14. Can you explain if England was joined to the main-land originally?
15. Which is most useful—a steel or quill pen, and why?
16. Explain the difference between a reasonable man and a man of reason?
17. Which is the Examiner?
18. Which is the Examinee?"

**THE IDOL-WORSHIP OF THE WHITE NIGGERS.**

WHAT a pity it is that the European peoples do not realise the condition in which they would find themselves if the Russians were to succeed in the attempt to subjugate them! Could they but imagine that, they would unite instantly, and form a general coalition against these ambitious and powerful savages. The superiority of the CZAR'S subjects to those of KING KOSSOKO may be great, but is only military. Nor, to judge from some antics of an idolatrous kind in which he has been lately indulging, does the former potentate appear to be, intellectually and morally, a very much more exalted monarch than the latter. The following extract from a contemporary exhibits the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS engaged in devotions very closely resembling those which are wont to be performed by the dingy sovereigns of Western Africa:—

"A letter from St. Petersburg says that the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, in his recent visit to Moscow, not only went with all the Imperial family to the holy places, temples, catacombs, and chapels, kissing the relics of the saints, and prostrating themselves before the altars; but in order to fortify the courage of his army, determined on carrying to it a relic of St. Sergius, consisting of a painted image of the saint from one of the sides of his coffin, which is supposed to be of great sanctity and virtue, and which figured in the wars of the CZARS, MICHEL FEODOBOVICH, and PETER THE FIRST, and in that of Moscow in 1812. On giving up the image to the CZAR, a grand religious ceremony took place, and the Metropolitan, in the course of it, made the following solemn appeal to the Saint:—'St. Sergius!—Thou gavest thy blessing to PRINCE DIMITRI, to the CZARS, MICHEL, PETER, and ALEXANDER—look down favourably on the CZAR, ALEXANDER NICOLAIEVITCH, who comes to demand from thee thy holy image, in order to show it to his Army as the sacred mark of thy prayers of benediction and protection.' The CZAR, on receiving the image, reverently kissed it.

"The EMPEROR has taken the image in question with him to the south."

Away CZAR ALEXANDER has gone with his Fetish; and, perhaps, if he resolves on perpetrating any wickedness whilst he holds it in his keeping, he will, in order that it may not see him, bury it in the earth, after the manner of one of his royal brethren of the Guinea Coast uninfluenced by Missionaries. If such is the Sovereign, what must the subjects be? And these debased and grovelling, but formidable adorers of ridiculous idols are menacing the civilisation of Europe!

But, some cosmopolitan gentleman will tell us, this is an illiberal and narrow-minded way of looking at a practice of the Greek Church. However, Fetishism is Fetishism; though, perhaps, our cosmopolitan friends would insist on having a large and liberal view taken of that. If we are ever at peace again with Russia, the gentlemen concerned in the Birmingham idol trade, who export gods to India, will probably find an extended market for their manufactures among the natives of the AUTOCRAT'S territory, and their best customer in that enlightened ruler himself. That is to say, if their scandalous and shocking traffic is allowed to proceed.

The CZAR may not be accustomed to sport a footman's gold-laced hat and a peacock's feather. His undress may not be a state of half-nakedness, nor his full costume an old red coat and a pair of striped cotton drawers. His usual posture, when seated, may not be that of squatting on his hams. Neither his Russian MAJESTY, nor his subjects, may wear rings in their lips; and, finally, we know that their skins are not black. This is to be lamented; for, if their hides were sable, the darkness of their exteriors would symbolise their internal want of light, strike the mind through the eye, and scare all the civilised races of mankind into a confederacy, resolved to disarm or destroy them.

**Bear and Forbear.**

A RECENT paragraph, from a Toronto paper, informs us that a "struggle with a wounded bear is considered generally hopeless." If this is the case, it is probable that MR. HAMILTON will abandon in despair his dispute with the DUKE OF SOMERSET, notwithstanding the mauling which the latter has experienced.

POLITICAL TURNIPS.—Ministers cannot understand agriculture. At least they do not appear to be aware of the importance of cultivating Swedes.



### PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"The firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster."

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii., Scene v.*

### A CABINET QUESTION.

THE superior sorts of German wines are called "*Cabinet*." We have a shrewd, uncharitable opinion, that these are the only kinds of Cabinet that the KING OF PRUSSIA ever opens his mouth at. Thus, when the Court Circular of Prussia informs us, "HIS MAJESTY, FREDERICK WILLIAM, attended a Cabinet yesterday afternoon:" it simply means that he was present at a meeting at which none but the choicest Cabinet wines were admitted. It is a pity, however, that the same Court Circular (the Heidelberg Ton, filled with Johanniberg, would not be a bad emblematic Circular for such a Court) never informs us how many bottles with the KING'S private seal were discussed upon these august occasions?—and how long his Teutotal Teutonic Majesty was engaged in discussing them? Again, there is another great lapsus;—we are always kept in the dark as to whether MADAME CLICQUOT (*Veve*) is ever present at these little Cabinet *réunions*? We fancy that at a meeting, where the order of the day is the exclusion of all politics, that her presence would give *erve* and sparkle to many a dull moment. But, without a doubt, the poor Court Historian has a difficult task of it. It would be unkind to wish to increase his perplexities. If he were to publish all the truth, we should be having some such paragraph as the following creeping into the Royal record:—

"The Cabinet sat for four hours, when it was suddenly brought to an end by His Majesty accidentally falling from his chair, and spraining his ankle. His Majesty received every attention from his Ministers, who even carried their solicitude so far (as to carry their Royal Master up to bed."

### Spanish Arithmetic.

In a Spanish paper there is an account of the execution of twenty-five rebels. The writer declares that "the rebels were *all* of them taken out, and shot by *fours*." This comes of a nation never paying its debts; it inevitably loses the knowledge of the first elements of arithmetic.

### BENCH BUFFONERIES.

If some of the County Magistrates are deficient in wisdom, they appear to be making a desperate effort to make up for the deficiency by a display of wit, of which we have been favoured with the following specimens from the town of Sunderland:

#### SUNDERLAND POLICE.

"JAMES FLINN, drawing his knife to atah the officer who was taking him up for fighting.—All I have to say is, the policeman took me out of my brother's hands. I was taking the knife out to cut some tobacco.

"P. C. HOLMES. There was no tobacco found on him.

"MR. SIMPSON (one of the Magistrates). You won't bacey na in that manner.

"Fined 40s."

To our southern apprehensions, this kind of thing seems to want all the ordinary attributes of humour; but to the northern appetite for waggery which finds wit in the effete balderdash of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, whose feeble-minded play on the word "Mulligatawny" has been seriously cited as a specimen of first-rate facetiousness, it is possible that the pun of MR. JUSTICE SIMPSON on the word "bacey" may be voraciously devoured. A joke at the end of a sentence, as in the above instance, is well enough, but when justice is interlarded with jokes, and the decision is affected by the ribaldry with which the case is interwoven by the Bench, the matter becomes rather more grave, and we therefore protest against the mode of proceeding indicated by the following paragraph:

"BARTHOLOMEW GANLEY, and his wife, MARY, kicklog up a shindy in [their own cabin to Church Street.

"BARTH. I believe, Sir, the officer telling the truth. I've been six or seven years in Sunderland.

"MR. SIMPSON. How often have you been here?—Only once, Sir, and it was for a very small thing.

"MR. SIMPSON (to the Mayor). I would let him go, Sir, that's a good character for an Irishman.

"THE MAYOR. My brother magistrates think you should get off, as you have behaved so well previously; you are therefore discharged.

"MR. SIMPSON. And let it be six or seven years before you come back!"

This is all very pretty and playful as far as it goes, but however

humorous the notion, of letting a man off who is charged with one offence, because he has been only once previously charged with another, we cannot recognise the law or the logic, in accordance with which the arrangement was come to by the Magistrates. The parting advice of MR. JUSTICE SIMPSON, "Let it be six or seven years before you come back," would seem to involve the dictum, that offences committed at intervals of six or seven years may be committed with impunity.

It is possible that the whole report may be erroneous, and that none of the waggeries recorded in the extracts we have made were perpetrated by the Sunderland Bench, but presuming the facts to be fairly stated, we think there is ground for a *quo warranto*, to know by what authority *Monus* is found acting in the Commission of the Peace for the borough alluded to.

### Soyer's Final Triumph.

THE ingenuity of SOYER makes rations go so far, that one wishes he could also apply it to projectiles. If he could do as much with shells as he can accomplish with eggs, how soon we should demolish the north side of Sebastopol! One more achievement SOYER has to perform for the completion of his glory. It is to cook the Russian eagle, which no doubt he would do beautifully, if we could but catch the bird, as we wish we soon may.

### CASUALTIES AT HOME.

THE Balaklava Railway does not appear to have been so dangerous as the trenches, at least, we do not hear that more lives were lost on the former than in the latter. Railway travelling seems to be better managed in the Crimea than it is at home.

A MUSCOVITE JERUSALEM.—There is, it is said, a sham Jerusalem built at Moscow. Very proper. The "mock tomb" exactly harmonises with the Christianity.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.



Do really do apprehend some danger to the Church, or, at least, to that portion of it which is represented by the affluent, from the following advertisement:—

**TO AFFLUENT CHURCH OF ENGLAND MEN.**—A gentleman, holding a position of some eminence, and of such a nature as to enable him to promote on a very large scale sound Church principles, APPEALS to the wealthy friends of these principles under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. The very nature of his position has involved him in a heavy outlay at first, and led him to incur a debt, for the payment of which, he is threatened with legal proceedings. His income

is large, and in a few years he could pay off this debt by instalments, but he cannot obtain the required time. The sum required is £2,000. He cannot offer what is called legal security for the repayment of such a sum, but, if any person of wealth should be induced to advance it, he would undertake to pay 5 per cent. interest, to repay the principal by instalments in five years, and to give insurances on his life as security in the event of his decease. He is ready to admit of the fullest inquiry into the circumstances by any person who proves that he sincerely desires to meet the case, and is not actuated by mere curiosity. Whoever does so will do good service to our Church in an important field of usefulness. Address —.

We do not know what may be the advertiser's notion of "Sound Church Principles;" and we are equally ignorant as to the principle—either moral, social, or commercial—upon which a gentleman of eminent position has run into debt to the tune of £2000, without the means of payment. If he were a boy at the outset of life, we might attribute his difficulties to inexperience on his own part, and roguery on the part of others; but with a "large income," and a "position of eminence," the debts which would be pardonable in early life, cannot be so indulgently treated. We admire the determined rebuff which the advertiser is prepared to give to "mere curiosity," and his resolution to treat only with one who "sincerely desires to meet the case," or, in other words, is prepared to "dub up" a couple of thousand pounds before asking any questions. It is rather difficult to conceive in what way "our Church" is to profit by getting one of its "eminent" members out of a pecuniary scrape; and, indeed, it would seem to us that, to pay the debts of this rather improvident Churchman, would tend to demoralise the Church, by giving encouragement to extravagance. There is some ingenuity in holding out the double temptation of love for the Church, and five per cent. interest, which the advertiser "undertakes to pay," though he candidly admits that he "cannot offer what is called legal security."

Of course, therefore, there will be nothing to depend upon but the "Church principles" of the advertiser, and it is not likely that these principles, judging from the mess their owner has got into, will provide very efficiently for the payment of the promised interest. Had we the pencil of the artist, we should like to draw the portrait of "the party" by whom this advertisement is put forth, and the other "party" who will possibly reply to it. We foresee a correspondence, in which the advertiser will be requested to forward his acceptances for £2000, to some gentleman of a Jewish name, but whose principles are sound Church, who has a friend also a high Churchman, who, when quite satisfied that Church interests will be served, will be ready to advance the sum required. We can imagine a police case arising out of the business, when the gentleman of "eminent position" and "Church principles" (represented chiefly by a white choker) will call upon that eminent Churchman, MR. DAVIS LAURENCE, to show cause why he does not return certain acceptances which sound Churchman Number One entrusted to sound Churchman Number Two, and on which the former has not received a shilling. If the Church wishes to keep itself out of danger, we recommend its keeping itself quite free from bill transactions, even though they be of the tempting kind suggested in the above advertisement.

America and Russia.

CERTAIN "American prints" avow that America sympathises with Russia. We cannot believe so vile a scandal upon the American people. That certain dwellers in the States may sympathise with the Muscovites, we can easily conceive. The owner of the slave wishes well to the owner of the serf. In this way, and in this way only, the knout has the sympathy of the cow-hide.

THE END OF THE BLACK SEA.

THE present naval operations in the Black Sea have, for their ultimate object, the identification of those waters with the Pacific.

AGRICULTURAL SPENDTHRIFTS.

It is a great mistake to suppose that prodigals and spendthrifts are chiefly to be found amongst the youthful heirs to great estates. The most extravagant dog in existence is the Norfolk agricultural labourer. This assertion we make on the authority of Mr. T. G. TUCK, a magistrate of that county. At a meeting of the Blofield and Walsham Agricultural Association, Mr. Tuck is reported to have stated certain particulars concerning the Norfolk peasantry, which exhibit them as accustomed to indulge in reckless profusion to a degree without parallel in the annals of the Insolvent Court. The cause of their lavish and profligate conduct is precisely the same as that which has ruined so many juvenile inheritors of riches—the seeming immensity of their affluence. These ploughmen and carters are rolling in wealth, amounting in many instances to 10s. or 12s. a-week; thus overloaded with abundance, they evince the common weakness of human nature so circumstanced: and, as Mr. TUCK says,—

"What was lightly acquired was little valued, and this was the case with the labourers. In the years of 1848 and 1849, when flour was extremely cheap, they did not care how it was wasted, and he would give an instance of it. He once saw three children of one family, in the middle of an afternoon, with a large piece of bread in their hands, eating some of it, giving some of it to a dog, and throwing the greater part of it on the road. He rode up to the cottage in which they lived, and asked their mother why she encouraged such waste in her family? Her answer was, 'Sir, my husband would be extremely angry with me if I refused these children a piece of bread and cheese at any hour of the day.'"

This wasteful woman had actually given her children more bread than they could manage to eat. Of course she might easily have known how much they absolutely required. The test of their being really hungry would have been their crying bitterly. She ought not to have complied with their mere demand for bread. Had she not been utterly devoid of any feeling of frugality, she would have made them wait till they screamed for it. All that Mr. TUCK could get from this dissolute woman in answer to his remonstrances, was, that "it was very hard to deny the poor children a piece of bread." An astounding reply, probably, to that gentleman who, doubtless, thought that nothing could be more easy. Note, that this instance of profusion occurred to Mr. TUCK not less frequently than once.

Mr. Tuck further averred that,—

"He knew a gentleman who frequently visited the cottages of the poor, and that gentleman had told him that he went one Tuesday into a cottage, the occupier of which had received his wages on the previous Monday, and witnessed such extravagance as he would not have allowed in his own house. The following Friday he visited the same house again, and the people were eating dry bread."

In eating dry bread, did Mr. TUCK mean to say that they were continuing the course of extravagance, on the Friday, which they had commenced on the Tuesday? It would be natural to conclude that he did, as he evidently considers dry bread a thing of which it is possible for labourers to eat too much; and probably, with wages of even 10s. or 12s. a-week, they would not, although they had just been paid, have been so outrageously extravagant as to eat anything better.

To some people, the case last quoted may not seem so strong against the luxurious Norfolk labourers as that of the children, but it is equally so; for eating too much bread is the worst way of wasting it. That which is given to a dog, nourishes the dog; that which is thrown away may feed the sparrows; but that which is unnecessarily swallowed is wholly useless. If digestible, it goes to form superfluous fat; if indigestible, it is so much rubbish, which cannot be shot into any more unfit receptacle than the stomach. This is said with all deference to Mr. TUCK, who, no doubt, thinks that children ought to tuck all their bread in.

The Norfolk labourers, by their excessive consumption of bread, inflict severe suffering on the class of which Mr. TUCK is a member. According to this gentleman:—

"There was a great deal of suffering after the measure for the repeal of the Corn Laws was passed, and no one knew better than he did that the loss of property was enormous; but he believed they were suffering still from the repeal of the Corn Laws, and he would prove it. The repeal of those laws caused such extravagant and uneconomical practices on the part of the labourers that years and years would elapse before they returned to their former habits."

Mr. TUCK, then, related the above quoted anecdotes in proof of the extravagant and uneconomical practices of the labourers.

Surely, every feeling heart will commiserate Mr. TUCK and his order, on account of the suffering and privation which must have been entailed upon them, through the loss of Protection, by the labourers' inordinate indulgence in bread. We dare say that many of them are actually no longer able, by reason of the scarcity of flour which has thence arisen, to afford their livery-servants hair powder.

A Hero Actor.

THE conduct of LORD ERNEST VANE in the Ladies' dressing-rooms of the Windsor Theatre, proves to demonstration that that very fine young English gentleman is able at the very shortest notice to act the part of Caliban in his own *Tempest*.



### HOW VERY EMBARRASSING.

*Gustavus.* "MAMMA, DEAR! ARE MOUSTACHIOS FASHIONABLE?"

*Mamma.* "WELL, GUS, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, BUT I BELIEVE THEY ARE."

*Gus.* "OH! THEN, IS THAT THE REASON WHY MISS GRUMPH WEARS 'EM?"

[MISS GRUMPH, as well as being strong-minded, is rather masculine in appearance.]

### INSPECTION OF FIELD-MARSHALS.

ONE of the most remarkable military ceremonies which we have lately had the pleasure of recording, took place on Saturday last, at the United Service Institution in Whitehall Yard, where several gallant soldiers, officers, and privates, who have distinguished themselves in the Crimea, inspected the Field-Marsbals in HER MAJESTY'S Service.

The recently made Field-Marsbals arrived punctually in their respective perambulators, and were received by the attendants with the utmost kindness and tenderness. They were lifted along the passage, and placed in three of the easiest chairs which could be procured. The windows were carefully closed to exclude draughts.

While waiting the arrival of the veteran F.M., whose creation, dating 1840, is much older than that of the Peninsular Generals, and to whom more latitude was therefore very properly allowed, the objects of interest in the Institution were explained to the Marsbals. The skeleton of Marengo, the horse ridden by NAPOLEON at Waterloo, much delighted them, as having belonged to an acquaintance of other days, and GENERAL WOLFE'S Quebec sword recalled to them an event of their younger lives.

The other Field-Marshal's carriage was then heard, and presently H.R.H. entered, in the uniform which he wore at the taking of his last quarter's salary. With him came the Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards, the Colonel-in-Chief of the Sixtieth Rifles, the Grand Ranger of Windsor Park, the Lord-Warden of the Stannaries, the Chief Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall, the Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle, the High Steward of Plymouth, the Colonel of the Artillery Company, the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and the PRINCE CONSORT. *Mr. Punch* was also present.

The inspection was then gone through, and the Field-Marsbals were examined as to their efficiency, and their capability of rendering military service to HER MAJESTY. The Peninsular Generals admitted that their day had gone by; but said that they were delighted to hear that younger men were appointed to do their work. From motives of delicacy it was thought best not to undeceive them. They were then asked if they had any complaint to make, and they replied that they had,—that their promotion to the highest rank in the Army had either been earned forty years ago, or not at all; and that both the delay which had taken place, and the moment selected for conferring the honour, were equally unfair. *Mr. Punch* promised that this

### DIZZY BREWED A KIND OF PLOT.

DIZZY brew'd a kind of plot,  
And BRIGHT and GLADSTONE came to sec:  
Three downy birds; a Quaker ane,  
And twa ex-heads o' Chancerie.  
We are nae friends, we are nae friends,  
But when we catch the SPEAKER's e'e,  
What ane may say the twa may say,  
And over goes the Ministree.

Here we are met, three fluent boys,  
Three fluent boys I trow are we;  
And mony a night we've kept the floor,  
And wearied out stenographee.  
We are nae friends, we're nae that friends,  
But when we catch the SPEAKER's e'e,  
We'll cry for peace at any price,  
And over goes the Ministree.

It will nae do to blaw our horn,  
Proclaiming unanimitee;  
The nation might nae like the game;  
So, by my troth, we'll wait a wee.  
We are nae friends, we are nae friends,  
But when we catch the SPEAKER's e'e,  
We'll all gae in for making peace,  
And praise the Russian's honesty.

Wha first shall rise must say the War  
Is urged with sad ferocity;  
The next on Taxes foul shall fa';  
The third shall preach o' Policy.  
We are nae friends, we're nae that friends,  
But when we catch the SPEAKER's e'e,  
The House shall fiod a union form'd  
To overset the Ministree.

MYTHOLOGY EXPLAINED.—VENUS's car was drawn by pigeons, inferring thereby that in Love there should be no kicking over the traces.

should be notified, and expressed his entire concurrence in their sentiments.

H.R.H. was then inspected, and was warmly complimented upon being in such apparently excellent condition. H.R.H. stated that he was at that moment quite as fit to discharge the duties of a Field-Marshal as he ever had been, and that he long hoped to serve his Sovereign in that capacity. Although he could not as yet aspire to the renown of his colleague in honours, F.M. LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS, who had received £1,200,000 of the people's money up to last pay-day, and who therefore was naturally anxious to negotiate a peace (as such items might in war-time be thought objectionable), he trusted that he should not be found unworthy of the relationship.

The examination being completed, the inspectors departed, with the single recommendation, that the Field-Marsbals, being happily lodged in a collection of military curiosities, should be kept in what was evidently their proper place.

### BREAD AND STONES.

CERTAIN patriots, altogether guiltless of their country's good, continue to meet on Sundays in Hyde Park, to discuss the question of high prices, and believe in their philosophy that the only remedy for dear bread is in the use of stones. Hence, these worthies fling about their arguments in a manner, not so much calculated to convince the heads of their opponents as to split them. We have no doubt that these patriotic young gentlemen are animated by the best intentions, and are quite in earnest in their desire to construe the cause of dear bread. We therefore beg leave to refer them to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA: and further propose that a recruiting company should be in attendance at the Park, in order to enlist the sympathies of the patriotic young gentlemen to the confusion of the CZAR of the dear loaf. As they are so fond of flinging stones, we do not see why they might not be incorporated into a force, to be called "The Heavy Pebbles."

### AMENITIES OF POLITICAL LIFE.

A LADY of the good old Tory School, and closely related to the one of the old women at the Horse Guards, declares, that "She never can forgive Nineveh for having discovered MR. LAYARD."





**PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.**

"Disguised as Muscovites."

*Love's Labour's Lost, Act v., Scene 2.*

**AN ORTHODOX RUSSIAN LEGEND.**

THE following interesting particulars have reached us respecting the idol, in whose aid, combined with that of ardent spirits, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has put his trust, and through whose power and might he hopes to conquer.

The image of St. SERGIUS was prepared by its priests for presentation to the orthodox Monarch by being freshly gilt, painted, and illuminated. It was supplied with a new wig; and some holes, which worms and earwigs had eaten in certain portions of it, were stopped with putty. Its fingers and toes were also mended.

When the CZAR worshipped his image, and kissed it, a wonderful circumstance occurred. The nose of the devout Monarch turned suddenly red, in consequence of the transference thereto, on the part of the holy image, of a portion of the colour with which its cheek had recently been painted.

ALEXANDER has made a solemn vow, that he will not wash that part from his imperial nose until his pious troops shall have retaken Sebastopol, and driven back the Allies into the sea.

The ears of the wooden St. SERGIUS have been so wonderfully constructed as to hear; the eyes, as to see; the nose, as to smell: the Saint enjoys a sniff of incense as much as anybody could a pinch of snuff. The prodigious mechanism of the tongue enables it to taste; that of the hands to feel; and that of the feet to walk: insomuch, that the holy image will not be carried in the van of the Russian forces; no doubt being entertained that it will march, and lead them to victory.

**Young Prime Ministers.**

IT is said that LORD PALMERSTON has become so sensible of the necessity of filling all public offices with, at most, middle-aged men that he resolves at the earliest period of the Session, to lay a Bill before Parliament, by which no man shall be permitted, after the present minister, to hold the post of Premier beyond the age of fifty. LORD JOHN RUSSELL will, it is said, earnestly support the principle of the Bill; moving, however, the following amendment,—namely, that for the present minister, let there also be an exception in the case of the next Premier who is immediately to succeed him.

**MAUD FOR AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.**

WHAT do they mane by the blessuns o' Pace? we ha' vound it a cuss. Zivilization, revinement, zience and arts be blow'd! Talk o' prawsperity—pshoo!—what times was there ever wuss Than when we was zellun our whate at next to nothun a load?

Prawgress! we've had too much; we've been gwian on too vast, We was gittun too vur a-head wi' Machinery and Mind; Now arter varty year long we ha' got to pull up at last, And gie up all them there schemes for the benefit of mankind.

Pace! we ha' had too much; no good comes o' Pace to we; Mind, what I thinks I spakes, and what I approves I owns; War, my bucks, I says, War, jolly war by land and sea, Raisun the price o' carn, costun enarnus loans!

More cotton, for ever so long, than enough, by half, they've spun; Until we all was like to be choked wi' cotton-twist. Wi' jennies and calico mills the country was overrun; But these here times o' war is bringun *our* mills the grist.

Pace is a pleasant thing for dapper fellers that stands Behind a counter, mizhurun lengths of tape. There let 'em vLOURISH their shop-yards and rub their hands, Shavun the ladies; cringe, bow, and congee, and scrape.

Haberdashers, tailors, man-milliners, drapers, and sich, In Pace ha' bin a thrivun like pigs upon barley meal; They've had a good long while to get fat and wealthy and rich: Now, mates, our innuns is come; 'tis now our turn o' the wheel.

Wutts is a lookun up, and barley's in good demand, So is banes and paes, and likewise clover and hay. Therefore I holds that War is a blessun to the land, And as to the blessuns o' Pace I takes no account o' they.

**EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION IN THE QUADRANT.**

AMONG the gratuitous exhibitions of London is a spectacle to which the public is treated in the Quadrant, Regent Street, by the benevolent proprietor of a shop for boots, gloves, and other articles of dress and ornament. Immediately inside the window of this shop there are to be seen, throughout the day, not only the gloves, boots, and miscellaneous goods, but also one or two young ladies, busily engaged in needlework. The establishment bears a name which appears to be a French one: and may therefore suggest, to some minds, an explanation of the display in the window. Our Allies entertain an idea that a wife, among us, is a commodity of traffic; and it may be surmised, that the young ladies are placed in MONSIEUR or MADAME CHOSE's window for the same purpose as the boots and gloves, namely, for sale. If this is the case, however, it had better be indicated by the recognised token of a halter worn in lieu of a necklace by the goods. A ticket fixed on each of them, stating their prices, would save much idle and superfluous inquiry. A notice-card in the window might also mention that there is a great variety within, if such is the fact, and the shop is really a matrimonial emporium and conjugal depot.

The girls, however, who are placed in the very forward position above described, do not appear to evince a corresponding character. Their demeanour is rather confused, and their looks downcast, as if they were afraid and ashamed to lift their eyes; which, certainly, if they did ever raise them, would meet those of grinning street-boys and leering fast men about Town. The situation, in fact, to any modest young woman, must be little preferable to that of a pillory; and we hope these seamstresses have not been condemned to undergo such exposure for the crime of want: and that they are not suffering penal servitude under a grinding employer, who compels them to drudge in the capacity of live dummies.

MILITARY THEATRICALS.—We are sure that our readers will be delighted to learn that the farce of "SIMPSON AND Co." is no longer to be played in the Crimea.

## A LION-HUNTER'S MUSEUM.



HE celebrated Lion-hunter of Belgravia, Mrs. NIMROD, has for years past, been hunting Lions all over the Metropolis. The trap she was in the habit of setting for them was simply a rose-coloured note, baited with a sandwich and a cup of weak tea. These, diluted still further with a quantity of washy music, were sufficient to entrap a Lion, no matter how savage in his habits, or greasy and unkempt in the mane. When she had caught one, she would assemble some three or four hundred fashionable people, and let him loose amongst them. Her happiness was

unbounded if he roared, let it be ever so gently; but if he happened to bring a long tail with him, or was attended by a lioness, or some young cubs as ferocious as himself, then she would retire to bed the happiest of the happy, and dream of her extended fame as a celebrated Lion-hunter.

In the course of her numerous chases, she has collected innumerable trophies and curiosities. These she has arranged into a Museum, which she intends opening shortly in opposition to Mr. GORDON CUMMING'S at the top of the Haymarket. It will indeed be a rare exhibition, and quite unique of its kind.

We subjoin a few interesting items from the valuable Catalogue, which, like the one at the BERNAL OSBORNE Collection, will be charged not less than five shillings.

1. The celebrated Long-Bow, lately in the possession of the Editor of the *Invalide Russe*.
2. One of the lashes of the whip with which America intends, one of these days, to "flog the world."
5. A false collar, belonging to a distinguished leader of the Irish brigade. Rare.
25. The famous Scotch Mull of LORD ABERDEEN, whilst he was Minister at the beginning of the Russian War.
46. The iron ring that fell from the nose of one of the 'Ojibcway chiefs, after he had been taking a pinch of snuff, offered to him by the Pig-Headed Lady, on the evening of my celebrated *soirée*, July 19, 1848.
57. The bone of the leg of mutton which BERNARD KAVANAGH, the living skeleton, devoured at supper on the same occasion. In perfect condition.
69. The Van that COLLINGWOOD led at the Battle of Trafalgar.
79. The Wedding-ring that was put on the toe of Miss BIFFIN at the time of her marriage.
81. METTERNICH'S Balance of Europe, with the beam all twisted, and one of the scales leaning strongly on the side of Russia.
112. The KING of PRUSSIA'S glass the last time he sprained his ankle.
141. LOUIS PHILIPPE'S cotton umbrella [during] the last few days of his reign.
152. The wooden handle to the Four Points [that] LORD JOHN took with him on his last visit to Vienna.
160. The washbasin in which GLADSTONE washed his hands of the present Ministry.
182. One of the two tears dropped by SIR JAMES GRAHAM when he found that he had made a false charge against MR. LAYARD.
194. The pocket-handkerchief of the *Victim of Unmerited Persecution*, of the Victoria Theatre, and a pawnbroker's duplicate found pinned on to "GRIMALDI'S Mantle." Very valuable.
322. The POPP'S Eye, when FATHER NEWMAN went over to Rome to eat his mutton.

## The New Cerberus of Downing Street.

THIS Cerberus is to have, like MR. GLADSTONE'S speeches, the usual number of three heads. One head will have a broad brim, under which you will recognise the features of a well-known Manchester man; the second will wear a Church of England beaver, with just a slight turn towards Pseycism; and the third will be an Asiatic Mystery, buried under a Mosaic tiara of hats, darkening the already dark physiognomy underneath. This Cerberus, presenting the rare combination of three heads under five hats, will have around its neck a brass collar, on which you will be able to read, in half-Roman half-Hebrew characters, "COALITION."

## NURSERY RHYMES FOR FIELD MARSHALS.

THE appointment of some persons in a state of second childhood to the rank of Field-Marshal has suggested the propriety of furnishing a few appropriate Nursery Rhymes, to be sung to the venerable military infants by way of lullaby. It would be cruel to disturb their very tender ears by martial strains, and we prefer putting them to "by-by" on their bed of laurels to the tunes which are usually sung at the side of every respectable cradle.

"Hush-a-by Baby."

Hush-a-by, Marshal, on the tree top,  
When the storm blows the System will rock:  
When the shock comes the System will fall;  
Down will come System, Field-Marshal, and all.

"Ticketty, Dicketty, Dock."

Ticketty, dicketty, dock!  
The people know what 's o'clock:  
The public will frown,  
Routine must go down,  
Ricketty, tricketty, dock!

"There was a little Man."

There was a man of birth,  
Of very little worth,  
And his cranium was full of lead, lead, lead.  
A commission he obtain'd,  
And influence was strain'd,  
Till he got to the army's head, head, head.

"Dance a Baby diddy."

Dance a lordling diddy;  
What shall mammy do wid 'ec?  
His frocks he discards,  
And into the Guards  
Dances the baby diddy.

Smile, my lordling bonny,  
What will time bring on 'ee?  
Promotion through birth,  
Independent of worth;  
So smile, my lordling bonny.

Laugh, my lordling beauty,  
What will be your duty?  
Courtly St. James  
Your presence claims;  
So laugh, my lordling beauty.

Dance, my lordling deary,  
With service you 'll never be weary;  
Frolic and play,  
And spend your pay,  
So dance, my lordling deary.

## BEHIND THE SCENES AGAIN.

A PROVINCIAL Critic, whose lucubrations *Punch* notices in one of the journals with which he is favoured, says of a certain actor, "We must also deprecate his most objectionable habit of playing to the pit, and gallery, and sometimes to the boxes!" In the name of THESPIA, to whom is the unfortunate man to play? We almost imagined that pit, gallery, and boxes made up the audience. The Critic was evidently standing at the wing, and felt insulted that *Hamlet* did not give the audience his mere profile, and play full face to the visitor who condescended to come round and look at him. This comes of admitting people behind the scenes: first a Lord smashes a Manager; then a Critic smashes an Actor. The practice should really be put a stop to.

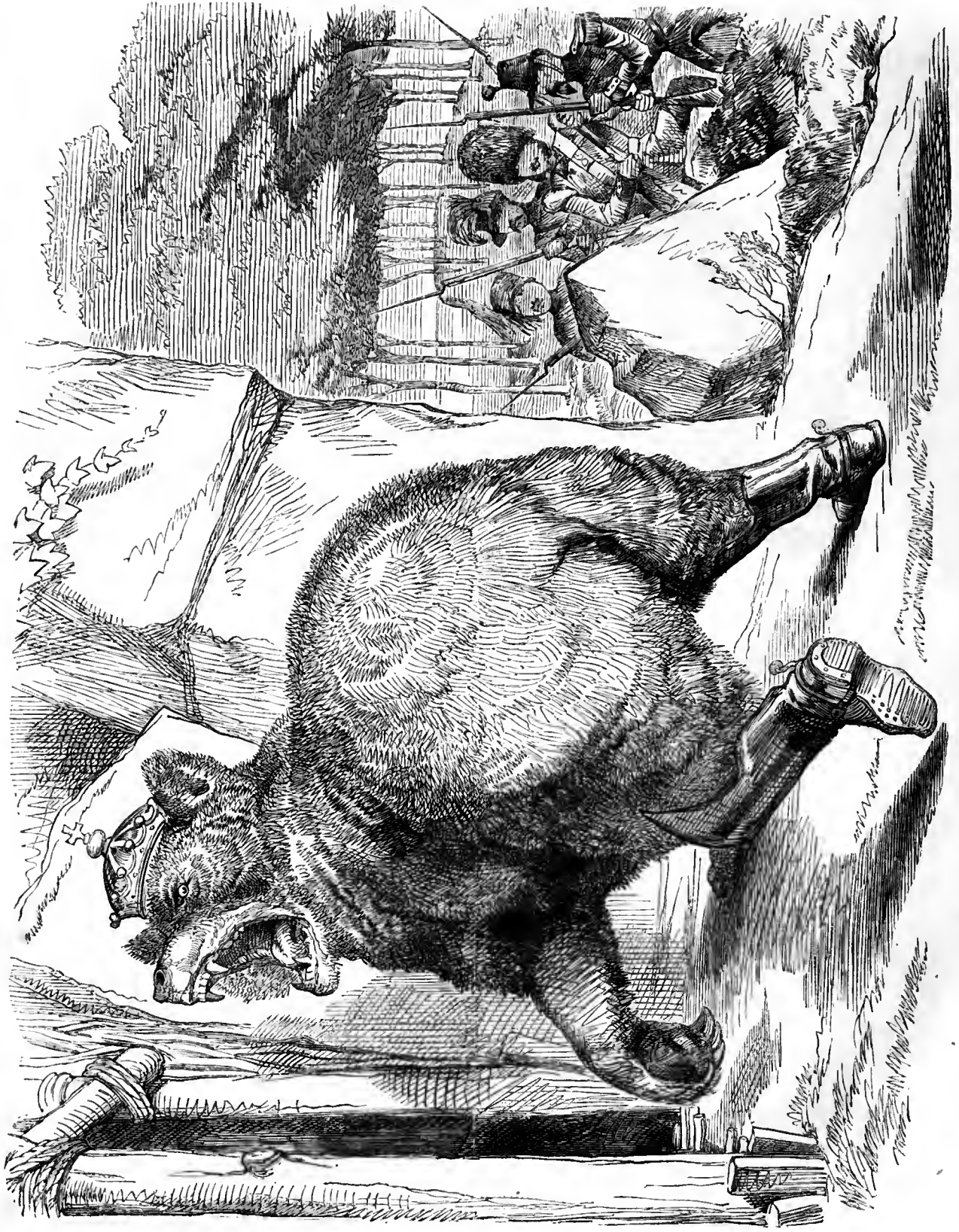
## The Shepherd of Christchurch.

MR. BROWN, the Rector of Christchurch, aided by the church-wardens, took the young and aged poor of his parish—from baby in the lap to the old of eighty—to the Crystal Palace on Tuesday,—in all nearly two thousand persons. This is, indeed, to act the part of a good shepherd, to lead the weakest and the most helpless of the flock to drink a fill of enjoyment at the Crystal Fountains.

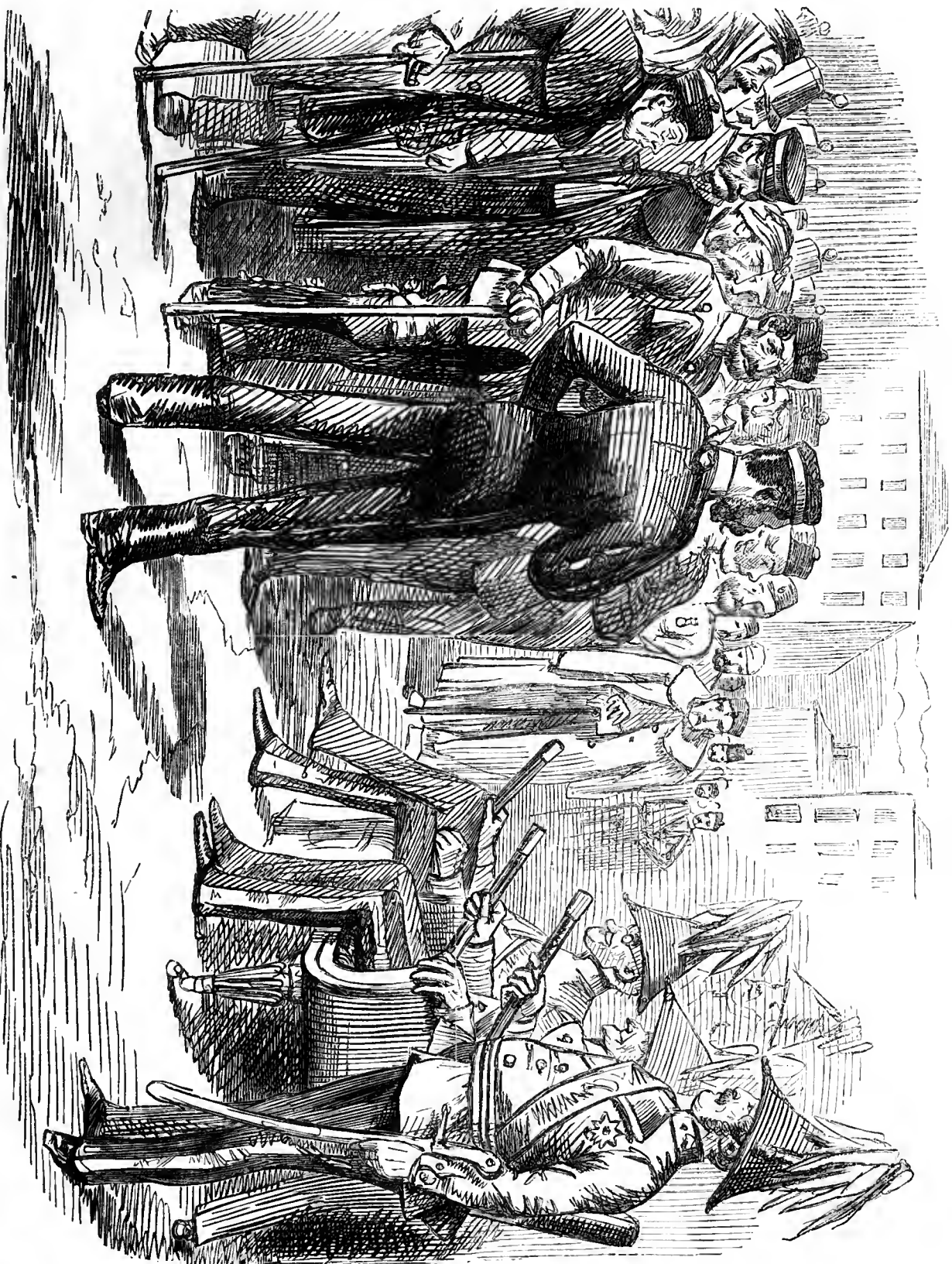
THE BIBLE



THE BIBLE



ALL BUT TRAPPED.



# GRAND MILITARY SPECTACLE.

The Heroes of the Crimea Inspecting the Field-Marshal's.

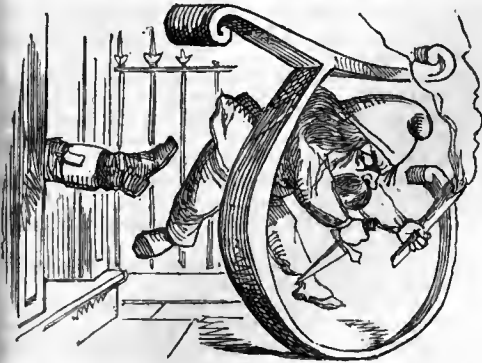
REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE  
1882



THE HISTORY OF THE SPIRIT OF THE  
LAND OFFICE

THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE.

A Review Mr. Punch expects shortly to have to write.



HE indefatigable MR. WYLD, of Charing Cross, has just produced a map of Europe, in which the alterations, occasioned by recent revolutions and dynastic changes are marked, and the new boundaries are given with great precision. Among the more important variations from

the old map are the annexation of the dominions of the late KING BOMBA to the kingdom of Sardinia, and the substitution of the Roman Republic for the States of the Church. The fall of the House of Hapsburgh, and the restoration of Hungary to its independence have also occasioned alterations, as, of course, has the cession of the Rhenish provinces to France. The expulsion of KING CLICQUOT, and the elevation of his brother to the throne, as a constitutional monarch, and the consequent close alliance of Prussia with England (since the brilliant feat of the Prussian cavalry at the taking of Moscow, they have been named the Daughter of England's Own) have caused no great change in the map, except that Prussia has absorbed several of the wretched little sovereignties in her neighbourhood. Poland now figures as she did before 1772; may we hope that she has learned wisdom, and that her intestine broils will no longer tempt the appetite of aggressors. The extermination of the Greeks, and the addition of Greece to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S dominions, throws some more red colour into the Mediterranean, and the Crimea, restored to Turkey, ceases to be yellow. Russia is strangely shrunk up, and her humiliated and diminished appearance is a perpetual caveat against the will of PETER THE GREAT.

The independent provinces, which have arisen where stolen regions have been wrested from her, are the best guarantees against her ever again extending herself. The map naturally includes a portion of Asia Minor, and shows the Pashalic of H. R. H. PRINCE WILLIAMS, Pasha of Armenia, the protector of the SULTAN'S Asiatic dominions, who holds the province as SAID PASHA at present holds Egypt; a country which, however, HIS MAJESTY ABDUL MEDSCHID has some idea of presenting to QUEEN VICTORIA, as a small token of respect and esteem. We do not know that there is any other alteration which we need note, as the conflagration which happily and utterly destroyed Holywell Street and its contents produced a change which, though great to London, is too small to be inserted in a map of Europe. MR. WYLD deserves all credit for his, &c., &c.

FIELDING ON FIELD-MARSHALS.

It is one of the advantages of an author who takes nature for his guide, that what he writes will be as true to-day as it was yesterday, and as it will be to-morrow. We have been struck with the following passage in FIELDING, which might have been written to describe the condition of the heads of our army that have recently served—if that can be called serving which is of no service at all—in the Crimea. FIELDING certainly hit the right nail, or the right people, on the head, for he came down like the right man on the right place, when he wrote thus on the mental qualifications of those who are sometimes entrusted with the command of armies.

"Nature (who, as wise men have observed, equips all creatures with what is most expedient for them) takes a provident care, as she always doth, with those she intends for encounters, to make the skull three times as thick as those of ordinary men, who are designed to exercise talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whom, as brains are necessary, she is obliged to leave some room for them in the cavity of the skull: Whereas, those ingredients being entirely useless to persons of the heroic calling, she hath an opportunity of thickening the Bone, so as to make it less subject to any impression, or liable to be cracked or broken; and indeed in some who are predestined to the command of armies and empires, she is supposed sometimes to make that part perfectly solid."—Joseph Andrews.

It is clear that heroes with thick heads, and commanders with abundance of bravery and an absence of brains, were quite as familiar to the imagination of FIELDING as they are unfortunately to our own experience.

THE COMING MAN.—GENERAL S—MPS—N.

A PUZZLE FOR A COUNTRY COUPLE.

In the following advertisement excised from the Salisbury and Winchester Journal, there is rather more, perhaps, to be understood than will prove generally intelligible:—

WANTED,—A MAN AND HIS WIFE: the Wife, 30 to 35 years of age, who has been brought up in a Training School, as MISTRESS of a small Village School. The salary £20 a-year, and a comfortable Cottage and good Garden. The Man, if able to work on the Farm, at the usual Farm Labourer's wages, or if capable of taking care of a Hackney Stable, he might be so employed. Apply, by paid letter, to J. T., Post Office, Weymouth.

The purpose for which the wife is wanted, appears to be that of filling the situation of mistress in a small village school; but it is by no means clear that the punctuation of the above announcement can be depended upon as indicating the meaning of its author, and that all which that individual intends to express, is not merely the indefinite requisition of a married person who has been educated as a small village schoolmistress in a school for training schoolmistresses. That a salary may consist of £20 a-year is comprehensible enough; but some little difficulty must be experienced in conceiving how a periodical payment can include a cottage and a garden.

Considered as the commencing clauses of some imaginable sentence, there is no great obscurity in the next succession of words, as far as Stable. "The Man, if able to work on the Farm, at the usual Farm Labourer's wages, or if capable of taking care of a Hackney Stable," might be the subject of a great variety of verbs, but his case above is that of an unconnected nominative. The Man might do something; what, we are not told; the statement of what he might do is omitted; but if capable of doing something else, also unmentioned, it appears that he might be so employed.

If we suppose that the wife is wanted as the mistress of a school, and the man to work on the farm, or to take care of a hackney stable, a question still remains to be decided. What is the connection between the school on the one hand, and the farm and stable on the other, rendering it desirable that the parties wanted in reference to them should be conjugally related to each other?

We should think it would pay country papers to employ somebody to edit their advertising columns.

LONDON BELLS.

Those London Bells, those London Bells,  
How plain a tale that nuisance tells  
Of fees and beer, that buy the time  
Of those who raise that senseless chime.

Those foolish times are pass'd away,  
When people liked the helphy's ray,  
With Lord Mayor's shows and Thames's smells,  
We class those pestering London Bells.

Were ringers' swipes and swindle gone,  
That vulgar noise would not go on,  
The fact from every steeple knells,  
That Pewter Pots are London Bells.

THE BEAUTY OF SILENCE.

WHY could not Red Republicanism, in his Jersey refuge, eat his Jersey pear under the shadow of the hospitable tree, and hold his tongue? And even allowing that ROUGE were desirous of exercising his throat with a few maledictions more or less upon the EMPEROR LOUIS-NAPOLÉON—who it must still be allowed, did not swim through rose-water to a throne—why should the varlet have the ill-manners, the ingratitude, and the cowardice to cast slanderous words at the QUEEN? Why not, we ask, still munch his pear, and hold his tongue? Could he not be as wise as a goose—the geese duly celebrated by PLUTARCH?

For it is chronicled of certain geese, desirous of flying over Mount Athos, that with a modest diffidence in their own constancy—a modestly very commendable in geese in general, and very worthy of imitation by men at large—they invariably, before they took flight, took each a stone in the mouth, that, as they flew, they might not gaggle, and so give warning to the eagles in the neighbourhood.

Now if Red Republicanism will take towering heights, we earnestly recommend it, for its own safety, as it flies over Windsor Castle, to keep a stone in its mouth.

NOTICE.

IF the Gentleman who (by mistake) took an umbrella from the stand in the Old Foggy Club on Wednesday evening last will APPLY at the Porter's Lodge, Albany, he will find the gatekeeper has orders to give him the case, which is now of no use to the owner.



*Head Nurse (with much dignity).* "MISS MARY! YOU SHALL NOT STIR YOUR TEA WITH THE SNUFFERS!—IT IS NOT LADY-LIKE, AND I AM QUITE SURE YOUR PAPA WOULD NOT APPROVE OF IT!" [MISS MARY *howls awfully, and smashes tea-cup.*]

## TELLING TRUTHS,

*Which much better had never been told at all.*

WOMEN are never satisfied. If a man is jealous, they cry out against his tyranny; if he is not jealous, they complain of his indifference.

A man ceases to be "a good fellow," the moment he refuses to do precisely what other people wish him to do.

Tell a woman that she is a flirt, and she will laugh; that she is ugly, and she will get angry; but just hint that she is growing old, and she will never forgive you.

Self-Love is Love with two bandages over its eyes instead of one.

A man marries generally to leave society—a woman to enter it.

Those who live only for appearances generally end in making one in the Insolvent Court.

Many a man talks with loud complacency about the charm of his fireside, and yet, let temptation give but the smallest tap at the door, and he evinces the most wonderful alacrity in leaving it.

Satire is a dangerous acid, which none but the most skilful should presume to manipulate. Many a clumsy hand at it has been blown to pieces by the explosion of his own retort.

## Rather Late in the Day.

THE LORD MAYOR and the principal Members of the Corporation of London went on Wednesday last week in State to Windsor, to present the QUEEN with a congratulatory address upon the fall of Sebastopol.

Considering the length of time which has elapsed since the event took place, some surprise has been expressed that the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen did not accompany their address of congratulation on the capture of Sebastopol by one of condolence with HER MAJESTY on the lamented demise of her Royal predecessor, ANNE.

## HOYLE AT FAULT.

THERE is this fault in most games, that the King conquers the Knave; whereas at Court it is the Knave, if he plays his cards at all well, that generally beats the King.

## NEWSPAPER NOODLEISM.

THE London correspondents of the Liverpool papers seem to be lamentably hard up for matter, or they would certainly abstain from the violations of good taste and common sense, which their communications occasionally exhibit. London correspondents are not usually remarkable for delicacy; but if one of them happens to be admitted to a private party of gentlemen, he must be fearfully "put to it," indeed, for the means of supplying his weekly amount of copy, if he avails himself of what he picks up over the dinner-table, and converts the little confidences of social life into newspaper material. Sometimes, when the whole field of realities, private and personal, as well as public and political, has been exhausted, the London correspondent resorts to his imagination to make the food he lives upon. A curious example of this sort of thing has just been set by a correspondent of a Liverpool journal, who has taken the forthcoming volumes of MACAULAY'S *History of England* as a theme for some rather rampant absurdities. He has first made a guess at the number of copies ordered, and, having got hold of these, he goes through a series of ridiculous feats of arithmetic and measurement, of which he gives the results for the entertainment of the enlightened people of Liverpool. He tells them that if the whole edition of MACAULAY'S *England* were to be piled up, one book on the top of the other, a height would be attained equal to that which GARNERIN reached in his balloon, and that if the volumes were placed in a line, they would extend from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith. Nobody—but the London correspondent of the Liverpool paper—could have entertained the absurd idea that MESSRS. LONGMAN would so trifle with an expensive work as to pile it up to the utmost possible height, or lay it in a long narrow row in the public thoroughfares.

The London correspondent might as well have continued his ridiculous speculations by suggesting the quantity of butter each volume would enclose, if torn up for the use of a London buttermilk, or how many trunks the whole edition would furnish with lining. The same ingenious calculator might also apply his powers to other subjects, and give an elaborate table of the number of brandy-balls at

four a penny the LORD CHANCELLOR could purchase with his quarter's salary, or the number of times that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could visit the pit of the Victoria Theatre with the produce of the Income Tax.

## "MY LADY THE HOUSEMAID."

MANY people are slaves to their servants, but we never recollect the position of mistress to have been so coolly claimed by a domestic as it is in the following advertisement, copied the other day from the *Times* of the 22nd:—

**WANTED, BY A LADY A RE-ENGAGEMENT AS HOUSEMAID** in a gentleman's family, in a house of business, or the entire management of a widower's house. She is fully capable of fulfilling all the various branches of a house-keeper's duties, with a thorough knowledge of cooking. The highest references given. Address —.

It has long been the practice of a certain class of housemaids to assume the dress and even the address of a lady, for who has not been disgusted by the arrival of letters at his residence, directed to Miss So-and-So, who is called by the knock of the postman from the making of the beds, or other household duties. We certainly admire the cool impudence with which the person in want of a housemaid's place, adopts the position of "a Lady in want of a re-engagement." We shall not be surprised at a stipulation on the part of one of these "lady housemaids" for the privilege of practising on the piano an hour in the day, with the allowance of an hour in the evening, to be devoted to drawing or other accomplishment. Dancing, of course, they manage to enjoy at the public-houses in the neighbourhood, and social intercourse is easily attainable on Sundays, when the praiseworthy desire to go to church affords an opportunity for a *soirée* at a beer-shop, or some other equally improving rendezvous.

A CABINET QUESTION (*in Berlin*).—"I say, how many bottles did his Majesty drink last night?"





AN OPINION BACKED BY SOMETHING LIKE AN  
AUTHORITY.

"The 'Times' is quite right in saying they should send Men out,  
and not Boys."

"HOW VERY LIKE SPOONBILL!"

THERE is not a more foolish fallacy than that which avers that nature in her boundless variety has made no two objects precisely alike. The truth is, we are too apt to be too complimentary to nature. Nature is all very well in her way; but nature, being feminine, is too frequently flattered by our ignorance and simplicity. We very much doubt if, after all, nature is not sometimes a very much overrated female. We propose to make a short narrative in explosion of the fallacy aforesaid. We feel, too, that we shall have the sympathy, the consent of our reader going along with us.

MR. SPOONBILL is a distinguished parishioner of Marylebone. He is in fact a model parishioner. He has upheld all the respectabilities of life,—a moral Atlas. Propriety is his atmosphere. Even as it is said the white-coated ermine, when one spot of dirt has tainted its snowiness, stops, turns upon its back, and there and then dies—so we believe would SPOONBILL cease and determine, as the lawyers say, if brought into rude and sudden contact with the least possible indecorum.

MR. SPOONBILL is rather a peculiar-looking person: in fact, he has been called a very odd-looking man; a man not to be easily mistaken. When nature thought of the *ens*, the mind of SPOONBILL, she thought of an earthen vessel of harmonising character wherein to enshrine it. The mind of SOCRATES in the head of SOCRATES was, we know, likened to the precious drug or spice of the apothecary in the pot or jar decorated with the face of a faun or satyr. Well, it is very plain—as we shall prove—that nature, in the case of SPOONBILL, made two mugs so alike each other that nature only, it is our belief, could tell the SPOONBILL mug from the other vessel belonging to the other party.

Anybody, with less faith—faith, did we say?—creed, religion—in the respectability of SPOONBILL might have been deceived into scandal of that pure and very upright man. But no: we knew it could not be SPOONBILL; it was morally impossible; and yet—again and again—we could not suppress the exclamation—and yet "how very like SPOONBILL!"

SPOONBILL was distinguished for his affection for his country; his dogged love,—nay, his bull-dogged love for old England. He had never been to France; and never intended to go. Not he! Talk of the *belle alliance*, all such fine words wouldn't change one frog into a nightingale. He would live and die, and never stir a foot out of the blessed, tight little island. And yet, with this conviction of the sincerity of SPOONBILL, a few days ago in Paris, turning round the Rue de la Paix, we came plump upon a man—his hat was genuine Parisian certainly, and there was a day or two's tendency towards a moustache, but otherwise, coming plump upon that man—we had hardly breath enough left to say—"Gracious! How very like SPOONBILL!"

We went to the Exposition of the Beaux Arts: we could have been content to winter there. We were in the Belgian Court and—immediately opposite, with eyes nailed to a lognetic, opposite that most

beautiful *Leda* was our man of the day before—the man so very like SPOONBILL! Now, SPOONBILL, as a shareholder of the Crystal Palace had—it was his pride to dilate upon it—churned up a very stormy meeting, and had lost his resolution only by twenty, a resolution that went to put the *Venus de Medicis* into a shawl, and DEBAY'S *First Cradle*—(who can forget that divine young mother with her dove-like babes?)—into a dressing-gown. And here was that man—except with a sort of satyr-like leer—that man, before that *Leda*, so very like SPOONBILL!

In the evening, we went—and why not?—to the *Bal Mabilie*. Does not MRS. BEECHER STOWE say of this place, and there is not a *grisette* of Paris who will not agree with her, that it is "a scene where earthliness is worked up into a style of sublimation the most exquisite conceivable?" We repeat it, then: we went to the *Bal Mabilie*, and there—he—he who in the morning was fixed by *Leda*, was whirling away in the whirlpool of a waltz. (There are not less than four *w's* in that bit of fine description.) There he was, the moustache still looking up, spinning round and round, that man so very like SPOONBILL! Now SPOONBILL hated, loathed all public dancing.—Had he not, on his side-board, a salver, a testimonial subscribed to him by his neighbours for his successful opposition to a licensee for music and dancing for the Cat-in-Walnut-Shells? Nevertheless—though we thought of the salver, we could not help saying—"How very like SPOONBILL!"

Another night, and we paused and thought we would take a seat and take an ice outside the *Café Vachette*. We turned round and—there was the man so very like SPOONBILL! So like, and yet so different! The man was stirring hot brandy-and-water, and smoking a vile rank cigar. Now MR. SPOONBILL is a rigid teetotaler, and has been seen more than once to weep copious water-drops at the discourses of MR. GOUGH the water moralist. Nevertheless, as the man stirred and smoked—and that, too, on the public Boulevards, with all the varnished vice of Paris, all the hollowness of the brass, all the tinkling of the cymbals, passing and sounding before and round about him—nevertheless, we felt a sort of vague terror, as we cried in our inmost soul—"How very like SPOONBILL!"

The next day was Sunday. We went to Versailles. The fountains were to play. The *grandes eaux*! The crowd was great; the fountains magnificent. Great was the well-bred admiration of the French. At the climax, however, I heard an Englishman roar out—and the French laughed—"Bravo! Capital! *Ancore!*" It was that man again! Now the good, gentle, pious SPOONBILL himself had petitioned in favour of the Beer Bill, and had resolved to support LORD EBRINGTON again and again for Marylebone, if only for his lordship's support of that Bill. SPOONBILL was the darkest of British Sabbatarians; and yet here was a man on a French Sunday in a French show-palace, roaring and applauding; and that man—so very like SPOONBILL!

We returned to London with an uneasy sense of mystery. We could not help it; we inquired about SPOONBILL. Surely he had never left London? Left London! Impossible. MRS. SPOONBILL had been to Cornwall to see a well-to-do aunt, and how, under such circumstances, could SPOONBILL leave the house? Both could not be from home at the same time.

Unfortunately, however, SPOONBILL had had a fit of the gout, that had kept him in his bed; but he would not have MRS. SPOONBILL know it—no—for that would only shorten the dear soul's holiday with her aunt.

And yet with a startling fact or facts like these staring us in the face, it is to be expected of us that we are to continue to subscribe to the fallacy that nature, in her boundless variety, makes no two things alike. If such were the case, how could that dissolute—for we will call him dissolute—man in Paris be, we might almost say one and the same with the punctilious, temperate, pious man in London? How could such a roysterer be so very like the respectable SPOONBILL?

A JOKE IN SPITE OF HIS TEETH.

SOME people may imagine that the expression, "mad with the tooth-ache," is a mere phrase, but the following joke made by an individual when suffering under acute pain in one of his molars, affords proof of the existence of what may be called dental insanity. While rolling in agony from one side of his bed to the other, this unreasonable being asked himself in the middle of the night, "What property is a man likely to come into, if all his lower teeth should become affected?" The reply was as mad as the question, "About a dozen achers in the Rotten-Row." Surely this man's friends must either take out his teeth, or take out a commission of lunacy.

Cause and Effect.

THE American publishers lately held a festival in New York. BRYANT the poet was among the speakers. He said—"When I hear of a rich bookseller, I know there have been successful authors." Just so. Whenever *Punch* hears of a fat American fox, he knows there have been English geese with "plenty of meat upon 'em."

## WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN ?

"SIR,—I am no enemy to the Peerage, but rather a well-wisher. I wish every Duke was as valiant and courteous as the DUKE OF SOMERSET. I am glad there is only one LORD CLANRICARDE. I forgive LORD CARLISLE his diary, and am really glad to know what a first-class man of the old school can do with his pen, especially when he is well-conditioned. I do not mean to call the Balaklava charge the greatest piece of tomfoolery that military annals record, nor do I altogether adopt the French estimate of the two chief culprits who were implicated in it. They say, 'if such a thing had happened in our service, one of those officers would have been cashiered, and the other shot.' I cannot go that length: the utmost I can allow is that one, and certainly no matter which, might well have been cashiered, but I cannot for a moment believe that either was born to be shot.

"Thus much in palliation;—on the other hand, I admit frankly that so many noble lords going out at the beginning of the campaign, with such a flourish of trumpets, and almost to a man, except poor old LORD RAGLAN, that gallant gentleman, sneaking home again on one plea or another before winter set in, thus enjoying the advantages and reaping the honours of war themselves, but leaving its hardships and privations to be endured by 'common fellows,' bears a very awkward look about it indeed, and forcibly suggests the trite remark of 'the least said the soonest mended.'

"Having thus cleared the way, and proved myself, I hope, an impartial witness, neither a lord-lover nor a lord-hater, I approach with more self-possession the great question which heads this article, 'Who killed Cock Robin?' which every right-minded Englishman will instantly understand to mean, what is become of LORD J. RUSSELL? And, Sir, I ask boldly, what is become of him? Has he been quietly put out of the way? Has he been made safe? When and where was he last seen? Was there any peculiarity in his look or manner, anything unusual in his appearance? Was he well drest? Did he smile or say anything clever? In short, was there anything about him unlike himself? Europe must know these things; it won't wait for a committee, as Sebastopol did. But if this man has been really filched from us, and nothing is left of him but a blest shade, what must be the feelings of the wretched press that killed him? What! to be assailed with obloquy till his little heart broke, because he failed at Vienna! Why was he sent there? Can a man be made a first-rate diplomatist at half an hour's notice? It took more than half a century to make the great LORD WESTMORELAND what he is;—the fact is, this mission to Vienna was a delusion and a snare, and success impossible. They say, that his first landing in France was a perfect treat, although to an Englishman rather a humiliating one. We have all seen the same thing happen a hundred times,—a grand Johnny,—no matter whether a JOHNNY RUSSELL or a JOHNNY RAW, a mildred in short—arrives, and steps on to the quay: he is twiggid in a moment,—his air, his look, his gait, his suite, his importance, his ignorance of French, betray him in an instant. Mock civility, half-suppressed smiles, boys with their tongues in their cheeks nudging each other, saucy girls staring and laughing outright, pursue him at every step. Everybody knows and feels that a great goose is just lauded, to be plucked by the first comer, and it is difficult indeed to recognise in him the clever Ambassador who is to outwit all the practised diplomatists of the Continent, where the medium of communication is French. It is said of poor LORD JOHN, that, being aware of his deficiency in that language, he never ventured upon it but once, which was, I believe, in Paris, where, on leaving the room, he desired the waiter not to let the fire go out, saying, '*Garçon, ne laissez pas sortir le feu.*'

"Thence this ill-used man is packed off to Vienna, to be cast headlong into a circle of professional mystifiers, astute schemers, heroes, whiskered and decorated, self-important and self-possessed, conversant with all the arts of which he knows nothing, the manners, customs, plots,—in a word, dodges and languages of that phase of Continental life. What boots it to oppose to them an accurate knowledge of *Hansard*, quotations of parliamentary precedents, an intimate acquaintance with the SPEAKER or the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS. Of what value is the cock of St. Stephens, in such an assembly as that? Many of us have seen, no doubt, in our lives, a strange little dog introduced all of a sudden into a kennel of fox-hounds; it is a pitiable sight; the poor little animal is naturally frightened to death, and does not know how to humble itself, and to submit and to cinge enough; it twists itself into shapes, bends and wriggles about, and hides away its little tail; presently it rolls on its side, then on its back, holding up its poor little paws, begging pardon, and ready to die; they meanwhile stalk fiercely round with bristles erect and half-suppressed growls at their small and abject foe.

"Such was our luckless Ambassador at Vienna. Fancy him in the council-chamber, attacked at once by all the grandees of many empires. First, there advances against him the fierce Prussian COUNT AILPUFF VON BIERUNBACKIE, then comes up the portly Austrian BARON WOTTAHUSUN, followed by the celebrated Russian PRINCE TWITCHIZ-OWNWHISKEROFF.

"It is needless to pursue this mournful subject any farther. At such

a moment as that, our clever Envoy—who was to overreach all these statesmen, and conclude for his country an advantageous and honourable peace, and security for Europe—probably did not recollect whether Vienna itself was in Austria or in China, and was most likely puzzled between trying to decline *avoir* and calculating how soon he would be in bed.

"In conclusion, Sir, let me sum up this stunning question with true parliamentary precision, thus:—Our great statesman is at the present moment either alive or dead. If alive, where is he? If dead, who killed him? An indignant country pauses for the reply, and convulsively repeats, Cock Robin, in accordance with your obedient servant,

"COCK WREN."

## KING CLICQUOT'S HORSE.



HERE shall be no blame to *Punch*, if the KING OF PRUSSIA'S horse be not duly chronicled, in order that some future historian of our times may give it its rightful place. Bucephalus has a reputation, — and why not KING FREDERICK WILLIAM'S one-legged charger? We say one-legged, as it appears that the other three are merely auxiliary to the potent one. The horse that carries Prussia's king is, in fact, *uno-ped*. The

chronicler thus speaks of the horse and his rider:—

"The King can only ride his own horse, trained and schooled to canter always with the same leg, and to keep that pace, and that leg even when turning round corners, &c. The animal is left to its own conception of what is becoming in Royal equestrian etiquette, for the King sets in motion neither thigh nor heel nor whip to convey to it any expression of his own wishes in this respect."

Style is the man, says BUFFON. Sure we are that the natural philosopher might have added—the horse is the man: for how admirably does the KING'S horse develop the KING'S policy! He can only go his own way upon one leg, and with one leg turn round all political corners. How different was WELLINGTON'S horse Copenhagen! For is it not upon record, after Waterloo, when the fight was done, that that immortal chestnut as his master descended from him, gave a whimmy, a caper, and a caricole, as much as to say—"get up again once more, if you like; I can go through as much again." But where should we have been if Copenhagen had had the merit of only one leg?

There can be no doubt that KING WILLIAM'S horse, like the horses of RINALDO and all the other knights of fable, has some deep intelligence with his mystic master. Sufficiently animated by the mind of the KING the animal acts wholly as befits his Majesty. PHILIP DE COMINES relates how his horse, after a certain battle, plunged his head into a pail-full of red wine, and drank it up. And we know, on the credit of ROBERT BROWNING, how the good horse Roland won and enjoyed his draught:—

"And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I pour'd down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgeses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent."

The KING OF PRUSSIA'S horse is similarly addicted to wine. When turned out to grass, he is always caught, not in the ordinary way with a sieve of oats, but with successive poppings of champagne corks. In fact, although the horse has only one leg to canter, or rather decanter upon,—it is hitherto unknown what amount of champagne he can carry, especially when KING FREDERICK WILLIAM is upon his back.

## A Parliamentary Pudding.

THE Press irreverently calls Mr. HENRY DRUMMOND "the Jack-Pudding of Parliament." MR. DRUMMOND may still have some pudding left in him, but what, oh, what, have become of all the plums?"

POETRY OF THE RAILWAY MARKET.—The quotations made on the Railway Market during the past week have principally consisted of familiar lines.



**MOST DISTRESSING.**

POOR STUBBS!—JUST AS HE MEETS THOSE NICE GIRLS HE ADMIR'D SO AT M'S PARTY, AN ENORMOUS BLACK BETTLES ON HIS NOSE. HE LOSES ALL PRESENCE OF MIND.

**A TOUCHING SCENE AT THE OLD BAILEY.**

IN the case of the fraudulent Bankers, PAUL, STRAHAN, AND BATES, we should be rejoiced to say that the Prosecutor and the Judge had "done their duty like men," if unfortunately they had not laid themselves open to the charge of having done their duty like women. BARON ALDERSON was "deeply affected" while passing sentence, and DR. GRIFFITH, the prosecutor, "shed tears" on the occasion. We really cannot see the necessity for all this sentimental snivelling over one of the clearest matters of duty that any persons could have to perform; and we say, without hesitation, that there is a great deal more to cry about, more matter for sympathy and commiseration in nine cases out of ten, at the Old Bailey, than in the case of these dishonest Bankers.

We seldom or never hear of either prosecutors or judges crying over the trial and sentencing of the friendless and uneducated criminal, nor can we excuse the weakness that weeps over the richly-merited punishment of three of the most offensive culprits that ever added to the enormity of crime by the basest hypocrisy. Delinquency is always a fit subject for pity, but we scarcely remember a case in which the guilty deserved less commiseration than did MESSRS. STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES, who were beset by none of the temptations of want, and had none of the excuses usually claimed for ignorance. The punishment of such persons is a subject of general congratulation to all who are interested in the purity and impartiality of justice; and so far from there being any legitimate cause for the shedding of tears on the Bench, we are satisfied that the Crier of the Court might have been very properly left to do all the crying that was suitable to the occasion.

**Diplomatic.**

THE EMPEROR SOULOUQUE has just instituted a new Order, the *Order of Uncle Tom*. His negro ambassador, black as the night, BARON DAMIER, has arrived at St. James's, and the American Ambassador has not yet given notice to quit. It is said that the EARL OF WESTMORELAND happily relieved from his duties at Vienna, will represent England at the Court of Haiti. He may be hourly expected in London *en route*; for his fiddle-case arrived yesterday.

**CHASTISEMENT FOR CROWNED CRIMINALS.**



THE EARL OF ELLESMERE, in a lecture on the War, delivered the other night at Worsley, near Manchester, estimated the total Russian loss, since the commencement of hostilities, at not less than 300,000 men at the least. Suppose we divide these victims between the late and the present MOLOCH, between NICHOLAS and ALEXANDER, this computation gives 150,000 victims a-piece to each of the MOLOCHS.

Now that symbol of Russian dominion and instrument of Russian rule, the knout, is, as administered by CZARS, an invention of the same kind and quality as the wheel, the stake, and the impaling

iron. Nothing so diabolical exists anywhere out of Russia in the present world, except in the Southern States of civilised America. Yet for a murder, for one human life deliberately sacrificed to pride and ambition, it would hardly be too severe a sentence to award one cut of the knout. Three or four strokes delivered by a practised hand—by that of an accomplished Muscovite artist—are sufficient to supersede the final operation of JACK KERCH. Even of such stripes one would scarcely be one too many for the wilful, determined, cruel author of a single murder. Few people will consider that one stripe of that sort per murder would be an excessive measure of punishment.

After a torture of as many as three hundred lashes, inflicted at the ordinary rate, recovery sometimes happens. One of these lashes would probably be borne with some fortitude by an average rascal, and even be preferred by him to a common whipping. Now, suppose there were European sessions or assizes, with European judges to preside at them, and European juries to sit, and try, convict, and sentence European criminals; suppose NICHOLAS to have been arraigned before such a tribunal, and to have been condemned to one knout-stroke of customary smartness on account of each of the 150,000 murders for which he ought to have suffered. The death of the culprit under the knout does not arrest the hand of the executioner; the sentence is carried out on the corpse. Into how many shreds would the anointed body of NICHOLAS have been flogged?

Had such an example been made of NICHOLAS, would the successor to his seven-league-boots of ambition have dared to walk in them, and be, at this moment, meritorious of the whipping which, if everybody had their deserts, his father, at any rate, would certainly not have escaped?

Of course, we are aware what stuff and nonsense it is to say that aggressive war for territorial aggrandisement is equivalent to murder, with a view to robbery; because we know that there is all the difference between them that exists between a wholesale and a retail transaction. Moreover, the former is sanctified by religious invocations, and attended with a tremendous deal of pomp and circumstance; whilst the latter is committed either with oaths and curses, or in silence and in the dark. Still, there will be no end of war, and consequent taxation, in this world, till it becomes fashionable to hoot and hiss national aggressors, however extensive, as assassins and thieves; to raise a hue and cry after them living; and to name them with execration when dead. What is the use, JONES, of such execration, hooting, and hissing, considered as the *solo* of you, JONES? Hiss, hoot, and execrate away, friend JONES, with all your might, heedless of wet blankets—your *solo* in good time will become a chorus.

**WANTED A MUZZLE** for an Irish Wolf-hound, suspected from some hideous noises that have lately escaped the animal, to be in the first stage of hydrophobia.—Apply to DR. CABILL.

## THE BLACK MARSEILLAISE.



At the urgent solicitation of the citizens of New York, MADemoiselle RACHEL consented to sing the *Marseillaise* at the Metropolitan Theatre. Her delivery of the spirit-stirring composition elicited, on every occasion the tumultuous applause of an overflowing audience. But, we understand, this was nothing to the frantic enthusiasm into which she lashed her republican admirers by volunteering to sing another version of it—the hymn of Liberty rendered into the negro dialect—in character. With her face and arms blacked, she unexpectedly rushed upon the stage, brandishing the tricolor, and shrieked out, amid a storm of impassioned thunder, the following verses:—

Jim 'long black chillern' ob de nation,  
De day ob glory we behold,  
De flag agin our 'mancipation  
De stars and stripes um hab unroll'd.  
Hark don't you hear de sogers drummin' ?  
Dem wicked debbles, how dey swear !  
Our babies from our breasts to tear,  
De sabage bloodhounds is a comin'.  
To arms, my nigger men,  
Formee de battle band :  
March on, march on, wid deir vile gore,  
Dat you may drench de land !

What want dem fellahs, dem dare oders,  
Agin dese niggers leagued in vain ?  
To rivet upon men and broders  
De handcuffs and de slabe's ole chain ?  
Niggers, ah, how dis would disgrace us !  
Our fury how him ought to flare,  
'Tis us to threaten dat dey dare,  
In our ole slavery to replace us !  
To arms, &c.

O sacred lnb ob blessed freedom,  
De niggers arm sustain and guide !  
O Liberty, direct um, lead um,  
Fight by thy champion nigger's aide !  
Range us beneath dis flag victorious,  
To fight and conquer on de field,  
Until de Tyrant forced to yield,  
And own de nigger triumph glorious.  
To arms, &c.

Let niggars ebbermore make freedom,  
And human broderhood, deir aims :  
De lamps within um, let um feed um  
For ebberlastin', wid dem flames.  
Impossible him an no word in  
De nigger's book—s'pose we unite—  
Our enemies de dust will bite ;  
Den niggars sing no more de burden.  
To arms, &c.

It is unnecessary to add, that the House rose at RACHEL before the end of the song.

## A DRAMATIC WORD FOR MRS. BROWNRIGG.

WHAT are our dramatists about ? We have magnificent revivals, but wherefore have we not fine originals ? We know that stage genius will create a soul under the ribs of a state chair, and breathe a grand spirit of inspiration throughout the universality of upholstery : we know that so many gilt nails studding a footstool will flash with more than the brilliancy of mere poetic metaphor : we know further that there is a learned and withal a very reverent appreciation of these things that cannot, and indeed ought not to be otherwise, than sustaining and sweetly rewardful of the enterprising mind that exhausts all old forms of furniture, and then imagines new. These things are called solemnities. The drama may be dead ; but then, is not its very funeral a solemnity ? The tragic mute who stands at the door of defunct MELPOMENE,—is not that mute a solemnity ? Unquestionably. However, to leave this part of the question, the velvet and rosewood auxiliaries of the revived drama, let us give a minute to the consideration of the original drama, as its elements lie around us.

Newgate is shamefully neglected. That is a quarry that remains inexhaustible. The statue of MEMNON became vocal to the kindling touch of APOLLO ; there is not a stone of Newgate that, under the inspiring exhortation of the poetic lyre, would not give utterance to a powerful drama ; a drama as neatly, as strongly, and withal as coherently constructed as JACK SHEPPARD'S chains, to be still shown to the curious in Newgate lobby.

It has long been our fixed opinion, that MRS. BROWNRIGG has been a very ill-used and most neglected gentlewoman. Why should she not make at once the brain and the heart of a four-act drama ? Very beautiful effects of chiar'oscuro might be produced in the coal-hole ; whilst MRS. B. might whip the apprentices out of life to a death-chaunt that would alike vindicate the versatility of the strong-minded actress, and vary the deep emotional effect upon the spell-bound hearers. There is great moral teaching latent in the story of MRS. BROWNRIGG : whilst all her domestic history is full of a grand, grim power of intellect that is especially available to the strong-minded actress ; to that rapid, instant, vehement energy that tells like a crowbar on the understanding of a most thinking audience. With, we hope, a full sense of the peculiar merits, the pathetic household interest, of *The Beginning and the End*, inflicted at the Haymarket,—we nevertheless incline to believe that the story of MRS. BROWNRIGG contains still stronger elements of the dramatic in all combinations of forgery, suicide, and murder. We understood from a distinguished translator that MR. CRAFT, of the Old Bailey, was in the gallery, and marked his strong sense of the moral fitness of the drama, with the most powerful language. He airily observed that *The Beginning and the End* was very like a halter, bearing nothing but a dead weight.

In conclusion, we must again recommend MRS. BROWNRIGG to the dramatic genius of the country. The homeliness of the subject in no way precludes the adjunct of the picturesque. What, for instance—supported and buttressed by antiquarian authorities—could be finer than *A Moving Panorama from the Old Bailey to Tyburn, with a Vision of Mercy to the inexorable George the Third at St. James's Palace* ?

In addition to this, MRS. BROWNRIGG'S victim apprentices, in white satin, might ascend on a milk-white cloud raised from this world to the next by invisible wires. In conclusion, we hopefully ask, will the honoured, the venerable bard of *Nitocris* try his master hand upon the neglected MRS. BROWNRIGG ? If not he, will the original English writer of the German *Ingomar* essay the task ? After *The Beginning and the End*, we are surely taught to be satisfied with something very middling. *The Beginning and the End*, it seems, is taken bodily from HORACE SMITH'S tan-pit novel *Jane Lomax* ! It was announced, of course, as "original ;" but this no doubt was done on philosophic principles. "The mixture of a lie doth ever please," says BACON.

## Hyde Park Parliament.

WE hear that the Government is about to take decisive and strong measures to stop the Sabbath gatherings in Hyde Park. If they are attempted to be continued, the Government—it is said—have come to the determination to throw open on Sundays the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Crystal Palace. This resolution is the best evidence of a really strong Cabinet.

HE SMASHED VIOLIN.

"LORD WESTMORELAND IS succeeded at VIENNA by SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, late our ambassador at St. Petersburg."—*Times*.

AIR—"There was a little Man, and his name was Uncle Ned."

THERE was a noble-man, and his lordly name was read  
As Burghersh in years long ago,  
He hadn't much brains in the top of his head,  
But his fiddle would have pleased DUCROW.

Hang up his fiddle and his bow,  
He never was a match, you know,  
For BUOL who's alive, for TALEYRAND who's dead,  
Far less for the great POZZO—o—o,  
Far less for the great POZZO.

For of Old JOHN BULL far less he thought  
Than he thought of OLE BULL,  
And a *cordon bleu* went with him for nought,  
Compared to the strings he'd pull.

Hang up his fiddle and his bow.  
He a match for the Germans?—  
No!

Send SEYMOUR out, who will not be caught,  
For he'll see-more than they show,  
show, show,  
For he'll see-more than they show.



SIR PETER LAURIE'S MISSION.

NEXT to a "man with a grievance," a "man with a mission" is one of the most serious nuisances that afflict society. A man with a grievance has the best possible intentions towards himself, and a man with a mission may have the best intentions towards his fellow-creatures, but the latter individual may become almost as great a bore as the former. The mission of SIR PETER LAURIE is to put down swindling, to tear the mask from the face of commercial false pretence, and to administer such rubs as will effectually rub the gilt off all commercial gingerbread. The vocation is not an unworthy one, but it sometimes leads to irregularities and absurdities, when the judicial Bench is converted into a place for making all sorts of inquiries, which, as far as the administration of justice is concerned, may be classed under the head of impertinent curiosity.

An instance of this sort of thing occurred the other day at Guildhall, where SIR PETER having a person before him charged with forgery, expresses an opinion that the accused "is a respectable man," but remands him because, in SIR PETER'S own words, "I should like to know something about you and COLVILL." Now COLVILL is the prosecutor, and why a respectable person should be remanded in order to gratify the Magistrate's curiosity as to the person who makes a charge, is somewhat mysterious. The only light thrown upon the matter is to be found in the exclamation of SIR PETER: "I will remand you till Saturday, and will then attend here myself, for I should like to pursue this inquiry."

SIR PETER has evidently an inquiring mind, but it would be better to keep his general researches into private character distinct from his investigation of a public charge, unless the former have any real bearing on the latter. If one man accuses another, it is rather irregular to remand the latter for the purpose of learning "something about" the former, unless that "something" has reference to the matter immediately under investigation. The fact, however, is that SIR PETER feeling it to be his "mission" to expose fraud, is not very particular as to the regularity of the means of doing so. He is apt to forget that he is placed on the Bench to perform the duties of a magistrate, and not to act the part of a detective. In the case to which we are referring, he exclaimed, "It is astonishing the credulity of tradesmen. I have been sitting here for thirty years, and I can't put them on their guard." This remark proves beyond doubt the impression of SIR PETER LAURIE, that the City Justice Room is intended as much for the exposure of fraud as for the punishment of criminals. Some people may be of the same opinion as the worthy Alderman on the subject, but for our own parts we think that any irregularity in the administration of Justice is but poorly requited by any amount of exposure that may be accomplished under the pretext of conducting a judicial inquiry. For exposures of the kind, the press is a far more legitimate and more effective remedy than the Police Court.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

SOME foolish enthusiasts are publishing the works of the KING OF PRUSSIA. The first part consists of his Speeches and Toasts. Of the latter we are happy to be able to present our readers with a few choice specimens:—

Here is the man, far greater in his way than HARVEY, who first discovered the circulation of the Bottle!

The Soul of Drinking! May such a Soul never know the pang of a single heeltap!

May we ne'er want a friend in the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, nor a bottle of Porte to give him!

Here's to MINERVA, the Goddess of Wisdom, that issued out of JOVE'S head—the result of a splitting head!

There is nothing for opening a man's heart like the Key of the Cellar. May the Glass that we mirror our souls in overnight, bear without a blush the morning's reflection!

The Four P'int's! may they soon be changed into Four Quarts. Turkey! May Russia soon put it into the Pipe-of-Peace, and smoke it.

Here's to that precious old fool, TEMPUS—who fills his glass with sand instead of Clicquot Champagne!

A PRESENT FOR VICTOR HUGO.

THE rash, intemperate men, who identified themselves with the cowardly scandals of M. FELIX PYAT—the patriotic poodle who insulted the QUEEN—have been removed from Jersey. VICTOR HUGO has, however, budged no further from the coast of Brittany than Guernsey; resolved it is said, there to remain and to beard the English minister until he shall obtain from Parliament a more stringent Alien Act. We respect VICTOR HUGO for his genius and for the sincerity of his opinions; but he has fallen into questionable company, and *rouge* is apt to come off. We hear that several of his English admirers have resolved to present him with a testimonial in token of their sympathy. The gift is to be a statue of Liberty. Nothing could be more appropriate than a statue under the circumstances; for a statue teaches what may be the wisest of all human lessons,—namely, silence.

Neapolitan Magnanimity.

A SUBSCRIPTION, to raise a monument to MELLONI, a celebrated man of science, has just been prohibited in Naples. Of course. The Lion preys not on the dead: it is only the Hyana that outrages the grave.

EARLY CLOSING.—THE LADIES' LEAGUE.

WE learn that Committees of Ladies are about to be formed to carry out the principle of Early Closing; the ladies pledging themselves, and if necessary, all that is dear to them, to abstain from all evening shopping. We are delighted to hear this, as we are convinced that the news will be most welcome to thousands of affectionate husbands driven out to their clubs by the evening absence of the best and brightest ornament of the fireside—the wife. With evening shopping rigorously suppressed, the fond husband will be enabled to take the partner of his bosom to the opera, the theatre, the concert; places which, if he visits at all, he is now too frequently compelled to visit alone. The movement on the part of the ladies, if successful, will be a great boon to husbands. It is, besides, a promising beginning. Who knows? In time, if properly provoked, women may give up shopping altogether.

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

A PARAGRAPH in a recent number of our fashionable contemporary has the following remarkable heading:—

"SALE OF ROYAL BEASTS IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK."

There being no Royal Beasts in existence except Lions, and KING BOMBA, and perhaps another monarch, who is said occasionally to make a beast of himself, the above announcement is calculated to excite terror and alarm in the minds of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. It suggests the idea that there are live lions roaming about in Windsor Park; a frightful thing for Cockney excursionists, and, indeed, anybody also roaming there, to think of. However, it might also convey the notion that HENRY THE EIGHTH, and certain other of his predecessors and successors had been exhumed and disposed of—say, to the College of Surgeons; which would have constituted a sale of Royal Beasts, at least of their carcasses: but all apprehension will be allayed when the fact is known, that the Royal Beasts alluded to, were only seventy-three "superior horned Scotch oxen."



### RATHER A DROP.

*City Gent (who fancies himself a Judge of a Horse, and no end of a Swell).* "THAT'S A NICE LITTLE TIT, CABBY, AND BROUGHT US ALONG WELL!"

*Cabby.* "YESSIR! HE IS A NICE LITTLE 'OS, HE IS—BUT LOR BLESS YER! HIS 'ART'S TOO BIG FOR HIS BODY. HE'S TOO GOOD FOR MY WORK! NOW HE'D JEST SUIT SUCH A GENT AS YOU—TO DRIVE A LIGHT TEA-CART ABOUT TOWN FOR ORDERS ON A WEEK-DAY, AND TAKE THE MISSUS OUT FOR THE DAY O' SUNDAYS!"

### THE WANTS OF A GENTLEMAN.

THE author of the following advertisement has his wants, or rather, his deficiencies, though he seems to be sadly mistaken as to what he is really in need of; for instead of advertising for a Wife, he had much better apply for a Governess. His domestic condition may be bad enough, but his grammar is still worse; and he must be enjoying a double felicity, for in addition to his single blessedness, he must experience the bliss that is said to be united with ignorance.

**MATRIMONY.**—A GENTLEMAN by birth, in appearance, manners, and address, age 36, but of most lonely condition, not having scarcely a friend, with a view to marry, he would be happy, in secrecy and honour, to treat with any amiable single or widow lady, of independent position, not more than forty-five, fond of travelling; her means, with a part of mine, can be settled on herself. Any letter will be attended to in a few days, should I be favoured with any. Address, BARVILLE, Post Office, opposite Kingsland Gate, London.

We can scarcely wonder at the lonely condition of this "gentleman by birth, in appearance, manners, and address," for if he looks like a gentleman, he will naturally repel the advances of the ignorant; while on the other hand, the detection of his ignorance will exclude him from the society of gentlemen. The lady he requires must indeed be "very fond of travelling," if she can sympathise with an individual who travels from the third person to the first with the recklessness and rapidity shown by this "most lonely" man, who, whatever may be his antecedents, inflicts the most barbarous treatment on his relatives. Possibly he contemplates suicide, for we cannot otherwise explain the passage "any letter will be attended to in a few days, should I be favoured with any." If this does not mean that he will answer a letter in a few days, should any days remain to him, it means nothing. We recommend the wretched BARVILLE, of Kingsland Gate, to join an evening school for adults on the very earliest opportunity.

### DESTRUCTION OF WORKS OF ART.

A PARAGRAPH with the above title has been going the round of the papers, for the purpose of puffing the property of a parcel of tradesmen who are anxious to get a good price for a quantity of old prints, on the strength of their being the last of the stock, just as the orange-women in the streets tempt a purchaser by the offer of "the last penn'orth in the basket." The whole affair is a piece of Vandalism, without any excuse in these days; for though we are certainly a nation of shopkeepers, there are few of us who would think that the destruction of any Work of Art or genius is to be excused for the sake of adding to the gains of a few shopkeepers. Perhaps, however, there is no real sacrifice in the matter after all, for the plates, about the destruction of which so much fuss has been made, are understood to have been pretty well worn out, and consequently, of no further use to the Proprietors. This is a far more sensible view to take of the matter than to pretend that the articles were still of any material worth, and indeed who would believe that the parties concerned would have made any sacrifice at all, if another penny was to be turned in a commercial enterprise? The principle on which it was pretended that the Engravings have been destroyed is too ridiculous to be entertained for a single moment, and indeed, it would be equally absurd to knock LORD MAYOR MOON on the head at the close of his Cockney-regal career, to prevent the possibility of there being another like him.

### Shakspearian Lectures.

MR. GOUGH, who has been shamefully mulcted of his quota of income tax, is about to give a lecture at Exeter Hall to re-imburse himself: the lecture will be on the following passage from SHAKSPEARE—"Now there be land rats, and water rats."



## THE BILLETTING SYSTEM.

Unjust to the Publican and Corrupting to the Soldier.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.



## THE RHAPSODIES OF THE ROSTRUM.



HERE has been a struggle among a few advertising auctioneers for the mantle of the late GEORGE ROBINS, which not having fallen on any particular pair of shoulders, seems likely to be torn to tatters in the tugging and pulling that it has experienced from the rather inferior hands that have had a snatch at it. Once we thought a certain MR. ALFRED COX had got the garment about him in an awkward way, but he had not strutted about very far, when we find it torn from him and employed as a wrapper by one MR. HAMMOND. This latter gentleman has evidently found neither a grammar nor a spelling-book in the pockets of the mantle, or, if he has, he declines to make use of them; and, indeed, he has got the article so strangely twisted about him,

that it trips him up every now and then, as will be seen from the following advertisement:—

**TUMP HOUSE, MONMOUTH**, beautifully situated on an eminence declivity precipitately to the banks of the river Moonow, picturesque studded with foliaged underwood; lies adjacent to the town about two miles, and is approached from the rustic village of Rockfield by a private bridge across the streamlet scene, entering by a lodge of characteristic design, along a park-like drive to the substantially erected domain, built with every carefulness to preserve the neatness of its more imposing architectural style, altogether surrounded by those more delightful instances of our richer tastes, with a varied and undulating landscape, embracing a mountainous and valley view, of a truly rural cast. To those lovers of nature and of sport in its many forms, here is offered to them the full indulgence of their pleasurable desires in an available manner, delightfully changed by the well-selected assortment of so vast a fund of cheerful recourse. A right would be granted to shoot over 1200 acres of farm lands adjoined, with liberty to the preserves of the abundantly stocked rivulets and streams. In the season, a pack of most favoured fox hounds meet regularly in the adjoining covers. The residence, in every way, is in neat and decorative repair, is in readiness for the immediate reception of a family of distinction, together with about 27 acres of parklike grounds, consisting of meadow and orchard land, well stocked with valuable fruits, with an extremely productive kitchen garden, and an ornamental and tastefully laid out lawn. Coach house, and stabling for six horses and farm buildings. To be let for a term of years. Rent £140.

To the inquiring mind the above picturesque piece of writing will suggest a variety of questions, to which no one less audacious than Echo would attempt to give an answer. We will, however, set forth the queries, for the amusement of those who, in the approaching season of *Nuts to Crack* and other popular puzzles, may wish to exercise their ingenuity. In the first place; Is it the "rustic village," or the "private bridge," or the "streamlet scene" that "enters by a lodge of characteristic design?" and, secondly, though it is often said that one street runs out of another, How is the mystery of a "rustic village," or a private bridge," or a "streamlet scene," "entering by a lodge," to be accounted for?

Passing over the more poetical portion of the announcement, we would inquire, as a matter of business, and in the most prosaic manner, What can be the use of the right of "sport in its many forms," if there is to be "liberty to the preserves of the abundantly stocked rivulets and streams?" for, if the fish are to have their liberty secured, the labours of the sportsman would be superfluous. We don't quite understand the allusion to "a pack of the most favoured fox hounds;" and cannot say whether they are lightly worked, or are well "favoured" in the ordinary sense, and are a good-looking pack of animals. The capacity of the residence must, indeed, be enormous; for we are told it is ready "for the immediate reception of a family of distinction, together with about twenty-seven acres of park-like grounds." So that, while the lodge allows an entrance through it for a "rustic village," a "private bridge," or a "streamlet scene," no less than twenty-seven acres of land can be accommodated inside the residence. The coach-house and stabling are equally capacious, being adapted "for six horses and farm-buildings;" an arrangement, which must have its inconveniences as well as its advantages. The proprietor of Tump House may, according to the above advertisement, be prepared to find a "private bridge," or even a "rustic village," in his lodge; "an extremely productive kitchen-garden" in his dining-room; and, finally, a barn, or granary, or any other species of "farm building" in his coach-house and stable. It is clear that there will be a good deal to do in the way of turning the house, or rather the grounds, out of window, before comfortable possession can be taken of the premises.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE NEW COALITION.—Three Heads are better than one.

## MUSCOVITE WIT.

THE Russian Papers are filled with the most ridiculous stories against the English. As some of these are weak and clumsy and not so violently absurd as they might be, we make the Muscovite journals a present of the following extravagant fictions, which, of course, they will solemnly present to their readers as positive facts:

**EGREGIOUS EXTRAVAGANCE IN ENGLAND.**—The inhabitants of London not only wear hats to protect their heads, but umbrellas also to protect their hats. The wonder is, they do not wear something over the umbrellas to protect the umbrellas also? However, the crowning folly is, that the umbrella, which gets all the rain, frequently costs twice the value of the hat that it protects from it!

**THE DEPTH OF AN ENGLISHMAN'S FOLLY.**—A Cossack had fallen into one of the wells that abound in the neighbourhood of Sadlers' Wells. "Oh, help me! help me!" he cried piteously, "I will give two roubles to any one who helps me out of this dilemma." "But how is it to be done?" inquired a fat idiot of an Englishman from the top. "Why, put yourself in the bucket that is up there, and when you are down here we will talk about it." The Englishman did as he was bid, and his superior weight in descending had the effect of pulling up the Cossack, who was in the opposite bucket. "Thank you, my good friend, a thousand times," he exclaimed, when he had safely reached the surface, "wait there, please, until I come back, and pay you the two roubles," and he went away grinning hugely in his sleeve.

**HOW AN ENGLISHMAN WAS DONE BY A COSSACK.**—An Englishman and a Cossack agreed to pull for a tallow-candle. It was to be held between their teeth, and they were to pull and pull until one side was the conqueror. The candle was firmly fixed, when the Cossack said, "Are you ready?" The stupid Englishman exclaimed, "Ye-e-e-s;" but no sooner was his mouth opened than the crafty Cossack pulled away the candle, so that he had the whole of the luscious morsel to himself.

**THE SUMMIT OF BRITISH FOLLY.**—Will it be believed that the English place long spikes of iron, longer than any Cossack's lance, on their steeples, and the tops of their public edifices—and the object of this absurd precaution, it is said, is to prevent any one falling upon the buildings and damaging them?

**BRITISH ABSURDITY.**—The English noblemen put furs and bearskins round the hammercloths of their carriages. Now, as the coachman sits outside and not inside the hammercloth, this cannot be to protect him from the cold—and we should like to know what can be the benefit of keeping the hammercloth warm? They might as well put muffins on the coach-springs, or wrap boss round the spokes of the wheels? But it is just like those stupid English!

**INCREDIBLE IGNORANCE IN THE BRITISH NAVY!**—One of the Lords of the Admiralty (and they are men generally selected for their superior wisdom), finding that his watercock annoyed him terribly with its creaking noise during the night, gave directions that it should be nailed fast so that it could not move, but that a man should come every Monday and set it right for the ensuing week!

**THE ROYAL INTELLECT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM!**—We have all heard of the PRINCE OF WALES, who cried, ready to break his heart, because on breaking open his drum he could not find the noise he expected to find inside, but this is as nothing compared to the PRINCE OF PADMINGTON (the QUEEN'S second son), who bought a magpie purposely to test the experiment, whether such birds were in the habit of living seven hundred years! Such is the state of education of the barbarian country that dares to go to war with civilised Russia!

## THE NEWGATE BANKERS.

SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, whilst he always had his religion in his mouth, rarely failed to have his hands in other men's pockets. Whilst at liberty, SIR JOHN'S religion was, of course, a counterfeit and a sham. Let us hope that penitence and solitude may turn it into a true thing. There is no such touchstone as stone-walls.

Even now, so greatly are certain City folks startled by what they call the severity of the sentence, they cannot bring themselves to believe that its full chastisement will be inflicted. There is a sort of City mind that cannot realise to itself a live Baronet in convict grey, whatever may be the enormities by which he has fully earned the livery. Thus, we understand, there are bets offered in the City that, under the benign system of ticket-of-leave, SIR JOHN PAUL will be set free in a year or two. Who knows?—we may yet see the ticket-of-leave SIR JOHN an evangelical ticket-porter.

## A DARK VIEW IN THE CRIMEA.

AMONG the intelligence lately received from Jamaica, we find that—

"According to QUASHIE, Sebastopol appears to be an uncommon strong man, who for the last year has been committing the most daring acts against the laws of *meum and tuum*, and bothering France, England, Turkey, and Sardinia to grab him."

QUASHIE, with a commixture of ideas not extraordinary for a black-amoor, merely confounds the place with the late proprietor: the den of robbers with the head of the gang. Indeed, Sebastopol might be considered as a metaphor for Czar, just as the name of a place not to be mentioned to ears polite is sometimes used in the complex as synonymous with its sovereign.

## One Swallow Don't Make a Paragraph.

A DISCUSSION has run round the country papers as to the truth of a narration to the effect that a fish, recently captured, was found to have swallowed a kitten. *Mr. Punch* knows a much more wonderful case. Not only did a kitten in his possession recently swallow a fish destined for that great man's breakfast, but his domestic (cousin to a policeman) found means to make him swallow the story.



### PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"For Romans now,  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors."

*Julius Cæsar, Act i., Scene 3.*

### A SONG OF AUTUMN.

*By a Tax-Gatherer.*

AUTUMN returns, and once again  
The barns are fill'd with golden grain,  
The wheat and barley heap'd in stacks:  
And I get in the Michaelmas Tax.

See, slowly ranging through the stubble,  
The sport-man aims his deadly double:  
But though with every shot he kill,  
'Tis mine a richer bag to fill.

Th' autumnal suns, in field and town,  
The face of Nature now do brown:  
But browner we defaulters do  
Who legal measures force us to.

Inducive now of copious Bass  
Is cook'd the goose of Michaelmas;  
And when the tax'd don't come to book,  
In other sense their goose we cook.

Sweet are the stores now under hive,  
The keepers of their bees deprive:  
Yet sweeter stores there are for me,  
To gather under Schedule D.

The book of Nature now the sport  
Of Autumn winds, in leaves gets short:  
And wise is he in my belief  
Who out of my book takes a leaf.

### Russian Recruits.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA calls for a levy of ten recruits out of every thousand of his male subjects. Our House of Commons numbers six hundred and fifty-eight. There are, we think, even more than one in the hundred,—that is six and a half partisans of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who—if they will not carry his arms—at least wear this uniform. Won't they respond to the call of ALEXANDER?

### AN APOLOGY FOR BAKER'S BREAD.

*To the Editor of Punch.*

"SIR,

"LIVE and let live—that is my motto. It is too hard upon the poor Bakers to keep attacking them so violently as most of the Newspapers do, just merely for putting a little alum in their bread. 'Alum,' as the writer of a letter to the *Times* signed 'ANTIDOTE,' justly observes, 'is a compound formed of sulphuric acid and alumina, between which there is comparatively little chemical affinity; and if taken into the mouth disorganization of the teeth must inevitably follow, because the acid has a greater attraction for the lime of which they are composed than it has for the alumina, or than has the phosphoric acid which unites with the lime to form teeth.'

"Well, Sir, but if sulphuric acid were not introduced into the mouth with every morsel of bread containing alum, that is, perhaps, with almost every morsel of Bakers' bread, of course it would not be in anything like a position to gratify that strong predilection which it has for the lime of teeth. To a proportionate extent I, and the other members of my profession, should be deprived of employment. While I am on this subject, Sir, allow me, through you, to express our obligation to Confectioners at large for the service which they render us in allowing their plum-huns to contain so frequently little pebbles and bits of stone. These things are connected with the plums or currants, and sugar, and could only be removed from them by a careful process of washing and picking, which, happily for us, is not always resorted to. The pebble-stones have no chemical action on the teeth, like the alum; but they exert a mechanical one, which we find nearly as advantageous. They crack the teeth, which are not strong enough to crack them. Chipped and starved thus, the grinders soon decay, ache, have to be drawn, and replaced with our *terro-metallics*. We derive a good deal of business from these stones contained in plum-cakes; but not half so much as we do from the alum which our friends the Bakers put into their bread. I, for my part, bake my own, and remain,

"Your humble Servant,  
"A DENTIST."

THE "STITCH OF TIME."—There is no implement for taking up this "Stitch" with the greatest speed like the Needle of the Electric Telegraph.



ECLIPSE OF THE MOON, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1855.

A SAFE RULE.—When a young man confidently tells you that such and such a young lady "has no heart," you may be sure that he has been trying it on, and has failed in making a favourable impression.

## LORD JOHN TURNED LECTURER.



SERIES of "Lectures to Young Men," we perceive, is about to be delivered at Exeter Hall by LORD JOHN RUSSELL. We would suggest to his Lordship that there are a great many old men who are quite as much in want of lecturing as the young, and the former require to be taken to task for being too slow, just as the latter need talking to about their fast propensities. A Series of Lectures to Old Men, including all the old generals, old statesmen, and all the rest of the old set by which matters have been so grossly mismanaged, would be exceedingly popular. It is true that the old men in question are rather past the age for profiting by being lectured, and many of them are so obstinate, as well as old, that it would be idle to talk to them. Those, however, who are past the age for

improvement, may have earned their title to retire, and a few lectures on the soporific principle might be addressed to some of our old men, with the view of giving them the luxury of sleep in a most effectual manner. We hope that LORD JOHN RUSSELL's lectures to young men will not have a similar consequence, for these are days in which the young men should have their eyes kept open.

## WANTED, A NUISANCE.

THERE is certainly no accounting for tastes, and we therefore will not attempt to explain the relish for a nuisance which the annexed advertisement indicates. It is copied from the *Weekly Dispatch*, and is headed with the well-known, but we should have thought, not very attractive words:—

## THE BELLE-ISLE NUISANCES.

It then goes on to intimate that there is "to be let, for a term of 99 years, without restriction by the Freeholder as to offensive Trades, an isolated Freehold Estate of 180 acres."

We presume the landlord intends to be non-resident on this Estate, which he seems desirous of converting into a region of pestilential vapours. We wish the place were large enough to accommodate all the obnoxious trades in England; but if the advertiser succeeds in carrying away one half of them to his own domain, he will have deserved well of his country.

## THIS B'HOY WILL BE THE DEATH OF US!

THE intense respect one feels for the speculations of the American journalists on the subject of European politics cannot be increased, but still, if they would take the smallest pains to inform themselves of the facts of the cases they discuss, it would not injure the value of their lucubrations. One of the leading New York Papers apprises its readers, that whoever should marry our PRINCESS ROYAL would ascend the English throne as her consort; and a correspondent, asking why the poor PRINCE OF WALES is thus thrust aside, is answered by an apology which complicates the business a little more:—"In the hurry (Americans are always in a hurry) the Editor had written as if the Salique law prevailed in England." The Know-Nothings are making great progress!

## A PRESENT TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

PRUSSIA is not generally supposed to be the Land of Freedom; nevertheless its inhabitants do appear to take strange liberties with their Sovereign. The other day, as our readers are aware, when FREDERICK-WILLIAM visited Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, the people exhibited portraits of his Majesty, representing him crowned with *vine-leaves*! Fancy, during a Royal Progress to Osborne or Balmoral, the railway-stations decorated with pictures of PRINCE ALBERT in the ALBERT hat! Well; but still more recently the officers of the Prussian army—men of breeding we should have supposed—actually had the impudence to present the King with a Sword; and what is more, the Crown Prince himself accepted the office of delivering that emblem of courage and honour to his brother. Such a practical sarcasm was perhaps never before perpetrated on any man, not to say monarch.

The only joke of the sort that we ever heard of, approaching it in severity, is that of sending a cake of soap to a slut. It was wise to get the Crown Prince to deliver the satirical testimonial. The offer of the hilt was a moral stab, and an apprehension might well have been entertained that the outraged Sovereign would instantly have repaid the cut at his dignity with a thrust in the stomach, and have plunged the weapon into the viscera of any person less nearly related to him. Yet, surely, the Prince, in doing such a thing, could not have known what he was about; though of the two Royal Brothers we have never understood that this one, at least, is occasionally subject to that sort of ignorance. FREDERICK-WILLIAM himself appears to have had no suspicion of the irony conveyed in the piece of steel. He saw, it seems, the point of the one no better than he could have seen that of the other, and his mental vision may be concluded to have been, on that occasion, as hazy as his bodily eyesight is always. For he is said, indeed, to be as blind, physically, as he is to those considerations to which the chivalry of his kingdom has attempted to give him a hint of his insensibility in a sword. Whether or not the sword was a broadsword, we cannot say, but we are sure that it was infinitely less broad than the hint. The latter was, of course, thrown away, and so we should think was the former too; not at the time of presentation, nor from then till that of bed, but certainly, as early the next morning as his Majesty awoke, and was informed of the gift which he had accepted the day before.

## THEATRICAL.

It is rumoured that young FITZSPURS, late of the 2nd Life Guards, is about to appear at the Haymarket as *Juliet*. All we shall then want to complete the cast will be one of the last Field-Marshal as the *Nurse*.

## THE CLERICAL ADVERTISER.

HERE is an advertisement which we copy from *John Bull*, but if we did not know from what quarter it came, and that it was a *bonâ fide* announcement, we should have taken it for a squib let off by some heterodox periodical. Its authors, however, offer, in all gravity:

"To the Clergy and Profession . . . Unique study chairs, particularly adapted to the Clergy, &c.; from the ease and relaxation afforded, the fatigue of long sitting is entirely obviated, and the change of position without exertion instantly obtained."

Certainly, if we did not know better, we should have regarded the above as intended to insinuate against the Clergy an extraordinary love of ease, so intense as to demand a chair that would be easier than any already existing easy chair. It represents that reverend body as particularly subject to a fatigue which is simply that of sitting still, and at the same time it proposes to save them the trouble of making any exertion in varying their sedentary positions. If this is not to impute the height of laziness to the clerical profession, we cannot imagine what that altitude can be.

Of course, instead of reclining in study chairs and amusing themselves—as lolling about in that way would imply—with the perusal of light literature, accompanied probably with cigars, the Clergy are habitually on their legs, visiting the sick and the poor, and hunting up the vicious; so that the advertiser who would wish to get anything out of them by catering to their personal comforts, should offer them, not commodities like easy-chairs, but such articles as stout boots, Indian-rubber goshes, and waterproof over-gowns.

## Natural Indignation.

WE perceive that the beasts at the Surrey Zoological Gardens have been offered for Sale by Auction. It seems that some of the husbands of the females who exhibited their infants at the Baby Show there, were naturally anxious to get rid of such partners, and wished them included in the catalogue (the formal sale to be conducted in the old halter fashion), but the four-footed brutes, especially those which had taken the honours of maternity, howled so indignantly against such an association, that the unfortunate husbands' petition was rejected.

## "WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS—"

*Sprightly little Boy, jumping about, loquitur.* "Oh! Crikey, Criminy! Ain't I happy? Here's the Dentist coming to-morrow, and Pa has promised me sixpence for every tooth that I have pulled out!"



### A GEOGRAPHICAL JOKE.

*Impertinent Page (late from the dining-room).* "I SAY, COOKEY AND SOOSAN, YOU MAKE A PRECIOUS FUSS ABOUT A FLEA,—HOW'D YER LIKE TO BE WHERE THE BLACK SEA SAILORS IS NOW?"

*Susan.* "WHERE'S THAT, IMPERANCE?"

*Page.* "WHY, MASTER SAYS IT'S WHERE THE BUG AND THE NIPPER (DNEIPER) MEET IN ONE BED!"

[Sensation and loud cries of "Oh!"]

### THE PASS OF THE PRINT-SHOPS.

WHATEVER progress the War may be making now abroad, it is daily more and more stopping progress here at home. The blockades which we have maintained in the Black Sea and the Baltic have, we fancy, been productive to the enemy of but trifling inconvenience, compared to that which we are suffering from those in London. Every print-shop that one passes—or rather that one doesn't—of course has its window full of "Battle-scenes" and "Illustrations of the War," and the crowds who stand to look at them are becoming, to less curious and leisurely pedestrians, what may be correctly called a standing nuisance. By careful notes and calculations we have ascertained that, on an average, we are now precisely sixteen minutes and three-quarters longer walking to our office than we used to be formerly, before the War began: and this serious delay would doubtless be much greater, if we were at all less reckless of our dignity and coat-tails in the crowds we have to crush through.

We must be distinctly understood, however, that in noticing this nuisance, we have not the slightest wish that the police should interfere, nor the remotest notion of suggesting that the shops in question should, for the time being, be asked to keep their shutters up. We would ever be among the last to deprive the British public of the least of its privileges; and although we may suspect that very many of these "authentic sketches from the seat of War" were executed in reality on a camp-stool down at Margate, we have no desire to stop their being publicly exhibited, without any charge except the rush to get a look at them. At the same time, however, as a matter somewhat of importance to the nation, we think it right to state that, while the crowds continue, we shall consider it a duty to our family to have our ribs insured, and shall conceive ourselves injured if we are left to pay the premiums. As it is at present, the Pass of the Print-shops is to us a daily struggle fully equalling in danger the Pass of Thermopylae.

### ARMY FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WINGS hitherto have only pertained to the army collectively, drawn up in battle array; but the individual soldier, if we are rightly informed, will, in the case of a particular regiment, very soon be, if he is not already, in possession of at least something very like those appendages.

We believe it has been determined, by an illustrious Field-Marshal to make a change in the uniform of HER MAJESTY'S Life Guards; which will impart to those gallant fellows an appearance closely resembling that of Cochinchina fowls.

This result will be obtained by the investment of the military man in a very short tunic, which will stick out laterally in a most ridiculous manner at the hips; and, in combination with the thickness of look about the legs occasioned by the jack-boots, especially as the lower extremities of this corps are also very long, will suggest a strong resemblance to that species of poultry.

The *aiguillettes*, also, we are told, are to be removed, by the command of the illustrious Field-Marshal, from all the uniforms, in order to distinguish them from his own, which will retain those ornaments. There is some show of reason for this arrangement, if it has been made; for the *aiguillettes* form the only military distinction that the illustrious Field-Marshal has acquired.

The Field-Marshal has further, we believe, ordained that the officers shall wear their pouches when in full uniform on all occasions, including the nobility and gentry's balls, for which the pouches are not generally considered suitable.

The principal reason for this change is said to be that the Field-Marshal has so willed it.

The Field-Marshal has not changed the Life-Guardsman's uniform to orange tawny. If he has made the other changes, he had better add this to them, and complete the resemblance of these fighting cocks to the fowls of Cochinchina.

### Walls have not always Ears.

We maliciously enjoyed the dilemma of an organ-player the other day. An obvious stranger to the English language, the Italian monster was grinding away opposite a Deaf Asylum, and went on pouring out tune after tune, evidently wondering to himself that he made no impression upon the establishment. Occasionally he would whistle to enhance the discord, but not a window of the obdurate house was opened, not a servant appeared at the door to pay him for "moving on." When we left, he had been there full ten minutes, and he may be there now for what we know.

### THE LAMBTON BABIES AGAIN.

MR. PUNCH is happy to learn that he has done some good by calling attention to the frightful peril to which the country was exposed, by its being left possible that an EARL OF DURHAM who did not inherit by aristocratic succession, might some day legislate for the country! An officially authorised person writes to say; that the blue ribbon which the elder twin used to wear, in proof of his primogeniture, has been rejected; and that the babies are now distinguished, the one by "a bracelet with a ruby," the other by a similar ornament "with a topaz." This is better, supposing, first, that the mischief has not been already done; secondly, that the family can remember which jewel belongs to which baby; and, thirdly, that the bracelets are annealed round the children's wrists (like the collar round the neck of *Gurth* in *Ivanhoe*); so that when the infants are washed, the ornament cannot be removed. These things understood, the Constitution and the House of Lords are rather safer; but *Mr. Punch* confesses that, with his devotion to the aristocracy, and his abiding and abounding faith in the mystic influence of primogeniture, he should have preferred the tattoo suggested by himself. However, he has now done his duty, and will merely wish the rightful heir and his brother happy minorities, and joyous coming of ages in 1876, when *Mr. Punch* proposes to offer some further remarks upon the subject, which may by that time be capable of being treated in a varied point of view.

### Ingenious Suggestion.

THE alleged difficulty of finding a brace of noblemen who would condescend to be Post-Master-General, and Colonial Secretary, might have been lightened by fusing the two officers into one, and then the Colonies might have a chance of what they say seldom or never happens to them now, namely, the delivery of their letters and newspapers.



**A HORRIBLE IDEA.**

*First Languid Swell.* "GOOD GWACIOUS, ALFRED. ARE YOU ILL?"

*Second ditto, ditto (gasping).* "ILL! AW! YES! NO! I SHALL BE ALL RIGHT DIRECTLY—BUT—I—CONFESS—THE—SIGHT OF THAT FEMALE'S UMBRELLAW—COMPLETELY—FLAWED ME—MY DEAR CHARLES—CONCEIVE BEING OBLIGED TO CARRY—BUT NO, THE THOUGHT IS—TOO HORRIBLE!"

*[They shudder, and walk on.]*

**CAVEAT FOR THE CZAR.**

CZAR ALEXANDER, thy lamented sire  
Of blessed memory, NICHOLAS, thus spoke,  
When warn'd that his life's lease would soon expire:  
He ask'd, "How long will't be before I choke?"  
He, who, to Pity deaf, bade sword and fire  
Lay the earth waste, and mercilessly broke  
The hearts of millions, gasp'd these words in dread  
Of DEATH—who gently choked him in his bed.

Inheritor of both his throne and crime,  
Disgrace, disaster, and defeat, 'twere well  
For thee, perhaps, although in manhood's prime,  
To muse upon thy father's dying yell.  
Ere thou choke too it may be no long time,  
Slaves overwung, though Russians, will rebel,  
As by severe conscriptions when provoked;  
Then in or out of bed may CZARS be choked.

**A DEADLY LIVELY LOCALITY.**

THE Scotch are not remarkable for their liveliness, and we are therefore not surprised that a Scotch Newspaper should amuse its readers by such paragraphs as the following, which is extracted from a recent number of the *Galloway Advertiser*.

"A HEARSE.—On Saturday last, a very neat and full-mounted Hearse, from the establishment of MESSRS. JAMES DOUGLAS & SONS, passed through Stranraer on its way to Glenluce. The Hearse is to be added to the establishment of Ma. M'KENZIE, King's Arms, and will no doubt prove to the inhabitants of the landward portion of Old Luce parish, a useful auxiliary to his present complete arrangements in the posting department."

We should have thought that a Hearse would be literally about the last thing that the inhabitants of any place could have required, and we can only lament, that Old Luce is in such a dismal state, that the funeral arrangements for the interment of the whole population have become a subject of such interest as to call for a congratulatory article in the local Newspaper. It is sometimes said of a very sombre person, that he appears "more dead than alive," and such we presume must be the aspect of that lugubrious Scotch parish, which hails the advent of a Hearse as a desirable addition to the "posting department" of the hotel in the neighbourhood. The word "posting" is suggestive of anything but a funereal pace, and we can only presume that the inhabitants of Old Luce are anxious to compensate for the extreme slowness of their lives by going to their graves in a gallop.

**GORTSCHAKOFF'S ADDRESS TO THE PEACE PARTY.**

THE following is a copy of the order of the day, dated "Heights of Mackenzie, October 28th," in which PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF specially thanks, the Peace Party in England for its active co-operation, and for the great assistance the Russian cause has derived from its zealous advocacy:—

"FRIENDS AND COMPATRIOTS,

"His Imperial Majesty, our Master, has specially charged me to thank you, in his name, and in the name of Russia, for the great services you have rendered his army in England. The Emperor begs me to say, that if you had been Russians you could not have served Russia better. It is his great hope that you will continue to display the same noble zeal in inveighing on all occasions against the Allies, and that you will still courageously persevere in resorting to every kind of chicanery, artifice, sophistry, and special pleading, such as your fertile imaginations cannot well fail to suggest, in order to damp the ardor of the English, and so effectually dishearten and dispirit them, that they will no longer prosecute the War with vigour. Your virtuous indignation, thus worthily employed, is as good as another army added to the Imperial arms. Every manly speech you deliver to frighten your constituents, supplies our exhausted regiments with thousands and thousands of bayonets. The fire of your patriotic eloquence is, I can assure you, most welcome to our enfeebled soldiers. They bid me say, it could not be more refreshing to their lips, not even if it were Raki!

"The Father of our Great Family has also invested me with full powers to say, that he would hail your presence in the Crimea with the liveliest satisfaction, only he is convinced you will do his cause much more good by stopping in England. He bids you, as you love him,

remain where you are. The British Parliament, about to open, expects that every true Russian will be at his whipping-post ready to do his duty.

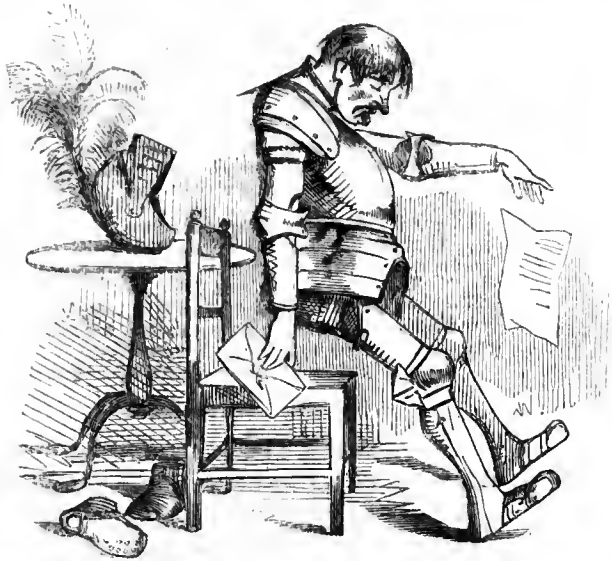
"It is my pleasant mission to transmit to you, in the name of the adored Shepherd of our Mighty Flock, nineteen Golden Orders of the *White Feather*, as well as three hundred diamond crosses of the order of the *Cooked Goose*, instituted just before the fall of Sebastopol. It is the EMPEROR'S wish that they should be distributed amongst the most distinguished advocates of the Muscovite cause, and be worn nearest to their hearts, as a slight *souvenir* of his affectionate love. It will be a joy to his paternal breast to learn that they are thus worn by MESSRS. BRIGHT, GLADSTONE, COBDEN, and others of his beloved children, to whom he owes more than he can ever pay.

"I am likewise specially instructed to command that all accounts for smashed hats, the broad brim of which may perhaps present an awkward handle for Discontent to lay hold of, are to be transmitted once a month to St. Petersburg for payment. The same order comprises broken windows and facial disfigurements of every possible variety. The value of the estimated damage may, if agreeable, be taken out—for it is the fatherly wish of ALEXANDER to show as much favour to his dear friends as possible,—either in caviare, or tallow, or a mixture of both.

"Valiant Warriors of the Peace Society,—the EMPEROR'S eye is upon you, as his heart is with you!

"GORTSCHAKOFF,  
*Commander of the Defeated Army in the Crimea, and  
Admiral of the Sunken Fleet at Sebastopol.*

"PEOPLE WHO CAN WRITE, BUT WON'T WRITE."—These are by no means the worst sort; much worse are the folks who *will* write, but who nevertheless, *can't*.



HOW THE "MAN IN BRASS" RECEIVED THE INTELLIGENCE THAT HIS SERVICES WOULD BE DISPENSED WITH AT THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, NOV. 9TH, 1855.

ONE CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

LORD ALBEMARLE says, truly no doubt, that the great obstacle to the social improvement of the labouring classes is constituted by their habits of drinking. Of course a Maine Liquor Law, stringently enforced, would oblige them to discontinue these habits, by denying their passion for drink the means of its gratification, and then that passion would in all probability act after the manner of steam generated at high pressure without any safety valve, or indeed any valve whatever. There would be a blow-up of some kind, or the vapour of human nature would ooze out by the vent of perhaps a worse channel of depravity. There were teetotalers before MR. GOUGH; not only FATHER MATTHEW and his disciples, but MANOMET and the Turks. So, then, it is desirable to invent some other plan of abolishing drunkenness than that of repressing the propensity to it from without. Drunkenness is not a moral disease, but the symptom of one, called, in plain English, unhappiness. The proper treatment consists in curing that, which is impossible, but it can be sufficiently palliated for the purpose in most cases. People get drunk because they are not jolly; if they were jolly they would not get drunk: the object is to make them jolly without drinking.

Many methods of doing this have been suggested, but really the most feasible one lies on the surface: it is that of making them jolly by eating.

The great majority of those who drink too much belong to the class of those who have not enough to eat. There are several reasons why their food is insufficient, want of money among others; but one, if not the least serious cause of that deficiency is, that what they have is not made the most of.

If philanthropists would patronise well-conducted eating-houses for labouring persons throughout the country; cook-shops at which they could obtain the best meals that could be got out of the materials at their command, there can be little doubt that the victuals would powerfully attract them from the drink.

It has been proposed by the Colonel of a regiment in the Third Division in the Crimea, to try the internal remedy of plum-pudding, with a view to counteract the intoxication so unhappily prevalent among our heroes there; and we have no doubt the prescription will be much more effectual than the mere external application of the cat.

A Voice from a Clock.

THE Clock at Somerset House has appealed to the public, through the columns of the *Times*, against the injustice of being made to say one thing with its tongue, and another with its hands; or, in other words, to strike three, while it shows the hour to be twelve on the face of it. It was a good idea of man "to give a tongue to time;" but, if the tongue is false, it is idle to assume the aspect of truth in the face; or, in vulgar phraseology, to exhibit such check as to negative any accusation of falsehood.

CANT IN THE COAL TRADE.

CHELTENHAM has long been remarkable for the spirit of Cant by which its atmosphere is pervaded, and indeed, it is almost equally notorious for its sanctity and its salts, its pump-room, and its piety. The assumption of Religion is indeed a matter of business, with many of the inhabitants of Cheltenham, which is consequently converted into a hot-bed, or we might venture to say, a forcing-ground of hypocrisy. Piety—we mean of course the pretence to piety—is "the fashion" among some of "the most respectable people" in the place; and as Cant is used for professional purposes, we are not surprised that trade has availed itself of the "serious dodge," in order to invite customers. The following copy of a Circular has been sent to us by one of the inhabitants, who complains that nearly all the tradesmen in the place are infected by the spirit of Cant that is breathed from some clerical mouths over the whole locality.

FAMILY COAL DEPOT.

WILLIAM THOMAS, late Scripture Reader in the district of the REV. J. BROWNE, of Trinity Church, in again presenting his circular before the Nobility, Gentry, and Inhabitants generally of Cheltenham, desires, while acknowledging the goodness of God in prospering his efforts in business during the past year, to express his gratitude to those Ladies, Gentlemen, and other kind Friends, who have favoured him with their support; and begs at the same time to assure them that he will spare no effort to supply the best quality of Coals, at the lowest possible prices, consistent with the principles of honesty and justice.

We confess a participation in the disgust of our Correspondent at Religion being converted into the means of a puff, and employed for the purpose of getting off coals, or any other article.

If it were not that we have more reverence for Religion than those can have who drag it into business advertisements and trade circulars, we might suggest a variety of the most absurd incongruities arising from the union of puffing and piety. We, however, have too high a regard for sacred matters to allow us to imitate the conduct of those who bring the Bible and the Ledger into unseemly contact; and though we might render them supremely ridiculous, we are satisfied to leave them to the contempt and good taste of the public in general. We fear that in Cheltenham there is too much of Cant personified and personified to enable us to effect much good in that home for genteel hypocrisy and feeble-minded conventionality; but if our remarks open the eyes of only a few, the result will be so far satisfactory.

PROTESTANTISM AND PLEASURE.

THE *Birmingham Journal* publishes an incoherent discourse, which it ascribes to the REV. THOMAS TYSAN, Catholic priest of Sedgley, on the subject of mixed marriages; that is to say, marriages between Roman Catholics and other people. MR. TYSAN, according to our Birmingham contemporary, concluded his address with the following reflection and dogma:—

"How dreadful it is for those who troth their faith and love to each other, when they leave their door, one going one way, and the other the other way, thinking the one is going to the devil, and the other thinking the other is going to the devil, and so they live on. All Protestants think of is their own gratifications, pleasures, and selfishness; and all that is bad."

MR. TYSAN'S reflection is judicious, but his dogma must be doubtful, even to Roman Catholics themselves, at least until FERRETTI shall have stamped it with the seal of infallibility. On reflection, he will himself perceive, that his condemnation of Protestants is rather too sweeping; for, surely, something more than their "own gratifications, pleasures, and selfishness," must have been thought of by the numerous persons of Protestant opinion who, rather than renounce them, have suffered themselves to be burnt alive.

Poem for a Political Primer.

COBDEN is a Muscovite,  
Ditto set down MR. BRIGHT,  
Ditto GLADSTONE, ditto GRAHAM,  
LORD JOHN RUSSELL much the same.

Interesting Fact.

IT is understood that poor MR. HAMILTON, whose eloquence was so promptly cut short by HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SOMERSET, the moment the former had uttered one sentence, is now known as "Single-Speech HAMILTON."

A NIGHT WITH CLICQUOT.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Potsdam, Nov. 8, 1855.



KING CLICQUOT asked me to dine with him yesterday, and having no better engagement, I accepted the invitation. I spent a tolerably pleasant evening. We dined *tête-à-tête*, because his Majesty wished, as he often does, to ascertain my opinion on various questions of European policy.

Before dinner the King was what we call in the vernacular rather down in the mouth; he said he had been up the night before. I recommended him a *petit verre*, which he was disinclined to take, but I made him, when he soon became all right; and, the repast having been served, ate and drank, particularly the latter, as heartily as usual. The champagne was first-rate. I state this on his Majesty's au-

I assured him that I considered his confidence sacred.

"Pfoundshereet!" whispered the King.

"Dead," I returned, in the same tone.

"Nosh a word about sha pig, TIM," said CLICQUOT.

"Divil a bit, FRITZ," said I; "nor about his tail."

His Majesty then called upon me to sing a song, and I gave him *Nora Creima* with so much tenderness and pathos as to cause him to lie with his face upon the table and weep. By the time I had finished, he was buried in the arms of Morpheus, on which, having rung the bell, I had him carried up to bed by a nobleman in attendance, and wished him good-night.

THE STRONGEST OF ALL ALLIES.

ENGLAND, France, and Sardinia, stand united in a great Anti-Cossack league. To this triad of nations we hope very soon to acquire the addition of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. But there is one other nation of which the cordial alliance would be more effective, perhaps, than that of all the rest in the world. That is a nation without a geographical limit; a nation without a place on the earth's surface; a nation partaking little of the earth's crust, but very much of the riches of the earth's interior; a nation interspersed throughout all nations. Need we say that the nation to which we allude is that of the Hebrews.

The CZAR ALEXANDER has issued an ukase for the levy of fresh myriads, to be sacrificed, for the success of his felonious ambition, to MOLOCH. In every thousand Jews the Tyrant has commanded that ten shall be seized upon, and devoted to the slaughter among those wretched victims. These Israelites are to be driven by the knout and the stick to shed their own blood and that of others, in the name and under the tutelage of the Muscovite's Idols of wood and paint, the carved images of his gods SERGIUS, and VLADIMIR, and ALEXANDER NEWSKI.

Shall not the Israelites draw the sword for this against the oppressor of their brethren? That is not necessary. Let them only draw their purse-strings close and tight. Let that individual of the Hebrew community who dares to lend the despot a farthing be cut off from the congregation of ISRAEL. To stone him to death will no longer be practicable; but let him be thrust out of the synagogue; and be evermore an unclean beast; an abomination in the sight of his people.

Invitation to the Brave Belgians.

O BELGIANS brave! you ought to be  
Against the Cossack our allies,  
To France by consanguinity,  
To England bound by other ties;  
By ties, how strong I cannot say;  
But I am sure they're very dear:—  
The sundry thousand pounds we pay  
Your Sovereign, LEOROLD, a-year.

THE ROAD TO GLORY.

AMONG the decorations very properly conferred by the French EMPEROR on the troops in the Crimea, is one of a rather dubious character, in the shape of a cross of the Legion of Honour to a corporal of Chasseurs, who had "carried away his companions by his example." Considering that there are always two ways in a field of battle, it would have been as well if the direction in which the Chasseur carried away his companions had been clearly indicated. Though we have little doubt that his movement was forwards on the foe, it is just possible that his enthusiasm might have been of such an awkward sort as to have run away with him.

thority, for I stuck to Johannisberger; although he partook of both, contrary to my advice not to mix his liquors. On the removal of the cloth, however, he yielded to my suggestion, that the best thing he could now take was whiskey-punch; for which we had the materials in, and I brewed a "jorum" for myself and him.

Having given the King a prime Havannah, I lighted my "weed," and his Majesty followed my example. We then chatted together for some time on moral philosophy, metaphysics, the *belles lettres*, table-turning, spirit-rapping, religion, and the other topics of the day, including the Greek Tragedy of *Antigone*; of a difficult passage in one of the choral odes of which, I gave my Royal entertainer the correct translation in German.

From the subject of a Tragedy we soon got, by a natural transition, on the War; respecting which, as his Majesty has often heard me descant concerning the wrongs of poor Old Ireland in terms of fervid eloquence, he naturally supposed me exempt from English prejudices entirely. He therefore unbosomed himself to me on that subject quite confidentially; and, as I have no fear that your columns will ever meet his eye, there is no reason at all why I should not relate you his discourse thereon.

It was pretty late in the evening, and we were both very well primed, although for my part there was nothing the matter with me, when I told the King how cleverly I thought he had managed in steering clear of the Eastern scrape. "Your Majesty," I said, "has displayed the most brilliant management in keeping out of that."

"Shink so?" said CLICQUOT, in answer to my delicate compliment. I give his Majesty's pronunciation of the English language, which usually becomes peculiar as the evening advances.

"Faith, I do, Sir," I answered; "by Jove! Anstria was very near being drawn in once or twice."

"Ans'ra knows wellnuff washsabout," replied the Monarch. "FRANTZ-JOSEPH knows verwell whatsabout. FRANTZ's upsnuff."

"Yes," I remarked, "but FRITZ put him up to snuff." Hereat the King poked the forefinger of his Royal right hand into my small ribs, and I returned the compliment by giving him a cordial slap on the back.

"Boseof's knows veywell whatsabout," repeated CLICQUOT.

"Think ALEXANDER knows what he's about?" I asked in my off-hand way.

"No!" answered his Majesty in a monosyllable.

"He seems determined to persevere in the War," I said. "Sebastopol's gone, and Kiaburn; sure he's playing a losing game. Why doesn't your Majesty get him to throw it up?"

"Know a trickworth two that," responded the King.

"Why, of course, as long as the blockade lasts, you get the Russian trade," I observed. "Yesbeshure," was the Royal answer. "But 'tishn't that I looktosmuch—'tishn't that."

"Austria," I remarked, "has no such interest in the War."

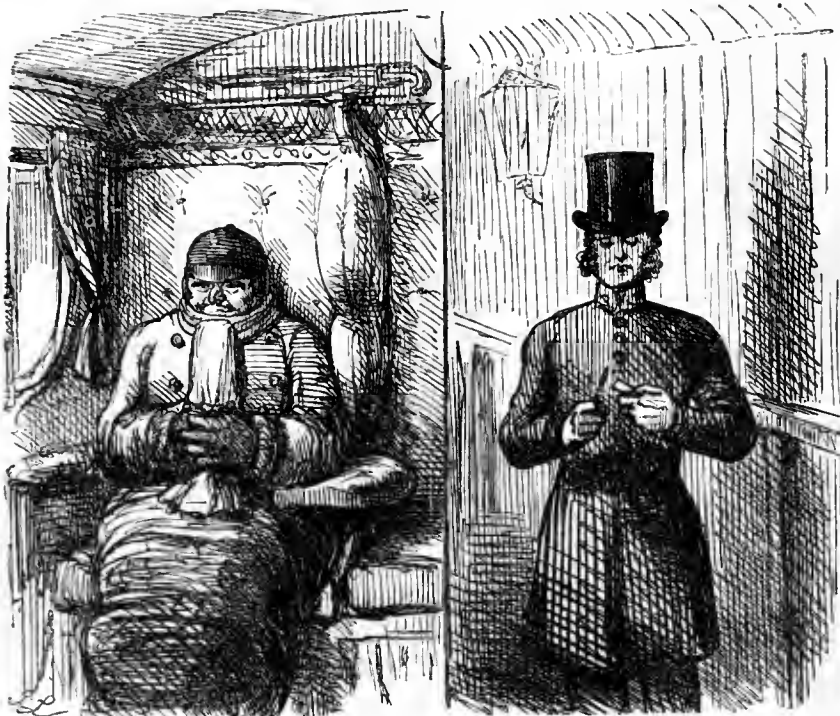
"Certainly nosh," assented the King. "But zshash only a temp'ry inst inshwar. Ausht's permanishtst in schwär shame ash mine. Look here, olefella! Shpose I p'suade sh' CZAR t' accept sh'terms osh'lies? Wash zshen! Englanfrance and Sardinia, 'spose of Turkey."

"Yes, Sir," I said.

"Well, but," resumed CLICQUOT, "wash I want ish for Prussianansra 'spose of Turkey! So we mean to le'n go on till they've ezshashed oeananzher, and zhenaknow we shtep in an 'vide sha prize they've been fig'n for, like zha whosname in zha fable."

"By the Powers!" I exclaimed, "what a deep old file your Majesty is!"

"I razsher shinkiam;" replied his Majesty. "But come I shay, olefella—thish all 'tweenourselves."



NOW, WE DO HOPE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN IS NOT GOING TO BE ASKED TO SHOW HIS TICKET; BECAUSE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN HAS JUST PACKED HIMSELF UP QUITE COMFORTABLY, AND HIS TICKET IS IN THE VERY INNERMOST RECESS OF HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET; AND BECAUSE, YOU SEE, THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF OLD GENTLEMAN WHO IS LIKELY TO BE MUCH IRRITATED BY SUCH A REQUEST AT SUCH A TIME.

## LINES TO SCANDINAVIA.

O BROTHERS of the North,  
Lose not the golden hour!  
Now is your time for standing forth  
Against the Russian power.  
Sardinia took the place  
Of honourable pride,  
Dare ye not, too, the monster face,  
By France and England's side?

That Beast, the Russian Bear,  
Is stricken very sore:  
Help us to drive him to his lair,  
To issue thence no more.  
To that end is unfurl'd  
The banner of the Free,  
That he, the Bugbear of the world,  
Henceforth may cease to be.

Set on him now, you Swedes;  
Ye may reclaim your kin.  
Upon the brute whilst yet he bleeds!  
Get back from him the Finn.  
For all his Baltic prey,  
With us if you combine,  
Wrest from his weaken'd clutch you may,  
And force him to resign.

Rise, by GUSTAVUS, rise!  
Rise in your CHARLES's name!  
Ye Danes be also our Allies,  
And share our glorious aim.  
Aloft the Raven fly,  
Your flag of old renown,  
Hurrah for Scandinavia! cry;  
With brutal Russia, Down!

THE PRETENDER TO THE CROWN.—A Lady's Bonnet.

## IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET!—FIGS.



THE following announcement appears in Friday's Gazette. In its original form it occupies nearly two columns of a daily Newspaper, but *Mr. Punch* has ventured to compress all but the names and titles, on which—especially as he hears of most of them for the first time—the *GOTHA Almanac* forbid he should lay a sacrilegious hand.

"Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, on the one part, and His Majesty the King of Prussia, as well in his own name as in that of his Majesty the King of Saxony, his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, his Royal Highness the Duke of Brunswick, his Royal Highness the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau-Cöthen, his Royal Highness the Duke of Anhalt-Beruburg, his Serene Highness the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, his Serene Highness the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, his Serene Highness the Prince of Reuss (elder branch), and his Serene Highness the Prince of Reuss (younger branch), on the other part,"

Have—but stop—let us take a little breath.

Now, then. Have agreed—

No, no. Don't be in a hurry. Great people do not do things *de main en main*. Even their Royal Highnesses Field-Marschals, when they go out shooting, take the gun not from the vulgar hand of the gamekeeper who loads, but from that of the equerry, to whom the gamekeeper hands it. So the above distinguished folks

Have named their respective Plenipotentiaries, viz. :—

"Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Right Hon. George W. Frederick, Earl of Clarendon, Baron Hyde, of Hindon, a peer of the United Kingdom, a member of her Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, her Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and the Right Hon. Edward John, Baron Staoley of Alderley, a peer of the United Kingdom, a member of her Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable

Privy Council, and President of the Committee of Privy Council for Affairs of Trade and Foreign Plantations;

"And his Majesty the King of Prussia, his Privy Councillor and Chamberlain, Albert, Count of Bernstorff, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to her Britannic Majesty, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle, and of the Orders for Civil Merit of the Bavarian Crown, of St. Januarius of the Two Sicilies, and of St. Stanislaus of Russia, Knight Commander of the Order of Christ of Portugal;

Who, after having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon and concluded"—

Now for it.

*That the Copyright treaties between England and Germany shall apply to translations of German Books and Plays!*

Who dares to say that Royalties, little and big, are not benefactors to mankind?

## THE CHELTENHAM CONJURORS.

We should like to know the wiseacre who drew up the annexed advertisement:—

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The Present War.—It has been determined by several Cheltenham collegians, both old and present, to erect a suitable MONUMENT in memory of their schoolfellows, who have fallen and may fall in the present war. Any old collegian who is willing to aid this object can communicate with the Secretary of the Memorial Committee, the College, Cheltenham.

We respect the feeling which dictates the erection of a monument to those who "have fallen" in the War; but we do not see how those who "may fall" are to be included in the honour, unless the Cheltenham worthies are gifted with the power of prophecy. Perhaps the REVEREND MR. CLOSE, who has written on Spirit-rapping—whether against or in favour of it we are not prepared to say—may be able to enlighten his associates on the possibility, or otherwise, of ascertaining the names of those about to fall, so that their names may appear with those of the already deceased heroes on the suggested monument.

## The Way to the Bank.

We see there is to be a new Omnibus Company formed in London, and certainly an improvement in these vehicles of abuse is sadly needed. If well-conducted—that is to say, if they have good conductors—we hope this new speculation in Omnibuses will turn out as profitably as the recent investment of *Kars* in Asia.





## A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MINISTER FOR THE COLONIES.

Scene—Downing Street. LORD PAM and BILL CROWBAR discovered.

*Crowbar (the Ticket-of-Leave).* "WELL, MY LORD, AS YOU'VE TRIED THE SWELLS FOR THE OFFICE, AND IT'S NO GO, I MAKES BOLD TO HOFFER MYSELF FOR THE PLACE. AND AS A TICKET-OF-LEAVE, I CAN LAY MY 'AND UPON MY 'ART, AND SAY—THERE'S NOT A MAN KNOWS MORE OF THE COLONIES THAN I DOES."

*Lord Pam (considering).* "HM!"



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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

OUR GALLANT ALLIES—PROPOSED COMPLIMENTS.



THE *Post* inserted a letter from a butter-hearted correspondent—he signs himself RUSPICUS—who meekly “recommends that the name of Waterloo Bridge should be changed in compliment to our gallant and generous brothers in arms, the French.” He further recommends that the new name should be the Bridge of Peace! *Punch* would further recommend that the Bridge should be called *Pons Asinorum*, with free toll for the whole length of the life (ears included) of RUSPICUS. Our friend may, however, prefer his first suggestion because it enshrines a sentiment, and want of sentiment he declares “in the Anglo-Saxon population of this country is degrading the masses below the least of any other civilised people.” The

Fins and Muscovites, for instance, in purity of politeness and intensity of sentiment beat us hollow—hollow as a mug.

However, we quite agree that we should wipe out all recollections of former victories over the French; that we should destroy all and every institution, sign or symbol that may keep alive the memory of our little tiffs by land and sea. And first let us begin with the House of Lords. A certain EARL NELSON is there, who inherits his peerage and his fortune by the good luck of being descended (we will not say how many steps) from a certain NELSON who won the Nile and the Trafalgar. Let that earldom be wiped out from the peerage; the Earl's fortune confiscated, and his name be changed to JACQUES BONHOMME. And in the like manner—we cannot help it—we must treat the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. We must have that Stratfieldsaye estate back again, the national grants refunded, the title abolished, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON made plain MR. WELLESLEY. SOUTHEY'S *Life of Nelson*, together with every copy of the *Wellington Despatches* must be burnt, say in Leicester Fields. Of course the Wellington Statues, with the statues of NELSON must away to the melting-pot; whilst, as a final act, a law shall be passed making it a high misdemeanour to write or speak of any little squabble that may have unfortunately happened between England and France, later than the dispute at Poitiers or Agincourt. This, for the present, is all that *Mr. Punch* can suggest; but he will very cheerfully give ear to any further proposition for mixing the two countries into one. He yet hopes to see the day, when cabs may pass under the tunnel from Calais to Dover, and from Dover to Calais as thickly and withal as safely as they pass in Fleet Street. France, we doubt it not, will reciprocate the feeling. Indeed, she is so anxious to let bye-gones be bye-gones, that as an opening compliment to Austria, she proposes—the time is not yet fixed—to change the name of the Bridge of Austerlitz to the *Pont de Blucher*.

HORRORS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

OLD ladies with weak nerves should beware of reading any Newspapers except those which are well known to be addressed exclusively to themselves. In the Paris correspondence of a contemporary, which appeals both to youthful and ancient females of the superior classes, there occurs the following statement:—

“MESSRS. MAITLAND, CUTHBERT, AND Co., in their circular of Nov. 3, observe, ‘The settlement in the shares of the *Credit Mobilier* has again been painful, and some executions took place, which caused a further decline in their value.’”

This very cool and cursory manner of mentioning executions would surely very much shock and harrow the feelings of any one of the sensitive and venerable parties above contemplated. What is the nature of this commercial concern, the settlement in the shares of which has been so painful? is a question which cannot but occur to her bewildered mind, taking “painful” in connection with “executions.” Is it a Punishment of Offenders Company, contracting with the French Government to carry out the sentences of the tribunals on criminals? Is it a Joint-Stock Society, which provides stocks, and whipping-posts, and agents to correct culprits at the one, and invest their legs in the other? Does the *Mobilier* send guillotines about the country? These are not pleasant speculations to be suggested, at breakfast time, to the fancies of the grandmothers of refined society.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT FOR MESS TABLES.

THE health of an Illustrious FIELD-MARSHAL, and may his Royal Highness be always as ready to remove the grievances of the Army as he is to re-dress the officers and men.

“THE PLAYFUL POLECATS.”

THE fact has escaped the attention alike of PETER CUNNINGHAM and JOHN TIMBS in their books of *London*, that there exists at the present time a club of young fellows (it must be confessed very poor and spiritless imitators of the Mohawks and Bloods of the good old times), calling themselves the Playful Polecats. The object of the society is to illustrate the English character in all public places, in a variety of modes and manners, that whilst they shall impart a playful air of ruffianism to the actors themselves, shall at the same time, fill with the most possible amount of disgust their audience and beholders. The first meeting of “The Playful Polecats” takes place on the first announcement of M. JULLIEN'S Concerts, the wide arena of the promenade affording the amplest scope for the wit and repartee of even the smallest Polecat or Polekitten. We are enabled to give a copy of the circular issued to the Members who, in default of personal attendance at the Club-room, might nevertheless be duly instructed in the intentions of the Society in general.

“THE PLAYFUL POLECATS.”

Brother Polecat,—Old JULLIEN sports his baton and his white choker on Monday. You are expected to meet the Playfuls, and no mistake.

The row is to be opened about nine. There is a Frenchwoman going to chaunt, and won't it be jolly to our blessed Allies, just to show 'em what bricks Britons can be,—and so just as the Gallic hen begins to crow,—to get up a fight? Hold your head up—like a true Polecat—and hit low. This will conclude, the “first part.”

Part two will be opened with a game of leap-frog, every Polecat being expected in his turn to make a back, and jump.

During the Galop, a Shower of Halfpence, and a grand scramble, to conclude with a fight!

Peas and detonating balls to be scattered and let off as our beloved Allies say of their bread—at discretion.

Three live hedgehogs will be flung up at the “Zouave's Trumpet Call,” which is expected to make a jolly lark in the way of football, and no mistake.

The Playfuls are desired to pay in their annual guinea to the Polecats' Affliction Fund; namely, to discharge the fines which inexorable Bow Street Beaks levy on the captive Members. As FITZBALL says, “They hates us youth.”

Down with BEETHOVEN, and nine times nine for the “Ratcatcher's Daughter!”

RUSSIAN REINFORCEMENTS.

WE should like to see enforced the following enactment:

“THAT all Brutes, convicted of beating their wives, be immediately on their conviction enlisted in a New Regiment; to be called ‘The Wife Smashers,’ or ‘The Woman Bruisers,’ and be sent out of the Kingdom as soon as possible, to fight the Russians.”

There would be only one fear of the above Law being carried out—and the further it was carried out of the country the better—and that is, the inhuman wretches so enlisted might turn out such poltroons, that the mere sight of a Cossack would be sufficient to put them all to flight. It is but fair to infer that a man, who has proved himself a rank coward at home, would be an equal coward in the ranks abroad; and consequently it would be a great risk to entrust the glory of England to such worthless guardians. Besides, such monsters, having thrown off all the attributes of Englishmen, have no right to appear before the enemy in the honourable uniform of Englishmen. We would propose, therefore, that the dastardly regiment, when duly formed in the Crimea, should retain as its distinguishing mark the prison-dress it had so well earned, and further, that it should be allowed every opportunity, and, in fact, given every possible encouragement, to desert over to the Russians. By this arrangement, the ruffianly “Wife-Smashers” would stand the best chance of being severely punished by their own countrymen, and would thus be made to feel on their own persons what it was to be beaten within an inch of their lives. We should be ridding the country of a disgrace, and at the same time inflicting on the Russians a great injury. The new Russian corps might, out of compliment to their secret allies, the Austrians, be called “HAYNAU'S OWN!”

The Bears in Covent Garden.

A row generally inaugurates the series of M. JULLIEN'S Concerts. The “fast” cubs are very rough, and much too ready for a scramble. M. JULLIEN is like, and unlike, AMPHION. He can bring the bears together, but he cannot control them.

HOW TO ADMINISTER ADVICE.

ADVICE should always be given in the smoothest and most polished medium—as you will see nurses administering medicine to children in a silver spoon.



"I ax yer Pard'n, but yer haven't sich a thing as a Lucifer about yer; have yer, Missus?"

### ALICE GRAY (OF WOLVERHAMPTON).

SHE'S all her fancy painted her,  
Her tricks you can't divine;  
First one and then another  
She gets into a line.  
She looks like innocence itself—  
As open as the day;  
But a humbug and a take in,  
Is simple ALICE GRAY.

Her artless air has varnish'd o'er  
The black with purest white.  
Her soft false tongue, prefers a charge,  
And juries think her right.  
Her artless air is all assumed—  
Her victim 'a sent away,  
And the prison crank he's turning,  
Through the lies of ALICE GRAY.

I've seen impostors have their run  
I've seen them caught at last;  
But ALICE GRAY has all outdone—  
Each humbug she's surpass'd;  
And when her story shall be told,  
Truth will be forced to say,  
She was the very Queen of quacks,  
That artful ALICE GRAY.

### The Invasion of Paris.

SUCH has been the enormous number of English who have lately invaded Paris, that a cigar-shop, in the neighbourhood of the Rue de la Paix, fearful of losing all its French custom, has been compelled to display a conspicuous placard in its windows with the following intimation:—  
"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS."

### RUSSIAN OIL ON THE FIRE!

To RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P.

MY DEAR SIR,

How glad I should be to find you writing or saying something calculated to put a stop to this horrible War! What could have possessed you to write that letter to MR. BAINES, which can have no other tendency than to prolong it? Don't you see that, in trying to discourage the British Public, you simply encourage the CZAR, and rouse, instead of cowering, the spirit of your countrymen? Are you not conscious that, in proclaiming our difficulties, you are doing your utmost to increase both his obstinacy in resisting our demands, and our determination to compel him to yield to them? Those difficulties you invite MR. JOHN BULL to inspect through your microscope, in order to terrify him, don't you? Well they do terrify him; and in the agony of his terror, he will strive desperately to surmount them, well knowing that if he does not surmount them now, he will have much greater difficulties to contend with hereafter. JOHN BULL is afraid to stop the War; endeavour to allay that fear. But you evidently don't know what fear is, rational fear; fear in the British sense of the word. This, my dear Sir, is the fear of being beaten; which prompts those who are affected with it to fight instead of running away.

MR. JOHN BULL is afraid of Russian aggrandizement and domination. MR. RICHARD COBDEN is not. Now, my brave MR. COBDEN, why don't you disabuse timid JOHN of his delusion, if he is deluded, on that point? That, if you could manage it, would be the way to restore peace. Show that Russia had not, for centuries, cherished designs upon Turkey; that Sebastopol, with its fleet and thousands of cannon, and enormous accumulations of shot and shell, was not intended for their execution. Show that the arsenal was not the analogue of a burglar's premises; and its munitions of war the counterparts of jemmies and centrebits. Show that the seizure of the SULTAN'S dominions would not have been followed by the conquest of Europe. Show that the aggression on the Principalities was not the first step towards that conquest. Demonstrate all this, and I, at least, will cry "Stop the War!" as loud as I can squeak. Dread of ultimate subjection to Russia; horror of slavery, Siberia, and the knout, maintains the warlike feeling of the country. Speak or write to this question. But no. You never do. You ignore it almost as quietly as a fact which cannot be denied or disposed of is ignored by a controversial clergyman.

We all hate war as much as you do. I think we are even more alive to the horrors of war—horrors unspeakable!—for our indignation burns, and yours does not, seemingly, against the human devils and their Prince—who have broken loose, and brought them on the world. Horrors of war, indeed! an additional tax of sixpence would have been

horrible enough to deter us from going to war if we could have helped it.

Did we not, before going to war, exhaust all the means of preserving peace recommended by the very Peace Society? Did we not have recourse to arbitration; was not the award given in our favour; and did not the CZAR refuse to submit to it? What, then; would you have had us to behave as *Dogberry* recommends the watch? If so, perhaps you would wish the dangerous classes, provided they arm themselves, to be left to their own devices by the Police. If SAWNEY BEAN, arch-cateran, cut-throat, cannibal, and so forth, had chosen to fortify his den with certain mudbanks and firearms, you would have been for suffering him and his gang to remain unmolested? Ridiculous to compare the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to SAWNEY BEAN? Yes; as ridiculous as to compare Mont Blanc to Primrose Hill. The worst atrocities practised by SAWNEY BEAN and his crew, thousands of times multiplied have been committed under the auspices of the late and the present CZAR; moreover, SAWNEY did not set up the Cross for a pretence, and perpetrate his abominations in the name of the Orthodox Church.

The Press answerable for keeping up warlike excitement? Why, yes: the Press gives publicity to your letters and speeches: otherwise it merely embodies the national sentiments for the information of your friend, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, and much good may it do him! Your letter to MR. BAINES is very likely to diminish any amount of good which the Press may be capable of doing him. By the way, my dear Sir, is it not rather fortunate for you that we have a free Press? Suppose your letter to the Editor of the *Leeds Mercury* had been addressed to his contemporary of the *Invalide Russe*; only *mutatis mutandis*: that is, Russia's case being England's, England's Russia's, and you a Russian by birth and residence, but an Englishman at heart. Where, in the world, would you be at this moment, my dear Sir; and what appearances would be presented by your bare back? Commending this question to your serious consideration, believe me, my dear Sir, in the cause of peace, your sincere fellow-labourer,

PUNCH.

P.S. Your notion of fat middle-aged men being sent to the Crimea to fight in person, is rather funny; could it be carried out, it would be a famous practical joke: especially for ALEXANDER. I say; what will you take for the cross of the Order of St. VLADIMIR, which, of course, you will have received by this time from your Imperial friend?

### FASHION IN LOW LIFE.

It is the custom amongst the superior classes of the New Cut, when an evening party is breaking up, for the person who has the care of the hats and cloaks to cry out: "Now, Gentlemen, if you please, your Tickets-of-Leave."

## JUSTICE WAITING TILL CALLED FOR.



UR precautions, as nervous people, to guard against surprise, have not prevented us from being unpleasantly astonished at finding it reported that, in passing sentence upon one of those "brutal assault" cases, which are becoming really a national disgrace to us:—

"MR. JARDINE said, he had not been hitherto called upon to inflict the full punishment authorised by the new act in reference to these brutal assaults upon women, but this was one of the worst cases he had ever heard of. The prisoner must be committed to hard labour for six months."

The "full punishment" which the law has prescribed for these cases is considered generally to be at most a rather homœopathic dose; and the frequency of their occurrence since it has been given, is a sufficient proof, we think, that it is not severe enough to act as a preventive. But of course its efficacy must be much diminished, when those who should administer it shrink from

fully doing so: and although some cases may demand a milder treatment than others, we will venture to say, that since the passing of the act, there have been few which have not merited the full punishment it inflicts.

Now Bow Street is not the least frequented of police-courts, and we doubt not, has received at least its average proportion of assault-cases, since the law for their prevention has come into force. We are surprised therefore when we hear its magistrate asserting, that he "has not yet been called upon" for the six months' hard labour, which is the sentence he is fully authorised to pass. We are puzzled indeed to know by whom MR. JARDINE expects ever to be "called upon" for punishment. Can he fancy that a criminal, struck perhaps by the disproportion of his punishment to his offence, would spontaneously call upon the sitting magistrate to double it? Or has he been waiting all the time since the passing of the act, to be called upon by somebody with instructions to direct him when fully to administer it? For ourselves, not inclining to either of these suppositions, we are certainly of opinion that justice, like charity, is not good for much if it waits till it is called upon.

## Retirement from Parliament.

It is rumoured that, in the event of SIR CHARLES NAPIER being returned for Southwark, SIR JAMES GRAHAM will make an application on the very first day of the re-assembling of the House, to be appointed Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. We hope there is no truth in the above report, as the retirement of SIR JAMES would be lamented by a large class of people, who have been looking forward with the greatest anxiety to the meeting of Parliament, in the hope that it would contribute in no small degree to the amusement one naturally expects at that festive period of the year. The absence of SIR JAMES would make a deep hole in our Christmas amusements.

## A Cry from Rathfarnham.

MURDER! The soul-defiling Saxon for his impious Income Tax, has been to that abode of peace, Knocklong, County Limerick, and seized FATHER O'BRIEN'S Cow! Think of that, my countrymen! That's more of LORD PALMERSTON'S sacrilege! Think of it, my countrymen, and screech it to the four winds of heaven, and then howl it to the centre of the earth. The sacrilegious Saxon has seized FATHER O'BRIEN'S Cow! And this abomination is but a stepping-stone to another; for the Saxon's next impiety will be to lay violent hands upon the POPE'S Bull!

CATHILL.

## A TRUTH FOR WINE-DRINKERS.

THE best manure for grapes are stones and flints: and this is most strange, for you would not fancy it possible to get the rich blood of the grape out of a stone, and we all know it is by no means an easy operation to get a bottle of wine out of a Flint!

## "DESTRUCTION!"

WE have arrived at the knowledge—certain and minute—of the approaching destruction of three or four distinguished printsellers. Altogether there are about half-a-dozen intellectual tradesmen who make their daily bread (the butter is hardly worth speaking of) by the sale of engravings from the pictures of our own glorious English artists. Now, these gentlemen, reasoning doubtless on the most correct principle that, things become the more precious as they become the more scarce, have, for the furtherance of the interests of true art, resolved to lessen the number of printsellers by at least one half. If half-a-dozen Boys are valuable, how much more priceless will be three Boys? If two Moons are a great social advantage, how much more useful, more socially profitable will one Moon be; or even a half-Moon? We have seen how successfully, how admirably this principle has been carried out by the chopping into little bits, plates of "Waterloo Banquets," "Sanctuaries," "Deerstalkers," and so forth,—and, having great faith in the logical powers of all artists soever, we have no doubt that by the contemplated destruction of one half of the number of printsellers at present existing, the value of the fortunate survivors will be, as predicted, incalculably enhanced. Be this as it may, their fate is decided; though, we are happy to state, that the chosen victims will not, like the doomed plates, be first disfigured, "ploughed into deep indelible lines," to be finally "cut in pieces by machinery." No; they will be tenderly put out of the way; being made to retire at once from business and from life by means of painless extinction.

Various R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s are pledged to the good work. The gifted painters of "The Princess and the Pet Gunca-Pigs," "The Curl Papers," "Chaos," "The Unheaved Sigh," and "The Ungushed Tear," with other artists, equally distinguished, are mutually bound to this act of enlightened destruction. Cards have already been sent to the unsuspecting victims, to meet the sacrificial artists to a genial banquet at the Goose and Gridiron.

Feeling very warmly for the success of the attempt, *Mr. Punch* would not have risked the publication of the design that, by the sacrifice of the three men, is to enhance the value of the three print-selling survivors,—had not *Mr. Punch* been assured that the work of enlightened destruction will have been some hours completed before the appearance of his journal. The mortal banquet will be of the most choice description. Professional singers are engaged, and will execute a dirge and a requiem. Mutes and bearers from BAYNTUM'S will, on the occasion, officiate as waiters.

## "NOW, BOYS!"

AMONGST the lives of Celebrated Boys, now being published in a certain *Boy's Magazine*, we miss the

"LIFE OF JIMMY GRAHAM:—THE DIRTY BOY, who was always in a mess."

It might be made very instructive, and we should like extremely to write it. The moral would, of course, be very impressive: "You must not dabble in dirt, like that naughty boy JIMMY GRAHAM, or else you will certainly get into mischief, and be shunned by all good men." By the bye, since we have got the Boys in hand, we think an *Old Boy's Magazine* would at the present moment be a most profitable speculation. It should be dedicated to the juvenile octogenarians at the War Office, Admiralty, and other Government Offices, and might be filled with Ciceronian essays inculcating the advantages of Old Age, and proving how necessary it was to have the gout before one could take a step in official life. Such a boyish Magazine could not fail to be popular with our Ministers, who are so fond of rewarding aged incapacity, that they will not see merit in a Whig even, unless the Whig has first turned GREY.

## Dunup on the Money Market.

"THEY say the Money Market's tight. For the life of me, I cannot see it. After all, what is five, or six, or seven per cent.? Now, if it was fifty per cent., the people might cry out! And yet I have often paid fifty, sixty, and seventy per cent., and have thought nothing of it. I have even given as much as eighty per cent. for my bills, and ten per cent. commission into the bargain, and at times have thought myself extremely lucky to get them done at that rate. On my word, the world's growing mighty particular! Why, if the Bank would only discount my paper at seven per cent., I would not mind taking one half in blacking, and more than that, I would stand a dinner to the Directors all round!"

## Lights and Letters.

UNWONTED homage has been paid to literature. GÖTHE'S *Life and Works* is published in the morning, and in the evening all the German ambassadors illuminate! When *Little Dorrit* appears, the English Ambassador in Paris will, with his wonted courtesy to the genius of his countrymen, no doubt, set up at least one rushlight!



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

*Ophelia.* "There's fennel for you, and columbines."

*Hamlet, Act v. Scene 5.*

EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

In the Egyptian Hall there has been celebrated a feast of Egyptian Darkness. A MR. EWART having worried the weakness of Parliament to pass an Act which permitted ratepayers of cities and towns to establish therein museums and free libraries, at the cost of an impost of a penny in the pound—(there is penny wisdom for you; as if ratepayers were such geese as to pluck themselves),—the LORD MAYOR attempted to celebrate one of the latter days of his government, by singing a swan-like strain (or rather a swan-hopping strain) in praise of knowledge!

Happily, however, there was a PEACOCK present—PEACOCK, the deputy. Now this PEACOCK is deep in sewers (as testified by the blackness of legs common to the species PEACOCK), and having much experience in sewage duty, of blind puppies, he was of course the better enabled to speak to the real wants of the young men of the city of London. There was no need of books: besides, how could people with the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA on their hands, bother themselves with the educational wants of clerks and shopmen? The interests of sewage were paramount to the cant of knowledge. In a time of war, books may be necessary as paper runs short, for ball-cartridges. Therefore, PEACOCK would have no museum, no reading-room, and, if MINERVA'S own owl had propounded the motion, the bird of wisdom would have stood no chance against the scream of the vigilant PEACOCK with, as is the wont of peacocks, all his eyes about him.

In the Egyptian Hall, PEACOCK was victorious in Egyptian darkness. But what is to be expected of a PEACOCK? "The tenderness of the pith in his wing and tail-feathers," says an old writer, "proceeding out of a quill, not an inch long, and soe thin and tender, that for want of substance and strength they are not so useful as the quill of a crow." Thus, peacocks are not given to writing; and, carrying eyes on their tails, can hardly be expected to look forward. True it is, that QUEEN SHEBA brought peacocks to KING SOLOMON; but we doubt not, only as fine illustrations of the truth of SOLOMON'S sad saying that "all is vanity." Any way, the civic PEACOCK screams and says, "Books 's vanity, and I moves the previous question." And the question is carried; and PEACOCK, after the fashion of peacocks, pulleth back his head, and strutteth amazingly.

SALE AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL.

We have been rather startled by the announcement of the intended Sale by Auction of our old friends the animals, who have for some years formed a feature, or rather a collection of very formidable features, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. We understand that this step has been decided on, in consequence of the superior attraction of the Concerts, for it is felt that not even the lion stands a chance of popularity by the side of such an unrivalled lion as the MONS. JULLIEN.

We do not quite understand how the sale is to be managed, and how the respectable auctioneer, MR. STEVENS, of King Street, Covent Garden, proposes to knock down the elephant. It is all very well to talk of bringing the beasts to the hammer; but we tremble for the hand that attempts to bring the hyæna to the hammer, or to anything else that the brute may not have an inclination for. We shall be anxious to see the catalogue of the various lots, from the eligible elephant, down to the monkeys, who would probably come under the head of Miscellaneous; and the snakes, which would perhaps fall under the denomination of Sundries. The Brahmin bulls will either be sold at so much per head, or perhaps may be taken by the horns, for the convenience of the purchaser.

We shall keep our eye upon the sale, but we shall remain at a respectful distance from the various lots, while they are being handed round: for we should be sorry to get a living boa round our neck; and we should not be surprised, if while the auctioneer is soliciting "an advance upon the tiger," the tiger were to make a sudden and unexpected advance on the audience. It will be rather difficult to show the lots to advantage, and there are some of them that will scarcely be under sufficient restraint to enable the porters to display them during the continuance of the auctioneer's eloquence. It is possible that while he describes a lot of monkeys as "going, going," one or more of the mischievous brutes may be "gone" before he is aware of it.

APROPOS DE BOTTES.—Italy has often been compared to a Boot—and it is a Boot, we should say, that would almost give its soul, if it could only see the last of Austria.



Youthful Costermonger. "NOW THEN, 'GUVNER, 'AVE THE LAST ROPE FOR A PENNY?"

**MRS. SWANSDOWN'S WORK-TABLE.**

A CONVEYANCING LECTURE FOR THE LADIES.

"Steal, foh! the wise do call it convey."—*Shakespeare.*

CONVEYANCING, Ladies, is the machinery by which such property as houses and land is bought, sold, entailed, or pawned. It is the most splendid invention for beggaring the owners of such property, and enriching lawyers, that ever was conceived. It is better than the Court of Chancery, that delight of mankind. You may think that the subject does not concern you; but indeed it does. Not to speak of young ladies whose fathers are landowners, young ladies whose marriage dowry is frightfully diminished by the tremendous expense of settlements and the making out titles (you shall understand this directly, dears), there is scarcely a lady, whose husband is in moderately prosperous circumstances, who does not suffer by the system. One would like to buy one's wife a little house for a birthday present, or a cottage for her summer trip, or a little piece of land to be planted on baby's birthday, and these things might be done for a reasonable outlay. But not only does the lawyer make the purchase terribly expensive, but the charming system of conveyancing places you in such a condition, that if you happen to want to get your purchase off your hands at any time, the merely showing that you have a right to do so costs you very nearly the whole value of the property. You will very likely ask some lawyer if this is so, and he will tell you that the statement is exaggerated, that some titles are "difficult," but that the system is a very beautiful one. Tell him, dears,—or rather say that *Mr. Punch* told you to tell him—that he is a humbug, and that the system is a swindle.

*Mr. Punch* wishes to give you some idea of the real nature of this beautiful system. So, he will not talk of houses or land, for fear of

getting technical (not that you do not grasp the meaning of hard words with a quickness and an accuracy that wakes him ashamed of his male pupils); but he will illustrate the way in which the lawyers deal with such matters, by making an ordinary article of lady's use the subject of a conveyancer's treatment.

MRS. SWANSDOWN (*née* MARIA GOOSINGTON) has an old-fashioned Work-table, beautifully painted, and inlaid with silver. It belonged to her grandmother, who received it as a present from the grateful wife of a young officer (a friend of the Pretender's), to whom Granny, then a romantic young FLORA M'IVOR, gave shelter after Culloden. MRS. SWANSDOWN'S pet daughter is married; and her husband, MR. FONDLESQUAW, wants to give his mother-in-law a splendid *Epergne* in exchange for this Work-table, which his wife, from childish association, desires to possess. All parties are agreed, but (we write as if the two articles of property had acquired the dignity of land) the arrangement must be made by deeds, on parchment. The lawyers on each side go to work.

We will begin with MRS. SWANSDOWN'S lawyer, who has to prove to the satisfaction of MR. FONDLESQUAW'S lawyer, that Mrs. S. has a good title to the Work-table. He makes out an enormous document of a hundred sheets, facetiously called "Abstract of Title." The charge for this is very high. He has a copy made, and he sends it to MR. GRUBBY, a conveyancing barrister, in Lincoln's Inn, to look it over, and see whether it is fit to be handed over to "the other side." MR. G. has a handsome fee, and looks over the title.

He returns the document in three weeks or a month, with this kind of observations:—

"The title to the Work-table, subject to the following remarks, seems satisfactory.

"You must obtain evidence to prove, that the lady who presented it in 1746 had her husband's permission to do so.

"If she is living, I think her declaration to that effect would do; but, as she was no doubt 20 at the gift, and this is 109 years ago, this would make her 129, and she may therefore be deceased, and her representatives must be sought for.

"The letter presenting the table is dated Amiens, in France. See if you can get any evidence of her having been seen to post the letter. Some old inhabitant may have heard of a letter being posted in 1746.

"I do not think that the Table went through the post; but, as this depends on French law, obtain the opinion of a Parisian advocate on the subject. (Translate this for me, as I only understand Norman French, such as *sur couzance de droit comme ceo, &c.*)

"If the Table came from France, it ought to have paid duty. Search the Custom House books for 1746, and get a copy of any entry on the subject.

"One of the silver ornaments is stated to have been repaired in 1802. You must get the silversmith's bill for doing this, and show either by receipt or other evidence that it was paid.

"SARAH GOOSINGTON, mother of MRS. SWANSDOWN, had the Table relined, and a small looking-glass inserted in the inside of the cover. Ascertain whether this was done before her husband bolted to Boulogne, or afterwards, as in the latter case creditors might assert a claim to the silk and the glass. Obtain his schedule, as an insolvent, as it may include the silk-mercier's bill.

"There is an outlying work-bag, or rag-bag, fastened below the Table, to which no title is shown, and it would seem that the children used to put their playthings in it, and it may be a question whether tenancy in common was not created. Would MRS. FONDLESQUAW'S brothers and sisters release their rights herein?

"I cannot identify the emery needle-cushion on the left hand with that originally inserted, and I think that search should be made, in case the emery-powder have slipped into the cracks of the wood, and so become incorporated into the freehold. Get evidence as to this, and also as to the sawing out the partition between the cottons and the silks. I do not think that any tenant of the Table was entitled to cut timber.

"The Table in the letter is also termed a 'Housewife's Companion.' This is an outstanding term, but may be considered as merged in modern phraseology.

"GIDEON GRUBBY,  
"Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 20th."

There, my dears, is a small portion of the profitable work cut out by lawyer for lawyer, before a single step is taken in the real arrangement. *Mr. Punch* will show you, in due course, how the business went on.

**What will Gough Say?**

EVEN the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY has made a slip, and on his own ground too—Exeter Hall. His Lordship, in introducing LORD JOHN RUSSELL to the Christian Young Men, observed that LORD JOHN needed no prefatory explanation, in other words—"good wine needs no bush." The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY to talk of wine and in Exeter Hall! Gracious goodness! what *will* MR. GOUGH say?

## CONSTANTINE'S DREAM.

SCENE—*St. Petersburg. A Private Apartment in the Palace. The EMPEROR ALEXANDER, the EMPRESS, and the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.*

*Alex.* Sebastopol gone; Kertch and Kinburn too!  
Sveaborg in ruins; Bomarsund destroy'd!  
Our troops repulsed at Kars, and now again  
In battle worsted by OMAR PACHA!  
One almost might suppose our cause unjust,  
And a just Power to over-rule the world.  
What's to be done?

*Empress.* Peace made.

*Const.* Pooh! Madam, Pooh!

Excuse me—but the very name of peace  
Inflames me with un governable rage.  
Peace is submission: sooner than submit  
Let us take poison all, or cut our throats;  
Disaster desperation should inspire;  
Ah, Sire, my brother! had I but my way  
I know what I would do.

*Alex.* What wouldst thou do?

*Const.* No longer let our navy skulk beneath  
Yon walls of stone with cannon fortified;  
But, on some favouring and foggy night,  
Break, or elude, the Anglo-French blockade.

*Alex.* Unto what end, good brother?

*Const.* Marry, this:—

Some twenty thousand soldiers to convey,  
With whom we would ascend the River Thames,  
As once the Dutchmen did: then London burn:  
Which could we do, I should not care, although  
We perish'd in the ruins.

*Empress.* How commence?

How cause the conflagration to begin?  
Would you not first deliver that same Thames  
A prey to the devouring element?

*Const.* Although I might not set the Thames on fire,  
I might and would burn the LORD MAYOR alive,  
And slowly roast the Aldermen to death,  
Chop GOG and MAGOG into little bits,  
Slit up the nose of VISCOUNT PALMERSTON,  
And by the roots tear out the tongue of *Punch*.  
Blow up the Tower, and leave not of St. Paul's  
A stone upon a stone; likewise destroy  
Westminster Abbey, and the Houses raze  
Of Parliament: the National Gallery,  
British Museum, and the Post Office,  
Buckingham Palace, also, I would knock  
About their ears who would not be, I hope,  
At Balmoral, or Osborne. Oh! what games,  
To wrap Great Britain's capital in flames!

*Empress.* Oh! CONSTANTINE, how stupidly you talk!  
What! risk our fleet and twenty thousand men,  
Leaving St. Petersburg without defence?

Don't listen to him, ALEXANDER, dear.

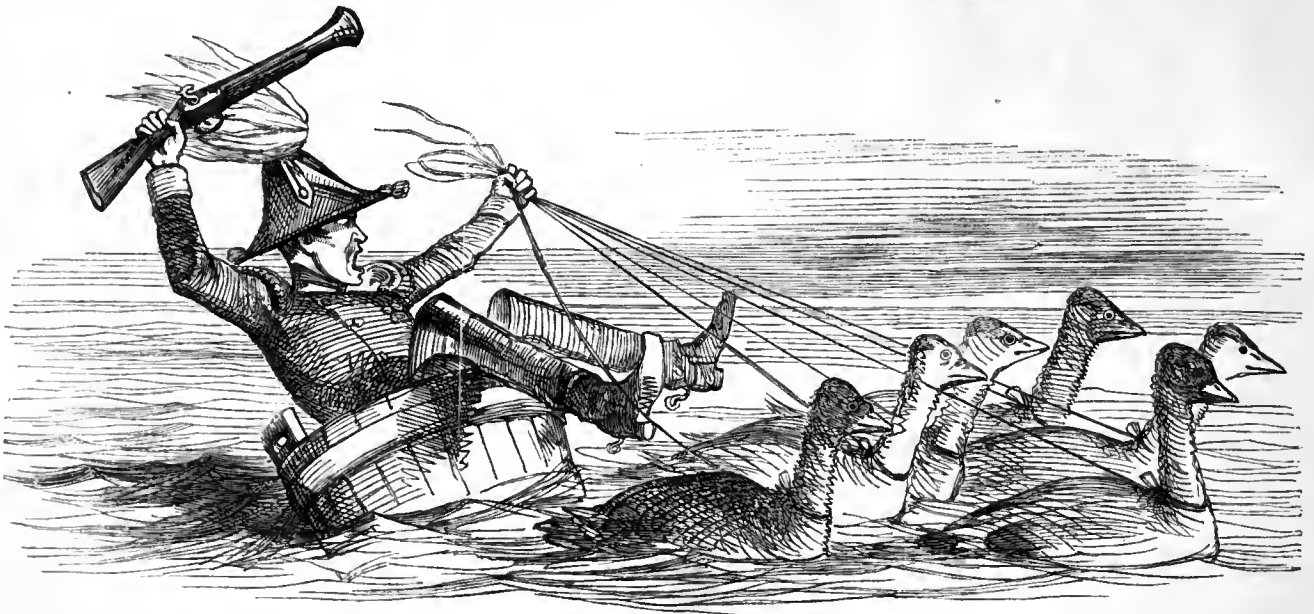
*Alex.* Brother, your scheme of daring and of dash  
The merit has, no doubt—but it is rash.

We fear the enterprise would not succeed,  
We think it hazardous—we do, indeed.

Yet London 'twere a glorious thing to burn.

Well, well, the matter in our mind we'll turn.

SCENE closes.



HOW THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE SET OUT TO INVADE ENGLAND.

## ENCOURAGEMENT OF NATIVE TALENT.

AMONG the exhibitors at the French Exposition of Industry, twenty-four Englishmen out of two hundred and fifty-four persons, have received the decoration of the Legion of Honour; and the *Times* correspondent at Paris says:—

"Of the 254 seven are to be named officers, having no doubt received the simple cross of Knight previously, and among the English Mr. FARADAY has the still higher grade of Commander conferred on him."

We have reason for stating that a Cabinet Council will be immediately convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of forthwith conferring on PROFESSOR FARADAY the Order of the Bath, lest it should seem, that in consequence of the neglect of the British Government to encourage Science, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON has felt himself obliged to take that office on himself. Whilst our rulers are about it, perhaps, they will also knight a few more philosophers—if the philosophers will accept the knighthood.

## DEFINITIONS.

BY A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

LOVE. A Subject with poets for a song, and frequently not worth one.

MUSIC. The signal for talking in a drawing-room, during which you hear the words of every one but the person who is singing.

MADMAN. Any one who differs from us.

DOCTOR. One who kills us to-day to prevent us dying to-morrow.

CARD. What a tradesman gives when he wants your custom, and a gentleman when he wants your life.

YOUTH. Anything under a wig.

MY DEAR, MY LOVE. The commencement of a quarrel between man and wife.

HEARTS. Little red things, that men and women play with for money.

BREAD AND CHEESE. The pretence with a rich man for accumulating a fortune—and which is about the last thing you ever see at his table.



THE JULLIEN ÆRA.



THE JULLIEN Æra is always a most important one in the annals of Metropolitan amusement, and there is as much excitement in London at the approach of the musical MONS. as there is at Eton on the advent of the Montem. It is an idle dream to talk of heaping Pelion upon Ossa, and hoisting both upon Olympus, but it is an annual achievement to pile up a series of summits (the tops of their profession) on a sort of Alpine orchestra, and to crown the whole with the MONS. JULLIEN. For the present season we must look at him in the light of JULLIEN the Apostate, for he has renounced his old temple at Drury Lane, and set

up his shrine at the Covent Garden Opera. The change is in every respect for the better, and as Drury Lane, in consequence of a prior engagement, cannot go to the MONS., it is quite right of the MONS. to go to the Italian Opera.

We were happy to find that our MONS.—the Monarch of Music—unlike the Monarch of Mountains, is not yet crowned with a diadem of snow, for his luxurious locks retain all their ancient resemblance to the jet of the most brilliant blacking. His hair has, in fact, all the dark and dazzling polish of other DAYS and MARTINS, and it is delightful to witness the freshness and vivacity with which he still wields the *bâton*. We have, however, a crow to pick with the MONS.:

*Blood, Bluster, and Blue-fire* was once given as the title and type of a certain drama. What name shall be given to M. JULLIEN'S last performance? He has brought out a Quadrille, the theme whereof is the "Fall of Sebastopol," and the music whereof, to which we are to dance, and smirk, and flirt, is intended to represent the various noises heard during the final struggle. We are unaware whether it is yet published for the pianoforte, but in due course the young ladies will no doubt have it, with a splendidly fiery frontispiece, representing Sebastopol in red flames, and in the foreground some adorable officers (with wasp-like waists) raising the standards of the Allies. For Art-pictorial and Art-musical are sisters.

Looking at the programme with a practical eye, and a recollection of divers First Sets, and the duty to be done therein, we seem to see a little difficulty in the way of any eight or sixteen couples who may call out for "The Sebastopols." One of the subjects is "Dialogue of the Chiefs during the passing the banks of the beautiful Tchernaya." This might possibly be adapted to the dialogue of the partners during the performance of the beautiful *pas seul*. "The cavalry gradually disappears," may be a hint to a gentleman to hope that a lady's hoarseness is going off. But after the business begins in earnest, and the themes, so appropriate to a ball-room or theatre (where is scarcely an individual who has not mourned relative or friend lost in the fray now set to the fiddles) are being fairly worked out—when the French "rush with the rapidity of an eagle," and the "gallant English fall by hundreds, and die like heroes"—we do not see how the setting, and turning, and ladies' chain illustrate the subject. Nor, though "the roar of the cannon, the whistling of the bullets, the cries of the fugitives, and the ships blown into the air," may, according to M. JULLIEN'S charming phraseology, "form an Awful Fête," (does he mean a pun?) it does not seem exactly a *fête dansante*. Then, too, in the finale, "a soldier mortally wounded, is borne up a hill and prays," &c., at length "dying happy;" a subject, which must, one would think, be treated in slow time; and a little out of place in the galop at the end of the Quadrille; nor should we care to hear "Now, then, Mortally Wounded, all round."

Such a theme for a Quadrille must surely have been selected in deference to the gents who acted as jackals to the swell-mob on the opening night of M. JULLIEN'S Concerts. English society has not yet learned to like its Quadrille music mixed up with blood, and groans, and tears, and must condemn the bad taste that found in the terrible incidents of a siege the materials for an Awful Fête.

Nothing can be more perfect than the manner in which JULLIEN keeps his excellent orchestra together, but there are many imperfections in the way in which he—or rather his servants—get his audience together; for there is a want of harmony between the seats in the

theatre and the plan in the box-office. Having taken your places for a large party, who are all placed together according to the plan in the booking-office, you may find yourselves all scattered when you get into the house; and thus, some of the tenderest ties in life—those of husband and wife, or father and child—are, for one evening at least, most cruelly severed. The MONS., in spite of his exaltation, is always ready to stoop to meet the wishes of the public; and a nod of his head will probably be sufficient to remedy the evil we have pointed out to him.

HOMILIES AND HOAXES.



HERE used to be a great deal said about "wolves in sheep's clothing"—the wolf of that species meaning a bad style of clergyman. We do not hear so much of these wolves now: there are one or two to be met with here and there; for instance on certain County Benches; but it may be hoped that this breed of wolves will soon become as extinct in these dominions as the fourfooted. If, however, clerical wolves are scarce, there is no great lack, apparently, of another sort of ecclesiastical animals. Witness the following advertisement, extracted from the *Times* :—

AD CLERUM. NEW LITURGICAL ISSUE

By the Author and Editor of "The Churchman's Sunday Evenings at Home," "The Devout Churchman," "Sermons for Sundays and Holy Days," &c. THE REV. ALEXANDER WATSON, A.M., having been often applied to by his brethren in connection with the subject of the present advertisement, now invites attention to a proposal for the circulation of a limited number of a course of manuscript sermons adapted to the Divinely ordered system of the Church's Ritual; viz., a set for one year of manuscript sermons setting forth the

faith and practice of the Christian man in exact accordance with the Divinely appointed order of the Church's Annual Cycle.

Here we pause; for at this point the existence of those other animals than wolves among the clergy becomes manifest. It is evident that there are a great many donkeys in holy orders; donkeys so stupid and so lazy as to be either unable or unwilling even to write their own sermons. MR. WATSON has "been often applied to by his brethren in connection with the subject" of having that work done for them. He displays some humility, to be sure, in owing them his brethren—in fraternising with such a long-eared kind of parsons. But let him now proceed—the issue of his cut-and-dried spiritual provender is

"To be continued annually, until each portion of the Liturgical Services for each Sunday and Holy Day shall have been illustrated and their united scope enforced. The advertiser is ready to issue the first number of the above series in time for the ensuing Advent Sunday, with sermons for the Saint's day which fixes the date of Advent Sunday, if he receives the names of a sufficient number of subscribers to protect him from loss before November 23rd, 1855. Terms for the first series, seven guineas per annum, paid in advance, or the Sunday sermons may be had separately, price five guineas; and those for Holy Days, price three guineas. Only a limited number of copies of each series will be put in circulation, due regard being had to the number issued in any one neighbourhood; and where desisted the strictest secrecy will be observed. The sermons will be sent post free in packets of a season, or a month, as the case may be. Subscribers' names, with particulars of remittance, to be forwarded," &c., &c.

What business has a jackass, who is *such* an ass that he cannot compose his own sermons, in the pulpit? The only assignable excuse for his occupancy of that position is, that he is gifted with a peculiarly impressive bray, a persuasive and solemn hee-haw: insomuch that the truths worded by the wisdom of other men "fall mended from his tongue." Be it so; but let the donkey stand there professedly for what he is, to bray, simply, in an edifying manner: to read the Rev. MR. WATSON, or the Rev. *Mr. Punch*, as condescending Noblemen and Gentlemen sometimes read SHAKESPEARE at Mechanics' Institutes. It is a swindle on the part of a preacher to palm off somebody else's sermon as his own; and besides being an ass, as aforesaid, the utterer of such a discourse is the utterer of spiritual forged notes; a reverend impostor, an ordained cheat, and a consecrated humbug.

Of course MR. WATSON has as much right to sell sermons as *Mr. Punch* has to sell jokes. But what if *Mr. Punch* were to publish a series of manuscript conundrums, for the express purpose of enabling dunces to palm themselves off on society as wits? Would not *Mr. Punch*, the layman, incur rather general contempt? How much more contempt would the Rev. *Mr. Punch* incur by publishing sermons for the analogous purpose of abetting asses in the personation of divines.

Of course the object of the publication of these sermons in manuscript is to cause them to be mistaken for the preacher's own compositions: to make believed the thing which is not. Therefore "due regard will be had to the number issued in any one neighbourhood." Of course; to preclude the possibility of the delivery of one of these "crib" compositions being occasionally interrupted by a cry of "Halloa!—we heard that in t'other church this morning." No doubt, "the strictest secrecy will be observed." The Party will keep dark about the Plant. A very pretty system this, certainly, for preaching the Truth.



### PRUDENT RESOLVE.

*Little Party.* "GO AND WALK IN HYDE PARK? OH, AH!—I DESSAY!—AND GET FELTED FOR A HARISTOCRAT!—NO THANK 'E—NOT IF I KNOW IT."

### COMPANION TO THE LATCH-KEY.

If anybody happens to be returning to his abode late at night, or early in the morning, in or about London, what course is he to pursue? That of going straight home, if possible, appears to be the obvious answer to this question. There are two other courses, however, open to the belated individual. One of these is that of taking a cab, and the other is that of carrying a revolver. If the former is not adopted, the latter should be; for the unarmed nocturnal pedestrian in this metropolis runs a very considerable risk of becoming the subject of a garrotte robbery. A cab will protect him from the footpad, but it will not protect him from the cabman; and as the price of a revolver would be soon made up by the saving of extortionate cab-hire, whilst the weapon would remain to be shown and used if necessary, therefore it would come cheaper than the vehicle in the end. If the aid of the Police could be depended upon at call, there would be no necessity for either, but under existing circumstances one or the other is indispensable. For the reason just stated, we prefer the revolver, and pending the amelioration of police arrangements, recommend it as a constant companion to the latch-key.

### MILITARY REVIEW.

F. M. PRINCE ALBERT passed in review, on Thursday last, the PRINCE OF WALES'S Infantry, in the back nursery of Buckingham Palace. The force, which was drawn out in battle array one deep on the slate of His Royal Highness, consisted of half a squadron of wooden cavalry (the "Spotted Reds"), and a full battalion of tin infantry (the "Painted Flats"). The latter excited great interest, as they had only the day before been rescued from a fierce fire, in the midst of which they must have perished to a man, by the Royal nurse discovering them just in time in the thick of the coal-scuttle. The troops were put through their several evolutions by His Royal Highness, assisted in the most playful manner by his little brothers and sisters, and were afterwards complimented by F. M. the Prince upon their neat and soldier-like appearance.

At the termination of the review, fresh colours were presented to a veteran Sergeant, who had become quite pale in the face from falling accidentally into the water-jug.

### THE UNCIVIL CIVIL SERVICE.

It is a subject of very general remark, that it is difficult to find a subordinate in the Civil Service who has got a civil tongue in his head. The Post-office authorities have hit upon a happy expedient at the Money Order Office in Charing Cross, where written directions are placed in front of the bars, behind which the bears are to be heard growling out their indistinct replies to any question that may be addressed to them. We recommend every one who applies for a money-order at Charing Cross to read the written directions, if he wishes to avoid the surliness and snappishness to which he will probably be exposed, if he ventures to ask one of the Civil servants a civil question. We strongly recommend the adoption of the same system at other Government offices; for there is undoubtedly much more politeness in printer's ink—notwithstanding its black looks—than is generally to be met with from the lips of official underlings. Perhaps their pay may be unreasonably low, but we are quite sure that the public would not object to the "two-pence more," which, according to the old anecdote, is the normal price at which instruction in manners may be acquired.

### STOPPAGE OF THE TIMES.

We read in the ecstatic *Post* that—

"At a meeting of the Oxford Union Debating Society, held on Monday night, the subject under consideration was, 'That the *Times* has deserved well of this country.' To this an amendment was proposed, 'That the *Times* exercises a pernicious influence, and is unworthy of our sympathies,' which was carried by a majority of 6—the numbers being 23 to 22."

In consequence of this important decision, we are requested to state, that the proprietors of the *Times* will continue that journal so long only as is necessary to keep faith with subscribers who have paid in advance. It will then be discontinued, in obedience to the fiat of the above 23 Oxford lads, and its connection (somewhat a large one) will be divided, it is supposed, between the *Morning Herald* and the *Poultry Chronicle*.

### [THE RE-"PUBLIC" OF LETTERS.



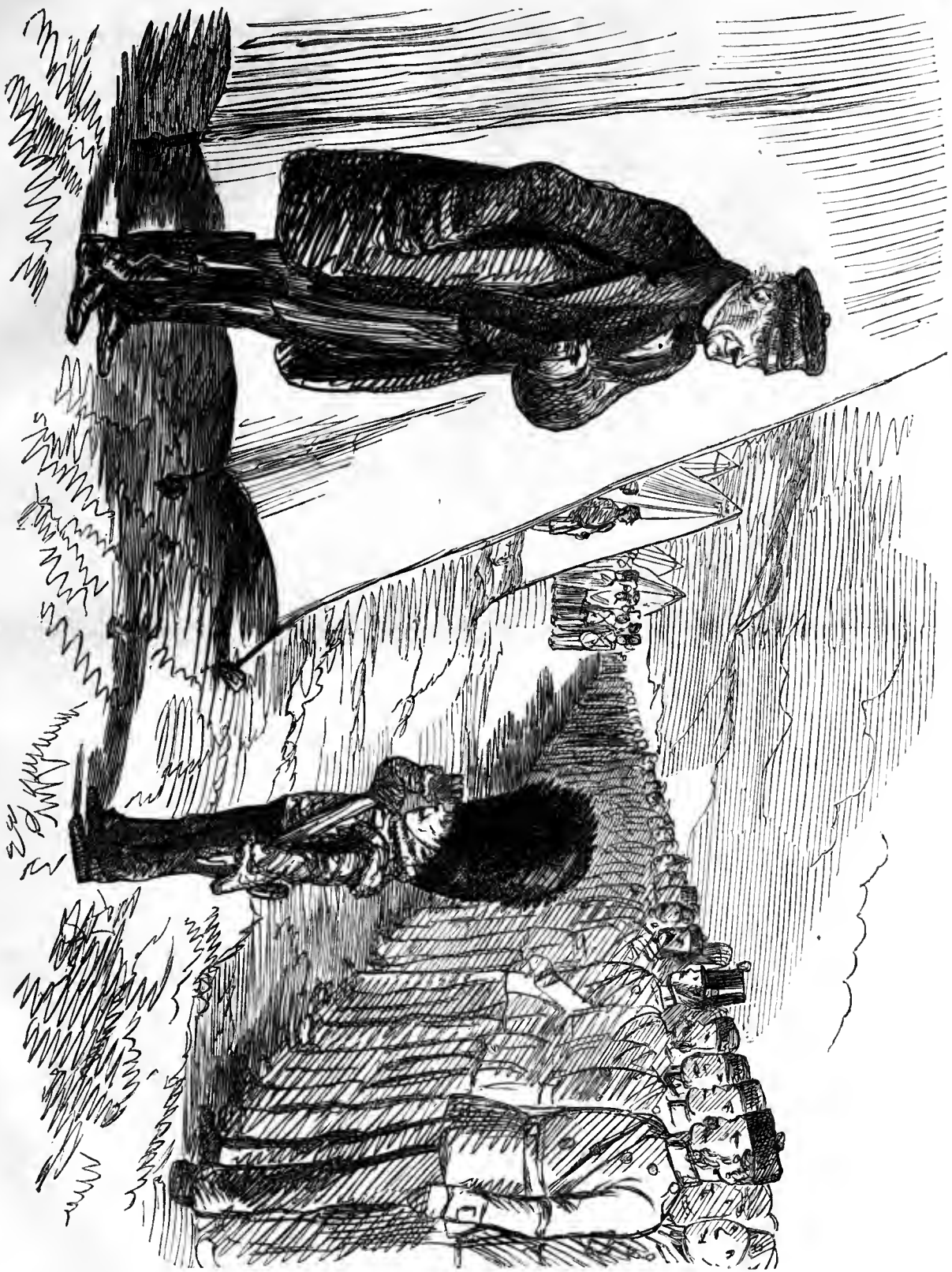
If we are to believe its own statements, there is no journal so well informed on all Ministerial matters, as our contemporary the *Morning Advertiser*, who so foamingly and characteristically represents the "head" of the great beer interest. It is, perhaps, natural that a mixed Government like the present one, should adopt as its representative in the press, a journal with which half-and-half is closely identified. The *Morning Advertiser*, accordingly, professes to make itself the organ—the great beer-barrel organ—of all the movements and intentions of the Ministry. We can fully understand the plausibility of the assumption by which the literary embodiment of the tap asserts its acquaintance with everything that is on the tap-is. We do not know whether the writers of the *Morning Advertiser* are admitted to the society of the Premier; but, if anyone could draw him out, or draw him off, it would, probably, be some one cognisant of the bar-practice of the publicana.

stand the plausibility of the assumption by which the literary embodiment of the tap asserts its acquaintance with everything that is on the tap-is. We do not know whether the writers of the *Morning Advertiser* are admitted to the society of the Premier; but, if anyone could draw him out, or draw him off, it would, probably, be some one cognisant of the bar-practice of the publicana.

### THE TWO MOST FORMIDABLE THREATS IN THE WORLD.

1. "I'll write to the *Times*."
2. "I'll send that to *Punch*."

FRESH FROM THE PUMP.—MR. J. B. MUFF, the celebrated Water-drinker and Lecturer, when he talks of his children, always alludes to them, in the most affecting manner, as his dear little "teetotal pledges of affection."



THE NEW GAME OF FOLLOW MY LEADER.

“PLEASE, GENERAL, MAY ME AND THESE OTHER CHAPS HAVE LEAVE TO GO HOME ON URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.”



## ETIQUETTE FOR THEATRICAL CRITICS.



THE great success of the various little books for teaching good manners to everybody, and the great quantity of good manners which are prevalent in consequence of the study of those works, have induced *Mr. Punch* to put together a few hints for the use of theatrical critics, in order that the rising generation of writers of that class may not be behind their age. He has based these hints upon very careful examination of the dramatic and musical notices by the most distinguished critics of the day, and he can assure the young gentlemen who are training for the judicial function (in so far as such a trifle as sitting in judgment may be held to require training) that they will be perfectly safe in following accredited models.

In noticing an opera, or other musical work, never say that the noise was unbearable: say that the composer displayed his ability of developing to the full all the resources of the orchestra.

If an actor is an abominable stick, do not use so coarse an expression: say that he rendered the part intellectually, rather than theatrically.

When an author produces a dull, stupid play, full of prosy talk instead of action: say that the literary element somewhat predominated over the dramatic.

When an actor rants like a maniac: say that he avails himself of his singular physical advantages, with a determination that shows he has formed, and can adhere to, a definite idea of the traditions of melodrama.

When an author writes the baldest of balderdash, without a poetical phrase or a pointed repartee, and merely works up to hack "situations": say that if somewhat conventional, the structure of the drama shows that the writer has much experience, and has studied the exigencies of the stage.

If an actor takes a part for which he is physically unfitted, and of which he makes an atrocious mull: say that he exerted himself creditably, but would, perhaps, not have been less welcome to the audience, in a character more akin to his ordinary personations.

When a new production or revival is all gilt gingerbread and upholstery: say that the splendour of the spectacle left you little time for the ungracious consideration that, had the drama been stronger, the whole affair would have been faultless.

When, on the other hand, it is got up in a skimping, beggarly manner, with no attention either to effect or to accuracy: say that the manager relied, and not in vain, upon the intrinsic merits, or long established popularity of the drama itself, and appealed to the intellect rather than to the eye.

When a theatre is chock full of "double orders," whose bearers are sent to clap and stamp from the rise of the curtain to its fall: say that the favourable verdict of a first night is sometimes qualified, subsequently; but that there could be no doubt of the enthusiasm manifested throughout the whole performance.

If, again, the theatre is half empty, and the piece falls flat: say that no factitious excitement had been sought to be created, and that the silent attention with which the drama was received, must have been eminently gratifying to the author, and to actors who desire to be really appreciated rather than blindly applauded.

If an author has stolen a French piece bodily, and merely upset it out of good French into bad English: say that his object was to set before the London public a faithful transcript of what is enchanting the playgoers of Paris.

If, *au contraire*, (as he would write) he "adapts" it, that is to say, he changes *M. DUPONT* into *MR. SMITH*, *COQUELICOT* into *SAM SNOGES*, and the *Bal Mabilite* into *Cremorne*: say that the felicitous mode in which he has transplanted scene and characters almost entitles him to the honours of originality.

And, in a word, contrive, by avoiding! all straightforward expression of opinion, to escape the one great crime, the "giving offence." So shall actors, authors, composers, and managers "nod to you and do you courtesies," and so shall you be declared "an exceedingly fair and liberal critic."

**Spiteful Parody made by Edwin at Intervals during the Quarter of an Hour between his being told that Angelina would be down in a Minute, and his getting her over the Door-step.**

THIS thought's eternal in a husband's breast,—  
Wives never are, but always to be, drest.

## A VOICE FROM THE VAN.

THE final Old Bailey defence has been made;  
The final Old Bailey fee has been paid;  
On the final gaol-bird sentence has past,  
And the Old Bailey session is over at last.  
The Pentonville Van at Newgate stair,  
Has received its freight of felon fare,  
And rolls on its way through London's roar,  
With a blue on the box, and a blue at the door.

In each of three cells of that Pentonville Van,  
Is sitting a highly respectable man,  
All snug and smooth, and one of the three  
With an unctuous mask of piety—  
And each as he jolts on his narrow shelf,  
Is communing nervously thus with himself:

"Here's business and gentility, and Christian humility!  
*STRAHAN*, *PAUL*, and *BATES*, whose awful fates have shock'd respectability.

Whose decent gig, so trim and trig, now lies a wreck most scaley,  
From having met a sad upset at the bar of the Old Bailey.  
Down in the dirt, with serious hurt to its inmates, hath sunk low,  
Beneath the thaw of equal Law the ancient house of SNOW!

"What little bird will tell us, shall we go in black and yellow?  
Wear prison slops and prison crops, like our felonious fellows?  
Be forced to swallow 'skilly,' and warm ourselves when chilly  
With a turn at the crank, or the treadmill, willy-nilly.  
Must our friends,—humiliating!—if they call, call through a grating,  
Accompanied *obligato* by Policeman X in waiting.  
In short, will our gentility and late respectability,  
Procure for us attention and something like civility;  
Or will justices and Home Office, cow'd by the Press that flout us,  
Put us upon the level of the wretches round about us?"

Then to *BATES*, the man of business, said *STRAHAN* the man of pleasure,  
"In Pentonville, nor crank nor wheel, employs the prisoners' leisure.  
Each in his cell, the convicts dwell and find their sole enjoyment  
In weaving, cobbling, tailoring, or other mean employment.  
These vulgar ways of killing time may suit what's call'd the masses,  
But they ne'er were meant for convicts of the superior classes,  
No craft is ours to cheat the hours, yet as men of business training,  
The whole day long in laziness we can't think of remaining.  
You know who will find mischief still for idle hands to do;  
So say, my friend, how you intend, to get the twelve hours through."

Then to *STRAHAN*, the man of pleasure, said *BATES* the man of business:  
"I can't say that, on that head, I feel the least uneasiness.  
Making a mat or coat or hat, true I don't know the way to,  
But there is one kind of industry that I am quite *au fait* to.  
Familiar with every form of extensive cash transaction,  
In keeping of the prison-books I shall sure give satisfaction."

But pious *PAUL* a groan let fall, like a wheezy pair of bellows,  
As that babe of grace reproved his brace of carnal-minded fellows.  
"A heathen Turk might talk of work in our sad situation,—  
I'll spend my days in prayer and praise, and pious meditation:  
I'll ask to be flogg'd privately, as out of use the lash is;  
For a suit of sackcloth I'll apply, and a skuttle full of ashes.  
The storm that breaks the stubborn oak still spares the pliant sapling;  
And now-a-days there's nothing pays like gammoning the chaplain.  
It's very queer if, e'er a year is out, my deep repentance  
Haven't purchased from the Home Office remission of my sentence;  
In Pentonville I really feel none but sinners long need lodge, my friends;  
So, if you can, adopt my plan, and come the pious dodge, my friends."

## LORD JOHN AT CONFESSION.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has been lecturing the young men at Exeter Hall on the subject of "the Obstacles to Moral and Political Progress." He attributed many of the "obstacles" in question to the conduct of governments, and as he has been for a considerable portion of his life a member of a government, his lecture must be regarded as a confession of his own obstructiveness. There was something of satire in the observation of the HON. and REV. MONTAGUE VILLIERS, that "every act of LORD JOHN RUSSELL's life had been of service to his country." We presume that his repeated acts of resignation are included in the serviceable doings of the Noble Ex-Premier, and Ex-Secretary of State for every department.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH.—The poor unfortunate Mouse, that was found nibbling at DR. CAHILL's manuscript, died of poison the next day!



### PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Maria. "Put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate."

*Twelfth Night, Act iv., Scene 2.*

### JONATHAN A PEACE-MAKER.

It is avouched in the *New York Herald*, that an ambassador from Russia will soon arrive at Washington to ask "the United States to mediate between Russia and the Allies." We are afraid that this mediation would be very like playing train-oil on a house on fire. Again, JONATHAN cares not to interfere for the mere unprofitable love of peace-making; being very much of the philosophic mind of the poet, as rendered years ago by CARLYLE:

"This is neither my bread, nor my cake,  
Why mix myself with other folks charges;  
The fish all swim at peace in the lake,  
And take no heed of the boats and the barges."

NOW UNCLE SAM is much of this opinion. His own johnny-cakes are preferred to cabinet-puddings; and his own bread to any other loaf,—his chief care to have it very thickly buttered.

### Fit Locality.

WE beg to congratulate LORD JOHN RUSSELL upon the selection of the platform from which he delivered his Lecture upon the "Obstacles which have retarded Moral and Political Liberty." The zeal that Exeter Hall has always shown in advocating and advancing every kind of liberty, moral and political as well as religious, is so well known, that a better locality could not possibly have been selected for the purpose. If there is a building in London that has, throughout the whole of its long tolerant career, been less of an obstacle in the way particularised, we should say it was decidedly Exeter Hall. It is quite a Temple of Liberty, and LORD JOHN is in every sense worthy to be its Prophet!

### THE LORDLING'S LECTURE MANIA.

An interesting Lecture was delivered yesterday at the Pumpwater Young Men's Mutual Instruction Society by LORD FITZ-MOUNTBANK, on the subject of Entomology.

The noble lord prefaced his observations on the subject-matter of his discourse by the expression of his sense of inadequacy to the task which he had undertaken. The term Entomology was derived from the Greek, and meant "talk about insects." It might be said that insects were small things; but it was no small thing to talk about them. Insects, from the remotest times, had attracted the attention of philosophers. ARISTOTLE had penned some valuable observations on them which were unfortunately lost. There were good grounds also for believing that PLINY THE ELDER had written much that was highly important on the subject of insects. Insects were well known to the Egyptians; the beetle was an insect, and the Egyptians worshipped beetles. To worship a black beetle was ridiculous; but was it not quite as absurd to worship Mammon? Those who lived in glass-houses should not throw stones, although it was to be admitted that the Crystal Palace at Sydenham was a marvellous edifice. The web of the spider was a wonderful contrivance, and its meshes were, to the contemplative mind, suggestive of the arts of diplomacy. No one could look at an ant's nest without having suggested to him the idea of an industrious community, and a community not only industrious but sober. Now let them compare the ant with the fly. The fly was always getting into liquor, and the consequence, a premature termination of his career. The blue-bottle was a warning; the bee an example. The early bird picked up the worm. The tardy locomotion of the snail and the slug might remind them of the old coaches, though they might also, perhaps, be suggestive of Parliamentary trains, and possibly of Parliamentary proceedings. A species of caterpillar produced silk, in the state of raw material, and, so far, resembling a leg of mutton as delivered by the butcher. The earwig was an insect to which might be applied the proverb current respecting dogs—"give a dog an ill-name and hang him." The earwig did not, as the vulgar belief was, crawl through people's ears into their brains. This, if he might be pardoned the observation, was a maggot. The chirp of the cricket on the hearth had been described as singularly pleasing, and he dared say it was, but, in the position which it was his lot to occupy, that music was seldom heard. No station, however, could exempt any man from the attacks of insects, the names of which it were best to pass over in silence; yet

thus much he would say, that he hoped our enemies the Russians, besides the infestations to which they were habituated, would, each of them, at the conclusion of the stupendous contest in which they are engaged with us, find himself with what is popularly termed "a flea in his ear." The Noble Lord, on resuming his seat, was loudly cheered.

### SONG OF THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

MID prisons and colonics though we may roam,  
Ven you've served out your time, vy! there's no place like home.  
The patter of pals makes a jollity there,  
Vich seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
Home! Home! &c.

An exile from home, freedom dazzles in vain;  
Oh, give me my Pentonville quarters again,  
The gaol birds who come at the Governor's call,  
Give me them with that ticket-o'-leave dearer than all.  
Home! Home! &c.

### A Villanous Name.

IN the French news of one of the daily journals, lately, we were astonished by reading that—

"The EMPEROR yesterday received at the Palace of St. Cloud, COUNT VILAIN THE FOURTEENTH, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs."

VILAIN THE FOURTEENTH!—fourteen VILAINS—a long line of VILAINS, truly; illustrious perhaps for their actions; but certainly of rather ill name. A VILAIN, however, should be a good ambassador, according to the time-honoured definition of one—"a man sent abroad to lie for the good of the state."

### FINE NAP FOR NAPIER.

CERTAIN working hatters have presented a gold-bound Admiral's hat of the very finest nap to SIR CHARLES NAPIER! It is said CHARLEY is determined to present the hat at full cock in the face of SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

## A FEW OF THE OBSTACLES

WHICH HAVE RETARDED MORAL AND POLITICAL LIBERTY.



who, poor fellows, are prevented by the infirmity of gout from standing up even in the defence of their country.

Not less disastrous in its results is the obstacle of confiding the honour of England at foreign courts to the care of gambling boys and fiddle-playing noblemen, who lessen the

**T**HE following obstacles were shamefully omitted by LORD JOHN in his Lecture at Exeter Hall:—

There is the great obstacle in the non-production of Reform—an obstacle which is always thrown in the way by LORD JOHN himself. Political Progress is thus perpetually retarded by the Honourable Lord promising to remove the obstacle "Next year." And we all know that "Next year" is the political interpretation of what promise-breakers call "To-morrow."

Another obstacle is the favouritism that leads to the nomination of imbecile Lords as our Ministers—a Peerage being apparently the very best Title a man can show for office.

Again, there is leaving the reins of power in the hands of a few Whig and Tory families—it being long a favourite delusion that the Constitution would not be safe unless a GREY, or a RUSSELL, or a DERBY was driving it.

Another obstacle, just as mischievous in its effects, is the appointment of old women as our Commanders and Admirals,

prestige of our country by the mummeries they are guilty of abroad.

There are other little obstacles, that LORD JOHN might cursorily have touched upon, such as the nepotism that prevails in the distribution of all Government favours. Our mock Field-Marshal, who have never smelt powder, except at a royal salute—class-legislation—unequal representation—and the practice of petty tyranny, such as your Sunday Beer Bills, and the observance of bitter Sabbaths. There are, also, the Whig and Tory parties, who have always been squabbling for power, instead of contending for the welfare of their country.

To the above might be added the absurd obstacle of long speeches; but to have touched ever so slightly upon the latter, LORD JOHN would inevitably have made his speech three times as long, and we do not think that such a beginning would have promised much to mitigate the evil.

## THE SOMERSET HOUSE CLOCK AGAIN.

We understand there is some intention, among the parties interested, to bring this Clock under the Winding-up Act. At present the hands are out of employ, and the works are at a standstill. It is believed that when the case of the Clock is thoroughly looked into, the balance will be found to be on the wrong side. We really cannot help thinking, that very little indulgence can be claimed for the Clock, which has been allowed to take its own time; and though it is true that the meeting of the hands at twelve led to a strike, there is a great deal that is wrong on the face of it. No books have been kept, and there is nothing to show but a series of minutes, which have always been rather irregular.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Clairvoyant.)

EVER anxious to maintain our position as the leading journal of literature (as of everything else), we have succeeded lately in completing an arrangement, which we consider will be very highly calculated to support our supremacy. With our usual utter, regardlessness of expense, where the interests of the public (and our own) are at stake, we have secured the services of an eminent Clairvoyant, whose assistance, we anticipate, will enable us, from time to time, to see into the middle of the literary next week. We shall thus have the power of forestalling the announcements of the Grub Street *gobemouches*, and of dealing a death-blow to those puffs of the publishers, by which the public first gets wind of new forthcoming works.

That our intelligence will always be most thoroughly exclusive may be inferred, we fancy, from the sample we intend at once to furnish: for we think we may with confidence assure our readers, that of the books we are now privileged to promise them, not a single one has yet been even thought of by the writer. In authorship, however, as well as in conveyancing, it is a matter of extreme importance now-a-days to make a good title; for it has been ascertained that a large class of readers may be caught by one as readily as a plebeian millionaire. It will, therefore, be as clear as Thames' water (which we take to be the current synonym for mud at present) that, when a work has gained a share of popularity, its writer thinks it policy to follow up the hit: and a titular plagiary becomes as sure a *sequitar* as is the nightmare to a supper off pork-chops.

We imagine, then, the public will have little cause for wonder, if the pen which lately furnished us with *Notes on Noses* should be nibbed afresh for writing us some *Letters upon Lips*; nor, we apprehend, will *The Tulip and the Drone* be found deserving of less notice than *The Lily and the Bee*. In connection also with this latter insect we are reminded, by a natural transition of ideas, that *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla* might be followed very aptly by *A Pot of Pickles from Snow Hill*.

We cannot promise much addition just at present to our illustrated literature: but it would not much astonish us if the hand which lately painted those *Purple Tints from Paris* should depict in like manner a few *Yellow Fogs from London*, a description of which, to be at all a truthful one, could not well be too highly coloured. Neither should we be surprised if the *Fidgets of Miss Fussington* were found as entertaining

as the lately published *Provocations of Madame Palissy*; while, as a statistical work, the *Lexicon of Lemons* might appropriately follow the *Dictionary of Dates*.

With the exception of the birth of MR. MACAULAY'S twin volumes, our historical novel readers have just now not much to look for. Those, however, who take pleasure in narratives of suffering may expect to find one soon in the *Confessions of a Bishop*, in which, it is believed, the writer will reveal a few of the privations he has suffered since the time of his promotion from the ranks of the working clergy. This record of episcopal experience will have a second title of *Smoothing it in the Lawn*, in antithesis to the widely known *Roughing it in the Bush*.

## AN UNPARDONABLE OMISSION.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his Lecture on the "Colonies," said, that of the topics called forth on this subject, he might

"Mention the discovery of gold in Australia—the laws that govern and regulate emigration—the history of negro slavery, and the means by which it had been brought to an end—the treatment of the aboriginal tribes in the various settlements of this great empire—and to name but one more, the transportation of criminals to our distant possessions."

We think MR. GLADSTONE might have mentioned still one more topic; and, considering that it was the thought evidently uppermost in his mind, it is surprising to us how the talented lecturer so carefully omitted all allusion to it. The topic we refer to is, "THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. GLADSTONE AS MINISTER FOR THE COLONIES." He might have divided it into three heads:—the past, the present, and the future. MR. GLADSTONE has been Colonial Minister; and, curiously enough at the very time of the Lecture, England was without a Colonial Minister! So, without disparagement to the vacancy, MR. GLADSTONE might have fitted the three heads of his discourse in such an inferential manner, as to allow them to fall gracefully on to the shoulders of himself. The purport of his long speech would not have been in the least impaired, whilst it would have gained considerably in self-laudation and Gladstonian candour.





No. 999 GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT, OFF QUEENSTOWN—  
VISITORS ON BOARD.

Party (in cheering tone, calculated to impart confidence to the weaker sex). "FOLLOW ME, FOLLOW ME—THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, I ASSURE YOU. WOA—WO—WO—MY 'MAN—STEADY, MARE—WO! (Sotto voce) I'M DEUCED GLAD IT'S THEIR HEADS INSTEAD OF THEIR HEELS—WO!"

THE "SPREAD" OF VEGETARIANISM.



UR old friends, the Vegetarians, have been enjoying a tremendous feed of "green meat" at Birmingham. We have no objection to the consumption of any amount of herbage by these graminivorous enthusiasts; but we must protest against their toasting the QUEEN in iced water; a proceeding which is calculated to throw an almost death-like chill into every loyal bosom. Iced water at this time of year is, of itself, sufficient to break sociality into shivers; but all the springs of feeling appear to be congealed, when we hear of the

health of our SOVEREIGN having been drunk in this uncomfortable beverage. Putting aside the disloyalty of the very freezing politeness exhibited towards HER MAJESTY, there were some points of interest about the Vegetarian Banquet. Among the stars of the evening were "four gentlemen, whose united ages amounted to 263 years, 178 of which had been spent in advocating Vegetarian principles." It is difficult to understand the arithmetic, by whose rules 178 years can have been consumed by any number of living individuals. According to such a mode of calculation, half-a-dozen pickpockets, committed for three months, might argue that, when they had "served" their fourteen days each, their period of three months' imprisonment would be completed.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable feature of the whole affair was the presence of a Vegetarian Alderman, who declared that for forty years he had lived upon cabbage-leaves, onions, arrowroot, stuffing herbs, and other garden produce. We must confess that we regard

with a mixture of surprise and admiration the man who, while holding an office essentially identified with the consumption of almost every living thing that is calculated to form a *plat*, should have reached a green old age in the quiet enjoyment of his apples, oranges, nuts, and pears,—or other kindred esculents. We do not wish to disturb the Vegetarians in their ruminant propensities, and if we cannot sympathise with them in their abstinence from animal food, we will not grudge them their indulgence in the delicacies of the kitchen garden. As it is the fashion in these days to popularise principles by lectures and vocal entertainments, we would suggest to the Vegetarians the propriety of engaging some favourite performer or singer to visit the Literary Institutions of the country with a sort of Monopolylogue, called

A BUNCH OF GREENS, OR A NIGHT WITH A MARKET GARDENER.

Such an entertainment, with gastronomical illustrations, in the course of which the performer might cook and consume a variety of herbage, would perhaps give an impulse to the Vegetarian movement, or at least bring it so palpably before the public that an opinion could be formed of its advantages or otherwise.

Official Intelligence.

We know an Old Woman (you will find his name in the Peerage), who, upon being solicited to join the present Ministry, humm'd and ha'd, and played with his smelling-bottle, and at last mustered courage enough to say "If you please, Sir, I don't know—but if you will allow me, Sir, I'll go and ask Mamma."

AN OLD SONG WITH A NEW IMPROVEMENT.—With so many military officers from the Crimea, returned on private urgent business, we propose that "See the *Conq'ring Hero Comes*" be changed to "See the *Conq'ring Hero Goes*."

LONDON ON WHEELS.

EARLY in the new year we are promised a total reform of the present omnibus system. The omnibuses themselves will, it is said, be turned inside out; and the omnibus drivers and conductors will become so refined and courteous that even the wives of their bosoms will hardly know them. We are to owe all this to the benign and enterprising example of our gallant Allies. As in Paris, all the London omnibuses will form only one company; and, a preliminary fourpence being paid, an extra penny will take the enlightened traveller by any other omnibus to any other point. The imaginative and vivacious author of *Helionde*, or book of the Sun, especially remarks upon those in the planet Sol, whom on "this dull spot named earth" we call "cabmen, cads, conductors, and omnibus-drivers." In the Sun they are all of them the very pink of courtesy; the only fare demanded of their passengers "some charming little aphorism." Now this—says MR. SIDNEY WHITING—this

"Is the only gnerdon our CHESTERFIELD expects, and in return he utters some exquisite line of poetry, and with mutual good wishes and amicable gestures you separate, satisfied and charmed with each other. Cabbis drives off delighted with the urbanity of his 'fare,' and 'fare' enters his domicils only regretting his short acquaintance with 'cabbie.'"

This is certainly an improvement upon the material fourpence, with the recurring pennies; but all in good time. We may yet see all the same aphoristic brightness and poetic beauty at the Elephant and Castle as in *Helionde*. Thus, some day, a City attorney taking his two miles' worth out of a cabman may, on descending, button his pocket, wink his eye at cabby, and quote this "charming little aphorism" from *The Castle of Indolence*:

"A shilling savèd is a shilling got."

Whilst the cabman, having all THOMSON by heart, may remove his glazed hat, make a bow, and with a knowing smile add the following line—

"Trus to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he."

Politeness has been called the small change of morals; and this change, like the five-franc gold pieces, will be at once small and precious. We wonder, under this hoped-for system, what cabby will allow his master? "You cannot feed turkeys so," says *Hamlet*, talking of the "promise-crammed." But then cab-proprietors are not turkeys, but mostly cormorants.



A PETRIFIED COMEDY.



Our readers have beheld certain curiosities of Derbyshire petrification. They have seen a periwig turned into the most delicate stone-work, with every hair that was, perfect; but still every hair stone. They may have seen what was once a hedgehog with every prickle a petrified thorn.

Well, we last week was present at the exhibition of a petrified comedy, called, when alive, the *Provoked Husband*. Very curious, indeed,—that is, for the first five minutes—was it to behold the process of petrification that had entered into every hair, every skin-pore, of the *Provoked Husband* once in the flesh, and once so animated. We believe that if HOWE, who appeared as the petrification,—the exhibition took place at the Haymarket—had been gently tapped with the back of a knife, he would have tinkled.

*Lady Townley*, too, was a still more surprising specimen of the process. What a fine, gay, dazzling lady she was—as we read—in the time of DAVID GARRICK, Esq. How her hoop would seem to “cast a girle round about the earth,” making subject all it encompassed! And now has that lustrous ladyship no more life than so much pumice-stone. It was a burning existence; and now the *virtuoso* may take and crumble it between his fingers.

We are assured that these specimens absolutely talked; that they formed audible words. We have moderately quick ears—especially for their length—but we did not detect any sounds. We grant that we saw mouths open and shut, and from them proceed a stream of what seemed air; but we thought this was only the petrifying process continued. As we know that the petrification of wigs and lace is by a process by which the stone in minutest particles is gradually absorbed by curls and threads, so did we think his lordship was becoming more petrified as her ladyship opened her mouth at him, and *vice versa*. We still believe this to be the fact.

Such, however, was the influence of the *Provoked Husband* upon the humblest person accessory to it, that the call-boy—we are told, a remarkably impressionable lad—was found, when the curtain dropped, a piece of soft stone from head to heel. In the graphic words of the housekeeper to the theatre, “you might have scraped the child like a Bath brick.”

Really, if these things are continued, the police *must* interfere.

LITTLE LECTURES FOR LORD JOHN.

We beg to offer to LORD JOHN the following subjects for future lectures:—

“The Obstacles which retard the progress of an Omnibus from Kew Bridge to the Bank.

“The Difficulties which lie in the way of a Husband, when he goes out shopping with his Wife.

“The Dangers which, from day to day, beset the progress of a leg of mutton—hot, cold, and hashed—in a Margate lodging-house.

“The Objections which are sure to be raised, if a married man proposes to smoke a cigar in the drawing-room.

“The Moral Impossibilities, which always prevent a man coming home in rational time, whenever he’s been dining at the Club.

“The Insuperable Obstacles, which invariably retard the removal of a squalling Baby from his Father’s bed-room to some other room at the top of the house, where his cries cannot be heard.”

Small Talk of the Army.

AMONG the marvels of the MONS. JULLIEN’S Monster Military Quadrille is a passage descriptive of a “Dialogue of the Chiefs,” introducing “solos, duets, and quatuors for four cornets.” We do not exactly see how “four cornets,” though they may be made to speak by the skill of the performers, can possibly represent the dialogue of the chiefs of the army. A cornet is altogether an inferior officer, and it is not likely that a “general commanding in chief” would select the cornet as a mouth-piece. A movement in A Major would, we think, have been somewhat more appropriate.

THE CZAR’S IDOL-TRICKS.

OUR contemporaries’ advices from St. Petersburg state, that the CZAR ALEXANDER is making efforts against the Allies, which may, with literal truth, be described as superhuman. Not only has he ordered a tremendous conscription of his subjects, but he has also pressed into his service every available Saint in his dominions. Besides the miraculous image of St. SERGIUS, he took, the other day, to his faithful army, a picture of the same holy personage, probably no less miraculous, for which the EMPRESS had worked a splendid case in gold and silver *crochet*. To one regiment alone he has presented three thousand crosses, for which also he was indebted to the devotion of his Imperial spouse, who had brought them from her pilgrimage to the hermitage of St. SERGIUS. That Saint appears to have had the same passion for accumulating crosses as some eccentric individuals have for collecting canes and snuff-boxes. His hermitage was evidently quite a *dépôt* for those objects of Russian worship: but the EMPRESS must have pretty nearly cleared off the whole stock.

In addition to the above particulars, we are enabled to state the following, which show that ALEXANDER, rather than yield, is resolved to use up his last Saint and his last Image.

The EMPEROR has issued an ukase to the Metropolitan Archbishop, commanding him carefully to examine all the holy images, and see if any of them have had their noses put out of joint by the recent reverses of the defenders of their divinity; if so, every nose to be duly mended. The document likewise ordains, that the holy wires and springs of all the images that go by miraculous clockwork, shall be repaired, if out of order: and that every saint that moves shall be regularly wound up. The clergy are also invited to avail themselves of the powers of galvanism, for the greater glory of the saints; so that by those means their images may be rendered illustrious and refulgent in the dark.

His IMPERIAL MAJESTY, in further application of the resources of modern science in aid of the Orthodox faith, has sent orders to America for the construction of a St. VLADIMIR, to act by steam. If St. VLADIMIR does not answer, the EMPEROR intends to try St. ALEXANDER NEWSKI, and should St. ALEXANDER deceive his expectations, he will fall back on St. SERGIUS.

In that event, however, the idea of a steam Saint will be relinquished for a notion which is, perhaps, happier. Emboldened by the example of his father of pious memory, who marked his cannon-halls (as was discovered at Alma) with the sign of the Cross, this devout son of a religious sire has employed Professor JACOB, to invent a submarine apparatus modelled in the form of St. SERGIUS, of colossal proportions, for the purpose of blowing up the whole of the Allied Baltic Fleet, and to be denominated a Celestial Machine.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH KNIGHTHOOD.

THE reasons for making an English Knight are often so utterly unreasonable that we do not wonder at the “honour” being frequently declined by those to whom it is offered. They manage these things better in France, notwithstanding the fact that the Legion of Honour was getting a little into discredit, by being so indiscriminately augmented that many of the members could boast of no name beyond the fact that their name was legion. A batch of Knights has, however, been made very judiciously by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, who has conferred such honour as he is able to bestow, on a number of names already distinguished by their connection with art and science. We look in vain for the MOONS and the MUGGERIDGES in this very satisfactory list, which somewhat puts to shame the catalogue of our own very miscellaneous knighthood. Such names as FARADAY, FAIRBAIRN, STEPHENSON, and BRUNEL, are names of which we and the French Legion of Honour may be equally proud; and we cannot help feeling that even our old electrotyping friend, ELKINGTON, though he receives his Knighthood as the alleged reward of gilt, has contributed most materially to the progress of *vertu*.

Heroic Resolution.

We read the subjoined in the *Sunderland Times*:—

“The directors of the Northumberland and Durham District Bank have, we understand, ordered all the *employés* who adorned their faces with a moustache to shave or resign.”

And—to the honour of Englishmen, we are happy to record the fact—the heroic young fellows have returned this defying answer—“We will *not* shave; we will *dye* first!”

PETER’S PENCE IN AUSTRIA.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, by his late Concordat with the POPE, has presented to his Holiness sixty pence: or, at least, with the English equivalent to a Crown.

### THE PRESENT LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

THERE was a LASS OF RICHMOND HILL,  
As nearly all folks know,  
The praises of her charms would fill  
A thickish folio;  
No maid e'er saw so fair a face  
But in the looking-glass;  
That Hill will never, in her place,  
See such another Lass.

Another Lass, who is not such,  
The Hill of Richmond sees:  
She dwelleth in a house not much  
O'ershadow'd by the trees.  
But from her windows since they shut  
To some extent the view,  
Down are those elm-trees to be cut  
In number not a few.

And who are they, to please this Lass,  
That mean those trees to fell?  
Some Beadles of the better class,  
Whose names I need not tell.  
The Parish vestrymen select;  
The men for tasteless jobs.  
And what but such can you expect  
From such a set of snobs?

These self-same snobs, some years gone by,  
These noble elms did lop,  
Rearing their grand heads then so high,  
Which crested that hill-top;  
Now at their roots their axe they've laid  
To gratify the will  
Of this old Lass—or Wife—or Maid,  
This LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.



Second Swell. "Ah! Yes—uncomfortable, no doubt—wet, decidedly. It's always the way with those 'would-be' smart men; they will sacrifice everything for the sake of appearance."

### WISEACRES AND FOOLS.

The following passage is quoted by the writer of *Notes and Sketches* in the *Morning Post* from some other sage:—

"If the present rage for prostituting literature to the most casual purposes of temporary amusement continues, we shall expect that as we have sliced up our novels into shilling numbers, and boiled down our BLACKSTONES and our NIEBUHRS into flabby hebdomadal drivel, we shall in process of time have a comic Prayer-book and a Bible in monthly parts, with illustrations by PHIZ."

When shall we hear the last of the Comic Bible and Prayer-book? The original idea of those two publications was a very nice mild pleasantry, of which the expense had to be defrayed by some unwise fool, who had stupidly attempted to expose something venerable to ridicule. But why do the platitudinarian censors of literature keep circulating this joke in their little sphere, after the manner of MR. POPE's pigs in the satire? Well, perhaps, the racy morsel is rather too strong for their mental digestion. They do not quite discern that there is some little difference between themselves and their views on the one hand, and the Bible and Prayer-book on the other; and that, to exhibit the former in a ludicrous point of view, is not exactly the same thing as to profane the latter.

If, in a wordy and windy essay, you were to tell these gentlemen, for the millionth time, of the littleness of ambition, the vanity of earthly glory, and the mutability of human affairs, they would gravely assent to every word you said. But illustrate the littleness, expose the vanity, show the mutability forth in its actual pettiness, and then they will exclaim, that the next thing you will do, will be to write a Comic Bible and Prayer-book.

All grave quacks, solemn impostors, and serious humbugs, instinctively hate burlesque. They feel that they are the buffoon's natural quarry. Hence their continual iteration of the idea of a Comic Prayer-book and Bible, about to be published by their contemporary for-fools.

The fact probably is, that the didactic dunce who sneer at second, third, fourth, fifth-hand, about Comic Bibles and Prayer-books, are simply disgusted with the circumstance, that their own platitudes are not so marketable as other people's zanyisms. They have tales to tell "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" and they are aggrieved by finding that monthly and weekly serials are preferred by the public to their own serious bosh. There is, perhaps, not one of them who would not give six inches of each of his ears to make a successful pun.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—When two persons begin "talking Shop," it is high time to put up the shutters.

### THE PAINTER'S MEDAL.

MR. PUNCH has nothing to say here about the judgment which has been displayed in the award of the French medals to the English artists. No doubt SIR EDWIN LANDSEER (whom *Mr. Punch* abundantly honours and admires, all hereinafter said notwithstanding) received the great medal, because animal painting is considered in France to be the grandest department of Art, and his being an old friend of the EMPEROR's, and a favourite of the EMPEROR's gracious Ally, in no way influenced the selection. It was simply this view of Art that subordinated the painters of the *Light of the World*, *Jerusalem*, *The Rescue*, *The Poet's Evening Walk*, *Don Quixote*, and the *Last Sleep of Argyll*, to the painter of PRINCE ALBERT's hat and gloves, and the QUEEN's lovely cockatoo. Let all that pass.

But *Mr. Punch* must take leave to put it on record, that he humbly protests against this calling together the first artists of the day—men who have already made their mark, and had their position settled by the world—to stand in a row, and be judged, comparatively, like schoolboys in a class: That MASTER THORBURN is to take up MASTER FRITH, and MASTER ROBERTS is to take up MASTER HUNT, and MASTER LANDSEER is to go up to the top, and MASTER GIBSON is to stand out of the class altogether: This style of treating eminent men, *Mr. Punch* considers utterly unworthy.

He could quite understand the propriety of the presentation of a medal to every artist, in graceful recognition of his kindness in aiding to form the wonderful collection just closed. But that a great artist should receive a medal in token that the verdict of the world is confirmed by that of the judges in Paris, and that other great artists should not receive it, or should be placed in a second, third, fourth, or fifth class, implies a rehearing of claims to reputation, and such rehearing is decidedly intolerable.

It is well that literary art was out of this affair. It would have been a worthy sight to have seen our authors sending in their best works, by invitation. Imagine MACAULAY, HALLAM, ALISON, TENNYSON, ROGERS, BROWNING, DICKENS, THACKERAY, LYTTON, CARLYLE, LANDOR, *Punch* himself—selecting their choicest works and transmitting them for judgment. And then imagine the judges deciding that *Mr. Punch* was inferior to MR. CARLYLE, or MR. MACAULAY to MR. ALISON, and that the great gold medal should be given to MR. JESSE (who nevertheless deserves better things than medals), because he has written *Anecdotes of Animals*, and has lived—at Windsor.

This part of the French Exhibition business is the only blemish upon its general merit; and *Mr. Punch* mentions it, agreeing with the EMPEROR himself, that in some cases "Silence is an Error."

MRS. SWANSDOWN'S WORK-TABLE.

A CONVEYANCING LECTURE FOR THE LADIES.

"Steal, foh! the wise do call it convey."—Shakspeare.



O, my dears, you saw what a friendly barrister had done for his patron the attorney at the outset of this little business. You may be quite sure that the latter did not neglect any of the hints for making costs. An artied clerk was despatched to Amiens, at great cost, to procure evidence as to the posting the letter, and also to Paris, to inquire into the point of French law raised by MR. GIDZON GRUBBY, while the other investigations suggested by that gentleman were pursued in England. The Abstract of Title (you remember that this means the history of the way in which the silver-inlaid Work-table came into Mrs. SWANSDOWN'S possession) was greatly ex-

tended, and then, a fresh copy of it was sent to MR. FONDESQUAW'S lawyer.

This gentleman's business, my dears, was to examine, far more critically, the rights of the lady who was to part with the Table to his client. GRUBBY'S duty was only to turn out a "colourable" story, and if there were any holes in it, to cover them up, and trust to their being undetected. But the other thief—conveyancer I mean—was to find out all these holes, and as many more as he could. If it had so happened that MR. FONDESQUAW had repented of his bargain, and wanted to be off it, his solicitor's duty would have been to find out, or pretend that Mrs. SWANSDOWN'S title was so bad that he could not advise his client to "complete." Most likely this course would have enabled him to be quit of his agreement; but if Mrs. SWANSDOWN'S lawyer persisted, they could go to the Court of Chancery, where, after a long delay, and a frightful expense, they would get a "reference to the Master," as he is called, and in about four years, this gentleman, if in good temper after a holiday in Switzerland or Italy, would give his report on the facts, and then they could go back to the Court again, and some day or other a decision would be pronounced. But as MR. FONDESQUAW did not want to be off, this exercise of professional skill was not needed. All dears, that his attorney, and that attorney's conveyancer, MR. DE KAVIL, had to do was to raise as many objections as possible, in order to make more costs.

And very well MR. DE KAVIL did it, at the price—his very handsome fee. The Abstract was sent to him, that he might "advise on the title," that is, say whether Mrs. SWANSDOWN could show that she had a right to sell the Table. He sent back the document to his employer with the following "opinion" written at the end of it:—

"Subject to the grave question to which I shall presently advert, and to the requisitions hereinafter made, I think this title may be safely accepted.

"The question is, whether the Work-table belongs to Mrs. SWANSDOWN at all, or to HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA?"

"The officer, whose wife is stated to have given it to Mrs. SWANSDOWN'S ancestress, was a traitor in arms against KING GEORGE THE SECOND. I need not refer to authorities to show, that British subjects who fight against the Royal troops are rebels, or that their property becomes forfeit to the Crown. Unless it can be proved that the officer's pardon was duly granted, the Work-table ought in strictness to be sent to COLONEL PHIPPS.

"I think, however, that the Crown might be inclined to relinquish its rights, and that if it appear that no pardon was issued, a short Act of Parliament might be procured, next Session (at Mrs. SWANSDOWN'S expense), doing away with the treason and confirming the Work-table. This is commonly done. (See 3 Barn. & Adol., 291; 7 Bosh & Bunkum, 839, and other cases.)

"This Act would complete the title. But if it be shown that the pardon was duly granted, the Crown is disposed of, and I proceed to other points of considerable, though unequal importance.

"On the silver inscription place, the donor is called 'LETITIA.' In the letter the signature is 'Your ever affectionate and grateful LETTY.' Evidence must be procured to show the identity of the two names. The lady's marriage certificate, giving the name 'LETITIA,' and any letters from her husband in which he uses the apparently playful name 'LETTY,' might throw a light upon this.

"I am not clear that any good consideration was given for the Table, and therefore the gift was void. The letter speaks of 'shelter and protection,' but if we recollect that this was afforded to the KING'S enemy, it will be seen that this is an immoral consideration. The descendant's of the officer might therefore lay claim to the Table, and if the purchase is to be completed they must be sought out, and deeds of renunciation procured from them.

"These deeds I think the Court of Chancery would compel them to sign, because in the letter their ancestress says, 'I hope my darling friend will need no further assurance of our gratitude; but if she does, I and mine will ever testify to it.' This I take to be clearly 'a Covenant for Further Assurance.'

"As such a gift is revocable in the life-time of the giver, evidence must be procured that the lady is deceased, if such be the case. I assume that if she is now alive, she is about 130 or 140 years of age, and would probably join in the present arrangement. The husband seems to have been some years older, and would therefore be about 150. Is he still living, and will he join?"

"Some time in the reign of GEORGE THE SECOND, there were four small knobs at the corners of the Table. One of these is gone. When was it alienated, and by what authority?"

"As the letter was written before the Stamp Act was passed, I think that the Post-office mark may be held sufficient stamp, but unfortunately the date hereon is obliterated, and the defect is not cured by the writer, who dates '1st January, '46.' This might be 1546, 1646, or 1846 for anything we know. You must ask for evidence on this point. There is no water-mark in the paper, and if there were, the fraudulent practices of paper-makers, in using untruthful dates, deprive such testimony of value.

"The same document says 'For your dear husband's trouble in getting this to you, make him the prettiest of courtesies, and give him the sweetest of,' &c. As this may be held to constitute him Tenant by the Courtesy, we must have proof of his demise.

"Mrs. SWANSDOWN being an only child, her inheriting the Table from her mother was in due course. But her mother was one of seventeen children of the original donee, and we must have evidence as to the reason why she was selected to possess it, and also that the other sixteen acquiesced. From an expression in a note of one of these, on page 91, that 'MADGE, as yowsnal gits hawl mother as to give,' the writer evinces discontent, and her descendants may even now set up a claim. It will be safest that the representatives of the sixteen children should all join—on the average of increase and deaths there will not be more than a hundred and ninety persons to be sought out and satisfied.

"The donor says 'Such of my family as survive have come over here much discontented.' These must be held as Cross Remainders Over, but as the abrupt termination of the sentence amounts to Discontinuance, the regular searches must be made in the Register Office of Middlesex, the Scotch Nonconformist's Library, the Moribund College of Madagascar, the Harleian Miscellany, and the Index Expurgatorius, especially as the donor's husband was a Catholic.

"Subject to these remarks, and about seventy or eighty demands I have made in the margin, I see no present objection to Mrs. SWANSDOWN'S title to the Silver-inlaid Work-table.

"EUSTACE DE KAVIL,  
"Inner Temple."

These objections, my dears, were sent by MR. FONDESQUAW'S lawyer to Mrs. SWANSDOWN'S, and now you see the business is really going on as fast as professional custom permits. Ask any lawyer whether we are not proceeding regularly.

Clothed with Authority.

WE find from the *Civil Service Gazette*, that the Clerks in the Custom House at Hull have adopted, of their own accord, a neat uniform. Of course, if these gentlemen like to go into livery, there can be no objection to such a proceeding; but we do not quite concur with our contemporary in recommending the Civil Service generally to adopt a similar plan. The only uniform we are prepared to recommend to the adoption of the Government Clerks is uniform politeness, of which some of them are very much in need.

A Real Honey-Bee.

A LADY last week sent to every police-box for the poor a cheque for £50. The donor is only known as "LADY C. B." But what a Honey-B! The very best possible Honey-B! for does not the B. impart the sweets of charity when most wanted—in a time of winter? May the best of flowers never fail such a B!



### LAST REFUGE OF A BANISHED SMOKER.

*First Juvenile Swell.* "JUMP IN, OLD FELLAH!"

*Second ditto.* "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

*First ditto.* "OH! NOWHERE! I'VE ONLY HIRED HIM TO HAVE SOMEWHERE TO SMOKE!"

### GUY FAWKES' DAY IN VIENNA.



PLENTY of our truly liberal contemporaries deprecated GUY FAWKES and the squibs and crackers of the Fifth of this November as "offensive to the feelings of our Catholic fellow-subjects." Yes; how bigoted, how prejudiced it was of the heretical British boys to commemorate such a day in such a manner; to mark, with demonstrations of contemptuous odium, the anniversary of the failure of unfortunate Saints in the great attempt to regenerate England! See what a different picture was exhibited by Austria on the late Festival of St. GUY, INCENDIARY and MARTYR! Here, whilst the graceless English lads were carrying about a scarecrow,

meant to represent the SAINT, in a chair, in derision of the ceremony of so bearing the successor of ST. PETER on the shoulders of the faithful; as ST. PETER himself, of course, used to be borne: whilst those Anglican urchins were thus insulting the HOLY FATHER, what a spectacle of duty and submission to his spiritual Papa was presented by the juvenile EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA! By a Concordat concluded with

the blessed POPE on that sacred and ever memorable festival of St. GUY FAWKES, FRANCIS-JOSEPH generously resigned to POPE PIUS THE NINTH the virtual sovereignty of the Austrian dominions. This was no lip-service; no hypocritical kissing of the cross embroidered on what heretics may denominate the SCARLET LADY'S white satin slippers. No: the act of pious humility consisted in the *bona fide* surrender of the supreme Imperial authority to the sovereign PONTIFF.

At the time when fireworks were fizzing and bonfires were blazing in abjuration and contempt of the POPE'S authority and jurisdiction in these dominions, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA solemnly ratified the establishment of the POPE'S Church in Austria with all its rights and privileges. Among these rights and privileges are expressly enumerated the censorship of the press, and the right to have heretics punished. The EMPEROR engages to be subservient to their enforcement; and with a modesty unparalleled in the world's history, his Majesty has nearly limited his own functions to that subserviency.

The Bishops are to superintend the education of youth in all public and private schools, with the power to forbid any teaching in any study which they may consider contrary to that of the Papal Church—they being expressly invested with the right to pronounce on that subject. Where would the pernicious teaching of GALILEO and NEWTON be now, if that authority had universally and always been enjoyed by the Roman prelates which was formally conceded to them by FRANCIS-JOSEPH of Austria, on last GUY FAWKES' Day?

The EMPEROR resigns to the POPE all control over the national church: the Bishops are to have complete authority over the Clergy, subject only to the POPE: his Holiness complete and irresponsible authority over the Bishops.

THE HOODED SNAKE FASCINATING THAT SILLY BIRD, THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE.



THE WOODS



THE WOODS

That is the way to show a sincere belief in the vicarious deity of the POPE. That we might now have had a QUEEN MARY THE SECOND doing, if GUY FAWKES had been as successful in 1604 as CARDINAL VIALE PRELA was on the Fifth of November, 1855.

Was not the agitation into which this country was thrown by the so-called Papal aggression five years ago as ridiculous as the profound COBDEN and the judicious BRIGHT main'tain it to have been? Was not the outcry against the paternal attempt of the POPE to establish an *imperium in imperio* here, a senseless clamour: a vulgar howl, "offensive to the feelings of our Catholic fellow-subjects?" But oh! who are our Catholic fellow-subjects? The sovereignty of the Sovereign Pontiff is not yet established in this realm. QUEEN VICTORIA is still the Sovereign thereof; not PIUS THE NINTH: she has not yielded up her authority to him as the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA did his on the last anniversary of GUY FAWKES.

Ah! It was a great mercy—the preservation of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA's life from the assassin's dagger. But as the stroke did not prove fatal—may there not be some reason why believers in the POPE should believe it to have been a happy blow? The blow took effect on the occiput—effect extending to the brain: the proximate effect, we think, of stunning at the time. Do we not see the increasing effect of that blow on the head, in the illustrious sufferer's happy surrender of his own dignity and of the liberties of his subjects to the POPE?

### THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE.

MAGNA Charta's a wonderful charter;  
Habeas Corpus a glorious thing;  
For our great Bill of Rights, as a martyr  
*Mr. Punch* would be happy to swing.  
For King, Lords, and Commons, as stoppers  
On each other, a long life he craves;  
Britannia he loves on our coppers,  
And trusts she may long rule the waves.  
But while sure that JOHN BULL, of his neighbours  
In Europe, is far in advance;  
There are things, which, spite of JOHN's labours,  
Somehow seem better managed in France.

JOHN BULL offers incense to BUMBLE,  
Till his vestries are turn'd into mobs;  
Till his town-legislation's a jumble,  
Fruitful only in rates, jars, and jobs.  
Not a nuisance JOHN hints at removing,  
But the vested rights sound their alarms;  
Not a fever-pest JOHNs' for improving,  
But Bumbledom's straight up in arms.  
If JOHN wouldn't think it to absurd to  
Condescend towards Paris a glance;  
Town Improvement's one thing I refer'd to,  
Which they manage much better in France.

Foreign Railways excite JOHN's derision,  
Check'd and cow'd by the Government's power;  
JOHN enjoys unrestrain'd competition,  
Spins along sixty miles in the hour:  
Till with pace, as with loans and debentures,  
He finds he's been rather too rash,  
And both travellers' and shareholders' ventures  
Too often result in a smash.  
If aught beyond JOHN BULL's own pale weighs  
With JOHN, *Punch* would break on his trance,  
With a hint that JOHN's pet hobby—Railways—  
Has been managed much better in France.

JOHN boasts of his comforts—of taking  
What JOHN calls "his ease in his inn"—  
Through the day in hot coffee-room baking,  
Through the night with hot feathers tuck'd in,  
"Chops and steaks," "steaks and chops," for his eating,  
British Port and Cape Sherry to swill—  
Then comes taxing the bill, and brow-beating  
The harpies "not charged in the bill."  
*Mr. Punch* doesn't wish by comparison  
JOHN's trav'ling regrets to enhance;  
But your London hotel 'gainst your Paris one—  
They manage things better in France.

JOHN BULL's every town is a centre  
Of inventions most useful to man;  
But, alas! for JOHN's greatest inventor,  
Unless he can patent his plan!

JOHN's titles, and ribands, and garters  
Are for rank, or for wealth, or for war,  
His great ones of science are martyrs,  
Who have still worn the cross, not the star—  
At JOHN's court art and science are zeroes,  
Or if counted, 'tis favour or chance;  
As for homage to peace and its heroes,  
They manage things better in France.

JOHN flatters himself never nation  
Than his has more practical been—  
It was hoped in his war-preparation  
This practical power would be seen.  
Yet his army to death's door, last winter,  
Within six miles of plenty, was brought;  
And what Russ shot, shell, sabre, and splinter  
Could not do, JOHN's own hand all but wrought.  
Yes—though JOHN, like the Doges, in marriage  
Has taken great Ocean's expanse,—  
Let him own, after last year's miscarriage,  
They manage things better in France.

JOHN's instincts, however civilian,  
Tell him tools for their work should be made;  
For JOHN's army last year, thirty million  
The old boy ungrudgingly paid.  
It has chiefs, to whom dotage is no bar—  
A staff, still at school in its work—  
Rank and file, whose advance, drunk or sober,  
Pride of wealth and of birth join to burke.  
From his fool's dream if JOHN would awaken,  
Let him lock over sea—not askance—  
And he'll find, unless *Punch* be mistaken,  
That they manage things better in France.

### A NICE MAN FOR A SMALL (PEACE) PARTY.



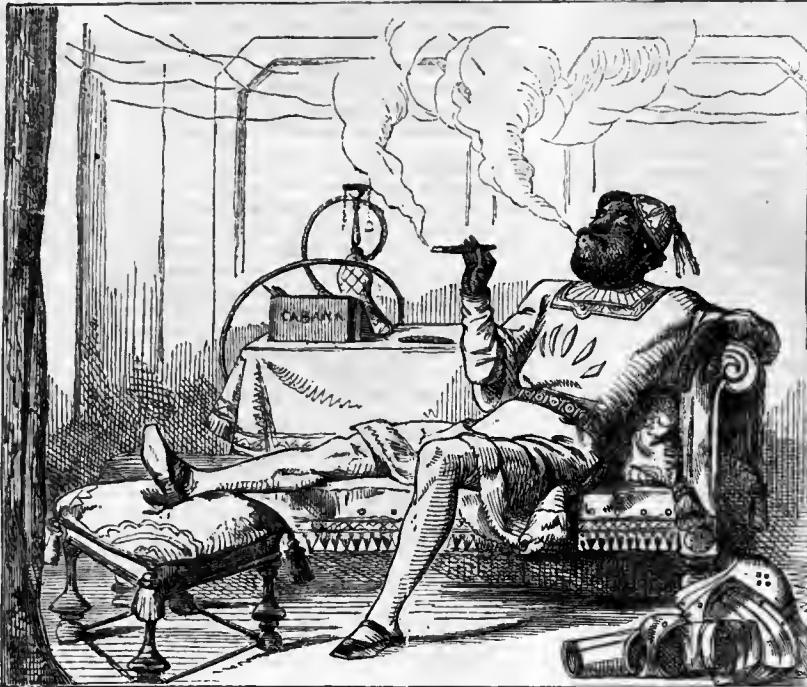
EXETER, a lecturer named FRY, whom, from his want of influence, we may be excused for calling Small Fry, has been, it seems, recommending the formation of a regiment of Newspaper Editors, to take part in the War, whose prosecution they so vigorously insist upon. This proposition sounds well enough; but if everybody were to leave his own business to go and do somebody else's business, the neglect which is the usual fate of what is called "everybody's business," would soon be realised. The same principle recommended in one instance would apply to all others; and, if everybody was liable to be, what our friend FRY would call, "taken at his word," it would be impossible to advocate the doing of anything, without being prepared to go and do it oneself at the first bidding. We do not know, what may be the ordinary occupation of this particular FRY; or whether he lectures because he has nothing better to do, which would be equivalent to his having nothing to do of any description whatever; but we are quite sure, if he were to want his dinner cooked, or his coat mended, or his shirt washed, or his boots patched, or any other domestic operation performed, he would think it very hard to be told to go and do it himself, because he happened to say, he thought it ought to be done effectually. We shall now quit the subject, and apologise to our readers for having occupied so much time over the subject; for the largest Fry is never worth roasting.

### A Literary Blow-up.

WHEN we read the account of the "Explosion of three Magazines," we thought it just possible that there might have been a blow-up among some of our monthly periodicals. We, however, soon discovered our mistake, and indeed it is obvious that the Magazines which are most liable to destruction are those which do not go off, and which are safe as far as any chance of explosion is concerned, for they have neither the fire of genius, nor a spark of talent about them.

AN IM-PROPOSITION.—Is it reasonable to expect, that a great demonstration of force in the Bug would make the enemy flee?

MILITARY PROMOTION.—Directly a man joins the Army, his views of life take a proportionate rise with the heels of his boots.



**PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.**

"O thou weed,  
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,—"

*Othello, Act iv., Scene 2.*

**A CALL ON SWEDISH FRIENDS.**

Who stole Finland; what thief, say,  
Took your Baltic Isles away?  
Shall he now disgorge his prey?  
Swedes! the choice is yours to weigh.

Cronstadt, now a Russian den,  
Sveaborg, too, your own again!  
Sweden once more glorious then!  
Only think of that, my men!

Lie no longer in a trance;  
On the Enemy advance,  
With Sardinia, us, and France.  
Now or never is your chance!

Of the double snake whose fold  
Is around half Europe roll'd,  
Bruised the Southern Head behold!  
Smite the other, Northmen, bold!

Just the work you're fittest for,  
Sons of Odin and of Thor;  
Bring your hammer to the War:  
And to atoms knock the CZAR.

Then of strife no more may we,  
Save in mimic combat, see;  
Thus, all Europe ever be  
One Valhalla of the Free.

**Two Thoughts of a Contemplative  
Policeman.**

IMPUDENCE may put on a bold front, but the falseness is mostly apparent. The strings of the "Dickey" will peep out!

Long preparation raises expectation; as when a gentleman takes out his purse, a beggar naturally expects something handsome.

**REFORM YOUR REFORMATORIES.**

PHILANTHROPISTS are asking in all directions, "What is to be done with juvenile delinquency?" Common sense would reply, that it is better to prevent juveniles from becoming delinquent than to wait for the development of childish innocence into infantine roguery, before it is considered ripe for the action of the philanthropist. Reformatory schools are all very well, but formatory schools would be much better; for the first have to undo as well as do, while the second would only have the latter and comparatively easier work to execute. Unhappily, the philanthropists generally decline to deal with juveniles in a wholesome state; but, like moral epicures, they wish humanity to have a "gamey" flavour, and in fact to have become "high" and rather corrupt, before they will have anything to do with it. We have known instances in which juvenile humanity has been rejected as unfit for philanthropic food, on the ground that it has not been kept sufficiently long in that larder of iniquity, the gaol; that "safe" for what may be termed our criminal provender.

The moralists who will not interfere to prevent a disease, but are active in trying to effect a cure, are like those doctors of more than doubtful honesty, who stand by and see a patient falling into a sickness which might perhaps be kept off, except for the wish of the medical man to obtain the credit—and the profit—of restoring an invalid to salubrity. The old maxim, that "Prevention is better than cure" is not only the best, but it is the only sound principle to act upon with reference to that part of the juvenile population from which the ranks of crime are now recruited. Philanthropists may talk by the hour, and print pamphlets by the pound, but a nut-shell—a walnut-shell at all events—will contain the whole gist of the question. Compulsory education, and parental responsibility duly enforced, will cure the monster evil. Perhaps, by way of a graceful fringe to the position—a sort of ornament to the plain truth—the fanciful philosopher might suggest the hanging of nearly all the Marine Store-dealers in all the great towns of England, but with our objection to capital punishments, and our faith in our own prescription, we should be disposed to regard this act of justice on the Marine Store-dealers as a piece of surplussage.

**The Two Manchester Peacemen.**

BRIGHT. A long way off from COBDEN.  
COBDEN. Far from being BRIGHT.

**AN OPERATIC BLOW-OUT.**

It seems, from sundry advertisements, that there is an Italian Opera progressing, we hope successfully, at the Royal Soho Theatre. This little dramatic snuggery has often been compared to a Band-box; and the Manager seems resolved that the capacity of the Band-box shall be tested by the introduction of a Band, on a scale of some pretensions: for we perceive that an engagement has been entered into with MONS. PROSPERE, whose name will reach the portals of posterity (not on the Trumpet of Fame), but through the tubes of a monster ophicleide. We confess we are rather startled by the announcement in question; for if all the arrangements are upon the same tremendous scale; if PROSPERE, on the monster ophicleide is to be seconded by BOTTESINI on the gigantic double-bass; and CHIEF on the very grossest of gross cases; the effect in the limited *salle* of the Lilliputian Soho in Dean Street will be literally stunning. We admire boldness in every undertaking; and we must admit that the attempt to perform Grand Opera, in a space a very few yards square, is entitled to every encouragement. It is all very well to snub the affair, and talk about a storm in a tea-cup; but we must remember that the storm is always respectable, though the tea cup may be insignificant. We therefore wish every success to this stupendous speculation in the Soho snuggery; and we hope that the engagement of MONS. PROSPERE may be the source of much prosperity.

**The World upon Wheels.**

"MR. PUNCH, It's all gammon. There's to be no mounseers aloud to take the 'bus bred out of Englishman's mouth. 'Busses are to be as they run. Jeat as durty, jest as shambling; with none of your foreign jemcrack of kuufut, or any sich stuff. All cereane? Hooray for the flees!"

"*Elfant and Kastl.*"

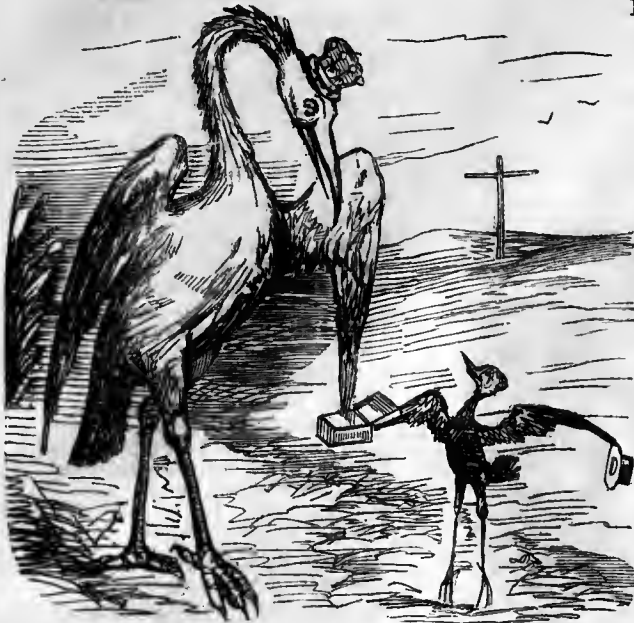
"Your'n, THE BRIXTON CHIRPER."

**Thinks I to Myself, Thinks I.**

THE other day I asked myself this somewhat curious question:—If I should happen to see a very ugly individual at a public meeting—in the pit of a theatre, or in any other conspicuous position—should I be justified in taking him in my arms, and removing him from the place he occupied? Certainly, said I to myself; for I should be carrying out a great object.



## HOW TO GET AN ADVERTISEMENT.



to the soldiers, write to the Editor, and offer to have the parcels tied up with your Incorrodible and Unsnappable Cord, whose durability, &c., &c., will prevent any chance of loss. These courses will naturally suggest themselves to the tradesmanlike mind,—and the great point is not to forget to add your name and address in full. A letter in the *Times*, which that journal good-naturedly inserts for nothing, is read by everybody, and is better than fifty pounds' worth of regular advertisements.

Another good plan *Mr. Punch* would notice, as it may be useful to literary men and publishers, of a certain grade, to know it. You are the proprietor of some obscure paper, which at its price would be cheap, if it were good for anything. You engage ANYBODY to write a story therein, and he, with a wise forethought and concern for your interests, gives his story the same name as that borne by the work of SOMEBODY. Let us suppose that he takes *Night and Morning*, or the *Cricket on the Hearth*. The rubbish proceeds to its close without attracting any particular notice, and then ANYBODY begins a new story. This you advertise, perhaps, as *My Eye and my Elbow*, by the Author of *Night and Morning*. The SOME-

HERE are several neat and successful ways in which you may obtain an advertisement without paying for it. One good plan is to watch the legitimate correspondence of a leading journal, and when anybody has put forth a wise or benevolent proposition, immediately to tack yourself and your shop on to it. For instance, if a lady offers to send linen to the Crimea, write to the *Times* next day, and say that you deeply admire her benevolence, and shall be happy to mark all the shirts with your Indelible Marking Ink, the properties of which are so, &c., &c., that the marks will defy weather, washing, and dishonest nurses. Or, if a gentleman undertakes to forward books

BODY who wrote the latter story puts four lines into the paper, disclaiming connection with *My Eye and my Elbow*. Now is your chance—you, or your ANYBODY—for you, must send this letter to the *Times*.

"SIR,—I am very sorry that SIR B. L., BART. (or MR. D., or as the case may be) should have thought it necessary to disavow the authorship of anything in my paper, the *Penny Buffer*, a paper which whether from its &c., its &c., or its &c., may holdly challenge competition with any paper in the world, and whose circulation is &c., &c.

"A most masterly and noble story, which has attracted the attention of everybody, did appear in the *Penny Buffer*, under the title of *Night and Morning*. I was not aware that SIR B. L. had written anything under the same title. But the selection of it by the author of *My Eye and my Elbow* was his own doing, not mine.

"I can only say, that the author of *Night and Morning* and *My Eye and my Elbow* is a most admirable and popular writer, who is already favourably known by those splendid fictions, the *Haughty Peer* and *Honest Pauper*, the *Daughter of the Workhouse*, the *Gory Locks*, the *Spectre Sausage*, the *Mysteries of Billingsgate*, the *Dagger of Blood*, the *Skeleton in the Family*, and many other first-rate works, all of which may be procured, at my publishing office, in penny numbers, and each with a coloured frontispiece.

"Hoping this 'explanation' will be satisfactory,

"I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

"TIMOTHY CLUTCH.  
(Publisher of the *Penny Buffer*.)"

"13 and 14, Plugghole Street."

Now, you know, if you send that to the Newspaper, with a few lines about the Editor's "sense of justice," and the "injury an uncontradicted paragraph may do a person in business," you will get that royal puff into enormous notice and circulation. You might send *Mr. Punch* something handsome for giving you the hint, though the idea is not his own. But all is fair in trade.

## THE NEW ALIEN BILL.

We have the authority of the *Morning Tizer* for the alarming fact, that at this very hour a new Alien Bill is in course of preparation, if not already prepared; in obedience to the wishes of a certain foreign potentate. Are we to be surprised, if the *Tizer* should indignantly ask the country, if this is a time when Englishmen should sit quietly by their fireside, seeing that through the fireside of the foreigner, a tyrannical minister may have a poke at their own bars? We cannot and we will not be surprised if, in the most candid tone of patriotism, the *Tizer* calls upon all true Britons to be up and doing!

We are requested not to name the undoubted authority, to which we owe a few of the disclosures as to the clauses in the new Bill; a Bill that, if suffered to pass will, of course, make England a mere appanage of France. The hoot of the tyrant has already marked its heel in Jersey—another step takes Guernsey; a hop and another step brings him triumphant at every Englishman's fireside. And this, we doubt not, is what the *Morning Tizer* must, sooner or later, sonorously predict. However, we give a few of the atrocities of the contemplated Bill.

Under a secret treaty, the French Emperor is to have the right of veto on the appointment of every police magistrate.

Further; at least a thousand Frenchmen will be enrolled among the new police, in order that all French aliens may have upon them the watchful eye of old acquaintance.

Further; it is to be lawful—on reasonable suspicion of the Gallic policeman—to knock up any alien at any hour of the night, and to compel him to give an account of his whereabouts and his doings during the past day. Refusal to do this will submit the alien to immediate deportation to the police office.

Further; no child of an alien is to be christened unless in the presence of a policeman; to the intent that no inflammatory name, such as BRUTUS, CATO, KOSSUTH, MAZZINI, be given to the alien baby aforesaid.

Further; that on the third request of the French Emperor any alien may be shipped and passed on board a French vessel in mid-channel.

Further; that as LOUIS NAPOLEON is already a citizen of London, he be elected LORD MAYOR for the year ensuing, with the power of appointing his own deputy.

It is hoped by the drawers of the Bill, that these few concessions in favour of order will draw England and France together in still tighter and tighter bonds of amity. *Vivat Regina! Vive l'Empereur!*

## STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following paragraph, which appeared a few evenings ago in the *Globe*, must have startled everybody who has had his eyes open to what has been passing during the last four weeks:—

"MR. LABOUCHERE transacted business yesterday at the Colonial Office."

One would have thought that the Colonial Office had been altogether given up as a place of business, for it has certainly been little used for business purposes during the last two years. The office itself must have been astonished at the novelty of its own position when MR. LABOUCHERE appeared to transact business within its hitherto deserted walls.

## Napier's Low "Associates."

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, M.P. for Southwark—(GRAHAM's delighted!)—said in his thanksgiving speech, that "an order of distinction should be extended to the common soldier; who might be called for instance, when worthy, an 'Associate of the Bath.'" When FITZFLAMINGO, of the Guards, heard this,—he declared "the idea was monstrous. To admit such low fellows to the Bath, would make it the very dirtiest water."

THE SILENT HIGHWAY.—The Thames is generally called "The Silent Highway," and we suppose it is called "silent" on the strength of the well-known fact, that "Silence always gives a scent."

## THE END OF YANKEE DOODLE.

BY PRESIDENT PIERCE.

My lease, but not my love, of power  
Is near its termination;  
I'll seize on this auspicious hour,  
To work its prolongation.  
JULIUS CÆSAR play'd his game,  
And so obtain'd dominion,  
That FRANKLIN PIERCE may do the same—  
Is my confirm'd opinion.

Now a considerable some  
The Irish party musters,  
And also, if I beat the drum,  
There's all the Flibusters.  
A war with England would elate  
Their hosoms, and no wonder;  
'Twould gratify ferocious hate,  
And raise the hope of plunder.

I've one uncommonly sharp tool,  
A help unused to blushing,  
Our ardent people to befool,  
His name is CALEB CUSHING.  
The mob I'll get him to excite,  
By balderdash and patter,  
With expectation of a fight  
On this recruiting matter.

I'll plunge the country in a mess  
By means of that delusion;  
Then take advantage of distress,  
Disaster, and confusion,  
DICTATOR of the States to get,  
In time of need, appointed;  
And then a crown IMPERIAL set  
Upon my head anointed.

NURSERY TRUISM.—Too many Nurses spoil  
the Broth of a Boy!



## DID YOU EVER!

Friend. "WELL, SP RAT, MY BOY—AND HOW DO YOU GET ON, NOW YOU'RE MARRIED?"

Sprat. "H'M! PRETTY BOBBISH—BUT THERE'S ONE THING MAKES IT DOOCED UNCOMFORT-  
ABLE SOMETIMES—ENTRE NOUS—MRS. S. IS SO CONFONDEDLY JEALOUS OF ME!"

## FURTHER DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

We had hoped better things for the legitimate Drama at Drury Lane than the doings promised, or we should rather say threatened, in the following advertisement:—

"On Monday next, Nov. 26, will appear (for the first time in Europe) MADAME LABARÈRE with a Troupe of Lions, Lionesses, Tigers, Bears, Dogs, &c. (in a cage). After going through various performances, they will sit down to dinner with MADAME LABARÈRE and feed from her mouth. The Dog will feed the Lionesses, &c. Besides going through the usual performances of putting her head in the Lion's mouth, &c., MADAME LABARÈRE will fire a pistol, at which the animals will all crouch at her feet. These wonderful animals have created the greatest surprise and enthusiastic approbation wherever they have been seen."

We should have thought MR. C. MATTHEWS and his *Twenty Minutes with a Tiger* would have rendered quite unnecessary the introduction of MADAME LABARÈRE and the brutal guests with whom she sits down to dinner. The age for exhibitions of this kind had, we flattered ourselves, been brought to a close, with the days when people wished to see the unfortunate enthusiast, who insisted on descending like a cannon-ball from a balloon, in a basket attached to an umbrella, which he hoped would break his fall; and, when the enlightened British public who had flocked to see a man hang himself by the neck at Vaux-hall, applauded him for ten minutes after he had been dead, without their being aware of the fatal termination of the disgusting exhibition. It is true we have had men suspended by the heel to balloons in the air; but, as we have lately seen an account of the insolvency of one of these flighty gentlemen, we came to the conclusion, that the profession of throwing oneself out of a car, at an altitude of some thousand feet in the air, was not adapted to the present taste of the public. We regret, therefore, the apparently retrograde step that has been taken by the Managers of Drury Lane, in inviting the public to a feast so far removed from a feast of reason, as to include beasts for its guests, while the hostess rams her head down the throat of the Lion, her principal visitor.

## Punch Prophecies a Picture.

THEY write from Paris, that "the apartment destined for the future offspring of the EMPRESS is already prepared. It is close to the EMPEROR'S cabinet." Here will be a subject for our historical painter—"Louis-Napoléon III. directing France with his head, and rocking the hope of France with his foot!" *Les extrêmes se touchent!*

## EGOTISM.

LORD JOHN has had a fresh batch of cards printed after the style of some of his literary contemporaries, who are fond of detailing on their pasteboards the grand works on which they modestly pin their fame. Thus, on our Viennese Plenipotentiary's card, we now read, surrounded with beautiful flourishes, as follows:

Lord John Russell,

Author of "The Obstacles which have retarded  
Moral and Political Progress."

## "HEAVEN BLESS THE DUKE OF ARGYLE!"

It seems the DUKE OF ARGYLE is to be the Postmaster-General. This is the first time that in England the name of ARGYLE has been brought in close connection with the *Post*, though in Scotland, we believe, some such institution has long flourished under the ducal auspices, having for generations past been most efficacious in bringing all hands up to the scratch. Let us hope one of the good effects of the Duke's appointment will be, to cure the postmen of the terrible itch they have for opening our letters. In our opinion, the most effectual cure, and the one that would produce the least irritation, would be to increase their miserable salaries, which at present are scarcely sufficient, with the tremendous amount of walking they have, to keep body and soul together, of their boots, much less their persons. Let the new Postmaster-General do this, and many a poor, faggot, worn-out fellow will fervently exclaim, as he rushes to the Post, "Heaven Bless the DUKE OF ARGYLE!"

A BIT TO BOTHER BROTHERTON.—Would a Vegetarian, who was taken to the Station-house on account of the greens, or the cauliflower, having got into his head, be necessarily locked up all night in the Green-yard?



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"And smiled to see him mangle—"

Henry V., Act ii., Scene 4.

LAW AT THE ANTIPODES.

AUSTRALIA teems with illustrations of the curse of gold, but perhaps one of the most melancholy results of the abundance of the "precious" metal is a list of between three and four hundred causes standing for trial before the Supreme Court of Victoria. Gold has evidently introduced the demon of discord into the Colony, and a large portion of the population would seem to be aviciously holding back what another portion of the population would appear to be intent on grasping. This happy state of things, which can profit none but the lawyers, may be an indication of the wealth, but certainly not of the health, of the place, and when we find the inhabitants of Melbourne consuming themselves and each other by litigation, we cannot help thinking, that this sort of commercial cannibalism is worse than anything we have yet heard of the manners and customs of the Aborigines.

"Young Poets," and "an Old Reviewer."

A Book is advertised—*The Young Poet's Assistant*. And the assistance consists in a few hints given (otherwise sold) on the composition of poetry. This, too—"By an old Reviewer," of whom another Old Reviewer says—his "experience will be invaluable to the young poet—it kindles hope and breathes encouragement." That is, it first gives a light to the poetic fuel, and then uses the bellows. So far so good; but if the Young Poet, by such encouragement be tempted to publish, who can doubt, encouraged by the Old Reviewer, that he will burn his fingers? Who is the Old Reviewer; and is his photograph to be had at Scotland Yard?

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

THE floating froth of public praise blown lightly by each random gust,  
Settles on trophies, bright for days, to lapse in centuries of rust.  
The public heart, that will be fed, but has no art its food to choose,  
Grasps what comes readiest, staves for bread, rather than fast, will not refuse.  
Hence hero-worship's hungry haste takes meanest idols, tawdriest shrines,  
Where CARDIGAN struts, plumed and laced, or HUDSON in brass lacquer shines.  
Yet when on top of common breaths a truly glorious name is hung,  
Scorn not because so many wreaths before unworthiest shrines are hung.  
The people, how'er wild or weak, have noble instincts still to guide:  
Oft find false gods, when true they seek; but true, once found, have ne'er denied.  
And now, for all that's ill-bestow'd or rash in popular applause,  
Deep and true England's heart has glow'd in this great woman's holy cause.  
Her cause, who—when misrule had brought plague, famine, nakedness,  
despair  
Upon our host, when men distraught, aghast, went groping here and there.  
When all that wounds have ghastliest, worst, all sickness has most fierce and foul,  
Lay heap'd pell-mell unfeared, a-thirst, to groan and rave, and curse and howl.  
When England, mad with piteous wrath, but not less impotent to save,  
Saw her great army take its path, slowly, to an inglorious grave—  
Stept calm and humble to the front, a young and saintly volunteer,  
And—as those maiden martyrs went, whose name the Church doth still revere,  
Who in the arena for their faith did rage of ravening beast confront—  
She, face to face with pain and death, bore bravely a worse battle's brunt  
Than any soldier of all there who on their bloody pallets cast,  
Too thick for speech, but not for care, could kiss her shadow as she past.

Upon the darkness of the night how often, gliding late and lone,  
Her little lamp, hope's beacon-light, to eyes with no hope else has shone!  
Nor stood she single—that true heart attracted kindred hearts, a band.  
That with her chose the better part—young—gentle—ladies of the land:  
Who through those miles of wretchedness wrought with her both by  
night and day;  
And blessing, bred of gentleness, went with them ever on their way,  
Falling like balm on passion wrung from festering wound or fever-pain,  
Checking the foul word on the tongue, calming the fierce thought in the brain;  
Till all about those crowded wards a gradual gracious change befell,  
Some holy influence bringing guards of Heaven, where, till they came,  
was Hell.  
And with that gentleness such strength, wisdom, and force of will were  
blent,  
That chafed authority at length, obey'd her rule and was content.  
So she and they, her sisters true, blessing and blest, gave loving  
care,  
Till Order out of Chaos grew, and Hope was kindled from Despair.  
For service such as this, what meed? What trophy can the people  
raise  
That shall not fall below the need? What tongue or pen shall reach  
her praise?

MANNERS—WITHAM AND WITHOUT 'EM.

WHAT a very rude man that MR. WITHAM, the Magistrate, is! Sitting in the seat of the scornful SERJEANT ADAMS has evidently corrupted his good manners. A jurymen, the other day, applied to be released from duty, on the ground that he had urgent private affairs to attend to. And what responded the unkind WITHAM? "Certainly not—that's the excuse made by the Crimean officers who don't want to fight." Really, MR. WITHAM, considering the high rank and aristocratic connections of the parties you refer to, this is not the way to speak. "Who don't want to fight." For shame, Sir. Had a set of private soldiers hurried away from their regiments, in the middle of battle, you might have used such an expression; but it is not the thing to say when gentlemen find it expedient to withdraw from the scene of conflict. Besides, you should have abstained from giving your judicial confirmation to the opinion which common people have formed upon the subject.

## THE GENUINE ITALIAN IMAGE-MAN.

(A HINT TO THE CZAR.)



soldiers of the Greek or schismatical Church. Having demonstrated these great truths, the Holy Father might proceed to invite the CZAR'S attention to that establishment, whereat only the right crosses and genuine images are to be procured.

"Come," the Pontiff might exclaim, "come, my son, where the wonderful statues of true saints really wink, and are seen in reality to nod their sacred heads. Come where their venerable wooden noses distil drops of absolutely undeniable blood. Come where the Bambino

UR wonder is, that the POPE does not publish a pastoral, improving the occasion afforded him, by the very ill-luck which both the late and the present EMPERORS OF RUSSIA have had with their crosses and images, considered in the light of warlike appliances; the whole of that ecclesiastical ammunition of theirs having proved quite unserviceable: the crosses good for nothing, even against Turkish crescents; and St. VLADIMIR, St. NICHOLAS, St. ALEXANDER NEWSKI, and St. SERGIUS, utterly unavailing to avert defeat at Alma and Inkermann, to protect Bomarsund, Eupatoria, Sveaborg, Kertch, or Kinburn, or avert the fall of Sebastopol. Surely, his Holiness might plausibly argue, there must be some mistake about these saints and crosses.

Our friend PIUS might then proceed to point out the mistake, by showing that the crosses were Greek crosses instead of Latin; and the saints either Greek saints, and therefore schismatical; pseudo, or sham saints, or else Latin saints; and, consequently, not saints who could possibly think of supporting the

is constantly performing innumerable and stupendous marvels. Come, ALEXANDER, to Rome, to the Holy Chair, which perfdy never approached, and from which humbug has always kept at a distance. Come, imitating the generous example of thy noble Imperial brother, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA; let there be a Concordat between us; and yield thou the supremacy of Petersburg to the successor of PETER. Then will we supply thee with crosses that will insure conquest, and images warranted to gain thee miraculous victories."

## EXTRACTS FOR GENERAL VON GERLACH'S DIARY.

*Potsdam, Monday Morning.*—His Majesty late this morning (and last night also) ate for breakfast part of a red-herring. Had no recollection of having said, after supper, that he would stand no more of his nephew's nonsense, and of having drunk "Success to the Allies." Seems also to have forgotten his resolution to send BUNSEN to England again. His views this morning evidently pacific.

*Monday Evening.*—The King still depressed at dinner-time, but had regained his spirits after his first bottle of champagne. Became decidedly warlike in the course of the evening; said that he was determined Prussia should take her proper position in Europe; said that there was nobody he respected more than NAPOLEON THE THIRD; called VICTOR EMMANUEL a hero; declared that he had the feelings of a father for HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY; and ordered his hand in attendance to play "God Save the Queen."

*Tuesday Morning.*—His Majesty with a bad headache, sighing continually, calling the CZAR "POOR ALEXANDER;" and recommending me and NIEBUHR to pray fervently for peace.

## Beadledom.

THERE is something of the Beadle in every man, that hursts out with all the consequence of brass-tipped authority the moment a staff is put into his hands.

## "TO BE, OR NOT TO BE,"—(A BARONET?)

"THAT is the question"—

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR is, in every way, justified in asking, not only himself in particular, but the Ministry in general. We know that when it pleased HER MAJESTY to cause it to be made known to the lustrous and expansive MOON, that, in consequence of the light vouchsafed him by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, he, the LORD MAYOR, would be re-created, that is, would be made a baronet,—it was also made known to all Aldermen who had still to pass the chair, that such an incident was not to be misinterpreted into a precedent. The line was to be drawn at MOON.

We earnestly trust that this determination will be re-considered. The KING OF SARDINIA banquets in the City. Even DEPUTY PEACOCK does not scream at that. Well, the King having feasted with LORD SALOMONS, shall his departure leave behind no remaining lustre? Shall his Majesty not have his baronet? We think this rather hard. There is, however, a precedent for taking little heed of kings. At the Congress of Erfurt, the EMPERORS OF FRANCE and RUSSIA, on their arrival at the theatre, were each saluted with three rolls of the drums: mere kings had only two. We are told that the officer, deceived by the outside splendour of the King of Wurtemberg's carriage, was about to order the triple salute; on which the officer in command cried out—"Silence! it's only a King!"

Therefore, should the precedent we have alluded to be rigorously held, the LORD MAYOR, denied his baronetcy, must console himself with the thought that his royal guest was "only a king." Perhaps, however, his lordship is open to a composition. Will he take a knighthood?

A GENTLEMAN writes in one of the papers, deploring the destruction of an invaluable old MS. of the Bible, which, by a menial's blunder, was sold to a Pyrotechnician. *Punch* is sorry to say, that servants are not the only people who turn Bibles into fireworks. What shall be said of Calvinists—what of Redemptorist Fathers?

## RUSSIAN PRIZES.

THREE suspicious-looking craft have been taken lately cruising about the Pacific. They were sailing under English colours, but there is no doubt, from their having Russian papers on board, that they belonged to the Russian service. Their names respectively were *John Bright, Richard Cobden, and William Gladstone*. When brought into dock, they were severely examined, and plenty of evidence secured in the shape of speeches, &c., to prove their close relationship with the Court of St. Petersburg. The tendency of all these documents manifested but too clearly a strong antipathy to the policy of England, whilst, at the same time, they advocated the warmest interest in favour of the tactics pursued by the barbarian Colossus of the North. Other proofs established beyond a doubt their Russian origin and sympathies, and accordingly they have all been condemned as Russian Prizes. It is not expected, however, that they will fetch much, as not one of the craft has anything of value on board.

## A Hint for Jullien.

THE great *maestro* has given us, with all the grand emotions of the subject most musically rendered, *The Sebastopol Waltz*: why does he not, as a moral warning, produce *The Gent's Galop*? It might begin with a silver opening indicative of the spoon stirring the gin-and-water, ending with a few powerful bars descriptive of a lock-up for the night in the station-house.

## "Fragile!"

THE Public Hall of Taunton, lately devoted to the meetings of the Mormons, is closed for want of Mormons. However, the building may still be labelled "fragile," inasmuch as it has been taken by a glass and china-dealer for business purposes. It is impossible that his glass can be more brittle than the "weaker vessels;" that his mugs can be more cracked than the elders.

## EUROPE, SPEAK OUT!

"Silence is an error."—LOUIS NAPOLEON.

SILENCE is an error, mischievous and weak,  
Peoples! when the crisis demands that you should speak.  
Silence is an error, fatal as absurd,  
Now that if peace you would command, you need but give the word.

Silence is an error, when your will exprest,  
Boasting ALEXANDER'S purpose would arrest,  
And of PETER, CATHERINE, and NICHOLAS, the track  
Prevent him from advancing on, to make you all Cossack.

Silence is an error, when, if you spoke out,  
Russia to her own back would have to keep her knout.  
Silence is an error, unless 'tis your intent  
To bend your necks to Russia's yoke; for silence gives consent.

Silence is an error, when the Muscovite  
Menaces the age with eclipse and dreary night.  
Silence is an error, when you have power to say  
Barbarian hordes shall not again extinguish Europe's day.

Silence is an error; speech can do no harm,  
Were your judgment adverse, the Allies it might disarm,  
On their side pronounced, would compel the War to cease:  
So silence is an error, if your wishes are for peace.



## [ WORTHY OF THE ATTENTION OF PLURALISTS.

In the *Times* of the 30th ult., was the subjoined appeal, by way of advertisement:—

A CLERGYMAN, nearly 20 years in orders, is close upon starvation or the workhouse. £20 would save him; will no one offer it? MS. sermons of his own for sale; one lent for a stamp.—Rev. J. R. H., Post-office, Brighton.

This must be a case of imposition. Is it likely that the BISHOP or FLESHPOTS, for instance, would be deaf to such a cry? No; he has no doubt sought out "J. R. H.," has weighed him, and found him wanting. Again, the loan of a sermon for a penny is suspicious. Sermons in stones have become a proverb; but who ever heard of sermons in coppera?

## The School for Street Boys.

THERE is a great want, it seems, of Reformatory Institutions for Juvenile Offenders. Perhaps this want might be advantageously supplied by a slight improvement of existing institutions for the correction of old rogues; namely, those marine varieties of "quod" which are commonly called hulks. The hulk in its earlier stage would perhaps supply a convenient asylum for delinquents of early years. In a word, why cannot untaught urchins be sent to a boarding-school on board a man-of-war, and there trained up to be honest tars, instead of thieves and vagabonds?

DEATH BY DROWNING.—It is, but too true—Austria has flung herself into the Holy See! The suicidal act is generally attributed to Insanity.

## THE FLOWERS OF THE TEMPLE.

THE Templars have been again radiant and vigorous in their show of chrysanthemums in the Temple Garden. These floral glories have become a delightful fact; and very humanising, very pleasing in its influence. The coal-bargemen of the Thames pause on the ear to contemplate the flowers of law, and the Captain of the *Bride*, cries "Ease her!" that he may drop gently by the Garden, bright and gaudy with the floral triumph. However, it must not be supposed that this annual chrysanthemum show meets with favour from all the benchers: by no means; there are among them men who, with a due reverence for the severity of law, have been known to express an opinion, that the annual display of flowers is only an exhibition of great legal weakness. Think of the awful THURLOW with a rose-bud in his button-hole! Imagine the great LORD ELDON (and that, too, in the Court of Chancery) having anything to do with heart's-ease!

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the Temple chrysanthemums carry away the prize of admiration at least from all other chrysanthemums soever. We resolved to take the trouble of practically inquiring into the cause of this. We therefore put on an over-coat with two very large pockets—and (what will not *Mr. Punch* do in the cause of truth and science and the readers of his journal price 3d.?) making our way to the Temple Gardens, we, from time to time, looking closely into the retiring merits of some individual flower—(they are all christened)—some "*Blackstone splendens*," some "*Coke simplex*," some "*Eldon dubitans*," some "*Talford benevolens*," some "*Bacon duplex*,"—furtively filled both pockets with the garden mould, in order to analyse its component parts. As usual, we found that all the success was a question of soil. The chrysanthemums were magnificent because of the excellence of the loam and compost in which they were planted.

On a careful analysis, *Mr. Punch* found the soil to contain one part of horse-hair; three of parchment; one of silk and two of stuff. As rags are necessary for the cultivation of hops, so it appears are legal silk and stuff most beneficial to the chrysanthemum. To these there were four parts of scrapings from the scrapers of the Inns of Court; and thirteen parts of fine bone-dust—making, no doubt, a beautiful "top-dressing"—ground from departed suitors in the Court of Chancery. How, then, can we wonder at the magnificence of the Templars' chrysanthemums, looking at the cost of the soil that nourishes and develops them?

## "THE HOUSE OF ELMORE."

WE see a Book advertised under the above title. As we are not visitors of the ELMORES, we are anxious to know what kind of a House they have. Is it a private, or a public House? Is it a House in the City, or a Greek House, or a Manchester House? Is it a House in the hardware, or the dry, or the soft goods line? or does it deal in coals, pickles, periodicals, greengrocery, baby-jumpers or perambulators? Is it a safe House, or a cheap and dirty House? Is it respectable, or merely a shabby-genteel House that gives dismal evening parties, where you can get nothing but Malsala and ham-sandwiches? As yet, we only know that the House is to be Sold in Three Vols, and as we have no particular affection for the name of ELMORE, and know nothing about his House, excepting that the valuation modestly put upon it is £1 11s. 6d., we are not very likely to become tenants or visitors of his. The agents for selling the House (whether it consists merely of one story, or several stories, we are not told) are MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT; but we believe any one can become a day-tenant upon the payment of a penny a volume to any circulating library. Upon those terms, we may look in upon ELMORE some foggy afternoon, and run through his House.

## Decision in Irish Lunacy.

IN the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, JUDGE CRAMPTON, with the concurrence of JUDGES PEARIN and MOORE, ruled, in the case of BEAMISH *versus* BEAMISH, that a Clergyman might legally marry himself. Therefore it would seem that a Clergyman, in Ireland at least, is a man beside a woman, unless the judges who pronounced the decision were men beside themselves.

## Spain's Offering to Rome.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has sent two pictures by MURILLO to the POPE—one of them *The Prodigal Son*. It ought to have been altered to *The Prodigal Daughter*; the personification of Spain, and the Lady who never pays her debts, especially to heretical England. Such a picture would have been doubly dear to the Papal turnkey of Austria.

EXETER CHANGE ARCADE.—Return of admission for the six days ending December the First; Number admitted, including tenants, 9; Corresponding week last year, 7.



### NO CONSEQUENCE.

"I SAY, JACK! WHO'S THAT COME TO GRIEF IN THE DITCH?"

"ONLY THE PARSON!"

"OH, LEAVE HIM THERE, THEN! HE WON'T BE WANTED UNTIL NEXT SUNDAY!"

### TORY TREATY AND TRAITORS.

OUR odd friends the "Conservative Statesmen," (who are not busily intriguing in concert with MESSRS. GLADSTONE AND BRIGHT, O dear no!), are very active in their peace-preaching just now. They want to upset LORD PALMERSTON at any price, and high prices and consequent privations appear to these patriots a capital leverage. So, they are promulgating a rumour, that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has offered terms of peace, that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has approved them, and that LORD PALMERSTON rejects them, in order to prolong the War for the sake of prolonging his own popularity as a vigorous War-Minister. Most people set down this rumour as a deliberate falsehood, invented by greedy and unscrupulous factionists; but to regard it in this light is to do the Opposition an injustice. There is some truth in it. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has privately signified to MR. DISRAELI, that he should like to make peace upon certain terms, and these be they:—

1. That the Allies should withdraw from Russia.
2. That they should formally restore all they have taken, thereby confirming the Russian title to it, for the future.
3. That they should pay Russia for whatever damage they have caused her.
4. That a treaty should place everything as it stood before the War.
5. That Russia should promise to give Europe no further cause for uneasiness.
6. That a Conservative Ministry should take office here, which Ministry should include LORD MALMESBURY, as a "material guarantee" that whatever amount of "grovelling," might be required of England by Russia, Austria, or any other despotic power, would cheerfully be performed, as during his Lordship's former tenure of office.
7. That the alliance with France should be relaxed, and broken off as soon as possible.

These are the principal "terms" offered by Russia, and to these the Conservative intriguers see no objection; and there is no doubt that if they took office, the spirit, if not the very letter, of such terms

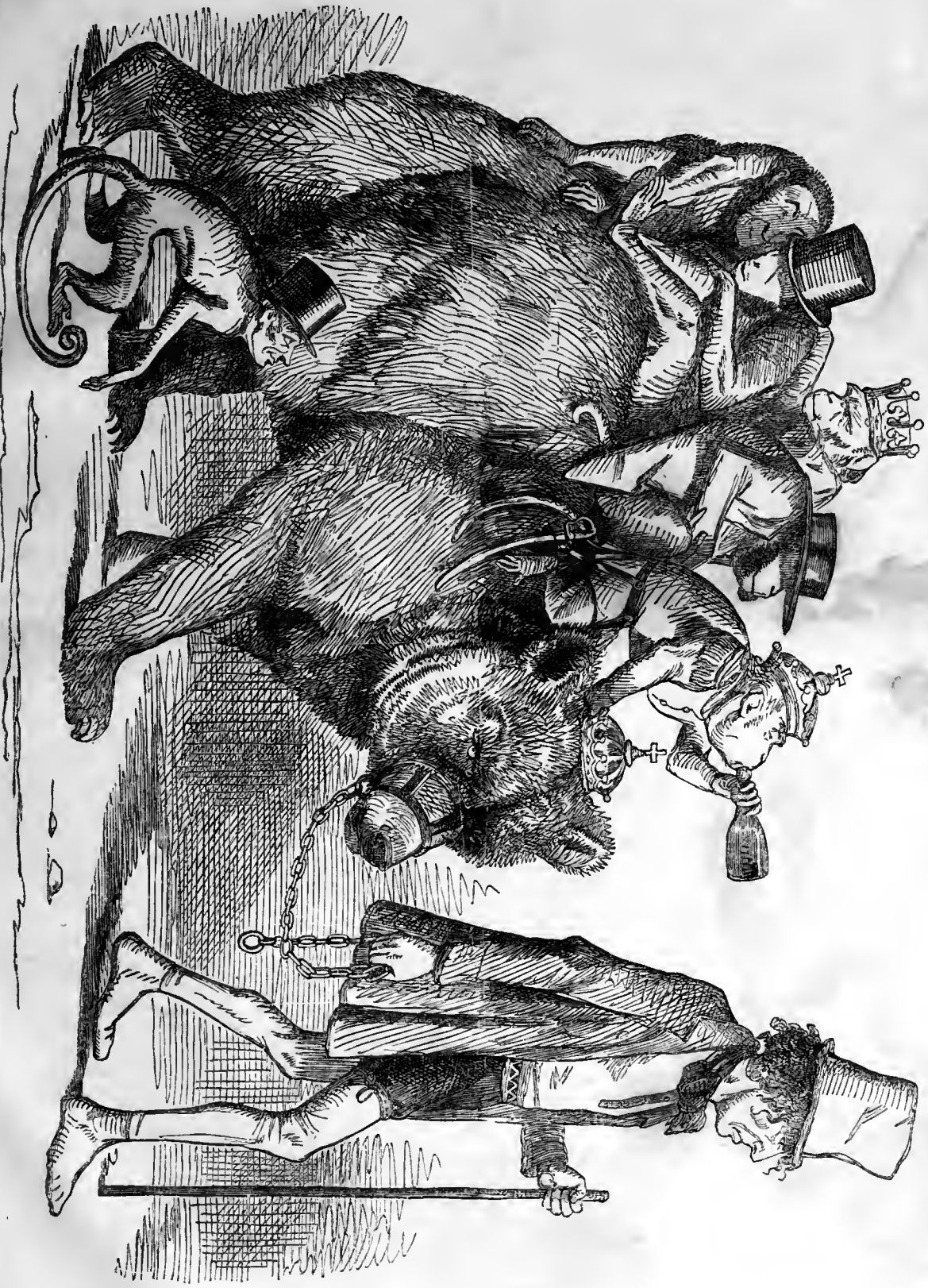
would be the key to the Conservative policy. But they have not yet been submitted to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, nor to LORD PALMERSTON, and *Mr. Punch* lays them before those distinguished persons, not with any great idea that the proposals will be accepted, but to vindicate an industrious Opposition from the suspicion (natural enough, certainly) of having put into circulation a mere falsehood.

### EAT NO SUGAR!

It being an understood thing, that the high price of sugar was caused by three or four avaricious speculators, who went into the sugar-market and bought all they could find, we hope these greedy mercenaries who were so anxious to sack the saccharine, will be allowed to keep full possession of their bargain. Let everybody abstain from sugar as much as he can, so that those who rapaciously forestalled the sweets, may now have some of the bitters. Let the holders of sugar find that the article, which was supposed to be "a very nice thing," has become a drug in the market. Let infancy be taught to abstain from the tempting lollipop; let old maids practise patriotism over their cups—we mean of course their tea-cups—by drinking their favourite beverage *without sugar*. Already the sugar-abstinence movement is taking effect, and the sordid speculators are obliged to submit to a reduction of their unhallowed profits. Let those who can't afford white, refuse to adopt brown, and thus set the principle of "snowing brown when you can't snow white" at defiance. Bread is a necessary, but sugar is not; so let all who wish to give a lesson to avarice, renounce sweet-stuff of every kind, eschew pastry of all sorts, and allow all the sugar to remain in the docks, without being transferred to the domestic basin.

### The Russians at Cross Purposes.

THE CZAR ALEXANDER has presented his troops with some thousands of crosses. To those crosses we hope the arms of the Allies will add a considerable number of reverses.



THE BEAR AND RAGGED STAFF.





## AN EXCOMMUNICATED KING IN FRANCE.

THE KING OF SARDINIA suffers the blight of the POPE's excommunication. His Holiness has breathed the red plague upon that forlorn creature, VICTOR EMMANUEL. Wheresoever his Majesty walks or sits, there walks or sits in shadow, the Evil One lacqueying him unto the end—and such an end! VICTOR EMMANUEL has laid his profane hand upon the monasteries of Piedmont, having no more mercy of the pious things that harboured there than vigorous housewives in summer-time have of the winter tenants of their bedsteads. In his ruthless extermination, VICTOR EMMANUEL would not have spared even the chosen flea of St. FRANCIS; the saint, as it is well known to all pious students of his affecting life, in his humility, claiming brotherhood with the smallest things that hop or crawl. Nevertheless, so hard had the heart of VICTOR EMMANUEL become, that even the sacred garment of a St. FRANCIS would have failed in the sacredness of its asylum to the things that are commonly harboured and comforted in a monk's gown. For the evil of excommunication was and is upon VICTOR EMMANUEL; and like the KING of ISRAEL, he had become foolish under the visitation—foolish and frantic. He knew not what he did; but that was no reason he should not be all the more scourged for his ignorance.

Well, VICTOR resolves to visit heretical England—the only place fitted for him, on his downward way, thinks His Holiness the POPE. He must, however, pass through France; pious France; France with a fresh fragrance, as of lilies and violets upon her from the fresh oaths of bishops; newly-sworn to new fidelity to their Catholic Master, the true son and servant of the POPE, NAPOLEON THE THIRD of Iron Presence.

VICTOR is an excommunicated man. All that approaches him is cursed by the destroying breath of the Church! Fire only can purify whatever has touched him. He stands alone, made solitary by the perdition that is hung around him. Let him die to-morrow, and—with the POPE's holy will working—VICTOR EMMANUEL must even cumber the earth; for no consecrated dust may cover him. Nevertheless, this curse-crowned King—this King robed with the maledictions of the POPE—comes to France, and French Cardinals and Bishops, with the wisdom of serpents and the innocence of doves, forget the moral sores of the tainted backslider. Though a LAZARUS of Sin, he is to France fresh as the Shepherd DAVID. Is not this beautiful? Does not the Christian heart melt like ambergris at the thought of this charity, stirring and active—(there can be no doubt of the fact, for is it not written in the *Monteur*?)—and yearning with affectionate forgetfulness towards the chosen, the honoured guest of the Most Catholic and no less Most Resolute NAPOLEON THE THIRD? These good Churchmen behold not the excommunicated of the POPE; they only look upon the King whom the EMPEROR delights to honour.

Therefore is it, that the wise Imperial heart resolves to do a special grace to these honey-hearted sons of the Church; and therefore NAPOLEON THE RESOLUTE determines to receive anew their plighted oaths to him and his state, even in the presence of VICTOR EMMANUEL the Excommunicate. But the Cardinals and the Bishops behold not the leper of Rome. No: they smile upon a hirsute Christian; one with hair that might have honoured SAMSON ere he laid his head in the lap of DELILAH Heresy. And Cardinals and Bishops swear again; take another oath, with a new relish, even as though the new oath of fidelity was a new mouthful of wine. Two Bishops were seen to smack their lips at it.

More than this. So wholly had the thoughts of the direful condition of VICTOR EMMANUEL passed from the ecclesiastical mind, that the POPE's Nuncio—yea, the Nuncio of the POPE; of that POPE whose destroying breath had passed over the sacrilegious VICTOR, making, from head to heel, blotches of his whole body—the POPE's Nuncio, with a face bright as the face of any painted Saint in any cathedral window,—introduced to that right royal, hirsute and debonnaire sovereign, all the ambassadors of all the kings; even as it is ever the blithe duty of the POPE's Nuncio to do. Yea, even the ambassador, the chosen one of FRANCIS-JOSEPH, the chosen one of PIO NONO, by the servant of the POPE was brought face to face with the excommunicated Sardinian; and Nuncio, and Ambassador, and Potentate Excommunicate all smiled accordingly.

And so healing is the will of NAPOLEON THE RESOLUTE that, albeit certain Cardinals and Bishops—(and the weather for sunny France was *not* bright)—had certain symptoms of severest colds; nevertheless, so healing is the Imperial will, not even an ecclesiastical cough was heard. The BISHOP OF — put down, with all a Churchman's will, a nascent sneeze. And in this manner VICTOR EMMANUEL the Excommunicated of the POPE was received in Paris by Cardinals and Bishops, the dutiful sons of Rome.

## Imperial Footmarks.

ALEXANDER, on his accession to the throne of Russia, declared that he would tread in the footsteps of PETER, of CATHERINE, and of NICHOLAS. He has done so very nicely—with such precision as not in the least to disturb the impressions of the cloven hoof.

## TOLERATION FOR THE BIBLE-BURNERS.

In a *Natural History of Enthusiasm* might be described a tribe of fanatics.—Class, Popish; Order Monastic. It appears that some maniacs of this species have been burning Bibles at Kingstown in Ireland: and we are sorry to find, that certain monks, accused of that profanation, are in course of being prosecuted for it. Prosecute such fellows for committing an act calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, if you like—but not for the theological crime of burning Bibles. The Bible, surely, will vindicate itself. Leave them to burn the Bible, if they please, and their own fingers. Let them burn the Bible; and do you get it read; their use of the book will second yours.

A sincere Protestant would think it a very impious act to burn the Douay, or Roman Catholic version of the Scriptures. He believes it to contain mistranslations—which is all the Papists allege against the authorised translation. Nay, more,—he believes it to contain interpolations, additions, and ridiculous fables. But he knows that the remainder of it consists of genuine text, and he would shudder at the idea of burning that with the rest of it. That Papists should exhibit themselves as burning Truth, because of its presumed admixture with a little error, is an advantage to Protestantism.

The "Redemptorist Fathers," as they call themselves, are the parties charged with Bible-burning. It is but fair to say, that one of them, a MR. DE BUGGENOMS—this ridiculous name is no coinage of ours, reader—denies the impeachment—so does FATHER M'EVOR: but whilst contradicting the fact, he justifies the thing. He would do it himself, he says, with the help of a pair of tongs to seize the Bible.

These "Redemptorists" are said to have burnt the Bible, together with some immoral works. If this is so, it is a very strong argument against prosecuting them. Burning the Bible in the company of bad books is such a very edifying imitation of a certain deed done by the Jewish Priests *imperante Tiberio*, when TIBERIUS was Emperor of Rome—and PONTIUS PILATE procurator of Judea.

Don't prosecute them. Give them rope enough, and leave them to punish themselves. Let them burn a pile of Bibles, if they dare; only be thankful that they cannot have a Protestant in the centre of it chained to a stake. Be content, in the meanwhile, to burn GUY FAWKES in effigy, which, if "offensive to the feelings of our Catholic fellow-subjects," is nevertheless no insult to Christianity. Allow the friars to fry what they like—taking only good care that they shall not fry us.

## SONNET TO THE CZAR.

THINK, ALEXANDER, what a sea of blood  
Thy father, of mankind the curse, and thou,  
Since first he slipp'd the dogs of war, till now,  
Have caused the bosom of this earth to flood,  
Turning the happy fields to hideous mud.  
Unmerciful destroyer! Ponder how  
Many a keel fit deepest waves to plough  
In that red gulf before the gale might send.  
Think also of the bitter depth of tears  
Which NICHOLAS and thou have made to flow;  
And then consider, in that mournful brine  
If ye could not, all, over head and ears  
Be senced: if those collective drops of woe  
Would not suffice to drown thee, wretch, and thine?

## MORMONITE ECONOMY.

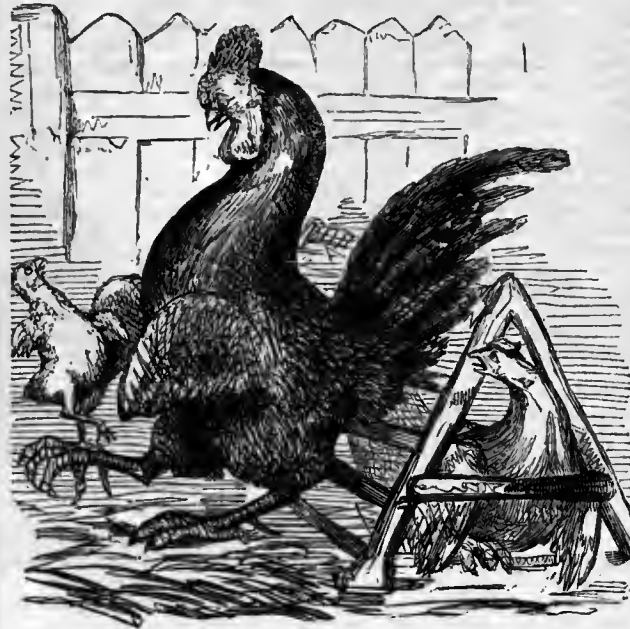
A WRITER in the *New York Herald*, in giving an account of the Mormons, says:—

"The ladies of Utah have adopted a new costume, which seems to be gradually increasing in favour. It consists of a loose fitting dress, resembling in cut a man's sack coat, being buttoned in front, and reaching a few inches below the knees, a pair of pantaloons adorning the ankles, and a Leghorn hat set jauntily upon the head—being in fact a modification of the Bloomer Costume. The ladies are thus relieved of a superabundant load of petticoats, and their husbands are freed from paying for more than two-thirds the usual quantity of dry goods—a no small item of expense in this country."

Pausing for one moment to call on the editor of *Le Follet* to shudder at the horrid idea of describing harèges, muslins, moire antique, &c., as "dry goods," let us observe, that this curtailment of petticoats, skirts, and flounces, must really be a very convenient thing for Mormonite husbands. In monogamous London the disbursement on account of those same "dry goods" is heavy enough; but if the same flowing garments were fashionable in the vicinity of the Salt Lake as those that are in vogue on the banks of the Thames, how awfully expensive would conjugal happiness be in polygamous Utah.

THE TIARA ENLARGED.—The triple crown has become a fourfold diadem, in virtue of the Concordat concluded between the POPE and Austria.

## THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.



PIECE of theatrical information is always welcome. *Mr. Punch* is happy to be able to announce, that the spirited Manager of the Royal Ragbag Theatre has, with his accustomed energy and liberality, entrusted the first number of *Little Dorrit* to one of our most facile dramatists, for immediate adaptation to the stage, and that it will be brought out as soon as the scenic effects, for which the Ragbag is unrivalled, can be adequately prepared. The "Dioramic View of Marseilles," the "Pounding Chapel," (with real organ) and "Little Dorrit's Home," will be among the most remarkable scenes. We must not forestall the labours of a Manager who caters so well for the public

gratification; but we may be permitted to mention, that an admirable conclusion has already been constructed by the accomplished dramatist, and that the real secret of TATTYCORAM's history, is developed in the most startling way. The whole force of the company will be thrown into the cast, and the author's original idea be presented in a piece at once faithful and dramatic. With such Managers there is yet hope for the British Drama.

## THE LAST NEW CLUB.

It has long been the practice for people to associate themselves into clubs for all sorts of purposes, and hence we have Political Clubs, Goose Clubs (they are not always the same thing), Debating Clubs, Coal and Coke Clubs, with a variety of other denominations of clubs of a more or less useful character. Some of the population of Cricklade have, it appears, collected themselves into a Sparrow Club, the utility of which it is difficult to conceive, unless it is to practise the art of hopping the twig, that those very odd birds of a feather are in the habit of flocking together. We fear, however, from a paragraph in the *Wills Independent*, that the aim of the club is not altogether harmless, but that it aims at the unfortunate sparrows themselves; for one of the members is stated to have produced at the last meeting nearly four thousand dead sparrows, of which he had been the executioner. For this valiant feat he obtained ten shillings, in addition to such other reward as his conscience may have bestowed upon him. If the Sparrow Club prospers, and its members obtain prizes by the slaughter of some thousands of harmless birds, we shall not be surprised at the establishment of a Fly and Blue-bottle Club, on the same humane and high-spirited principle. The sport in the regular fly-season would be something quite overwhelming, and it might require the services of a professional actuary to count the carcasses of the flies brought in as trophies, if the members should exhibit the same energy for slaughter as the sparrow-butchers of Cricklade have recently exhibited.

PRUSSIA'S "IMPOSING ATTITUDE OF NEUTRALITY."—Prussia's right hand reposing on a Corkscrew!

## THE AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION FOR 1859.

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH has resolved, that there shall be an Austrian Exhibition in 1859. The EMPEROR is right to name so long a day. After the astounding exhibition he has just made of himself, the world can afford to wait. What do we say,—the world? The world is to have nothing to do with the show. The world is desired to keep its distance. The Exhibition is to comprise only the products and manufactures of Austria, Hungary, and her Italian Slave-States. This is quite right; otherwise *Mr. Punch* had, at the first blush of the thing, resolved to take a certain space for the exhibition of his own volumes—books from which the thoughtful Austrian might, haply, have learned a still finer appreciation of the abounding beauties of the Austrian Constitution as therein pictorially, and at times poetically, illustrated. As, however, *Mr. Punch* is not to be permitted to exhibit the marvels of his own genius, he will nevertheless not refuse the service of his advice as to certain of the articles to be shown to an instructed generation—articles of Austrian, and Austro-Italian produce and manufacture. We give a few: namely—

Specimen of the stone of the Spielberg, in which the wicked SILVIO PELLICO was immured; also specimen strips of lead from the Piombi of Venice.

Various specimens of Austrian hemp, as worked into ropes in 1848 for the rebels of Hungary.

Specimens of oak grown throughout the whole empire; more particularly of the sort of oak used for scaffolds,—

"The tree of Austria 's the gibbet-oak."

Specimens of the paper of Austria in the letter written by COUNT BETHLEN, in which he narrates how COUNT LEININGEN in his dungeon prophetically warned HAYNAU "not to venture on a visit to England, for the people would stone him."

Specimens of the precious gems of Austria, comprising among others the bracelet of rubies worn by the ARCH-DUCHESS SOPHIA (mother of "Austria's hope") on the anniversary of Arad. The rubies set in so many roses as were the number of heads of the Hungarians who fell there: "a bracelet she delights to wear!"

Cast of FRANCIS-JOSEPH'S conscience, taken in Roman Cement.

Specimen of—but no; *Mr. Punch* thinks that, at least for the present, he has suggested sufficient.

A POST-OFFICE PUPIL.—Yesterday, MR. ROWLAND HILL gave his first lesson to MASTER ARGYLL in his Letters.

## ABUSE OF BRITISH HOSPITALITY.

CAN it be endured that the organs of a set of Aliens should presume to hold the following language concerning HER MAJESTY'S illustrious ally, VICTOR EMMANUEL?

"With all loyalty towards our Gracious SOVEREIGN, be it permitted us to say, that if our Sardinian ally could be well and effectually humbled without extending the horrors of war over Western Europe, and without inflicting misery and bloodshed on his innocent subjects, few things would be more pleasing, as few things would be more richly deserved."

Ah! there is no doubt that we must have an Alien Act passed, and fellows who dare to express wishes for the humiliation of one of the QUEEN'S allies in time of War, bundled out of the country neck and crop. "With all loyalty to our Gracious SOVEREIGN," forsooth, these worthies pretend to combine that traitorous wish—traitorous in regard to QUEEN VICTORIA. All their loyalty may seem to be a very little all—but it must be considered, that the real sovereign of these foreigners is PIUS THE NINTH, Pope of Rome. The paper whence the above passage is taken is one of the organs of the papal residents in England, called the *Catholic Standard*. It is said to be the official organ of CARDINAL WISEMAN; which we hope is not true; if it is, we can only say that what is sauce for *L'Homme* should be sauce for the *Catholic Standard*, and that Aliens who are tarred with the same brush, ought also to be indiscriminately feathered.

## English Masquerades.

It must be confessed, that the English are not clever at Masquerades. "The fact is, (says Old Whyte Choaker of Exeter Hall), the wild recklessness, the furious *abandon*, the dishevelled riotousness of your continental carnivals cannot be transplanted into an English soil. The national character, Sir, is against it. Thank Heaven, a French masquerade in England is quite a Moral Impossibility!"

## Look out Below!

AN article on the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes assures us, that "the houses of the poor fall under several heads." We are sorry to hear of any house tumbling about the ears of the inhabitants, but it is gratifying at least to know, that "the houses of the poor fall under (instead of over) several heads," which might otherwise be placed in considerable jeopardy.

MRS. SWANSDOWN'S WORK-TABLE.

A CONVEYANCING LECTURE FOR THE LADIES.

"Steal, foh! the wise do call it convey."—Shakspeare.



POSSIBLY NOW, you understand the process. One lawyer makes as many costs as he can in showing that his client has a right to sell, and then another lawyer, to make more costs, picks the other man's work to pieces. MR. GRUBBY has "advised" that the title to the Work-table was good, and MR. DE KAVIL has found a great number of holes in that title. You may imagine what sort of bills are being run up. Recollect my darlings, that the prevalence of this system is the real reason why your papas and husbands cannot afford to buy you nice little houses,

or cottages, or gardens, which had we a rational system, a *Code Punch*, you might as easily have as a pony carriage, or a trip to Italy. I do not want to give you too many illustrations of the beautiful system of swindle, by means of which lawyers thrive and land is an article kept out of the market, but I must just show you another step or two in the history of the Work-table.

Will you be kind enough to look back to our last lecture? You will see that it comprises MR. DE KAVIL's objections to the title. These objections were laid before MR. GRUBBY, that he might answer them. And he did so in this way.

"With all deference to the opinion of the eminent counsel who has perused this abstract, I retain my opinion of the perfect goodness of the title. The question, whether the Work-table does not belong to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, as forfeited by the presumed treason of the Jacobite officer, may be thus disposed of. The rebellion (see SMOLLETT, PINNOCK's *Catechism*, GOLDSMITH, HAYDN's *Dates*, the *Stream of Time*, the *Penny History of England*, &c.) took place in 1745. We are now in 1855. A simple arithmetical process will show that the distance between the two dates is 110 years. By the statute of *Nullum Tempus*, which seems to have escaped the learned counsel's memory, the time for forfeiture is limited to 60 years. Now, we have had quiet enjoyment for 109 years, and we do not mean to let in the SOVEREIGN.

"As regards the difference between the signatures 'LETTY' and 'LETTIA,' I admit that the difficulty is considerable. Reasoning by analogy, it is as fair to presume that a lady named 'LETTIA' should, in the permitted licence of playfulness and affection, be called 'LETTY,' as that another, who has been christened 'MARGARET,' should be called 'MADGE,' 'MEG,' or even 'MEGGUMS,' that 'ALICE' should be termed 'LAL,' or 'MARY CATHERINE' abbreviated and condensed into 'POL-KITT.' But more stringent proof may perhaps be reasonably demanded, and we will obtain a commission to send and examine witnesses, in several of the counties of England where old-fashioned names are most likely to linger, as to the use of the word 'LETTY.' Affidavits shall also be obtained from old inhabitants who may have known similar abbreviations.

"Deeds of renunciation shall be procured from the descendants of the Jacobite officer. These number about one hundred and twelve. One is a lunatic, and therefore we shall be obliged to issue a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* against him, and get up evidence of his lunacy, but this will not be very difficult, for we are instructed that he is frequently detected in reading the *Morning Advertiser*. We believe that the hundred and eleven will sign; but if not, a friendly Chancery suit will be the shortest way to induce them to do so.

"The lady and her husband are so far from being alive, that they have been dead for seventy years. A certificate of the burial of the former shall be obtained, but he went to America, and died there shortly after the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. I think at this distance of time his death may be assumed, as few men of active lives survive over 150 years. But, if insisted on, we will send over to America for evidence.

"Of the missing knob we can give no account, except a tradition in the family, that one day a nursemaid rushed up-stairs to her mistress (MRS. SWANSDOWN's mother) and exclaiming, 'O, Mum, Mum, Mum, Miss have been and swallowed it,' immediately fell into a large sponging bath full of water. On investigation the (then) little girl protested that she had swallowed nothing. It is thought that the article referred

to as 'it' was the knob in question, and that its being silver had tempted the cupidity of the girl, who had recourse to this ingenious method of diverting suspicion. MRS. SWANSDOWN will have no objection to let the knob be replaced by some respectable silveramith.

"As regards the date of the letter, '46, I think it is not likely that a lady shown to be alive and young in 1746, would have written a sportive letter in 1646, or in 1846, but evidence as to the date of the rebellion shall be furnished.

"The reason why MRS. SWANSDOWN's mother received the gift, instead of any of her sixteen brothers and sisters, is stated in a document, of which a copy is herewith sent. It was given her for being the only one of the lot who would take black draught, jalap, or castor-oil, without being previously whipped, and having her nose held during the administration of the medicament. The family apothecary, now of a great age, but in perfect retention of his faculties, is willing to depose to this fact, which he well remembers. We will endeavour, however, to obtain the hundred and ninety signatures, and give a covenant or guarantee against claim by any who decline to join.

"The searches in the various registers shall be made, but MR. DE KAVIL is in error in supposing the donor's husband to have been a Catholic. He had no particular religion, beyond that of an officer, until he went to America, where he became a Quaker, and preached non-resistance, to the great disgust of GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"GIDEON GRUBBY,  
"Lincoln's Inn."

This being sent back to MR. DE KAVIL, he made a variety of counter-replies, and at last it was thought best that the two learned gentlemen should meet and talk over the business. For this purpose, what is called a Consultation was arranged, at which the two counsel and the two attorneys attended, and you also shall attend, my dears, if you like.

A GLUT OF NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

THE visit of the KING OF SARDINIA to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has necessitated the addition of another national anthem to the repertoire of all the French orchestras. If the alliance against Russia should become general, it will be impossible in the country of any of the Allies to get up a concert the programme of which will consist of anything but National Anthems. Already the MONS. JULLIEN is compelled to devote nearly one-fourth of his orchestral performances to *God Save the Queen*, *Rule Britannia*, and *Partant pour la Syrie*, which are usually played twice each, at least, in every evening, and these are about to be added to by the introduction of the Sardinian, with possibly also the Turkish National Anthem. Of course we can have no objection to these compliments being paid to our Allies, but we merely point out the fact, that if Sweden joins with us (as we are told it will), if Austria should become our ally (as we hope it will not), and if Prussia should be permitted to associate with us (as we don't think it ought), there will be no less than eight National Airs or Anthems to be performed and *encored* at every concert in London. This will give a tremendous total of sixteen pieces of a patriotic or complimentary nature to be gone through, irrespective of any other addition that may be made to the programme. We must therefore suggest, that if all the contemplated alliances should take place, we must be satisfied to give up all other music, and content ourselves with concerts consisting entirely of National Anthems.

THE THREE B'S.

*Catechism by an Irish Occupant with a conscientious Objection to the Payment of Rent.*

- Q. What is Ballot?
- A. Something wanted to protect a tenant against bad Landlords.
- Q. What is Billet?
- A. Something whose abolition would protect Landlords against bad tenants.
- Q. What is Bullet?
- A. Something that effects both objects.—Hand me down the blunderbuss.

Crowns for Artists.

A Few days ago LEYS, the Belgian artist, who has exhibited at Paris, was nationally rewarded. The government was represented at the ceremony, and on the head of the painter was placed a crown of gold. In England the government rewards ART with—that is, *not* with—so much as half-a-crown in silver.

NOTICE TO LUNATICS.

"A COMMISSIONERSHIP of Lunacy is vacant."—*Morning Paper*.  
No Dramatist need apply.—*Punch*.



HOW ADJUTANT STUMPY SERVES OUT CAPTAIN LONGSHANKS, WHO IS ALWAYS CHAFFING HIM AT MESS.

Adj. Stumpy. "Have the goodness, Captain Longshanks, to step shorter, Sir! You're throwing all the Men out. Pray, Sir, be kind enough to step shorter!"

### STARVED-OUT PROFESSORS.

A CRY is being very properly raised against the shabby treatment of the Professors of the Scotch Universities, who find some difficulty in reconciling the inconveniences of "bread at famine prices" with the unpleasant fact of professorships at starvation salaries. Learning may be better than house or land, but it ought to be equivalent at least to bread and cheese, which does not seem to be the case in Scotland, where those who are engaged in providing food for the mind can hardly obtain sustenance for the body. A list of the salaries paid in the Scotch Universities has just been published, and we find that in Edinburgh many of the professors have no more than thirty pounds per annum. The Professor of Divinity gets this paltry sum, which is certainly inadequate to the support of any but the diviner portion of his being, while the Hebrew Professor, who receives the same stipend, must look with envy on the more profitable calling of the old clothesman, or indeed, on any other Judaic enterprise.

Humanity and Moral Philosophy are also paid for at the same beggarly rate, though we admit that the Professed Humanitarians and Moral Philosophers have sometimes dodges of their own, which are frequently turned to temporary account; for we have known philanthropists and moralists whose names have been better known in the Courts of Law than in the Schools, and are more often in the mouths of the bailiffs than on the lips of the truth-seeker. We do not however believe that the ill-paid Scotch Professors have any such doubtful resource as the dodges to which we allude, and their condition is altogether one that demands amendment.

**YOUTH MISSING**, ever since 1845, the YOUTH of an Elderly Gentleman, who is no longer so young as he used to be, and who would give any sum of money to have his youth back again. The Youth, when last seen, had a fresh colour, an elegant figure, an elastic tread, and a light laugh. His eye was bright, and his hair perfectly black. All his teeth were in the finest preservation. In brief, he was the admiration of the fair sex, and the envy of his own. Whoever will give such information of this beloved and deeply-lamented YOUTH, as will lead to an instantaneous recovery, will be most handsomely rewarded. Apply to LORD POMPOUS VANE Eco, Methusalem Club, Pall Mall.

### THE HEROES OF THE CITY.

THE public may not be generally aware, that the military resources of the City are not limited to her Artillery: but that there is a body—a very extensive body as far as corpulency is concerned—called the Court of Lieutenancy of the City of London. This extensive—we use the word in reference rather to fat than to numbers; this extensive force consists chiefly of a body (a very pinguid body) of tradesmen, who wear a military uniform, and are chiefly to be found on duty at a Mansion House dinner, where the sword is converted into a knife, and where the fork may be said to change places with the scabbard. These civic warriors are generally foremost where anything like war to the knife is going on; and they have frequently assisted at the taking of a 'great deal more than has been good for them. We perceive that the troop has been called together by the LORD MAYOR, that the Members may have an opportunity of expressing their feelings on the occasion of the Visit of the KING OF SARDINIA. Unless they are all going to talk to His Majesty, we do not see how they can express their feelings otherwise than by a stare; and, as the Monarch will be sufficiently stared at by thousands of others, we think the Deputy-Lieutenants had better be left to mind their shops or other business; for, if called out, they will give no satisfaction.

### The Idol Trade.

A NUMBER of little images in brass of JOHN BRIGHT, COBDEN GLADSTONE, and other Russian Saints, have been manufactured in thousands and tens of thousands at Birmingham, for the purpose of being forwarded to St. Petersburg. It is the intention of the EMPEROR, after they have been duly blest by his priests, to distribute them to his valiant soldiers as the highest possible reward of merit. More than this, they will be glowingly held up to them as infallible talismans against the attacks of the English. The breast of the Russian soldier, that treasures the image of such a patriot as JOHN BRIGHT, must be invulnerable! The Cossack, who on the battle-field feels he has COBDEN or GLADSTONE by his side to defend him, is sure, by the mere force of inspiration, to perform prodigies of valour!



### THE LATEST ROMISH MIRACLE.

EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE OF THE AUSTRIAN SPLIT CROW, CAUSED BY THE RECENT CONCORDAT.

### PROSPECTUS OF MR. PUNCH'S RUSSIAN VOCABULARY.

DR. MAX MÜLLER has published an interesting little work *On the Languages of the Seat of War*. M. SAUERWEIN announces his *Turkish Pocket Dictionary* for the use of officers. *Mr. Punch* begs to put forward a prospectus of his *Russian Vocabulary* for the use of the world in general, and the subjects, victims, and dupes of Russia in particular.

The work will be published in parts, each part to appear at the close of a year's campaign, so as to keep pace with the rapid changes in the meaning of Russian words, according to the progress of events. The work will be in the largest possible size for the accommodation of the Russian words, which are known to be extremely big, especially in the number published for the first campaign.

As the War proceeds, the size of the numbers will be reduced, with the gradual reduction in the bigness of the Russian words.

Words, for which the Russian language has no exact representatives, but which yet cannot be spared in a Vocabulary intended for the use of Non-Russian populations, such as "truth," "faith," "honour," "friendship," will be represented by the periphrases used for the expression of these ideas in the Chancelleries of the Russian diplomatic service. *Mr. Punch* regrets to say, that these periphrases will be found most unsatisfactory, but they are the only ones which pass current in Russia, and it is essential to be familiar with them, if we would estimate the meaning, and, above all, if we should have to encounter the acuteness of Russian diplomats.

The Russian words have been extracted from works of official authority, such as the general orders and bulletins of her Commanders, the proclamations of the CZAR, the official portions of the *Invalide Russe*, the *Northern Bee*, *Le Nord*, *L'Assemblée Nationale*, and other Russian Journals.

The following examples will convey an idea of the style in which the work will be executed:—

"*Victory*."—When used of a Russian army, any achievement which results in anything that can be exhibited, as a flag, a cannon, a musket. *E. g.*: "The Victory of Sinope," the "Victory of Hango."

(*Official Proclamations, passim.*) The word is never used of a foreign army. Instead of it the following periphrases may be employed:—"Stubborn resistance," "movement in advance," "reconnaissance," "deplorable blunder," "incomprehensible delusion." (*Bulletins: Gortschakoff, Osten Sacken, Liprandi.*)

"*Movement of Concentration.*"—When used of a Russian garrison, Evacuation of a town under the assault of the Enemy. (*Nord, Invalide Russe.*) When used of an army in the field, The being driven off the ground. *E. g.*: "The movement of concentration of Sebastopol." "The movement of concentration of the Alma." (*Idem.*)

"*Successful Sortie.*"—When used of a Russian force, the coming out of a large force, and their being driven back by a small force of the Enemy. *E. g.*: "The successful sortie of the 5th of November." (*Russian Correspondence in Der Wanderer.*)

"*Repulse.*"—Never used of Russian troops. When used of a hostile force—The return of troops to quarters, whether after a victory, a reconnaissance, or a foraging expedition. *E. g.*: "The repulse of GENERAL D'ALLONVILLE from Sak." (*Northern Bee.*)

"*Guarantee.*"—"Anything taken, with no intention of returning it." *E. g.*: "For this Finland shall be held as guarantee." (*Proclamation of the Czar Alexander the First to the Finnish nation, 1809.*)

"*Protection.*"—Taking possession of a country by an armed force, garrisoning its towns, appropriating its revenues, and displacing its authorities. *E. g.*: "Georgia was then under the Protection of Russia." (*History of Russia for the use of Schools.*)

"*Decrepit Nationality.*"—Any nationality too weak to resist Russia. *E. g.*: "The decrepit nationality of the Crim Tartars." (*Correspondence of Catherine the Great.*)

"*Destiny.*"—When used of Russia—The determination to get all that can be got. *E. g.*: "I have faith in the destiny of my nation." (*Will of Peter the Great.*)

"*Sick Man.*"—Applied to any potentate whose dominions Russia seeks to appropriate. (*Sir Hamilton Seymour's notes of Conversation with the Emperor Alexander.*)

"*Enthusiasm.*"—When used of recruits—Handcuffs, and fear of the Knout. *E. g.*: "The children of the soil flock to the Army with enthusiasm." (*The Czar's address to the Army.*)

"*Sedition.*"—Any statement by a Russian of facts offensive to authority. (*Archives of the Police of St. Petersburg, passim.*)

"*Allies.*"—Tools; persons to be cajoled first into weakness, then bullied into resistance, and finally absorbed. (*History of Europe.*)

"*Negotiations.*"—Any pretext for talking in order to gain time. *E. g.*: "The Czar has never shown himself averse to negotiation." (*NESSELRODE'S Circular to Russian Diplomatic Agents.*)

"*Offerings.*"—"Supplies, serfs, or money, taken for the use of the Army." *E. g.*: "The offerings of the landholders continue to pour in." (*The Northern Bee, L'Invalide Russe, Kreuz-Zeitung, Le Nord, L'Assemblée Nationale, and other Russian Official Newspapers published at Brussels, Berlin, Paris, and St. Petersburg.*)

### A KEY TO THE ANTI-MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

WE lately noticed an order of the Directors of the Newcastle Bank to all their moustached clerks, to "shave or resign." The following extract from the Assize intelligence of the Northern Circuit will throw some light on the matter:—

"(Before MR. BARON MARTIN.)

"THE QUEEN v. ROBERT MARTINSON, THE YOUNGER.

"The prisoner, a good-looking and fashionably-attired young man, wearing moustaches, was indicted for having, on the 19th of July, 1855, he then being Clerk to WILLIAM BERNARD OODEN, the public officer of the Northumberland and Durham District Banking Company, feloniously embezzled £4,264, received by him on account of his said master.

"The prisoner pleaded 'Guilty.'"

We do not exactly see the force of the reasoning; but there can be no doubt that the Directors have come to the conclusion, that the moustaches have done it all. The new regulation proves that the Directors are now particular to a hair in the selection of their clerks.

### The Right Step in the Right Place.

ONE of the movements in MONS. JULLEN'S *Sebastopol Quadrille*, is supposed (by the author of the playbill, who must evidently be a man of great imaginative talent) to be descriptive of the movement of the Russian army across their floating-bridges on the night after the assault. Not having much Terpsichorean ingenuity, we are somewhat at a loss to know how this description can be realised in dancing; unless, as we have overheard a wag suggest, it be done by a sort of *chassez across-eh?*

THE CAREER OF A DEPUTATION.—It is courteously received—it is assured that its case shall meet with every consideration—it is politely bowed out—and then you never hear anything more of it.

## TWO POETS IN A PULPIT.

Mr. PUNCH seems to have given some kind of umbrage to a couple of excitable Yorkshire auctioneers. They reside at Stokesley, and take the opportunity of being selected to sell five young cows, three fat ewes, some pig-troughs, and other trifles, to burst into the following lyric appeal to the world.

"We are two faithful Auctioneers;  
With mirth we use the hammer.  
Some of our Puffs they do seem queer,  
And make that old Punch stammer!"

Mr. Punch hastens to assure the poets in question, that he entertains towards them the most friendly feeling; that he never heard of them, or of Stokesley, until he received the above notification, and that though they modestly admit the queerness of their puffs, he never stammered at them in all his life. He fears that he has been made a victim to the exigence of verse, and that when "hammer" imperatively called for a corresponding rhyme, the poet forgot—which was odd for auctioneers—that there was such a word as "crammer." However, he repeats the assurance of his friendliest feelings, and hopes that on the day of sale the pulpit did justice to the pig-troughs.

## A QUESTIONABLE FASHION.

THAT sweetly pretty periodical, *Le Follet*, in announcing the "Fashions for December," states that

"Braces also continue in great favour."

"Braces also." What besides Braces? The answer is obvious to the masculine mind, and surely cannot be dubious to the feminine; for the least logical of ladies even must be alive to the inference from Braces. Of course it must be presumed that Braces are fashionable amongst wives exclusively, for the rest of the fair sex cannot be very intelligibly in a position to wear the Braces. From the prevalence of this female fashion of Braces, it would seem, that the Rights of Woman have obtained a rather wide recognition; unless indeed we have been speculating on the delusive basis of a typographical error, and, for "Braces," ought to have read "Bracelets."



"Ring rich? Vy, that von, in course.—T'other's only for the Plunkies."

## A REALLY GOOD OPENING.

SOMEBODY once offered to anybody an almost fabulous sum for the invention of a new excitement; and perhaps, in the overcrowded state of our Metropolitan streets, that individual may be said to deserve well of his fellow-citizens who invents a new thoroughfare. The discovery has been made, and the public may now pass from the Strand to the Suspension Bridge without being jostled by dealers in shrimps, requested to purchase a live lobster, or dragged in head and shoulders to buy a cod; for all this fishy fussy perambulation is prevented by the opening of the Hall of Hungerford. This measure has effected, in a small way, for this part of the world, what the cutting through of the Isthmus of Suez is expected to accomplish for its own locality.

In addition to its advantages as a short cut, the Hall of Hungerford presents to the intelligent mind a variety of food far more tempting than the fish at the stalls, the penny ices round the corner, or the large low-priced pies at the "genteel dining-room" which nestles near the base of the building. Hungerford Hall is full of information, where those who run may read, while those who walk may peruse more leisurely a mass of announcements, where every want is offered to be supplied, and every longing satisfied. The walls are in fact covered with advertisements, presenting a large mass of broadside literature, such as could not be found within the walls of any other building in the universe. If you want to insure your life, or buy a bed, take a bottle of soda-water or a pinch of snuff, purchase a rick-cloth or a wig, a pair of shoes, an estate, an organ, or a pound of grapes, you will find at Hungerford Hall the particulars as to where any or all of these articles in perfection are attainable. To the gentleman of bad address or no address at all, the opportunity is afforded of having his correspondence directed to him at the high-sounding and central Hall of Hungerford. No longer is it necessary to rent a door-plate as in the olden time, or trust to the reluctant and sometimes oblivious green-grocer to "take in all letters;" for now, by a small payment, anybody may give Hungerford Hall as his address, and be sure of getting every communication that is intended for him. Apart from its commercial uses, we recommend the lover of architectural proportions, or disproportion, to pay a visit to Hungerford Hall, which might take its place by the side of Westminster Hall—if it were not half a mile distant.

## A GREAT LADY-TRAVELLER.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER has been twice round the Globe, but we think we know a far greater traveller than she is. There is Mrs. ADA ROBINSON, of Kentish Town, who has just succeeded for the third time in making a tour round the Promenade Concerts of JULLEN's! She started from the Pit entrance, in the centre of the house, threaded the narrow passages that skirt each side of the Proscenium, doubled the orchestra (the latter, as all travellers know, a most difficult bit of navigation), paid an exploring visit to the reading-room, took in provisions (a cup of coffee, and a bishop's thumb) at the refreshment stall, and arrived in safety at the point she started from, after an absence of less than three hours! She speaks of the wild tribes she encountered in her journey as being extremely savage, rude, and uncivilised to the last degree of what, in barbarian circles, is called "Gentishness;" and congratulates herself upon having arrived at her journey's end without any loss or serious damage. The population, she states, is excessively thick—so dense at times, that it was almost impossible to proceed. The natives are frightfully wild, and indulge occasionally in certain vulgar games—one of which called "forming a ring," seemed to be highly popular. It is her astonishment, considering the rough way in which she was treated, and the dangers to which she was every now and then exposed, how she escaped without an accident. This journey is very peculiar, as we never recollect hearing of an instance of a lady, who had ever made the tour of JULLEN's Concerts before. To have accomplished it not less than three times is indeed a daring feat of courage and perseverance: that places the name of Mrs. ADA ROBINSON amongst the foremost of our female travellers!

## A White Lie.

THERE is no truth in the report that his MAJESTY SOULOUQUE, EMPEROR OF HAYTI, has entered into negotiations for a Concordat with the POPE, and has insisted that as a basis of agreement, his HOLINESS shall engage himself, at the next vacancy to create a black Cardinal. We are authorised in stating, that SOULOUQUE will consent to no such arrangement, because his sable MAJESTY himself is too deep a black.

## THE POETRY OF MODERN GREASE.



THE Temple of the Muses has often been desecrated by all sorts of impertinent intruders, from poet laureates to the pet of some obscure periodical issuing from a mart of Law, Literature, Theology, Field Sports, or anything that would pay, in the purlieus of the Temple; but we do not know that a marine store-dealer had ever, until now, presumed to lay his dry rubbish on Apollo's shrine.

We sometimes wish that the Literary Dustman had been a real instead of an imaginary character, that he might have gone regularly round to the various booksellers and writers who permit an accumulation of offensive matter to remain on their premises. Under

the act which provides for the clearing away of obnoxious deposits, some of the first publishing houses in London might be ordered to remove the objectionable trash that now encumbers their shelves.

We are, however, merging a particular case in the general question, and we will therefore proceed at once to quote a few verses which might appropriately figure in the *Rogue's Album*, or *The Domestic Servant's Manual of the Art of Robbing a Master*. After a prosaic intimation, that "2d. to 3d. per lb. is given for kitchen-stuff, and 4d. for good dripping" the poet of the grease-pot thus proceeds:—

## TO THE COOK.

"Yes, Cooks, I wish a word with you. Pray all your Dripping save, I weigh like gold, and as for Price, most liberally behave!

Weigh it yourselves, if you prefer, I only court a trial Of my Honesty, which you will find is quite beyond denial.

This stanza would have better expressed its meaning if it had run thus—

Yes, Cooks, I wish a word with you. Your Masters' dripping steal. And till you bring it out to me, your grease-pot well conceal;

You're safe with me; for stealing it you needn't fear a trial; When ask'd if you have sold it, I'm prepared with a denial.

This is followed by a poetical appeal to

## THE HOUSEMAID.

"Housemaids, treasure up your rags, I White or Coloured buy, My Price is Good, my Weights are Just, let those who doubt it try. You know from rags they paper make, which Housemaids find so handy, When writing letters to their loves to meet them spruce and dandy. The Candle-ends I purchase too, Bottles and Broken Glass, For a store of these a Purse I'll fill for any pretty lass!"

which may be thus interpreted—

Housemaids, lay hands on everything—towels or linen bags, Or table-cloths, or anything—I'll buy them all as rags, For rags, you know, make paper, on which it is your plan When you've got leave to go to Church, to write to your young man,

And bid him meet you. Recollect, my thriving trade extends To wax or tallow—anything—for all are "candle-ends."

As a wind-up, the poet thus apostrophises—

## THE FOOTMAN.

"Sprightly Footman, list, oh list; pray ever careful be, Of all the little odds and ends, that come by right to thee! The Candle-ends of Wax or Sperm, Old Clothes too oft are thine, Old Liv'ry Buttons and other things I purchase to my line. Give me a trial—and Presto; you quickly will behold My mode of changing such like things to bright and sparkling gold."

Good Footman, you've a famous chance—there's all your Master's clothes.

Come sell to me; he'll never know how all his wardrobe goes.

The candle-ends will disappear—I give a famous price.— If Missus asks what's gone with 'em, say, "It must be the mice."

Give me a trial—but I won't suggest awkward impressions—

I mean a trial at my shop, not at Old Bailey Sessions.

VERDICT ON THE PAPAL SUICIDE OF AUSTRIA.—Felo de (Holy) See.

## THE MORNING POST'S LIBEL ON THE PRINCE CONSORT.

WE have at times had occasion to express sentiments in some degree differing from those which have been attributed to illustrious personages of various nations. But upon no occasion, we trust, have we sought to render Royalty contemptible. That work we leave to its friends the flunkeys, and it will be seen from the following passage, taken from the *Morning Post's* account of the progress of the KING OF SARDINIA through the Westminster Road, on the day of his arrival, that they address themselves to it with no ordinary skill. The readers of the *Morning Post* are not as a body the wisest people in the world, and what must be the result of their being induced to believe that the PRINCE ALBERT, an educated man, a scholar, and a gentleman of taste, could think or talk such penny-a-liner's balderdash, as it "appeared" to the *Post* that he was inflicting on his Wife's Ally?

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS appeared to be explaining that these were the men (MAUDSLAY'S), the skilled artisans of England, to whose industry and art were due the works which, of old, were ascribed to giants; that these men bridged the seas and spanned the earth with iron girdles; that by them were those chisels forged which sped our friends on their way faster than the wind; by them were those bolts forged which buried a fiery destruction on our enemies."

There is the libel, and as truth cannot be pleaded in justification,—first, because the PRINCE could not have talked such ineffable trash, and, secondly, because, if he had, the writer for the *Post* could know nothing about it, we have enclosed the paragraph to SIR ALEXANDER JAMES EDWARD COCKBURN, M.P., HER MAJESTY'S Attorney-General.

PETER THE GREAT AND ST. PETER.—The Pope, like the Emperor Alexander, has had his grand levy, for what is the Concordat but a levy of the Austrians en masse?

## MR. PUNCH'S GENERAL ORDER.

Urgent Private Affairs.

Head Quarters.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH has observed with equal surprise and concern the extraordinary number of applications from officers of all ranks and arms of the service, to return home on "urgent private affairs."

F. M. PUNCH has one and the same answer for all such applications. He cannot grant leave of absence to officers for urgent private affairs; while the following most urgent private affairs require the presence of officers in camp, viz.:—

Hutting the privates.  
Keeping up the discipline of the privates.  
Keeping down drunkenness among the privates.  
Promoting rational amusement among the privates.  
Sharing the hardships of the privates, and  
Setting a good example to the privates generally.

All these appear to F. M. PUNCH to be the most urgent "private" affairs that can be conceived under existing circumstances.

## An Extraordinary Mistake.

In the account of the opening of the Prussian Chambers by KING CLAUDE the reporter writes—

"The KING entered the saloon in full General's uniform, and carrying his helmet in his hand."

This is a palpable blunder. It was not a helmet, but a wine-cooler. This fact is established by the subsequent incident; for the reporter in due time tells us, that "the KING put it on his head!"



THE ORIGINAL ROUND HAT.

*Old Lady. (log.)* "WHAT CAN THEY SEE TO LAUGH AT; NASTY RUDE PEOPLE? IT'S A VERY SENSIBLE HAT—ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DON'T LIKE A STRONG LIGHT."

### THE DISSATISFIED INDEPENDENTS.

POOR MR. SERJEANT SHEE, despondent at the humiliated condition of the hungry Irish Brigade, has been writing a letter to one of the Hibernian papers, setting out his conviction, that in the next session, the only chance for the Band to make itself felt—that is, to get its members into places under Government—is to adopt "a determined course of *dissatisfied independence*; not only in regard to important questions, but in every-day matters." By being generally disagreeable, the Irish members, according to the great patriot SHEE, may compel LORD PALMERSTON to fling them sops to keep them quiet.

We understand that on the Serjeant's suggestion, the Dissatisfied Independents are having rehearsals, in order to be ready for the opening of Parliament. A correspondent in Dublin informs us that they go through the whole business of an evening's debate, and get up a row upon each of the "Every-day matters" as it arises. He sends us a list of some of the manifestations of "dissatisfaction."

When the Spaker takes the cheer, he is to be bully-ragged for letting an English, Scotch, or Welsh member catch his eye before an Irish one.

When he shouts out the name of an Irish member, he is to be abused for not spaking in a more deferential tone.

When any member spakes of the "English" army in the Crimea, or of "British" arrums, he is to be assaulted by six Irish spakers in succession.

No bill is to be allowed to be introjuiced that does not in some way refer to Oireland—or if it be permitted to be brought in, Irish clauses are to be added. For instance, to an India bill, a provision is to be appended, that the next Governor-General shall be an Irishman, and to any measure of taxation, a proviso that it shall not apply to poor Oireland.

The House and the Spaker are to be made to understand, that when an Irish member wants to spake all others give way.

All Irish petitions are to have precedence of English ones, and are to be read at full length by the chap in the small wig.

If any member cries "question" while an Irish member is spaking, the Brigade pledges itself to move his impachment.

One Government night in each week is to be given up to the exclusive discussion of Irish questions, and if Mr. HAYTER ever permits a "no-house" upon such a night, he is to be exterminated.

In counting the House, the Spaker is to reckon every Irish member as two; he being worth any two of his malignant oppressors.

In the case of a row between Irish members, no English or Scotch ones are to presume to interfere, but the spalpeens are to wait in respectful silence until the gentlemen are plazed to be done.

It is for the Irish members to settle what time the House shall rise, and no one is to take the liberty of going away until the desire of the Brigade has been signified.

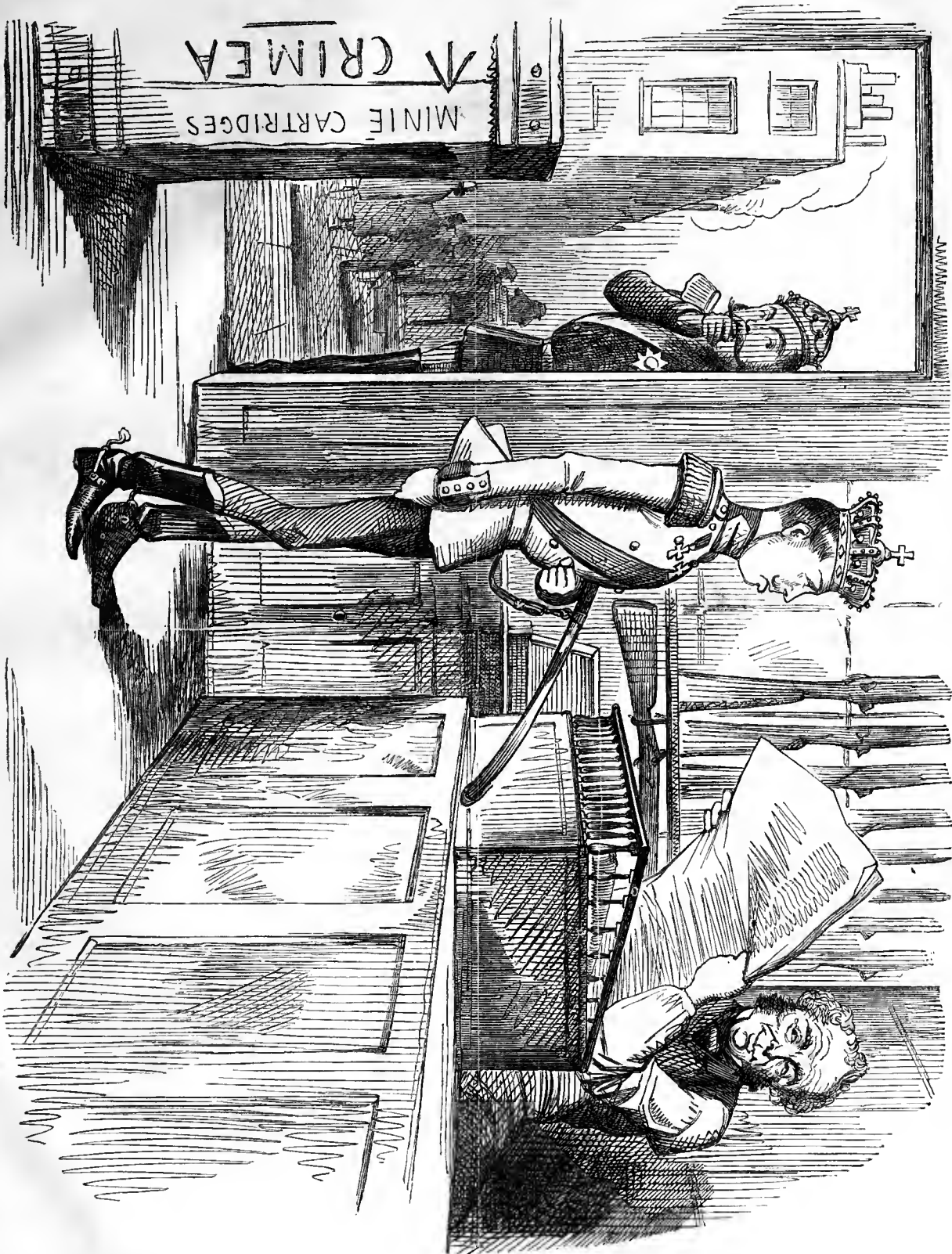
It is to be made a standing order, that MR. HENRY DRUMMOND is not to make any profane fun of a Roman Catholic saint, praste, relic, or miracle, and on the least allusion of that kind, he is to be committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arrums.

With the aid of these, and similar improvements upon the present system, MR. SERJEANT SHEE and his friends hope soon to diminish the causes for their Dissatisfaction, by procuring a market for some of the Independence, which, like tradesmen anxious to sell, they now puff so lustily. The worst of it all is, that parties are so evenly balanced in the House, that such a set of gentlemen, after such an avowal, may command their price.

### MORE LAURELS FOR PRUSSIA.

LIEUTENANT GENESTE has published the official account of the Hango massacre; it seems that the murders were committed in due form, and by the most regular butchers. The men were not slaughtered under the sanctity of a flag of truce by a raw, rash, undisciplined troop of marauders; but killed in all due form, and in the coldest blood by "one of the best Russian regiments, the Grenadiers of FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, as they are called, the KING OF PRUSSIA being their Colonel." It is expected that the flag of truce will be sent as a trophy—a trophy of "a digajified neutrality"—to the King-Colonel; and further, that the Grenadiers, which his Prussian Majesty delights to command, will henceforth carry, emblazoned on their regimental flag, the word—"Hango."





RUSSIA.

AUSTRIA.

PALMERSTON.

# WHAT IS THE PRICE OF PEACE?

*Austria.* "PLEASE TO TELL ME THE PRICE OF A PEACE?"

*Palmerston.* "WE HAVEN'T THE ARTICLE ON HAND AT PRESENT."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



"Cattle Show, Sir? I'll take you all the way there for a Penny."

### THE OMNIBUS COMMITTEE.

It is not generally known that, with a resolution to meet and overcome the opposition threatened by our gallant Allies to the British Omnibus, the proprietors of these native vehicles have resolved to—to—yes, to make an omnibus really comfortable. With this intent, a committee has been sitting for the last week at the Shillibeer Arms; and, although the press—as the press—was excluded, *Mr. Punch* was, of course, invited to send a guinea-and-a-half-a-liner (the rise of the half-guinea dates from the late advance of provisions) to the Shillibeer. Our faithful retainer, like "the bee with honey'd thigh," duly rendered himself at 85, Fleet-street, laden with evidence anxiously sought by the committee, and readily supplied by all conditions of people. It is observable that the female evidence greatly preponderates; an omnibus evidently being considered by them a woman's question. It is, however, impossible for *Mr. Punch* to do more than to cull, with a very light and careful hand, certain samples from the evidence adduced.

#### MR. JOHN POLLEWHISTLE examined.

Rides daily from Paddington to Old Jewry. Believes that babies-in-arms are the great blight of 'busses. Would have no child under seven ride, the register to be first shown to the conductor. Has a strong objection, in a crowded 'bus, to have his shirt-collar smeared by the dear infant next him with a raspberry tart. With respect to luggage—that is, female luggage—would not permit any woman passenger to bring luggage into a 'bus of more than twelve cubic inches. Yes; he had given his attention to umbrellas. He would have an umbrella-stand at the door of the 'bus. Wouldn't be hard upon parasols; though could not, for the life of him, see the use of 'em.

#### MRS. MARY QUILTER examined.

Often rode in a 'bus. Was generally set down near SWAN-AND-EDGAR'S. Thought that it was not always pleasant to be flung into people's laps; sometimes less so than others, and sometimes quite the reverse. The conductors would say "all right" before a lady was in her place. Thought that if a rope, something like a bell-rope, was hung up along the roof, it would be a great assistance, especially when the conductors would say "all right." With respect to luggage, did not think four hand-boxes and a small child with a drum and a hoop too much for the mother of a family. Thought that a magistrate ought to be able to fine anybody, if a single man, who refused to ride outside in the rain to oblige a lady.

#### MISS ARABELLA PERKINS examined.

Seldom rode in an omnibus, but had done so on dividend days to the Bank; since that most wicked and shocking double Income-Tax to support the War, undertaken as she understood to support the infidel Turks, who sew up poor women in sacks and—certainly, yes; she would keep to the question of the omnibus. Well, she had been brought to

ride in the thing, but only since the Income-Tax,—never before; and all she hoped was, that all of us might live to see the end of the War—but for her part—very well; yes, she would keep to the omnibus. What had she to propose—what to object to? Well, then, she wished to speak upon the omnibus straw. Why not put down a Brussels carpet, and in a season of such inclemency as the present, why not have bottles of hot water? People might get their death, and what would the omnibus care? Yes; she was coming to the straw as fast as she could. Had a great objection at all times to the straw in the 'bus; when it was old it was dirty and damp; and when it was new, it was sharp and tickled. Thought the whole difficulty might be met by a strip of Brussels.

#### MR. JABEZ MOGSBY examined.

Sorry to say, had given much of his time to omnibuses. Thought for a rope under the roof should be substituted a stout brass bar; for from the gentlewomen he'd seen ride in 'busses, believed that no rope would long bear 'em. And this brought him to what he had specially to say. Providence hadn't made us all alike—and, therefore, he looked upon it as little less than presumption to say, that a 'bus should carry twelve inside. The law was arbitrary and un-English. What's twelve? Twelve Tom Thumbs—twelve Daniel Lamberts! He would, therefore, have arms—arms to all the seats: when every man, woman, and child, whatever they might be, would sit upon their own merits.

#### MISS ARABELLA MITTENS examined.

She occasionally rode in 'busses. Had given some attention to the last improvement under MR. FITZROY'S Act: she alluded to the light now burnt in the interior of the 'bus. Thought altogether it worked well. Had ridden in a Paris 'bus or two: she should think so. She thought, then, if a small mirror was put up at the end of the English 'bus, it would help to give a cheerful appearance to the interior generally. When the 'bus was full the looking-glass might be positively useful, especially in an uncertain climate, with the blacks that would fly so. When nobody at all was in the 'bus—as had sometimes happened to herself—why, a looking-glass was always company.

#### MR. JOLLIDOGS examined.

Used to use 'busses, but had given 'em up. Why should he be made miserable? Every 'bus was placarded with puffs of burying-grounds; might as well ride in a hearse. Didn't see why the 'bus driver shouldn't have a hat-band, and the horses feathers in their heads. Had had his dinner spoilt more than once by the bills about the Neckandropolis Burying Grounds all over the 'bus. Didn't object to advertisements in 'busses on a principle, for this was a commercial country—thought there was no harm in "Six Shirts for 30s.," if they were worth anything—but thought it too bad to be always given the blues by the Neckandropolis.

*Mr. Punch* concludes his extracts with this; regretting that he has no room for the very valuable testimony of the REVEREND MR. SPIKE-NARD, on the impropriety of religious controversies in 'busses generally. The Reverend gentleman had been compelled to discontinue the use of the Knightsbridge 'busses since the shameful persecution of St. Barnabus and St. Mary's. Thought that a line of 'busses—*The Lamb and Flag* line—if comfortably hassocked and glazed with painted windows, would meet with great encouragement in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge and Belgravia.

No report has yet been made; but *Mr. Punch* has a lively hope that certain points of the evidence will have a telling effect upon the mind of the Committee. A fixed cubic measurement is certainly desirable; neither is the roof-rope or bar suggested by MRS. QUILTER unworthy of attention. Even *Mr. Punch* himself has found the omnibus straw unpleasant; and therefore wholly agrees in the objections so graphically rendered by MISS PERKINS; and believes, with her, that there is something in hot water and carpets of Brussels texture. Surely, too, there is good sense in the proposition of MR. MOGSBY. The adoption of arms in the 'bus would so defiae every place for every passenger; whilst the measure so admirably harmonises with our habits and feelings as a domestic people. With respect to the mirror suggested by MISS MITTENS, we think we must leave that an open question. Possibly, some of the Committee will take the opinion of the 'rown wives upon the matter. As to the Neckandropolis advertisements, we do not think that an omnibus should in any way suggest a charnel-house; though, alike with MR. JOLLIDOGS, we do not object to the commercial genius of our country clinging to the roof of a 'bus like a bat to the roof of a church.

In all seriousness, we trust that the English Committee will lose no time in setting the English 'bus in order; otherwise, they may rest assured that our faithful Allies will take the very needful work out of their hands.

#### Serenade for Sir Charles Napier.

A PARTY of Southwark Electors, on Tuesday evening, assembled under the window of SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S residence, and celebrated the honourable and gallant officer's election for Southwark, by singing the appropriate song of the "*Return of the Admiral.*"



### PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"O Austria! thou dost shame that bloody spoil;

Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs."

*King John, Act iii., Scene 1.*

### A COMMENTATOR ON COLONEL HAWKER.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT appears to be rather fond of lecturing to young men; it is a labour of love to him seemingly, and one which he performs to admiration. Now, in the *Court Circular, passim*, it will be read that

"PRINCE ALBERT went out Shooting."

Shooting is an amusement to which young men are naturally partial; many of them, if they had little else to do, would do little else. But how many lamentable accidents from fire-arms are daily recorded in the Newspapers! A few observations from the PRINCE, when he has the opportunity, on loading, priming, &c., with which operations his ROYAL HIGHNESS must of necessity be familiar, as also on the proper method of carrying the gun, so that no fellow-sportsman shall ever find himself looking down the muzzle, might prove the means of preventing many untimely deaths, if not of saving some valuable lives.

The lives, also, of numerous yellow-hammers and greenfinches, sacrificed by juvenile metropolitan and inexperienced fowlers for snipes and partridges, might be saved through the judicious admonitions of the PRINCE. And, whilst he was about it, PRINCE ALBERT might do good service by communicating the results of his experience in fox-hunting to ambitious but awkward riders.

### SCIENCE UNDER SEVERAL HEADS.

EVERYBODY who is curious as to the very odd things that ladies take into their heads, or on to their heads, should go to the Polytechnic Institution; where—amidst the hundred other attractions—is being delivered a lecture on *Ladies' Head-Dresses, from the Time of William the Conqueror*. When we look at some of the massive structures that have been raised upon the female head from time to time, we wonder whether the object has been to make up for the want of furniture within, by a tremendous pile of external ornament. It must, however, be admitted, that those ladies who have stood erect under the ponderous arrangements with which fashion has occasionally encumbered their brows, could not have been very weak-headed.

A CONSUMING TRUTH.—Men never begrudge the money they spend on dinners nor women on pastry.

### DETERMINED SUICIDES IN THE ARCHDIOCESS OF WESTMINSTER.

THE well-known papal advocate, MR. GEORGE BOWYER, in a letter of reply to DR. CUMMING, published in the *Times*, makes the following admission:—

"I will only add that DR. CUMMING will find a parallel to the 18th article of the Concordat, which so much alarms him, in statute 1st ELIZABETH, c. 2, which forbids any thing said or done in derogation of the *Book of Common Prayer*."

Just so. The statute 1st ELIZABETH, c. 2, inflicted penalties on the priests who should refuse to read the Prayer-book in their churches. The first offence on the part of the recusant priest was punished by the forfeiture of a year's revenue of his benefice, and six months' imprisonment. The second, by loss of all ecclesiastical property and imprisonment for life. For speaking in derogation of the Prayer-book, or for satirising or burlesquing the Reformed Church, the penalty was a fine of one hundred marks for the first offence, four hundred ditto for the second ditto (£1000 of our present money); for the third, forfeiture of all goods and chattels, and perpetual imprisonment. Everybody was bound to attend the church service under divers penalties, or on pain of imprisonment. Prelates and other church dignitaries were empowered to inflict these punishments. Does not COBBETT in his *Legacy to Parsons*, pp. 35, 36, chronicle these atrocities? And to these same Elizabethan atrocities of 1558, now obsolete, if not repealed, the Concordat of PIUS THE NINTH, A.D. 1855, according to MR. BOWYER, affords a parallel. Austrian Protestants are to be subjected to the same persecution now, as that which English Papists were to incur then. Must not Fancy, allegorising Fact, depict MR. BOWYER as an unhappy pig, swimming up stream, and inflicting the injury which that animal inflicts, under those circumstances, on his own throat?

What will CARDINAL WISEMAN say to this rash act of MR. BOWYER'S?

Something, perhaps, to the same effect as what he himself said the other day, about this same Concordat, from his pulpit; to wit:—

"The document in question came first in this country from the correspondent of a Newspaper, who showed in the remarks with which he accompanied it, that he did not know the meaning of the words used in it. It was drawn up in the peculiar language of Catholic ecclesiastical diplomacy—that was to say, the words used in it had a different meaning from that of ordinary Latin, in which it was written, and it required a person versed in ecclesiastical Latin and in the principles of the Canon Law to understand it and interpret its meaning and signification."

Thus, by the statement of CARDINAL WISEMAN, ecclesiastical Latin is not plain Latin, and, in like manner, MR. BOWYER'S English may not be plain English. We are to conclude, that neither MR. BOWYER nor the POPE say what they mean. To characterise this peculiarity of expression, the dictionary of DR. JOHNSON supplies a pithy term, consisting of one syllable in three letters, whereby, also the Doctor, in common conversation, was accustomed to designate that peculiar liberty taken with language.

So then, it seems, the POPE, and CARDINAL WISEMAN are misunderstood, by reason of being supposed to mean what they say; and per-adventure, the same misfortune may have befallen MR. BOWYER. But why cannot they, preaching or penning documents which will appear in *partibus infidelium*, vouchsafe to accommodate their style to the idiom of the natives, and say what they mean? When CARDINAL WISEMAN talked of governing Middlesex and the adjoining counties, he ought not to have been surprised at being taken at his word. A few foot-notes, even so monosyllabic as "Bosh," or "Fudge," subjoined to the tremendous passages in his pastoral, would have forestalled alarm. So of the POPE. If his Holiness would only notify, that everything in his Allocutions apparently savouring of intolerance was mere papal rhodomontade—all the POPE'S eye—much unnecessary excitement would be obviated. The Holy Father should advertise us that those thundering Allocutions of his are, in so far, addressed ostensibly to the Secret Consistory; but, in reality, to BUNCOMBE.

The Cardinal declaims horribly about the eruptions of certain

Protestant volcanoes, in the fires of which a plain impartial reader might infer, from the furious language of his Eminence, that sundry Roman Catholic martyrs had been burnt alive. But why blow up those burning mountains needlessly by inflated bombast? Why does he bellow like a mad bull to enunciate sentiments which he would express with accuracy by roaring as gently as any sucking-dove?

If we are to believe **CARDINAL WISEMAN'S** explanations—but who knows in what sense he is to understand them?—a new etymology must be assigned to the word Romance, which it will be reasonable to consider derived from Rome, regarded as the Papal See.

In short, the peculiarities of Roman Catholic ecclesiastical diplomacy and eloquence, by the Cardinal's argument and by his example, are exhibited as so many instances of bold hyperbole, flights of the arrows of an inordinately long bow, very far overshooting the mark of veracity.

Now, then, does not **CARDINAL WISEMAN** appear to swim up stream at the same rate, in a similar form, and to the same deplorable purpose, with **MR. BOWYER**? His Eminence will not complain of the implied analogy when, in venturing to suggest it, we respectfully remonstrate with him for casting his pearls of exaggeration before us poor literal swine.

### THE KING WHO HAS LOST HIS LOVING-CUP.



**A** CERTAIN ignoble sovereign, who shall be nameless, by this time has probably seen reason to regret the mean and shuffling policy which he has pursued with respect to the contest between Russia and the Western Powers. Afraid even to speak out, and declare which side he believes to be in the wrong, he must be sensible of being a conspicuous object of that feeling with which mankind in general regard a person equally destitute of moral courage and moral sense. He must have at least discovered that his "silence" has been an "error;" must have found out the mistake of having basely held his tongue. How sadly vexed with himself for the paltry and unprincipled conduct which he has pursued, if not ashamed of himself also, will he be, when he comes to read the account of the reception experienced by the gallant **KING OF SARDINIA** on his visit to the City! It cannot but occur to him, that if he likewise had acted as an honourable man

and a constitutional King, he might also, if he had chosen, have taken his turn to ride, the hero of a triumphal procession, to Guildhall—saluted by the acclamations of a free and generous British public. He must think with what transport he would have beheld in every shop-window along his line of progress, and not only in that of 85, Fleet Street, a portrait of himself, crowned with vine-leaves and sprigs of myrtle. But in deploring what he will see that he has lost by his pusillanimousness, he will probably be affected by nothing more bitterly than by the following passage in a contemporary's account of the banquet wherewith the **LORD MAYOR** regaled **VICTOR EMMANUEL**:—

"The age and quality of the wines used on this occasion was much vaunted. A sherry, said to be 80 years old, and a bottle of which placed before the King was known to have been in the Victory at the Battle of Trafalgar; champagne of 1834; hock from the Steinberg cabinet; and a wine which **HORACE** celebrates were among the *bonnes-bouches* supplied to the Royal table."

Just let the nameless, but not, we trust, shameless, monarch fancy that! Only let him think of the octogenarian sherry! But, above all, of the champagne of 1834—without doubt it was some of his favourite wido's! Let him imagine how copiously he might have quaffed the Steinberg, and how he might have imbibed the classical Falernian and quoted **HORACE**, in any quantity!

His Majesty will sorrowfully discern that he has missed a good thing—has, to use a vulgar, but perhaps not inappropriate expression, missed his tip, in missing the above-named liquors. His only consolation can be, that if he had stood forward, and behaved honestly and firmly in the first instance, it is very probable that there would have been no war—no Guildhall feasts for loyal monarchs—no effusion of Amontillado, Cicquot, Steinberg, or Falernian, in honour of them; and—no effusion of blood.

**SWEET SENTIMENT.**—The best Disinfecting Fluid. The Milk of Human Kindness.

### JOHN BULL TO JONATHAN.

It strikes me, brother **JONATHAN**, we both have cause for blushing; You for being one moment nose-led by **MISTER CALEB CUSHING**, I for e'er allowing **CONSUL MUSQUITO KING**, or **CRAMPTON**, To have tamper'd with your laws, or your soft corns to have atamp'd on.

We're trading-men; we're] working-men; we're customers; we're brothers;

Though we overlook'd the fact in the days of our grandmothers; Heavily we paid for it, in debt and in disaster:

While you got wounds and raws for which Time scarce has yet found plaister.

I've been turning up our history, how our **THIRD GEORGE'S** crown's end

Was nearly brought about by unlucky **MR. TOWNSHEND**, When by his resolutions he affirm'd our right of taxing you; Or, in other words, of taking your money without axing you.

We imposed—you resisted imposition. I'd have done The self-same thing, if my name had been **JONATHAN**, not **JOHN**; You met us both by land and sea—lick'd us both on one and t'other; In short I fail'd in my attempt to whop my little brother.

Again, in eighteen-twelve, the right of search caused mystic huffs, And mutual rows, that drove us, a second time, to fisticuffs. There was the usual amount of being thrash'd, and thrashing done; Your (heavier metall'd) ships took ours; we (more shame for us!) burnt Washington.

When these unlucky tussles grew—the first as well as second—Kings and Lords were all-in-all with us; the people was not reckon'd. To maintain that for a colony leading-strings aren't always seasonable, Or that Trade could e'er be free, was held Utopian, if not treasonable.

When that first war broke out, **GEORGE THE THIRD** was on the throne; The second found the Regent there—blind sire and bloated son. The first had his **LORD NORTH**; the second, for our woe, Had his **LIVERPOOL** and **SIDMOUTH** and **CASTLEBEGH** and **Co.**

Free Trade was not; Free Press was not; free speech, free thought were bann'd;

No wires electric girt the earth, no steam the ocean spann'd.

The nations sat apart, or only met as foes;

While kings and courts and cabinets hounded them on to blows.

All this is changed; link'd hand and heart—link'd pocket, too, to pocket. When **JONATHAN** goes bankrupt, **JOHN** may think about his docket. The nations speak: If President or Premier storms or truckles, The nation's hands are free, to come down on either's knuckles.

Then, **JONATHAN**, you keep an eye on **CUSHING**, **PIERCE**, and **MARCEY**, And I'll take care my Cabinet plays no pranks and isn't sary; And that all alarm of quarrel between you and me may cease, We'll bind over both our Governments to keep the (nation's) peace.

### Very Brave—when not Exposed.

The conversation was running the other evening upon the Russians being by universal consent "the best soldiers in the world behind fortifications," when young **BUMPTIOUS**, who is, perhaps, the greatest coward living (out of Belgium), exclaimed, "Well, do you know, I think I should be extremely brave if I were behind a good thick wall, where there was no chance of being hit, and with a jolly bomb-proof casemate behind, where one could run into in the event of any danger. I do believe I should distinguish myself by some wonderful act of bravery, if I could only convince myself there was not the slightest occasion to be alarmed!"

### Unfounded Report.

It is reported that **MR. STEENDALE BENNETT** has been appointed Director of the Philharmonic. We do not believe a word of it, and simply for this reason,—because **MR. BENNETT**, clever as he is, unfortunately is an Englishman. If he were an Italian, like **SIGNOR COSTA**; or a German, like **HERR WAGNER**; or even, a third-rate Frenchman, with no higher recommendation than **MONSIEUR ADOLPHE ADAM**, there might be some chance for him; but, as **MR. BENNETT** happens to be only a plain English "Mr.," it is simply an insult to our knowledge of the world to ask us to swallow such a highly ridiculous report!

**COMFORT FOR THE CRIMEA.**—Contributions are requested for a Soda-Water Food, intended to afford some alleviation of the distressing headache, which, it is said, is so very general a complaint among our Crimean heroes of a morning!



**A SERIOUS COMPLAINT.**

Col. "NO SIR! YOU CAN'T HAVE FOUR IN YOUR HUT!—WHIST, INDEED!"  
 Lieut. "VERY HARD! THEN, WE MUST PLAY DUMMY!"

**A SOCIETY OF DOUBTFUL FRIENDS.**

To JOHN BRIGHT.

FRIEND BRIGHT,

THOU art an eminent member of the Society of Friends, whereof, I believe, aundry other eminent members are also eminent corn-dealers. I suppose thou art intimate with a sufficient number of those other eminent friends of thine to answer me a question which I would fain ask of thee.

I wish to know of thee, whether the present high price of corn has not been occasioned by the wilful contrivance of thine eminent friends the corn-dealers, with the view of engendering among the people an impatience of the present War with Russia?

That thou and the rest of the Friends constituting thy Society are opposed to the War, I do not wonder. In being so, you are only consistent with your creed. But thou dost not seek, or at least thou seekest in a very small measure, to dissuade us from prosecuting the War on religious grounds. Thou dost not so much denounce perseverance in the War as dangerous to our souls as thou representest it to us as perilous to our pockets. I surmise that thou expressest the feelings of thy Society, and, if thou dost, it seemeth to me very probable that they would be naturally glad to do anything in their power to cause the pressure of the War to be felt by the country.

Moreover, I perceive that thou, and others of thy way of thinking, do not content yourselves with deprecating our endeavours against the Russians. Ye also show an evident bias towards, and leaning in favour of, those same Russians; wherefore men cannot but shrewdly suspect that ye are, for reasons best known to yourselves, interested in their behalf.

When, therefore, thou next makest a speech or writest a public letter, take, I beseech thee, the opportunity of replying to that little question which I have above pounded to thee.

If thou dost not give a satisfactory reply to it, I think that the crowds that are beginning to cry out against the dearness of bread, and who are persuaded that the high price thereof is the fault of somebody, will ask the question for themselves of thine eminent corn-dealing friends in a manner and terms less bland and smooth than those wherewith it is suggested to thee by thy friend,

PUNCH.

**A POOR HUSBAND ON BONNETS.**

"THE expense of a new Bonnet does not stop with the purchase. I only wish it did. The worst is, when your wife has got a new Bonnet, she must go to this place and that place for the purpose of showing it. The new Bonnet of itself is but a small matter, but it is the constant exhibition of it afterwards that inflicts the injury on a husband's pocket. I should like there to be some simple cheap remedy for the evil, and I wonder that ladies, when they wish their friends and all the world to know that they have recently come into the possession of a new *chapeau*; do not, instead of publishing the fact on their persons, resort to the far easier and cheaper plan of advertising it in the Newspapers—somewhat in the following style:—

**THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE**, that I have, within the last two days, purchased a new Bonnet, which is the prettiest little onuck of a thing that was ever seen:—It was bought of MADAME LABA NOUVEAUTE, de Paris, and cost £4 15s., if it cost a farthing; as the receipt that I have at home is my deak cau testity. I may as well state that it is a love of a drawn bonnet, or, in other words, a little *capote d'hiver*. The crown, which is of the richest plum-coloured satin, is crossed and crossed (like the bars you see on the jam tart) with tiny *bandeaux* of velvet (the very best Genoa), of a warm damson colour. Round the edges run small plumes of feathers of a nice jelly wane, and inside are puffs of white blonde (a rench), that look for all the world like a cluster of snowballs in danger of being melted by the warmth of the colours above. The ribbons are *chocolate au lait*. To sum up, the bonnet falls off the head, reclining languishingly on the shoulders, as though it were too weak, poor thing, to hold itself up, and was going off in a kind of fashionable swoon. In one word, it is so light, so pretty, so *saisissant*, and such a perfect *dear*, that EUGENE herself could not help being jealous, if she were to see it:—However, I shall wear it next Sunday to church, so that all my friends will have a charming opportunity of judging of the effect, which is as delightful as it is *distingué*.

(Signed) MRS. WORLDLY MUNDANE, No. 1, Vanity Fair.

"Occasionally, when the fair correspondents were afraid to trust themselves to their powers of description, engravings might accompany the advertisements, whilst coloured portraits could be given, not only of the bonnets, but of the lovely wearers themselves, in the *Follets*, *Petits Couriers*, and other soft-minded Magazines that devote their paint-brushes every month to the illustration of the Fashions. I am sure my plan would be the saving to husbands of a deal of expense, time, and annoyance."

**A FLY IN AMBER.**

THE gentleman who has sent *Mr. Punch* the following letter is respectfully informed, that it is the only contribution with which *Mr. Punch* will trouble him to enrich the columns of this immortal work.

"Sir,—I beg to submit for your Inspection the Enclosed, and beg further to Add I shall be happy to write in *Punch* if you see fit to except of my Services. I believe I have a good Imagination (tho' a bad pen). But there is one thing against me, namely, Inability to carry a Piece out well; but I have no doubt but with Assistance, I sho'd be able to Succeed. If you see fit to except of my Services, I shall be able to Send to 85 a variety of subjects."

"I am, sir,

"Your obed<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>,"

[Not *Mr. Punch* will not add the signature. Whendid he betray a correspondent?]

"To  
 "The  
 "Editor  
 "Punch."

\* Very neat.

† Evidently a British dramatist.

‡ Send any of HER MAJESTY'S, who possess threepence.

**A Heavy Blow for the Light Bonnet.**

AMONG the latest Parisian novelties in dress is an article called a Caspiato, or Folding Bonnet; which, we are told, will go into a box measuring two inches. The only difficulty we see about folding a fashionable bonnet is, that there is really nothing to fold; and, therefore, to wrap up a bonnet for the purpose of diminishing its bulk; is very like doubling up a fourpenny-bit, in order to reduce its size, or making two bites at a cherry. Perhaps, however, the Folding Bonnet is "the commencement of the end" of the fashion, which has been so long dominant; for, when we are able to recognise the bonnet in folds, we shall know it in-creases.

LITERARY.—Perhaps, of all publications, the *Abolition of the Corn Laws*, upon which MR. COBDEN'S name is stamped as one of the illustrious authors, was the most popular *Cereal* work ever given to the public.

ALEXANDER WITHOUT HIS FEAST.—There will be no Turkey for the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA this Christmas.



MR. PUNCH AT HOME.

## THE ENEMY AT BERLIN.

To the Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR SALOMONS.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,

YOUR Government—the Municipal Government of the City of London—is the envy of surrounding nations. The respect which they entertain for it is immense. They consider the LORD MAYOR to be the greatest institution in the world. If any of them ever again try a new Constitution, I am convinced that it will be modelled on that of the Corporation of London. A Common Council of citizens; a number of Aldermen eligible to the Mayoralty in turn, a Chief Magistrate or LORD MAYOR to be elected out of these annually, when his turn comes, but liable to be passed over if unfit for his dignity, and to hold office for twelve months only, which will give them a sufficiently frequent opportunity of gratifying their love of political change without actual revolution and bloodshed—I am quite sure that this is the system to suit the prevalent complaint of the European peoples.

Now, my Lord, read this:—

“Yesterday the house of MENDELSSOHN here opened a subscription for a new Russian Five-per-Cent. Loan at 86, with but little success.”

The above is an electro-telegraphic communication despatched to the *Times* from Berlin. Your Lordship knows that the MENDELSSOHNs are members of the same community as that to which you are yourself an ornament. I need not say, if they have taken this Russian loan, that they are a disgrace to it. You are well aware that the CZAR has ordered a conscription of the Jews, and is driving them to fight, by the stick and the knout, under the auspices of wooden and painted idols, for the purposes of his own pride, rapacity, and aggrandisement, under the pretence of fighting for Christianity. Every shekel, every sixpence, subscribed to this loan is a contribution towards driving Hebrews as sheep to the slaughter; a means of causing RACHEL to weep for her children. If the MENDELSSOHNs have been guilty of this atrocity, have their brethren no power to make them repent it? If they have done this thing, are they not dogs? I beg pardon of that faithful animal the dog—and have you no tin-kettles which you can, among you, contrive to tie to these dogs' tails? Can you not combine to avenge on their villainous heads this sacrifice of their kindred to the Golden Calf and to Moloch? And with the influence which you, as LORD MAYOR of London, must possess among the Israelites, is it not

in your power to set the movement against these rascals, which I suggest, on foot?

The Electric-Telegraph sometimes tells fibs, but if it shall have proved veracious in this instance, I respectfully invoke the indignation and the power of your Lordship against a firm who, in that case, are the accomplices of the great Russian felon,—and you are well aware, as a magistrate, that the accessory is as bad as the principal. If they have done this wickedness, my Lord, stir up your people, I say, against these traitors, these abettors of robbery and murder, these greatest unchanged blackguards in Christendom, Heathendom, or Jewry.

Monarch of the City, I have the honour to be

Your faithful Subject,

85, Fleet Street, Dec. 5616—1855.

PUNCH.

## WHAT GENTLEMEN OUGHT TO DO.

ADVERTISERS seem to have very odd notions of the duties and obligations of gentlemen. We have been told of all sorts of things that “every gentleman ought” to do, or to buy, or to suffer, and we are convinced that if we were to endeavour to construct a guide to gentlemanly conduct from the advertising columns of the papers, we should find that unless a man is either bruising his oats, having his hair dyed, purchasing a dressing-case, dining at a particularly cheap eating-house, or purchasing a real head of false hair, he can be no gentleman. Sometimes we are told that “No gentleman should be without” some peculiar kind of tooth-brush, or shirt, or shaving soap, and we are led to draw the inference that our social rank is regulated by the contents of our carpet-bag, or the fittings of our washhand-stand.

One of the latest and most extraordinary rules for the conduct of a gentleman that was ever promulgated, is a sort of moral law, laid down in an advertisement, that “gentlemen should see their linen dressed with the starch” sold at a particular establishment. How they are to “see their linen dressed,” unless they attend at the residence of their washerwomen, is a question we cannot solve. Nor do we understand how they can be sure of the employment of the right sort of starch unless they either purchase it themselves, or go with the laundress when she lays in her stock for washing day.

At an extensive Laundry, police regulations would be necessary to prevent confusion during the ceremony of the starching of every gentleman's linen in the gentleman's presence; for as it is a moral obligation on his part to see it done, there must be no compromise of principle, no doing the thing by proxy, no appointment of a deputy, but a *bona fide* conscientious supervision of the starching process by the owner of every separate article. In the height of the London season the doors of the West End *blanchisseuses* would be besieged by the noble and the gentle, all jostling each other for priority of admittance: and it would be necessary to make such arrangements as would prevent too great a rush, by setting aside one morning for Shirt Fronts, and appointing—after the custom of the Court—a day now and then as “a Collar Day.” We confess that after weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the plan, we have come to the conclusion, that the advertiser is wrong, and that gentlemen should not see their linen dressed with starch from his establishment.

## LULLABY BY A SOLDIER'S NURSE.

BE quiet, PRINCE ALBERT,—though valiant a knight,  
Thou must not, thou canst not, he suffer'd to fight;  
The warfare, the wounds, the destruction we see,  
They cannot be braved, good PRINCE CONSORT, by thee.

Be quiet, PRINCE ALBERT—the time will not come  
When thy bones may be broken by round shot or bomb;  
Be quiet, PRINCE ALBERT, be quiet, do pray,  
And don't get of Army Reform in the way.

## The Hall of Science.

It is intended to give a dinner to SIR B. HALL, to celebrate the passing of the Act for the local management of the Metropolis. We are quite ready to admit that the honourable Member has earned a dinner by what he has already done; but we confidently expect that he will yet do much more, and that he will prove himself still the B. HALL, though far from the End all of his career of usefulness.

## NEWDEGATE AND SPOONER ON THE WAR.

THESE Conservative Gentlemen have spoken out at Rugby for the War like trumpets—yea, like silver trumpets. What alchemy there is in a good cause, that can transmute ordinary tin horns into the preciousness of melodious metal!

## MRS. SWANSDOWN'S WORK-TABLE.

A CONVEYANCING LECTURE FOR THE LADIES.

"Steal, foh! the wise convey it call."—Shakspeare.



THE Consultation was to be held, as I told you, my dears, between the two conveyancing gentlemen, each attended by his attorney, in order that the points in dispute might be discussed *vis à vis*. And it would have been held earlier, and you would therefore have heard of it last week, but the assizes are now on. MR. DE KAVIL was retained to go down on one of the Circuits to give his assistance in turning some ladies out of their paternal estate, because their

great-grandfather, one GIZZARD, spelt his name with one "z" in the deed that settled the property. However, as soon as he came back, (*Punch* is happy to say, defeated—for evidence was brought to show that, in 1750, many great men, the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, among others, spelt the word that way; which was a great triumph for law, logic, and justice,) the Consultation was arranged. MR. DE KAVIL happens to be the senior counsel, so the meeting was held at his chambers.

Now, both he and MR. GRUBBY, besides being eminent lawyers, are highly-educated men, who see a good deal of the world, and the attorneys, also, are not disreputable grubs, with tumbled shirt-fronts and grimy nails, but gentlemanly men, with private houses in Pancrasia. So that the party was pleasant enough, and what made it more pleasant was, that all four gentlemen were being largely paid for enjoying it.

When MR. GRUBBY and MRS. SWANSDOWN'S solicitor (somebody said, my dears, that there was the same difference between an attorney and a solicitor as between an alligator and a crocodile; but solicitor is the coveted phrase, except in the Ministry, where the ATTORNEY-GENERAL is higher than the SOLICITOR-GENERAL) arrived at MR. DE KAVIL'S chambers, they found MR. FONDLESQUAW'S solicitor waiting, and beguiling the time by telling the conveyancer's pupils (a hundred guineas each paid, my loves, for leave to copy such rubbish out of an old manuscript book) a capital story about LOLA MONTES. Amid their roars, the three entered MR. DE KAVIL'S elegant room, charmingly furnished, hung round with pictures, and very slightly scented with a first-rate cigar. He received them with great cordiality, and they all sat down at a round table, and the solicitors took out the papers.

"Didn't I see you at JENNY LIND'S concert, DE KAVIL?" said MR. GRUBBY.

"Yes, I was there. For myself, I don't much care about the 'Creation,' but my girls wanted to hear her—they were too young, you know, for her last opera season."

"Pleased, of course?"

"Oh, ecstasies. I have heard nothing but scraps of HAYDN ever since, and I was obliged, at last, to exert my parental voice, and insist upon their reverting to MENDELSSOHN."

"You might take tickets for 'Elijah,'" and so please both parties.

"Thank you. I'll trouble you, if you meet them, not to put such things into their heads. All very well for you millionaire bachelors to be buying guinea tickets, we *pauvres conscripti* can't afford it."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" All four gentlemen laughed pleasantly, as well-to-do men always laugh, when professing poverty. Then they had some more talk about the Exeter Hall Concerts, and the extortion practised by those who had bought up the tickets, to sell them at extravagant sums. DE KAVIL, who is a Tory, taunted GRUBBY with this illustration of Free Trade; and GRUBBY, who is a Liberal, declared that it was not Free Trade, but the policy of a Protectionist Farmer, who kept up his corn in hope of starvation prices. This naturally led to politics, and the question of peace or war, and LORD PALMERSTON'S chances in Parliament next session. MR. GRUBBY thought that it was useless for the Opposition to try to make a Ministry, they were such incapables. MR. DE KAVIL admitted that they had some helpless creatures among them, such as LORD MALMESBURY, and others; but that they could make nearly as good a show as the present set. MR. GRUBBY allowed that, except in PAM, and CLAREN-

DON, and PANMURE, there was not much brains in the Cabinet; but then they were put in to make war, and for nothing else. This brought on the position of the armies in the Crimea, and MR. DE KAVIL fetched some beautiful maps which he had just bought, and which they all examined with great interest, and the others made memoranda of the place where they were to be obtained. [No: you don't get the puff, gentlemen, any of you. *Punch*.]

Suddenly, it occurred to MR. DE KAVIL that the party had met on business, and taking up one of the Abstracts of Title, he said:—

"By the way, GRUBBY, about these points in your Worktable title. I can't see my way to that knob that the servant girl swallowed. I can swallow a good deal, too." [*Much laughter.*]

"Let's see," said MR. GRUBBY. "I forget. Would you find the place for me, MR. BUSTER?" This was MRS. SWANSDOWN'S attorney.

"Certainly," said MR. BUSTER. "It was not the girl, you know, that swallowed it. She ran up-stairs, declaring that the child had done so."

"Oh, ah, right," said MR. DE KAVIL. And this reminded him of a family anecdote of his own, and how a servant had imposed upon MRS. DE KAVIL, when a young wife, with a tale of cats coming down the chimney and eating raspberry tarts and pickles. And, of course, MR. GRUBBY had a tale against his laundress (who has not?) and how she accounted for the coals going so fast, alleging that the rats eat them. And, equally of course, both solicitors had stories of servants whom they had had to prosecute, and especially of one who always revenged herself for a scolding by going into the children's bed-room and frightening them with a ghost. Some sensible things were said, too, about the difficulty of dealing with servants, whom one wished to treat well, but who usually took advantage of kindness, and then it was urged, that the servant had too little fair play, that there ought to be training schools for her, and that she should "enter the service" through an Addiscombe of her own, just like any other servant of the public. This again introduced the educational question generally, to which GRUBBY had given much attention, and they discussed several plans, but all agreed that compulsory education, and the refusal of civil privileges to a parent who broke the social compact, and neglected to have his children taught, would do much for the coming generation. And really this was such very useful talk, my dears, that although it lasted until the counsel had other appointments, and the discussion of business was postponed, MRS. SWANSDOWN and MR. FONDLESQUAW could hardly grudge the twenty guineas or so, that, one way and another, the Consultation cost them.

## A WITCH AND HER RABBIT.

A LANCASHIRE Witch has written to *Mr. Punch* to request that a little satirical idea of hers may be embodied in a drawing, and she is good enough to select the artist whom she wishes employed. That gentleman happens to be rather busy, so perhaps *Mr. Punch's* readers will be good enough to execute the drawing for themselves, which they can do by drawing upon their imaginations, with the aid of the following ample assistance afforded by the Witch. "Two gentlemen have been out on a rainy day to shoot rabbits, accompanied, at a short distance, by two ladies. They (the gentlemen, *Mr. Punch* supposes) had, however, but poor sport; and the ladies, taking compassion on their ill-luck, ordered a dead rabbit to be taken out of the larder, and placed in a tempting posture for a shot. The deluded gentleman who is taking aim at the rabbit must be rather tall, slender, light complexioned, calm, pleasant features (Witch, Witch), and dressed in a walking-coat and white neck-tie (rather scanty costume for a rainy day) and his name is JAMES. His companion must be rather taller, very dark complexioned, with a black neck-tie, and his name is WILLIAM. A man dressed in plain clothes must be running to undecieve them. Two ladies with hats on, one lady tall, the other rather short ("rather" — this is *Mr. Punch's* correspondent) are laughing most heartily." *Mr. Punch* really does not see how any artist's efforts could bring this scene more distinctly before the reader's eye. As *Cleopatra* had the red herring put upon *Antony's* fishing-hook by a diver, so was the dead rabbit from the larder set before the guns of WILLIAM and JAMES. And as *Cleopatra* and *Charmian* laughed, so laughed the hatted ladies, tall and "rather" short. An artist might find it embarrassing to depict all the various stages of the history in one sketch, but here all is told, and *Mr. Punch* assures his fair friend and Witch, that her requisition is nothing compared to the "suggestions" of some of his correspondents. The other day, he was requested to show "a railway train a long way off, containing portraits of all the Ministers, and another train coming up behind it, but at present out of sight, containing MR. DISRAELI, LORD DERBY, and MR. COBDEN." He hopes her rabbit is done to her satisfaction; for, as the late MR. HAYLEY says,

"Thus the kind *Punch*, the fair one's smile to gain,  
Has, from her clear description, deck'd the scene."

P.S. He has heard that Yorkshire rabbits are very good.



## A NEW IDEA OF HAPPINESS.

WE all know that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." We recollect the fabulous illustration of, that which is sport to one being possibly death to others; but we have been taught for the first time within these few days, that drunkenness may be a source of domestic felicity. There is certainly no accounting for tastes; and, perhaps, the taste indicated in the following announcement, is one of the most unaccountable that anybody was ever known to manifest:—

A FAMILY residing in the country will be happy to TAKE CHARGE of a LADY or GENTLEMAN addicted to INTEMPERANCE. Apply H.M., &c.

The "Family" here alluded to must really be a strangely regulated family, when it publicly proclaims that, the addition of a drunken lady or gentleman to its circle will constitute its happiness. We cannot conceive the possibility of any wholesome pleasure being derived from seeing a fellow-creature reeling about one's house, in a state of intoxication which is usually regarded as disgusting, but which is evidently conducive to the happiness of this family, which is so eager to obtain a drunkard as an inmate.

We should really like to know the sort of happiness the "Family" can expect to derive from "the charge of a lady or gentleman addicted to intemperance." Does the "Family" wish for the excitement consequent on the companionship of one who gets habitually "roaring drunk;" or will the "Family" be satisfied with the calmer pleasure of contemplating a human being, in a state known among the police as "drunk and incapable."

Is the drunken inmate expected to be always drunk, as his or her part of the bargain which the family is prepared to enter into with a view to its happiness? If the family is never happy without the charge of a drunkard, we recommend that every male member of the family should join the Police Force, and thus duty and pleasure would be combined; for taking a drunkard in charge, would be imposed as an obligation, instead of having to be advertised for as a privilege.



"Talk of our 'Roughs;' what do you say to a Russian ditto?"

## Query for an Archdeacon.

THE intramural churchyard's reeking pale  
Breathes health around it—says a Reverend Party.  
But, though the spot may keep a Parson HALE,  
Can people who inhale its fumes be hearty?

NOTICE.—If the Young Ladies at No. 10, do not within four-and-twenty hours from the publication of this Notice REMOVE their Piano from the wall it now stands against, the old bachelor at No. 9, will have an extra-sized Brass Knocker fixed on his side of the partition, and will engage a retired postman to perform a regular accompaniment to their music.

## "URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS."

BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, three gallant fellows  
As ever held HER MAJESTY'S commission,  
Through perils vast and various as *Othello's*,  
Served the campaign out, each with his division:  
Contentedly eat ration beefs and muttons,  
Contentedly drank ration rums-and-waters,  
Darn'd their own socks, and sew'd on their own buttons,  
And fried in summer, froze in winter quarters.

Each at home might be something of a dandy,  
Swell at "the Rag," or Ladies'-man in garrison;  
But, by Crimean needs and knocks made handy,  
Each had outgrown his old self past comparison.  
Besmirched with summer's suns and winter's drenches,  
Their smooth and shaven cheeks now bronzed and bushy 'uns,  
At Alma, Inkermann, and in the trenches,  
Bearded themselves, they bearded the Russians.

Each of the three had fairly earn'd his winter rest,  
(Provided Duty was not too emergent,)  
But only ROBINSON, at home, had interest,  
So his "private affairs" alone were "urgent."  
The friends of BROWN and JONES made vain objections,  
They had affairs as urgent quite as ROBINSON'S;  
But urgency with youths of good connections,  
Is none with your mere cotton-twist-and-hobbin's sons.

BROWN and JONES stay'd; while ROBINSON more lucky,  
For Malta by the earliest steamer started,  
To grudge their friend's luck, BAOWN and JONES too plucky,  
Wish'd him "no end of luck" as he departed.  
To home and Christmas fare, and fostering beauty  
He went, while BROWN and JONES screw'd up their patience,  
To bare hut-life, and dreary routine-duty,  
Dog-hunts, vint-un, short pipes, rum-punch and rations.

Last night on CAPTAIN ROBINSON I stumbled,  
In clover, after a Belgravian dinner;  
How BROWN and JONES had sigh'd—I don't say "grumbled"—  
To see their comrade, then,—the happy sinner!  
There the young hero sat, amidst a bevy  
Of fair Belgravians, cluster'd three deep round him:  
While his war-medal'd highness held his *levée*,  
There was no chance for us black-coats, confound him!

Not the least chance for us, smooth, smug, civilians,  
Against his sun-brown'd cheek, and beard so martial;  
Swell, poets, aced men, and men of millions,  
Had such been there, had met with snub impartial.  
Those girls had ears and eyes but for the Captain,  
For him the rogues put on their daintiest graces;  
His tales of breach and field their hearts were rapt in,  
As round him, paled and flush'd their pretty faces.

And once I thought to go up straight, and shame him,  
Comrades, and camp and hardship for forsaking.  
But then I felt I couldn't fairly blame him,  
For the immense sensation he was making.  
Under Crimean huts, snow, sludge and dirt in,  
BROWN and JONES grudged not ROBINSON'S enjoyment,  
And ROBINSON wish'd BROWN and JONES, I'm certain,  
Could be employ'd in just his own employment.

'Tis easy for us, in our fireside leisures  
Of our young soldiers to be harshest judges.  
Angry, if, fighting o'er, they seek home-pleasures,—  
Pleasures which no less lucky comrade grudges.  
To happy ROBINSON let us be lenient,  
Nor sneer his Christmas mirth to melancholy;  
But rather let us wish it were convenient  
That every BROWN and JONES could be as jolly.

## A RATIONAL VIEW OF THINGS:

CEREMONIES have their use. To view the procession of Life comfortably and to advantage, it is necessary to stand upon some Form.

THE FAST MAN'S CREED.—Our young men adopt as their motto, "The Race is to the Swift;" only to suit their peculiar rapidity of living, they alter it to "The Race is to the Fast."

AN indignant Poulterer vehemently denounces MR. CANTELO'S egg-hatching machine, as "A piece of most detestable *chickenerie*."



### SMALL BY DEGREES, AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.

*Shopman.* "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT THE LADY LEFT HER PARASOLE ON THE COUNTER!"  
*Swell.* "HAW! YA—AS—NO! THAT IS, IT'S MY UMBRELLAW. THANKS! BY JOVE! HAW!"

### THE TOY OF THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S CHILD.

*Translated from the original German of an Illustrious Personage, by  
 PROFESSOR PUNCH, of Fleet Street.*

It is the Royal Castle—a castle high and strong,  
 The Walk by which you may approach is more than three miles long;  
 The Railroad's a much your better way, the Staines and Datchet one,  
 For then you're at the Castle gate before your day's half gone.

'Tis the Field-Marshal's daughter—of daughters he hath four—  
 In childish mirth she wanders near her father's armoury door,  
 And peeping in, her sweet blue eyes are lighted with a glow  
 To see his implements of war that make so fair a show.

In a more splendid Uniform no soldier e'er hath sat,—  
 More curious forms were ne'er combined than make that wondrous Hat,  
 And there is that he never yet has fail'd to draw, at beck—  
 A sword? There is a sword, no doubt, but she beholds a Cheque.

And on a crimson cushion lies a polish'd ivory stick,  
 Some two feet long, in velvet clad, with rich embroidery thick:  
 A Bâton, such as Kings bestow when the red fight is done,  
 And heroes take the guerdon for a kingdom saved or won.

"Oh, pretty plaything," cries the child, "I'll walk thee off with me,  
 My Dolly will be very glad the lovely thing to see."  
 So in her dainty pinafore she gently wrapp'd the prize,  
 And to the nursery tripp'd away with gladness in her eyes.

She hastes with joyous steps and swift (we know what children are),  
 And pass'd her father's study, and the door it was ajar,  
 There sat the bold Field-Marshal, at a costly BROADWOOD'S Grand,  
 And with a skilful touch he play'd "The German's Vaterland."

She caught his eye, and caught his smile—he cried, "Come hither, Miss;  
 Passing papa's own door, and never stopping for a kiss?"

"O father, dearest father, what a plaything I have found;  
 Our Christmas tree won't hold one half so lovely, I'll be bound."

The Marshal laugh'd, and touch'd the keys, and play'd a minor mild,  
 Then, turning to the little one, he ask'd the happy child,  
 "What hast thou found that mak'st thy heart so overflow with glee,  
 Thou really look'st as pleas'd as *Punch*; come, open, let us see."

She open'd her pinafore, and look'd quite ailly, you may deem,  
 And started from his outstretch'd hand, with a merry little scream;  
 But when she plac'd before his sight the new-found pretty toy,  
 She clasp'd her hands, and cried aloud, and danced for very joy.

But the Marshal look'd quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,  
 "What hast thou brought me here, my girl? This is no toy," he said:  
 "Go, take it to my room again, and put it down below,  
 The Bâton is no plaything, child, how could you think it so?"

"It forms no mean addition to one's prizes, little fay,  
 To the Consort's rank, and Colonel's, and their very splendid pay;  
 It sets one's name where WELLINGTON'S, and NEY'S, and BLUCHER'S are.  
 The Bâton is no plaything, child; no, Mars forefend it were!"

### A Phenomenon in the City.

"As proud as a Peacock" may henceforth cease to be quoted as a  
 truthful saying, and "as modest as a Peacock" may, for the future,  
 be used in its place. We have come to this conclusion, after reading  
 the proceedings the other day at the Court of Common Council, when  
 Deputy PEACOCK, who will by some persons be regarded as a strange  
 bird, resigned a post of honour, or to speak figuratively, voluntarily  
 shed his tail. Declining to accept the office of Member of the Metro-  
 politan Board of Works, Deputy PEACOCK proposed the election of  
 MR. T. H. HALL, and that gentleman was accordingly invested with  
 PEACOCK'S feathers, of which we hope the new wearer will have reason  
 to be proud.



MORE NOBLE CONDUCT OF H. R. H. F. M. P. A.

He Wishes to be Placed on the same Footing as his more Fortunate Brethren in the Line!



## AN APPEAL FROM SMALL TYPE TO CAPITAL.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY MONEY? is a question propounded daily in the advertisements by a financial author, who professes to solve it for those whomsoever it may perplex. We have not read this gentleman's book, but we presume it is intended for the instruction of those who have not too much money, want to make the most of it by the safest investment, and do not know how. Perhaps he has not thought it necessary to afford an answer to his question for that not very small class of persons who have more money than they know what to do with. For the class is not small. Look on all sides of you; see how many people are throwing money away: all these belong to it. Fancy, for instance, a thousand fellows in one night, or more, paying half-a-guinea for the privilege of dancing under a glare of gas, in an unwholesome atmosphere, tawdry disguises, and disgraceful company. Fancy people, in greater numbers collectively, dancing about, in better company, for the greater part, perhaps, here and there, at this and that distinguished mansion, in the midst of hundreds, nay thousands of pounds' worth of drapery, and crystalline or metallic trinkets. Fancy people still more numerous, shooting their money in the form of liquid and solid superfluities; that is to say, rubbish; into their own stomachs: the very worst imaginable places they could possibly choose for shooting rubbish in. Fancy people more than sufficiently numerous, and most highly aselect, so overburdened with money as to have, not only one sixpence, but forty, fifty, or sixty thousand times that sum to hazard on the comparative speed of a quadruped. The existing state of society verifies all these fancies, and more, apparently as absurd, and presents so many instances of people who are so wealthy that they know not what to do with their money. Rather, however, than throw it away, they might at least do one thing, presently to be mentioned.

Consider what armies of unnecessarily embroidered, illuminated, variegated footmen are kept by the sumptuous and festive classes. If all these domestics were to be put into reasonable breeches, and otherwise attired at the same rate, how many poor unable-bodied persons might be maintained on the difference of expense?

By retrenchment in plush, merely, it is very probable that the number of necessitous and helpless people, whom it would be possible to support, would considerably exceed Twenty-Four.

Now that is the number of superannuated worthy persons, useful in their time, whom it is the present object of the PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES FUND, to accommodate. Their design is near completion; the houses have been built, in a pleasant and healthy place at Wood Green, Hornsey, and arrangements are making to elect inmates in May; but to complete these, by enclosing and laying out the ground, there is need of £250.

The workmen in the printing business have contributed a considerable portion of the £4000 which has been laid out in getting thus far with their Alms-houses, and surely they have a right to expect that the patrons and friends of the Press will help them out with the remainder needful.

The friends of the Press are every constitutional person who can read; its patrons everybody who is able to patronise anything: and though the Press occupies a proud position, it will be seen on reference to the PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSE FUND Subscription List, that the Fund is not so proud but that it will be thankful to receive the smallest contribution.

## THE AUTHORS OF WAR AND THEIR WORKS.

THE crippled heroes at Chatham have received no small consolation for the loss of their limbs: that is, as much as the QUEEN herself could afford them. HER MAJESTY visited the sick and wounded in the military hospital of that place lately. Among the gallant sufferers, says the *Times*' reporter—

"Another special object of Royal sympathy was ROBERT CLINTON, 88th Regiment, only nineteen years old, who lost both eyes in the attack on the Quarry Pits. After being engaged an hour, a ball entered one eye, passed under the bridge of the nose, and out at the other eye, entirely depriving him of sight."

Thus does War tear out human eyes—yet monsters, who involve mankind in this misery, die with their own eyeballs glaring whole in their sockets!

Read on:—

"The case of THOMAS DONOGHAN, 14th Regiment, twenty years old, was also pointed out. While sharp-shooting in the trenches he received a ball through the upper lip, which, after carrying away all the teeth on one side of the upper jaw, broke the lower one so completely as to be wedged into the fracture. It had to be pulled out by forceps."

Here is another small fraction of the vast sum of human agony and wretchedness meant by War. But brutes that are the wilful cause of such an atrocity expire with their fangs entire in their unbroken jaws.

Bear with one more horror:—

"Another most extraordinary case was that of WILLIAM CLARKE, of the 88th Regiment, who, while engaged in the trenches on the 9th of July, was wounded by a

ball which entered the right side of the nose, passed completely through the palate of the mouth, fracturing both upper and lower jaw, and finally passed out at the back of his neck."

No retributive bullet, however, smashed the nose and mouth of the tyrant who set balls flying by thousands and tens of thousands. The wretch departed this life grinning with all his teeth.

He departed this life—and what then? Well: that is for the demons to consider who initiate these horrors in the holiest name, with psalms in their mouths, crosses in their gripe, and tongues in their cheeks.

But we are not to use such language as this in talking about Princes. It is "bad taste." They are "angust personages," and "it is wrong of us to speak evil of our enemies." Yes, you canting noodles; but it is not wrong to express loathing and detestation of the enemies of our common race. It is not wrong to execrate the memory of GREENACRE; there is one sufficient reason why it is not: there are, perhaps, a million of reasons as strong, many of them stronger, for execrating the memory of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, and for doing all that poor pen and ink can do to rouse the wrath of mankind against the fellow who has succeeded him, and whose avowed intention is to act out his father's crime. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Yes, indeed. Add no epitaph to the roses on NERO's tomb; record nothing of JUDAS ISCARIOT except that he was an Apostle! Nay. Think of the torn-out eyes, the shattered jaws, for which the world is indebted to your "angust personages." Bah! Pursue such curses of the earth as wild beasts while living: hang them up for scarecrows when dead.

## THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FEASTS.



THE electors of Southwark are continuing to give dinners to SIR CHARLES NAHIER. This is all very well. They consider him an ill-used old boy (though a little unruly), and are resolved to make all amends to him. As Christmas approaches, we expect to have at least a hundred bullocks roasted in his honour throughout the borough of Southwark, with some fifty pair of blankets, duly embroidered by the wives and daughters of the constituency, duly presented to him. Every feast is only another bit of training of the old sailor, that he may go in, and do fight with SIR JAMES GRAHAM; at present, from sheer apprehension, it is said, reduced to a gruel diet at Netherby. We only hope that SIR CHARLES will not make too much preparation; will not allow himself to be over-trained. Let SIR CHARLES bear in memory the story of a Dutchman, who, resolving to jump over a ditch, took so long a run, that when he arrived at the brink, he was fairly out of breath, and was thereupon compelled to sit himself down, the jump unjumped! We therefore hope that, with all this preparatory feasting and promising, SIR CHARLES will take good heed to husband his wind.

## A LEARNED FLY.

WE have read somewhere of a saint, who had trained a favourite fly with so much success, that the insect performed with perfect accuracy the functions of a book-marker. This sagacious creature, it is alleged, was in the habit of attending on its master during his studies, for the purpose of following him in their track, and pulling up at any point where the eye of the Priest left the page it had been resting on. We should have thought that there might have been danger of the insect's falling asleep on his post, in consequence of the dulness of the work, or being prevented from proceeding by the state of the roads, for those of learning are sometimes remarkably heavy.

We doubt whether the practice of using a fly as a book-marker will ever become general; but if it should prevail to any extent, the following Literary Police Regulations might be found convenient.

Every Fly to pull up with his head towards the next paragraph.

No Fly will be permitted to leave the line until he is ready to proceed to another line, where he is to remain till ordered off in the regular manner.

Every Fly found blocking up any passage, will be liable to be removed immediately.

No Fly to stand across any column, or at the entrance of any Royal road to learning on any pretence whatever.

DEAR JULIUS.—You say your love will surmount all obstacles. Meet me then, adored one, on Christmas Day, on the summit of Mont Blanc.—CELESTINA.



**A CAUTION DURING THE APPROACHING FESTIVE SEASON  
TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO WEAR SHARP-POINTED MOUSTACHES.**

*Pretty Cousin.* "WHAT A TIRESOME GREAT AWKWARD BOY YOU ARE!—JUST SEE HOW YOU HAVE SCRATCHED MY CHIN!"

[*Young Gentleman apologises amply.*]

**THE \* \* \* \* \* TO HIS ROYAL MISTRESS.**

WHEN Princely lips to Queenly hearts  
Their claims resolve to tell  
In a petition which imparts  
A half command as well,  
You may perchance at such request  
To give some weight incline,  
To days gone by, when 'twas confess'd,  
We stood above the Line.

When vulgar valour takes by right  
The rank we Guardsmen prize,  
And those who go abroad to fight  
To home distinctions rise:  
When hearts that wear a dozen clasps,  
With highest rank may shine,  
At such a moment—I but ask,  
You'll treat us like the Line.

**A REAL BLESSING TO EVERYBODY.**

THE Lawyers are making a great effort to turn Saturday into a half-holiday (for themselves, and we are sure that everybody will second such a very salutary movement: If the Lawyers can be got to abstain from work for only half a day in the week, an immense amount of mischief must necessarily be prevented. There is something quite refreshing in the notion that one-twelfth of the time devoted to the horrors of law may be henceforth rescued from their present frightful use, and that the Lawyers may, for six hours in the week, be engaged in some humanising occupations. We shall hail the establishment of a half-holiday for Lawyers as one of the greatest boons that can be conferred on society.

That the proposition should have come from themselves is more than we should have anticipated, though in the present philanthropic age we might have expected some friend of the human race to have suggested that the Lawyers should be made to cease from their professional pursuits at least once a-week for the good of the public in general. We greet the step on the part of the Lawyers as a good omen; for when conscience is once awakened, there is no knowing the extent of its beneficial influence.

THE MANCHESTER PHILOSOPHY.—Ask any philosopher of the BRIGHT school, and he will tell you the "Thread of Life" is—Cotton!

**THE ORDER OF THE CHIMNEY-POT.**

We have recently been enlightened as to the existence of an officer of the Royal Household whose name we never recollect to have stumbled over in the pages of the *Court Calendar*, or in the columns of the *Court Circular*. We, however, have much satisfaction in presenting to the world, and dragging from the bushel under which his light has hitherto been hidden, no less a personage than WILSON, THE ROYAL SWEEP, who we are told was "active" the other day in putting out (or fancying he was putting out), a fire that had broken out (or was believed to have broken out) in Windsor Castle. We trust that in all future editions of Royal Red, Blue, or other similar official books, the name of WILSON, THE ROYAL SWEEP will be assigned its proper place in the list of the Royal Household. The office may be humble, but it is undoubtedly very useful, and quite as honourable as those which were formerly held, and ostentatiously heralded as PURVEYOR OF ASSES' MILK TO THE KING, and BUG DESTROYER TO THE ROYAL FAMILY. We confess to some little astonishment that in these days there should exist such a post as that of Royal Sweep; for we should have rather expected the functionary in question to have been distinguished as Royal Ramoneur; but perhaps the patent process is not permitted to one who has not yet arrived at the dignity of a patent office. If the Royal Sweep is ambitious, there may be personal reasons for his continuing to adhere to the old school of high art with reference to chimneys, but we would warn him by the fate of the many historical personages who, especially in the neighbourhood of a Court, have lost their lives by climbing. Some inconvenience may arise from the prominence into which WILSON has been brought, for now that the Court Newsman has officially recognised the "Royal Sweep," we shall be having claims made by the Royal Dustman, who no doubt thinks himself far above the common dust, the Royal Coalheaver, and a variety of other officials of a similar class, demanding the courtesy of a line in the list of the Royal Household.

**A CHARTERHOUSE CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.**

We understand that the VERY REVEREND ARCHDEACON HALE is about to give a great treat to the boys of the Charterhouse at Christmas. He will sing, or rather execute, a church chant, to be called in some manner after Mr. ROBSON'S *Humours of a Country Fair*, the *Humours of Five Pluralities*. It is our present opinion, that nothing can surpass the marvellous flexibility of feature, the extraordinary variety of intonation of the Olympic actor; nevertheless, much is to be expected of the powers of face of a churchman who, at one time, can represent five characters. Again, although the actor has doubtless a deservedly high salary, still, the several pickings amounting to between £4,000 and £5,000 per annum, must impart to the voice of the churchman a volume of silveriness to be despaired of by the richest comedian—out of a pulpit.

**Cumming and Going.**

We perceive that the well-puffed publications of DR. CUMMING, who has modestly fixed the year 1866, we understand, for the termination of the world, are issued by SHAW, who ought to spell his name PSHAW whenever he appends it to a work of DR. CUMMING. By the way, we should like to know, whether the DOCTOR practises what he preaches: and has made all his arrangements as to property or otherwise, with a view to the short duration he assigns to the world we live in. We trust that if he has a house to sell, he would not think of asking more than nine years' purchase for the freehold.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—An energetic young Baronet, who, according to the *Post*, is very shortly to be married, is of all public speakers, the lustiest advocate for the continuance of war!

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.—The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA being made to eat his own words.

## OUR OWN RAILWAY IN TROUBLE.



UR poor little Kensington Railway has got itself into a sad hobble in a simple endeavour to move a few coals, which came into collision with a goods train on the Great Western. The fact is, that a Railway, like an individual, can never be idle without getting into mischief; and as there is no work for the poor little line, it has been playing tricks with one of its engines, which ran on the ground of one of its gigantic neighbours. It is really high time that our poor little Railway should either have some useful occupation found for it, or be at once abolished; for it seems hopeless to get up any traffic between the desolate Scrubs of Wormwood, and

the almost equally wild district of Warwick Square. These two localities seem to maintain a stubborn isolation, notwithstanding their geographical propinquity, and it appears to be as impossible to cultivate a friendly communication by rail between Wormwood Scrubs and Warwick Square as to get oil and vinegar to coalesce. We do not mean to depreciate the capabilities of the poor little line, if it were extended to some points within the pale of civilisation and beyond the palings of the Square, which enjoys a sad celebrity in the midst of its solemn seclusion.

The only proposition that is now made, is to carry the unhappy Railway by a bridge across the Great Western, which seems to be only a new mode of "throwing it over;" a fate which it has in other ways frequently experienced. The real remedy for the misfortunes of the line, is to give it something to do beyond the mere child's play to which it has hitherto been limited; for, a Railway which starts at one end from nothing, and comes to nothing at the other end, can only have one terminus—and that is, Failure. Even the market gardening operations, which once occupied the painful leisure of the officials, appear to have come to a stand; for the rails are no longer fringed with a border of radishes; and the sleepers no longer sleep in the midst of cabbage-beds. Why not extend the concern, so as to make it available, as it might be, for very valuable traffic; but at present it serves no other purpose, than to cause everyone who has anything to do with it—(though it supplies no communication)—to be continually troubled with a line.

## THE CONTAMINATION OF IRON.

It would seem as if the stable was not the only Temple of Dishonesty. At one time, roguery and horses apparently ran together. No sooner did a man have anything to do with a horse, than from that moment he was either making for the Old Bailey, or else starting boldly on the Road to Ruin. But lately it would appear as if the four-footed monopoly of robbery had become forfeited in favour of railways. Is there anything immoral in the touch of iron? Is there a rust in the metal that a person's character acquires the moment he comes in contact with it? And yet we could enumerate the reputations of certain Railway Kings and other potentates, that have become exceedingly rusty from the habit of fingering too freely railway iron! We suppose the contamination only follows in the proper order of things, for as railways have superseded horses, it was but natural that the roguery of the one should in time supplant the roguery that formerly was so closely connected with the other. And as a steam-engine goes much faster than a racer, it was only to be expected that railways, in the race of dishonesty, would certainly run considerably a-head of horses. Iron has become lately such a suspicious article of commerce, that it ought decidedly to exclaim to any respectable man who is morally anxious to keep his fingers clean, "*Noli me Tangere!*"

## Russian Beeswing.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has presented to the Editor of the *Northern Bee* a snuff-box set in diamonds. We presume this compliment to the *Bee* is a recognition of the value which the EMPEROR sets on Buzz. We do not recollect having ever heard, until lately, of the *Northern Bee*; but we may be sure that if any Literary Bee is suffered to "live and breathe and have its Bee-ing" in Russia, the Bee in question must be a very humble one. It would be certain death to the *Bee* if it dealt in any other than honeyed words, or dared to turn at all waxy.

## AN INVOCATION FROM THE ARMY.

To an Illustrious Field-Marshal.

By the service thou hast seen;  
By each hour that thou hast been  
Under fire in trench or field,  
By that sword which thou dost wield  
First in breach or upon wall;  
By thy daring actions all;  
By thy charges and attacks;  
By thy halts and bivouacs;  
By the nights which thou hast spent  
In the cold and dreary tent;  
By the hard and scanty fare  
Thou hast often had to share;  
By the country thou hast saved;  
By the nations thou hast braved;  
By the Mimié bolts of lead,  
Which have whistled past thy head;  
By the countless cannon-shot,  
Round, grape, canister, red-hot,  
Near thee which have plough'd the ground;  
By the bombs that have burst round;  
By the rockets that have dropp'd  
Right before thy feet—and popp'd;  
By each sabre, bay'net, lance,  
Which thy breastplate hath made glance;  
By each gallant charger, slain  
Under thee upon the plain;  
By the mines which thou among,  
Oft hast seen when they were sprung;  
By thine honourable scars;  
By thy wounds in all thy wars;  
By thy cut, and by thy thrust,  
Which have caused to bite the dust  
Many a hero, and to fall  
Heads of legions—by them all;  
By the hazards thou hast run;  
By the battles thou hast won;  
By great armies forced to flee;  
By great cities ta'en by thee;  
By all thy strategic feats,  
Bold advances, wise retreats;  
By thy sieges and campaigns;  
By thy captured ordnance-trains,  
By thy booty and thy spoil;  
By thy length of warlike toil;  
By thy boots, thy spurs, thy belt,  
By the powder thou hast smelt,  
By the bat, frock, all the clothes  
Which to thee the soldier owes,—  
Rest thee, ALBERT, rest thee now,  
With thy laurels on thy brow;  
Rest thee, warrior, let the fame  
Thou hast earn'd suffice thy name;  
Rest, and, as a man of peace,  
Meddling with our Army cease;  
Martial business leave alone,  
Be content to mind thine own.

ALICE GRAY.

THIS interesting young lady is, every day, strengthening her claims upon the admiration and the sympathy of a most moral and most thinking British public. Scraps of her handwriting, we are told, are anxiously sought for; and locks of her hair will, no doubt, command eager buyers. A young gentleman, who has just entered upon a fortune of £15,000 per annum, is said only to await the liberation of the fair captive from gaol, to offer her his heart and hand and income. The young lady is, it is averred, duly aware of the happiness that awaits her; but with a sense, we should rather say with an under-current, of honour that has glided through her life, she is first determined to fulfil a theatrical engagement, into which, on her final commitment for trial, she entered with a London manager. MR. FITZBLUNDERBUSS is, at the present hour, engaged on the drama.



### PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

*Petruchio.* "Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;  
Away with it, come let me have a bigger."

*Katharina.* "I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time—"

*Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. Scene 3.*

### UNFORTUNATE MR. BARBER.

It has been said of actors, that "when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful;" and it may be also said of the lawyers, that when they do make up their minds to a piece of purity, their puritanism is quite marvellous. The case of MR. W. H. BARBER is a case in point; for though pardoned by the Crown for an offence he is believed to have never committed, he was for many years refused pardon by all the law courts, for the sin of having been suspected of that of which the Royal pardon virtually pronounced him innocent.

We have the fullest sympathy for every effort that can be made to purge the legal profession of its corruptions, but we cannot approve the persevering refusal to re-admit MR. BARBER into its ranks, so long as those ranks are infested by some of the most obnoxious miscreants that ever contributed to render an occupation odious. Poor MR. BARBER seems to have been made the scape-goat for all the villainy which the profession of the law is said to contain; and while no steps are taken to remove from the roll those who are notorious for their mal-practices, an obstinate determination was evinced to keep off the roll a man against whom charges had been made, which the Government had negatived by restoring him to freedom. His case, however, furnished a very convenient text upon which purity might be preached, and his wounds were kept open as a sort of issue, instead of dealing directly with the numerous sore places and corruptions which the professional body is burdened with. The Court of Queen's Bench has at length done a sort of tardy justice, which from the lateness of its arrival is worthy of the Court of Chancery in its old days of slothfulness.

The Judges "could no longer withhold the permission for his taking his former position as a certificated attorney of that Court," and after several years of prohibition from his professional pursuits, he is allowed to resume his practice, if he can obtain any, in a ground now occupied more thickly than ever by active competitors. Of course compensation is out of the question: and MR. BARBER having already been once transported for life and freely pardoned, after undergoing a

portion of a sentence for a crime of which he is virtually declared innocent, must console himself as well as he can under the reflection, that he has been improperly debarred from practice if he is now properly admitted. Perhaps, however, it will be thought that MR. BARBER hardly needs commiseration under his unmerited sufferings, on the ground referred to in the old case of the eels, who, we find in the books, were "used to it."

### HOW THE NIGHTINGALE WAS NOT CAUGHT.

A TRAP was set for the Swedish Nightingale; a twig was liced; a pinch of salt was held between thumb and finger for sure yet tender caption of the bird; that, being caught, was to be coaxed to sing for a certain purpose, the coaxers getting much praise of worldly worth or not, as it may be, for skill of bird-catching. The Nightingale was to sing for a Nightingale! that was the appointed, settled lesson for the melodious bird. Somehow it happened that our Nightingale would not thus be beguiled or constrained. So she first perched at Exeter Hall; and there divinely sang, singing as near "at Heaven's gate" as may be permitted to mortal utterance. Well, this being done, who doubts that the Nightingale of Sweden will, in due time, sing in affection and reverence of sister NIGHTINGALE of England: melody of sound doing homage to melody of soul? Are we to forget a certain Nightingale wing somewhere in the region of Brompton, under whose cover the hectic tint of consumption may be deepened into the ruddiness of assured health? Are we to forget the thousand and thousand Nightingale notes, scattered in Sweden, in England, in the United States, in Germany,—to cheer and solace the sick, the weak, and world-weary? Therefore, we know that at her own good time, and of her own free emotion, the Nightingale will warble for the Nightingale.

A JOKE OFF HAND.—Why do the police damage a watch if they find it in the hands of a thief? Because they always stop it.





**PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.**

"I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world."

*Henry IV. Part 2, Induction.*

**NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR PRUSSIA.**

LONG live our jovial FRITZ,  
On Prussia's throne who sits,  
Under the CZAR,  
Nightly uproarious,  
Jolly and glorious,  
It is notorious,  
Near and afar.

Oh! those abhorr'd Allies,  
His master's enemies;  
Seeking their fall.  
He shapes his politics,  
And plays his cunning tricks,  
To put them in a fix,  
And do them all.

If a blockade's in store  
For Fatherland's poor shore;  
If our FRITZ bring  
On us the Lion's claws,  
We shall have precious cause,  
To shout with all our jaws,  
Bless our VICE-KING!

**Munificent Donations.**

MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT sent to the Russian prisoners at Lewes a tremendous hamper, containing among other delicacies, 30 gallons of the best train-oil, 10 ditto of superior Colza, 114lb. of suet (purchased at the Baker Street Cattle Show), and 580lb. (best long fours) of tallow-candles. In the course of Christmas-Day, each man had distributed to him a couple of candles, and an illumination-glass of Colza oil. Before going to bed the poor fellows sang the Russian hymn (*Cavijare dy CZAR*"), and drank the health of their benefactors in a bumper of the exciting liquid that had been so generously sent them.

**Homage at any Price.**

THE pertinacity with which our gallant countrymen remain at their posts—even when all hope of success is over—has been strikingly exemplified in the case of the brave GENERAL WILLIAMS and his companions-in-arms; who, after staying in Kars as long as they could, are now in Karscerated.

**FIVE MINUTES WITH THE ADVERTISERS.**



HEY must have big Churches in Southampton! This remark is forced from *Mr. Punch* by the following advertisement, which a person of the name of BROOKS has put into one of the Southampton papers:

**I**N H— BUILDINGS, MR. CHARLES BROOKS has one of the very best Houses FOR SALE, with a large pew to the ceatre aisle of All Saints' Church containlog twelve good rooms, closet, and all suitable offices. A good garden and roomy summer-house, substantial, and in good order. The price required will be very moderate.

The last intimation is a pleasing proof that virtue and moderation still dwell in Southampton,

though banished from most other places. For a pew with twelve rooms, a closet, and offices, many people would have asked a good deal of money. We do not quite understand whether the garden is also attached to the pew, but if so it must be the celebrated Roman Catholic one, the *Garden of the Soul*. If all the pews are so extensive, we should think that a speaking-trumpet must be carried up into the pulpit, together with the sermon and white pocket-handkerchief.

The next Advertiser, to whose announcement *Mr. Punch's* attention has been called, states in another local paper that she

"Desires a Situation as Housemaid in a pious or private family. The latter will be preferred. Address, M. J., &c."

Why our Housemaid prefers privacy to piety she will perhaps explain to the mistress to whom she applies. She has evidently never read *Pietas Privata*.

A third Advertiser is from the other side of the kingdom, and we

sincerely congratulate her upon the good condition in which she find herself.

**LADY'S HORSE WANTED.**—Any one having a well-trained LADY'S HORSE or MARE, not less than six years old, and up to 12 stone weight, may hear of a Customer by writing to —, Great Yarmouth.

Twelve stone, for a lady, is not bad, and imports that our fair friend has lived upon something besides her native herrings.

Finally, comes an announcement in the *Times*, which for general muddle beats anything we have seen—even a leader in the *Advertiser*.

**A GENTLEMAN** wishes to RECOMMEND a highly respectable TRADESMAN'S WIFE to the care of one or two children, where great care will be taken of them and trust, in a healthy neighbourhood, and no connection with any other children. No family of their own. Address, &c.

Who, what, when, where, which, why, whence, wherefore? Why does the gentleman interfere with the respectable tradesman's family? Why does he recommend the man's wife to the care of one or two children? Are children proper persons to take charge of her? Then, on the other hand, why is great care to be taken of them? "And trust." What trust? what's trust? What does he mean? "No connection with any other children." What precocious children these one or two are!—first, they take charge of a full-grown woman, and then they disavow connection with any other children. Finally, there is "no family of their own." Whose own? The children's? The intrusive gentleman's? Certainly, this is a wonderful composition. It does read like a scrap from one of the *Advertiser's* inconceivable spasms of patriotism, in which the writer is in such a fury with despots and the like, that he cannot stop to see on whose heads his thundering adjectives fall, but smashes everybody with a truly awful recklessness of relatives and antecedents. But it is not remarkable that one Advertiser should resemble another.

**Living Contradictions.**

MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT belong to the past rather than to the present; for though they advocate peace, in public opinion they are numbered, as MR. WRIGHT would say, amongst "the parties that war."

MORE BRIGHT IDEAS.



CONSISTENT advocate of peace with Russia is Mr. BRIGHT. For he observed in his speech the other day at the Marsden Mechanics Institution:

"What a wonderful thing is one of these penny Newspapers! It is as well written and as good in tone and morals, as one of the old and costly papers we have been accustomed to see. A steamer comes in from the United States, a great ship from Australia, a mail from India and China, despatches and correspondence from that unhappy region where four Christian

nations are engaged in mutual slaughter, messages by telegraph from all the great capitals of Europe; all the tidings from all quarters of the Globe are gathered into that wonderful sheet, which, for one penny, is placed before you every day."

The gentleman who praises that wonderful sheet, naturally also sympathises with Russia. Wonderful, indeed, are the contents of Mr. BRIGHT's penny sheet. They would be more wonderful still, if the vendor of that sheet to Mr. BRIGHT had paid for them all. Perhaps he has, though. Make that reservation. Perhaps he maintains his own correspondent at New York, Geelong, Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Canton, before Sebastopol, at Constantinople, in Paris, and every other capital in Europe, not excluding St. Petersburg, if he is a "friend" of Mr. BRIGHT's. Perhaps his foreign correspondence is all original. But, if otherwise, his news are simply priggish; and the patron of his paper is no better than a receiver of stolen goods. If Mr. BRIGHT approves of this man's style of business, he cannot but approve likewise of Russian policy; nor ought it to surprise anybody to learn that he is accustomed to buy his silk pocket-handkerchiefs in the cheapest market, wherever that may be, which has succeeded Field Lane.

Mr. BRIGHT in the same speech, moreover, exhibited himself as a consistent professor of the doctrine of non-resistance at large. Against the national hostility to Russia, he contented himself with preferring the gentle plea, that Russia is not so barbarous as we generally suppose. He based this argument on two notable facts. These facts were, that Russia had at one extremity of the empire a library containing a great many books; and, at the other, a city containing an immense quantity of corn. Mr. BRIGHT ignored, as usual, the real cause of the anti-Muscovite feeling of the people; namely, their conviction that the Russian attempt on Turkey was the first move towards the intended subjugation of Europe. He did not dispute that point; he only disputed the assertion that the Russians were barbarians; and was satisfied to leave unprejudiced minds to draw the conclusion, that the Russian yoke was not so hard as it was supposed to be; and that, to take the chance of having to wear it was preferable to fighting, in order to keep it off.

It is very true that Mr. BRIGHT predicts that—

"By-and-by we shall find out that CARDINAL WISEMAN, the French Invasion and the Russian Emperor may be classed in the same list of imaginary perils."

Mr. BRIGHT should speak for himself and his minority. They may laugh at the idea of foreign supremacy; for they would submit to it with smiles. Concordats and invasions are not imaginary eventualities; witness Austria and Turkey; though we may, perhaps, find them imaginary perils, if we persist in not being advised by Mr. BRIGHT.

A Frozen-Out Clock.

WE have seen with some surprise, but without much sympathy, an announcement that the clock of St. Paul's had been stopped by the excessive cold. We have no doubt that the case of the clock will occupy the immediate attention of the City authorities; and, as the cold has had the effect of stopping the hands, we should not be surprised if the Corporation should order that the hands be forthwith provided with a pair of gloves. If a muff would answer the purpose, perhaps the want might be supplied by a Common Councilman.

ANOTHER PAINFUL CASE OF DISTRESS.—The Parliamentary Reporters of the morning papers have petitioned the Editor, "to be put on the same footing as the Penny-a-Line."

MRS. SWANSDOWN'S WORK-TABLE.

A CONVEYANCING LECTURE FOR THE LADIES.

"Steal, foh! the wiso convey it call."—Shakspeare.

AND now, my dears, we approach the conclusion of our little illustration of the system which defrauds you all of so much happiness and comfort. I told you what a pleasant Consultation was held by the four lawyers, and how agreeably they got on. Two or three other meetings, of the same kind, took place, and the counsel talked over some of the points they had raised on the papers, and left others for future discussion. In the meantime Mrs. SWANSDOWN's solicitor, Mr. BUSTER, was not idle, and the costs he was incurring in fulfilling the demands of the lawyers on the other side were highly pleasing to him to contemplate, when he made up his "attendance book," as a lawyer's waste-book is called, or when he was walking home from church with Mrs. BUSTER, after an excellent discourse at St. Pancras upon the worthlessness of earthly treasures.

Now, as you may like to know the way in which Mr. BUSTER's earthly treasures were accumulated, I will show you a page or so from the bill against Mrs. SWANSDOWN, which was regularly made up, every week, by a clerk kept for the purpose of attending to such matters. I will take out a leaf at random, there are already eighty or ninety pages of the same kind. Any one is a good specimen.

|   | £  | s. | d.    |
|---|----|----|-------|
| December 1 to 5. The purchaser having agreed to waive a commission into the country to inquire whether "LETTY" was ever used as abbreviation for LETITIA, and having offered to be satisfied with the result of private researches, journey to various counties on such investigation, five days at three guineas | 15 | 15 | 0     |
| Confidential Clerk, at two ditto  | 12 | 12 | 0     |
| Railway expenses  | 10 | 6  | 4     |
| Attending at an old farmhouse in Shropshire where the people had been settled many years, and asking the question, when the inmates informed me, that they had never had a "LETTY," but that they had had a "BETTY"   | 0  | 13 | 4     |
| Making note of this, and copy to keep   | 0  | 10 | 0     |
| Paid farmer's boy for opening gate and frightening away a hostile cow   | 0  | 0  | 6     |
| Attending a parish clerk in Worcestershire, asking for similar information, when he said, he thought there was a "LETTY" in the register  | 0  | 6  | 8     |
| Searching same from 1602 to 1855, but without effect  | 2  | 2  | 0     |
| Beer to the parish clerk  | 0  | 0  | 1 1/2 |
| Having heard that there was a "LETTY" settled in Buckinghamshire, journey thither, and attending her, when she said her name was "ESTHER," which was shortened to "HETTY," and likewise set a dog upon us   | 0  | 13 | 4     |
| Attending neighbour to borrow poker to wop dog  | 0  | 6  | 8     |
| Paid for hire of poker  | 0  | 0  | 6     |
| Paid repairing seat of clerk's trousers, which had been lacerated by the animal   | 0  | 0  | 8     |
| Having received a message from the postmaster of the district, telling us to come to him, attending accordingly, when he said, he had no "letter" for us. Explaining to him that he had misunderstood our errand, and that he was a fool  | 0  | 0  | 8     |
| Journey into Hampshire, and attending several girls' schools, to ask if there were any "LETTIES" there, and being informed by one of the girls that I should find some at a neighbouring market-gardener's, attending him, when he said "Yes, he had plenty of lettuce"   | 0  | 6  | 8     |
| Attending, advising whether this would do, when I considered that it would not do for evidence, but would do excellently for salad, and eating same accordingly   | 0  | 6  | 8     |
| Attending a ladies' school at Brighton, and asking whether any of the young ladies were acquainted with the word "LETTY," when one of them stated that it was the second figure in a quadrille  | 0  | 13 | 4     |
| A Quadrille having been of French extraction, and the Work-table having also come from France, writing to the purchaser's advisers, to know if this secondary evidence would satisfy them, when they replied, that it would not   | 0  | 5  | 0     |
| Copy evidence I had collected, to lay before Mr. Gansbar  | 0  | 13 | 4     |
| Attending, advising thereon, when he was of opinion that the question could not be considered as set at rest, and recommended further exertion  | 0  | 6  | 8     |
| Paid his fee and clerk  | 1  | 8  | 6     |
| Copy of his opinion, for use  | 6  | 3  | 4     |
| Drawing advertisement for the second column of the Times; that, if anybody called "LETTY" would communicate with me, I should be much obliged; and, copy, and attending to, insert  | 0  | 13 | 4     |
| Paid insertion  | 1  | 1  | 0     |
| Having received 82 answers, wishing to know what I would "stand" for the information, writing 82 answers, telling the mercenary creatures that they ought to be ashamed of themselves for their cupidity  | 20 | 10 | 0     |

This, my loves, is a specimen of the earthly treasures which Mr. BUSTER found in Mrs. SWANSDOWN'S Work-table, and which every "conveyancer" finds, in a greater or less degree, in every piece of ground, or house, or cottage which he has to buy or sell for a client. You can understand, dears, how it is that counsel make money, and bribe constituencies, and get into Parliament, and how solicitors drive broughams and drink champagne. If you have any doubt as to what I am telling you, or any suspicion that I am exaggerating, ask any country gentleman, with whom you may be spending your Christmas, whether his lawyers' bills for the year are unlike the above. He will find nothing to laugh at in the extract from Mr. BUSTER'S account.

But I am sorry to tell you, that Mr. BUSTER'S accumulation of earthly treasures—to say nothing of the smaller heap which the other three lawyers were making out of this Work-table job—was suddenly cut short by an accident. This accident, also, was the law's doing,

and therefore the lawyers had no right to complain. By a recent Act, a convicted thief or other ruffian, if he can impose upon a gaol-chaplain and the other prison authorities (which is exceedingly easy), and can make them believe he means to amend, receives a Ticket-of-Leave, and is again let loose upon society. There are hundreds of these men at liberty, and in consequence, London is, just now, rather less safe than it was in the days of HENRY THE EIGHTH. Well, while MR. BUSTER was arranging for "further exertions," three of these Ticket-of-Leave gentlemen entered MRS. SWANSDOWN'S house, with a false key, one night, while the family were at the theatre. One man descended into the kitchen and soothed the servants into silence by means of a loaded bludgeon and an empty pistol, and the others stripped the house. The silver-mounted Work-table was too large to carry away; but they smashed it to pieces with a hammer, and stripped off all its ornaments, which, with a watch or two, some plate, miniatures, and other trifles, they removed to the house of another gentleman, of the Hebrew persuasion who, though the Jews generally disclaim proselytism, speedily "converted", the plunder, with the aid of a melting-pot. The police might have interposed, but were enjoying Christmas hospitality in a kitchen, four doors from MRS. SWANSDOWN'S.

Here, of course, the negotiations ended, as MR. FONDLESQUAW was not going to give his mother-in-law the *épargne* for nothing; and, both parties had to pay their lawyers' bills and dismiss the subject from their minds. If you, my dears, will do me the favour to observe the motto with which I have adorned these lectures, you will note that SHAKESPEARE saw little difference between a conveyancer and a thief, and, perhaps, the SWANSDOWN and FONDLESQUAW families make less distinction than they should do between the Lawyers and the Ticket-of-Leavers, who among them dealt with

Mrs. Swansdown's Work-table.

THE BRITISH MERCHANT PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE was a British Merchant in the jolly times of old,  
As some of us, in our young days, by grandfathers were told;  
He was a man of ample means and corresponding mould,  
Who thrived by what he wisely bought and profitably sold.

A spacious beaver hat he had, and powder'd was his hair,  
Blue, with brass buttons, was the coat which he was wont to wear;  
Encased in a huff waistcoat was his corporation fair,  
A chain and seals hung from his fob; his watch he carried there.

A frill'd shirt, ruffles at his wrists, and buckles in his shoes  
He wore, and shorts, which calves display'd as solid as his views;  
He never ventured more than he was well prepared to lose,  
And therefore all who dealt with him were certain of their dues.

He look'd upon his counting-house with pleasure and with pride,  
And used to live above it in the precincts of Cheapside;  
There Father Thames bore wealth to him and riches on his tide,  
'Twas there the British Merchant lived, and when his time came, died.

But now his modern counterfeit is living like a lord,  
In some suburban mansion, and a style he can't afford;  
But, being a director of some Company or Board,  
By means of speculation he replenishes his hoard.

His business is to make things pleasant, cook accounts, and play  
With other people's money and his sacred trust betray,  
Until the bubble bursts at length—there comes a crash one day,  
And then he's not forthcoming: for the knave has run away.

If caught, he gets some barrister to undertake his brief,  
Who probably will get him off, like many another thief;  
And if he should be convicted, though he comes to grief,  
The people he has ruin'd still remain without relief.

Oh! for the British Merchant of the former times, that could  
Command, in case of exigence, whatever sum he would,  
His name was held in such esteem; so high his credit stood,  
And nobody required his bond—his word was thought as good.

Oh! for the British Merchant that was wont to slap his chest,  
And jingle pockets full of gold he honestly possess'd,  
Whilst sentiments of probity and virtue he express'd;  
Where is that British Merchant now? The Law replies *Non est!*

And how should things be otherwise when noble Lords we see,  
That scorn the honest trader, will, as thieves can be,  
Hob-nob with wealthy Railway Kings, though rogues of base degree,  
And when their bankers come to break, 'tis no surprise to me.

WANT OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—LORD LUCAN has received another Cavalry appointment.

MAN AND BEAST.

A SOCIETY has lately sprung—or, we should rather say, tumbled—into existence at Paris, whose object is the accomplishment of what may be called the "disgusting feat" of eating horse-flesh. These individuals style themselves the "Hippophagic Association;" and the grand purpose of their lives seems to be, the getting down their throats as large a quantity of dead horses as possible. If these animals—we mean the Society, not their food—are allowed to follow up their horrible plan, and satiate their appalling appetites, the question may arise,— "Where are we to get our cat's-meat?" Supposing the Society to consist of one hundred Members, and each Member were to moderate his hunger so as to eat only one horse per month, we get the frightful total of twelve hundred horses annually withdrawn from the stock of the regular dog's-meat man. It is true that many persons who frequent the cheap restaurants in Paris, and, perhaps, even the lower order of London pie-shops, may be acting on hippophagic principles without being aware of it; but, that any human being can calmly sit down to a dinner of dead horse, is really inconceivable. If there is a body of epicures who have carried gluttony to such a morbid pitch that they cannot eat wholesome animal food, such as satisfies the rest of the human race, we would direct their attention to a less valuable beast than the horse; and we recommend them to that more congenial animal the ass, which would be very likely to agree with them. It may be said that the arrangement savours somewhat of cannibalism; but, if it should even be the death of them, it would only make a still further diminution in the number of donkeys.



SEASONABLE GOOD-HUMOUR.

A CUTLER, who has the reputation of being rather a sharp blade in his business, has stuck up in his shop-window—which is not a six-penny fare from Oxford Street—the following announcement:

FEET OF AGILITY

Measured and Fitted to a Nicety.

We must not forget to mention, that just above the inscription is suspended a pair of Skates.

Destitution of Brown Bess in Russia.

PERCUSSION locks are by no means universal in the Army of the "first Military Power in Europe;" hence has arisen, on the part of the Russian troops, a great demand, which it proves difficult to meet, for flints. Surely, if the heart of the CZAR is with his soldiers, the deficiency might, in some measure, be supplied out of that.



Shoe Black (who is doing a little "gratis" for a friend). "Well, afore I'd misdemean a feller creature like him, blow'd if I wouldn't a'most go and do—ay, hanythink."

Sweeper. "Oh! ah! it's all very well for you, as has a good Bisness; but a poor Cove like me, doesn't know vot shifts he may be draw to."

HEAD-QUARTERS OF BULLY BOTTOM.



GENTLEMAN named BERINGTON has invented a new knapsack, the recommendation of which consists in its being comfortably adjusted to the soldier's back, instead of, like the old one, hampering his movements and impeding his respiration. In reference to this invention, the *Times* says:

"An overwhelming weight of testimony in favour of BERINGTON's plan, coming not only from the soldiers themselves, but from army surgeons, eminent medical authorities, and experienced officers, has hitherto failed to secure its adoption at the Horse Guards."

We have been calling "Head Quarters" the "Horse Guards," quite long enough. It is high time that the Authorities of those Guards exchanged the name of that noble animal for the designation of another quadruped, to which they correspond, in nature and quality, a great deal more closely than they do to it. Henceforth, unless they show somewhat like reason to the contrary, they had better be denominated the Ass Guards.

A New Kind of Head Dress.

Mistress. JANE, are you sure it was MRS. SMITHERS who called? Come, tell me now, how was she dressed?

Jane. Why, if you please, Mum, she was a-going to the Theayter, or a Ball, and she had on her 'ead a great big Turbot, Mum, and there was a Whale over that, Mum.

HABITS OF GREAT MEN.

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR stops all his watches and clocks on a Sunday.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Esq., generally sharpens his razor on a Joe Miller.

MR. BRIGHT sleeps in a cotton nightcap. His socks, shirts, and sheets are likewise all of cotton. He carries his passion for cotton to such an excess, that, when he goes to an evening party, he will wear none but Berlin gloves.

MR. FREDERICK PEEL insists upon his tailor always measuring him with red tape.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM, when he receives a letter, cannot help peeping into it first.

MR. GLADSTONE cannot eat a prawn without endeavouring to divide it into three heads.

LORD JOHN talks of his children sometimes as Schedule A, B, C, &c.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

THE KING of PRUSSIA is waiting to see what turn events in Europe take, before he ventures to decide for one side or the other. Austria is also waiting to see which way the European cat jumps.

CARDINAL WISEMAN is waiting for the happy day when England—thanks to the Puseyites—will sign a Concordat with the POPE.

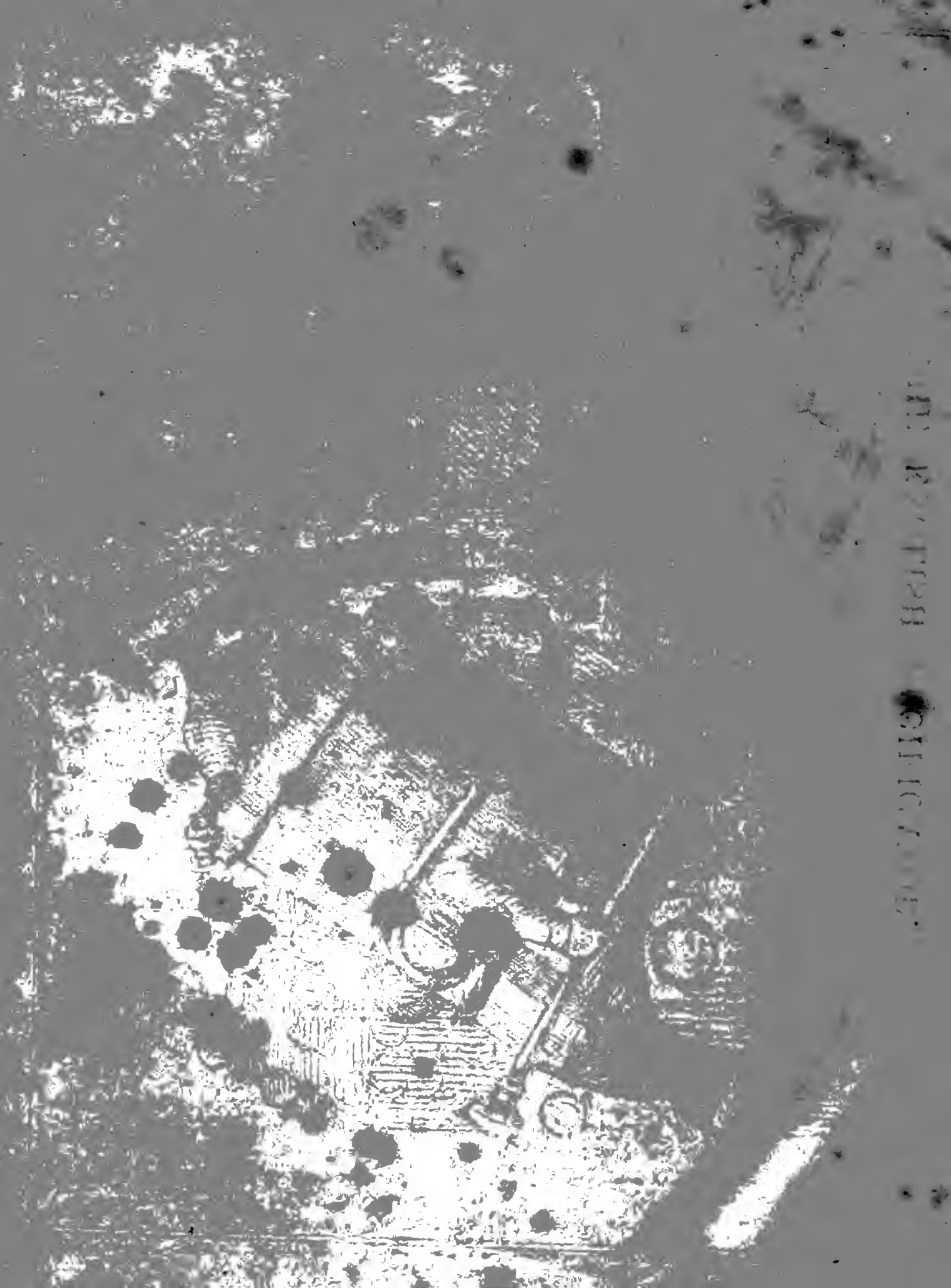
MR. COBDEN is waiting for the sheet of paper, by means of which he intends showing the way in which Russia should be crumpled up.

LORD JOHN is waiting for a new place.

A SENTIMENT FOR THE CENTRAL BOARD.—May all parochial heart-burnings subside; and may there be an end to all anger—except D'IFF—ANGER (junior).



THE ENGLISH PACIFICATOR.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



Absurd Rumour of an Approaching Marriage, 149  
 Abuse of British Hospitality, 232  
 Abyssinian Progress, 102  
 Accommodation in Gaoi, 160  
 Acquisition to Plain English (An), 124  
 Adulteration of Government, 79  
 Adulterator's Alphabet (The), 105  
 Advice to Advertising Snobs, 163  
 Aged Alderman (An), 129  
 Agricultural Spendthrifts, 173  
 Airy and Literary, 40  
 Alexander's Masked Ball, 112  
 Alice Gray (of Wolverhampton), 203, 253  
 "Amen to that sweet prayer," 20  
 Apology for Baker's Bread (A), 192  
 Appeal from Small Type to Capital, 251  
 Army Fashions for November, 194  
 Arrows in the Strong Man's Hand, 23  
 As Safe as the Bank, 141  
 Astonishing the "Browns," 103  
 Attachment of the Female Russian Bear (The), 18  
 Attitude of Prussia (The), 155  
 Austrian Exhibition for 1859, 232  
 Authors of War and their Works, 251  
 Away with the Blunderbus, 2  
 Axe-idental Joke (An), 104  
 BABY Shows, 149, 161  
 Baker's Chapel (The), 62  
 Bargain on Horseback (A), 132  
 Barnum for President, 89  
 Batch of Advertisements (A), 144  
 Beauty of Silence (The), 131  
 Beauties of the Bishops, 25  
 Bench Buffooneries, 172  
 Bibliomaniac (A), 63  
 Bit to bother Brotherton (A), 224  
 Black Marseillaise (The), 196  
 Blighted Being (A), 170  
 Bombardment of Sweaborg, 90  
 Bonnets and Births, 90  
 Boston Baby Show, 111  
 Bouquet of Roman Candies (A), 106  
 Bow, wow, wow, 136  
 Break-down of the Income Tax Cart, 101  
 British Merchant, Past and Present (The), 257  
 By the Margin of Thames' Dirty Waters, 53  
 CABINET Question (A), 172  
 Cellithenics of Common Life (The), 114  
 Call on Swedish Friends (A), 222  
 Cameron Messacre (The), 115  
 Cant and the Conjuror, 170  
 Cant in the Coal Trade, 196  
 Cant of Square Toes (The), 114  
 Captivity among the Natives of Russia, 123  
 Capture of the "Great American Water-Snake," 131  
 Card from the Publicans (A), 42  
 Card—St. James' Park (A), 119  
 Card for Cricketers (A), 120  
 Cave Canem, 42  
 Cavest for the Czar, 195  
 Certainty as safe as a Bank (A), 151  
 Chair! Chair! 14  
 Chapter without an End (A), 39  
 Charterhouse Carol for Christmas (A), 252  
 Chastisement for Crowned Criminals, 165  
 Cheap Testimonials, 130  
 Chemistry of the Caumon (The), 60  
 Chesterfield for Somerset House, 158  
 Christmas Wails, 258  
 Churchyard Clay, 69

Clerical Advertiser (The), 193  
 Clerical Auction Mart (The), 120  
 Cochlu-China Correspondence (The), 81  
 Cockney Malakhoff, 81  
 Coming it too Strong, 26  
 Companion to the Latehky, 208  
 Complaint from the Paddle-Box (A), 100  
 Constantine's Dream, 206  
 Contamination of Iron (The), 253  
 Cook's Voyages, 14  
 Cooking a Barometer, 123  
 Cordou Bleu, 41  
 Coup d'oeil Extraordinaire (A), 170  
 Couple of Wonders (A), 119  
 Cricket on the Mormon's Hearth (The), 86  
 Criminal Preference, 133  
 Criticism, 141  
 Cruel Assault on a very Old Gentleman (A), 20  
 Crusade against the Butchers (A), 131  
 Cumming and Going, 252  
 Cumming Man (The), 101  
 Cure for Hot Coppers (A), 124  
 Curious Characteristics of Waiters, 120  
 Czar's Idol-Tricks (The), 215  
 Czarina to her Mate (The), 146  
 Dangers of Playing at War, 76  
 Dangers of the Thames (The), 4  
 Dark View in the Crimea (A), 191  
 De Bello Civili, 22  
 Deadly Lively Locality (A), 195  
 Definitions by a Disappointed Man, 206  
 "Destruction!" 203  
 Destruction of Works of Art, 183  
 Dirty Jummy, 136  
 Disgraceful A bettor of Intemperance, 65  
 Distiller in Difficulties (The), 133  
 Dizzy brewed a kind of plot, 174  
 Dramatic Word for Mrs. Brownrigg (A), 186  
 Drunkenness at Bow Street, 72  
 Duke of Somerset (The), 159  
 Dunup on the Money Msrket, 203  
 EAR no Sugar! 225  
 Eclogue (some way) after Virgil, 15  
 Education at the Antipodes, 65  
 Egotism, 224  
 Egyptian Darkness, 204  
 Eight Hundred Heads to a Sermon, 136  
 Emigration of the Lawyers, 109  
 End of Yankee Doodle (The), 224  
 England's Humiliation, 129  
 England's Political A. B. C., 152  
 English Conversation, 99  
 Error on the Right Side (An), 126  
 Etiquette for Theatrical Critics, 211  
 Europe, Speak Out! 227  
 Excommunicated King (An), 231  
 FALL of London (The), 24  
 Fee! Fi! Fo! Fat! Fum! 151  
 Fêtes for Ticket of Leavers, 145  
 Fielding on Field-Marsals, 181  
 Fighting Dog Extraordinary (A), 139  
 Finsale to Sebastopol (The), 125  
 Finis Coronet, 89  
 "First Class Gentlemen," 17  
 Five Minutes' Advice on Fainting, 75  
 Five Minutes with the Advertisers, 255  
 Five Pounds Reward, 141  
 Flag that has not Braved Anything, 132  
 Florence Nightingale, 225  
 Flowers of the Temple, 227  
 Foreign Entitlement Principle (The), 19  
 French and English Knighthood, 215  
 French Bull taken by the Horns (A), 104  
 Fresh Lights in the Puseyite Church, 23  
 Fruity Joke (A), 16

Further Decline of the Drama, 224  
 GAIL in the Heather (The), 139  
 Genuine Image-Man (The), 226  
 German Armour, or Mail and Female, 61  
 German Criticem, 134  
 German Domestic Economy, 133  
 Germany of Germans (A), 142  
 "Geropiga," 72  
 Gigantic Hotel Prices, 161  
 Glut of National Anthems (A), 233  
 Gortschakoff's Address to Peace Party, 195  
 Gervess Grinders, 169  
 Great Perambulator Races (The), 163  
 Gross Attempt at Imposition, 22  
 Gny Fawkes' Day in Vienna, 213  
 HAIR not Apparent (The), 126  
 Habits of Great Men, 253  
 Hateful of German Silver (A), 154  
 Harvest of the War (The), 116  
 Head at the Banquet (The), 68  
 Head Quarters of Bully Bottom, 258  
 "Heaven Bless the Duke of Argyle!" 224  
 Hint from the Antipodes (A), 135  
 Hints for Continental Travellers, 91  
 Homeopathic Sunday (A), 22  
 Homilies and Hexes, 207  
 Hopeless Case in Hanover Square (A), 2  
 Horrible Intentions, 160  
 Hurrors of the Money Market, 201  
 "House of Elmore" (The), 227  
 How Funch is treated in Russia, 65  
 How the Nightingale was not caught, 254  
 How to Administer Advice, 231  
 How to get an Advertisement, 223  
 How to restore Confidence, 10  
 "How very like Spoonbill!" 183  
 How we amend our Bills in the House, 24  
 Human Forgiveness, 145  
 I Don't Believe you my Boy, 151  
 Idol Trade (The), 234  
 If Women Pet, what do they Bet? 146  
 Il Trovatore, 29  
 "I'll Send thee a Wind," 140  
 Illustrations of Sunday Reading, 150  
 Immaculate Cannon, 152  
 Impassable Park (The), 100  
 Improvement of the Railway Whistle, 145  
 In the name of the Prophet—Figs, 198  
 Indemnity for the War, 4  
 Indian Candidates, 109  
 Infallible Cure for a Short Sight, 22  
 Ink from Beer, 149  
 Inscription for a German Bed, 116  
 Inspection of Field-Marsals, 174  
 Interesting to Moralists, 25  
 Invocation from the Army, (An), 253  
 Irish Freaks of Nature, 71  
 JACK and Lady Nancy, 19  
 John Bull to Jonathan, 243  
 John loves a Lord, 52  
 Joke in Spite of his Teeth, 163  
 Jonathan a Peace-Maker, 212  
 Jones Bays the "Moon," 143  
 Jullien Era (The), 207  
 Jumping Wafer (The), 134  
 Justice at the Footlights, 16  
 Justice is Dissatisfied, 40  
 Justice Unjustly Treated, 71  
 Justice Waiting till Called for, 203  
 KEY to the Anti-Moustache Movement (A), 235  
 King Cliquot, 42, 184  
 King of Naples on the Carpet (The), 80  
 King of Portugal (The), 41  
 King of Prussia's Toasts (The), 167  
 King Thames, 26

King who has lost his Loving Cup, 243  
 Knighthood of the Steam Bath, 152  
 LANCELOT Few-Companion (The), 74  
 Lambton Babies (The), 155, 194  
 Lansdowne to the Rescue (A), 108  
 Laureate's View of War (The), 69  
 League of Crowned Sausages (The), 153  
 Letters Rewarded—"Noctes Ambrosiana," 104  
 Light Cavalry Chant (A), 90  
 Lines to Scandinavia, 198  
 Lion-Hunter's Museum (The), 176  
 Literary Language of Flowers (The), 146  
 Literature of the Toilet, 109  
 Little Lectures for Lord John, 215  
 London on Wheels, 214  
 Lord Brougham made a Valuable Consideration, 133  
 Lord Ernest Vane, 155  
 Lord John turned Lecturer, 193  
 Lord Robert Grosvenor, 2, 4  
 Lordling's Lecture Mania (The), 212  
 Low Style of Logic (A), 99  
 Lowest Scale of Borrowing (The), 139  
 MAIN Reason for a Maine Law (A), 165  
 Man and Beast, 257  
 Manchester in Paris, 115  
 Manners—Witham and Without 'em, 225  
 Maud for Agricultural Meetings, 175  
 Ministers a Cup too Low, 74  
 Modest Young Gentleman (A), 19  
 More Bright Ideas, 256  
 Most Touching Proof (A), 104  
 Mr. Gladstone's Peace Song, 71  
 Mr. Laing's Russian Reward, 92  
 Mr. Speaker's Glee, 11  
 Mrs. Durden's Annual Troubles, 103  
 Mrs. Grundy's Administrative Reform, 21  
 Mrs. Grundy on Adulteration, 54  
 Mrs. Swansdown's Work-Table, 205, 217, 233, 246, 256  
 Musicificent Donations, 255  
 Muscovite Wit, 191  
 "My Lady the Housemaid," 182  
 NATIONAL Anthem for Prussia, 255  
 Nelson's Daughter and Grandchildren, 9  
 New Blood in the Peerage, 152  
 New Brussels's Sprout (A), 15  
 New Cerberus of Downing Street, 172  
 New Doorkeeper (The), 35  
 New Kind of Head Dress (A), 258  
 New Law of Limited Liability, (The), 35  
 New Map of Europe (The), 181  
 New Shakespearean Points, 14  
 Newspaper Noodleism, 182  
 Nice Dinner for a Nice Party (A), 89  
 Nice Man for a Small (Peace) Party, 221  
 Night with Cliquot (A), 197  
 Night with the Natives at Drury Lane, 63  
 Nightingale's Nest (The), 89  
 Nineteen Fortunes for Thricepence, 61  
 Nitocris at Drury Lane, 159  
 "Now, Boys!" 203  
 Nursery Rhymes for Field-Marsals, 172  
 "Oh, bring me Showers!" 129  
 Old Bricks and Old Mortars, 95  
 Omnibus Committee (The), 241  
 One Cure for Drunkenness, 196  
 One Touch of Nature, 36  
 Our Future Contemporaries, 20  
 Our Gallant Allies, 201  
 Our Naval Greatness, 79  
 Our Organised Hypocrisy, 32  
 Our Own Committee on the Beer Bill, 55  
 Our Own Railway in Trouble, 253  
 Our Queen and Ourselves, 105

Operatic Blow-out (An), 222  
 Order of the Chimney-Pot (The), 252  
 Palmers's Medal (The), 216  
 Palmers qui non Marit—Sneer-at, 149  
 Palmerton at the Antipodes, 125  
 Pam to Charley, 40  
 Parliamentary Night-work, 34  
 Pass of the Print-Shops (The), 194  
 Peace upon Crutches, 91  
 Peace-Mongar's Peace (The), 144  
 Peace Projectile Company (The), 94  
 People (The), 34  
 Personal to Ourselves, 161  
 Petrified Comedy (A), 215  
 Philosopher Afloat (A), 26  
 Pious Puffers (The), 124  
 Plain Facts for Plain People, 135  
 Playful Polecats (The), 201  
 Playground in Trafalgar Square, 152  
 Plush under Difficulties, 61  
 Poem Composed in Prison (A), 32  
 Poetry of Modern Grease (The), 237  
 Poor Husband on Bonnets (A), 244  
 Poor Man's Apostrophe to Content, 153  
 Poor Pharisess of Worcester (The), 153  
 Pop goes the Pontiff, 123  
 Pope at Two Hundred and Twelve (The), 82  
 Porkers on Parmassus, 96  
 Prayer for Prisoners, 165  
 Present for Victor Hugo (A), 187  
 Present Lass of Richmond Hill (The), 216  
 Privacy in Scottish Inns, 151  
 Probable Glut of Gentles, 96  
 Prodigy in the Pulpit (A), 103  
 Progress of Cant (The), 64  
 Proofs that Parliament is up, 139  
 Prophecy Unavoidably Delayed (A), 54  
 Proposal to Lord Dunderdun (A), 19  
 Prospects of Mr. Punch's Russian Vocabulary, 235  
 Punch and the Post, 30  
 Punch at Boulogne, 93  
 Punch at the Play, 169  
 Punch Prophecies a Piecture, 224  
 Punch to the Smoking World, 123  
 Punch's Essence of Parliament, 1, 13, 23, 33, 43, 53, 63, &c. &c.  
 Puzzle for a Country Couple (A), 181  
 Queen Objects of Charity, 111  
 Questionable Fashion (A), 234  
 Quicksilver Martyrs, 130  
 RABBLAIS in the Crimes, 12, 30, 70  
 Rachel, 134, 151  
 Railway Luxuries, 141  
 Real Blessing to Everybody (A), 252  
 Recruiting Sergeant among the Linen-drappers (The), 34  
 Reform your Reformatories, 222  
 Remarkable Banking Operations, 25  
 Remarkably Healthy Clause (A), 154  
 Report of the Police Committee, 54  
 Re "Public" of Letters (The), 208  
 Return from the Baltic (The), 154  
 Rime of the Ancient Alderman (The), 84  
 Roebuck's Call, 30  
 Roman Ducks and Geese, 70  
 Romance of Euclid, 149  
 Round-about Story (A), 26  
 Royal Road through St. James's Park (The), 115  
 Royal Salutes at Boulogne, 92

Russian Oil on the Fire, 202  
 Russian Pig Market (The), 189  
 Russian Reception of the News of the Fall of Sebastopol, 115  
 Russian Reinforcements, 201  
 Russian version of the Queen's Visit to Paris, 105  
 Russians in Covent Garden, 34  
 SABBATH-Breaking, 9  
 Salary for a Sharp Young Man, 80  
 Sale at the Surrey Zoological, 204  
 Save me from my Indian Friend, 121  
 Scenes in the Festive Circle, 63  
 School for Tigers in the East (A), 170  
 Scrap of Collective Wisdom (A), 62  
 Sea-Side, 53, 62  
 Seasonable Good-Humour, 257  
 Sebastopol in Leicester Square, 74  
 Sentiments for the Boudoir, 32  
 Sergeant's Silk Handkerchief (A), 114  
 Shah's Nonsense! 130  
 Shall Joseph Hume have a Statue? 72  
 Simpletons who make Sots, 119  
 Sir Peter Laurie's Mission, 187  
 Six-pounder for Linnithgowshire (The), 15  
 Smashed Violin (The), 187  
 Some very Odd Fish, 124  
 Somerset House Clock again (The), 213  
 Something about the Know-Nothings, 121  
 Song of Autumn (A), 192  
 Song of the Organ-Grinder, 130  
 Song of the Ticket-of-Leave Man, 212  
 Sonnet to the Czar, 231  
 Soule Sold by Auction, 35  
 Splendid Specimen of Cant (A), 122  
 Spoke in the Common Wheel (A), 11  
 "Spread" of Vegetarianism (The), 214  
 Statue for the Horse Guards (A), 104  
 Street Names, 100  
 Suicide by Statute, 112  
 Sweetest Moment of Friendship (The), 150  
 TAKE Care of your Complexions, 154  
 Teetotallers Wanted, 123  
 Teetotallers' Toast Book, 143  
 Telling Truths, 182  
 Teetimonials Wanted, 111  
 "That fell Serjeant" Adams, 112  
 Theatrical Intelligence, 110, 232  
 There is a Nae Luck about the House, 55  
 They Manage these Things Better in France, 221  
 Think I to Myself, Think I, 222  
 Thought whilst Smoking (A), 106  
 Three B.'s (The), 233  
 "To Be, or not to Be" (a Baronet?) 226  
 Tory Treaty and Traitors, 228  
 Touching Scene at the Old Bailey, 185  
 Town of Trees (A), 62  
 Toy of the Field-Marshal's Child (The), 248  
 Translation and Traduction, 104  
 Travelling Truth (A), 149  
 Trial in the Court of Hymen, 80  
 Trumpeters, 142  
 Tumble Down of Downing Street (The), 63  
 Two Sabbaths (The), 11  
 Two Sunday Travellers, 80  
 Two Thoughts of a Contemplative Policeman, 222  
 Uncivil Civil Service (The), 202  
 Un-fashionable Movements, 143  
 Unfortunate Mr. Barber, 254

Uniform for Army Chaplains, 160  
 Unpardonable Omission (An), 213  
 Unwarrantable Affair (An), 113  
 "Urgent Private Affairs," 247  
 VALUJ of a Name (The), 56  
 Vauxhall and the Weather, 119  
 Verdure in Trafalgar Square, 125  
 Voice from a Clock (A), 196  
 Voice from a Van (A), 211  
 Voice from Houndditch (A), 72  
 Voice of the Country on Baby Shows, 165  
 WANTED "The Van," 111  
 Wants of a Gentleman (The), 188  
 Wash to Cure a Nuisance (A), 140  
 Washed Duke (A), 124  
 Watery-Grave of London (The), 32  
 Wedding-Ring in Difficulties (A), 130  
 What Gentlemen ought to do! 245  
 Whitebait's Revenge (The), 89  
 Who has Ascended Mont Blanc? 140  
 Who is a Traveller? 41  
 Who killed Cock Robin? 184  
 Why don't Newspapers go by Post? 159  
 Why she could not Smile, Dear Mother, 70  
 Wisecracks and Fools, 216  
 Wiseman and St. Winifred, 122  
 Women's Friend Society (The), 135  
 Wonders of the Victorian Age (The), 83  
 Working Man's Guide (The), 62  
 Working of the Sunday Beer Bill, 25  
 Workman's Promenade Concert, 73  
 "Write me down" a Record, 94  
 Young Prime Ministers, 175  
 Youth Missing, 234

## SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

AQUATINTO (Mr. John Chub), 36, 46, 52, 76  
 Battle of the Hyde Park, 22  
 Best Preventive against Sea Sickness (The), 110  
 Blood-Stained Erius, 152  
 Brilliant Translation, 141  
 Caution during the Approaching Festival Sea (A), 252  
 Caution! Prosperous Shoe Black, 83  
 Comfortable Indian (A), 46  
 Compilimentary, 56  
 Cool and Comfortable this Hot Weather, 3  
 Did you Ever! 224  
 Dirty Boys at Whitebait Dinner, 66  
 Drat the Child, 136  
 Eclipse of the Moon, 192  
 Fagging System (The), 132  
 Geographical Joke (A), 194  
 Horrible Idea (A), 196  
 How Adjutant Stumpy serves our Captain Longshanks, 234  
 How Constantine invaded England, 206  
 How very Embarrassing, 174  
 John Thomas the Flunkey, 30, 62  
 Lad of Observation (A), 164  
 Last Refuge of a Banished Smoker, 218  
 "Last Rope for a Penny!" 205  
 Latest Romish Miracle (The), 235  
 Likely Case (A), 53  
 Man must Wear Something (A), 143  
 Miasma is Nervous, 160  
 Most Distressing, 185  
 Mr. Punch at Home, 245  
 New Purchase (The), 16  
 No Consequence, 228  
 No. 939, Government Transport, 214  
 Observations Abroad, 96  
 Old Gent irascible from Gout, 26  
 Opinion backed by Authority (An), 163  
 Original Round Hat (The), 238  
 Our Artist goes to Aldershot, 102  
 Pleasant, 146  
 Police are a bad Lot (The), 23  
 Polite Request (A), 170  
 Portrait of the Dandy in tight Collar, 49  
 Proposed new Uniform for the Police, 13  
 Prudent Resolve, 208  
 Punch's Illustrations to Shakespeare, 2, 20, 32, 42, 60, 63, &c.  
 Rather a Drop, 188  
 Rather Annoying, 92  
 Right Man in the Right Place, 74  
 Russian Rough (A), 247  
 Scene on the English Coast, 122  
 Serious Complaint (A), 244  
 Shoe Black and Sweeper, 258  
 Small by Degrees, and Beautifully less, 248  
 Sympathy, 106  
 Taste (The "Rafeatcher's Daughter"), 10  
 Terrible Accident, 142  
 Terrible Proposition, 153  
 Those Horrid Boys again, 136  
 Tom Noddy, 126, 156  
 Too Literal by Half, 11  
 Useful, if not Ornamental, 116  
 What our Artist has to put up with, 40

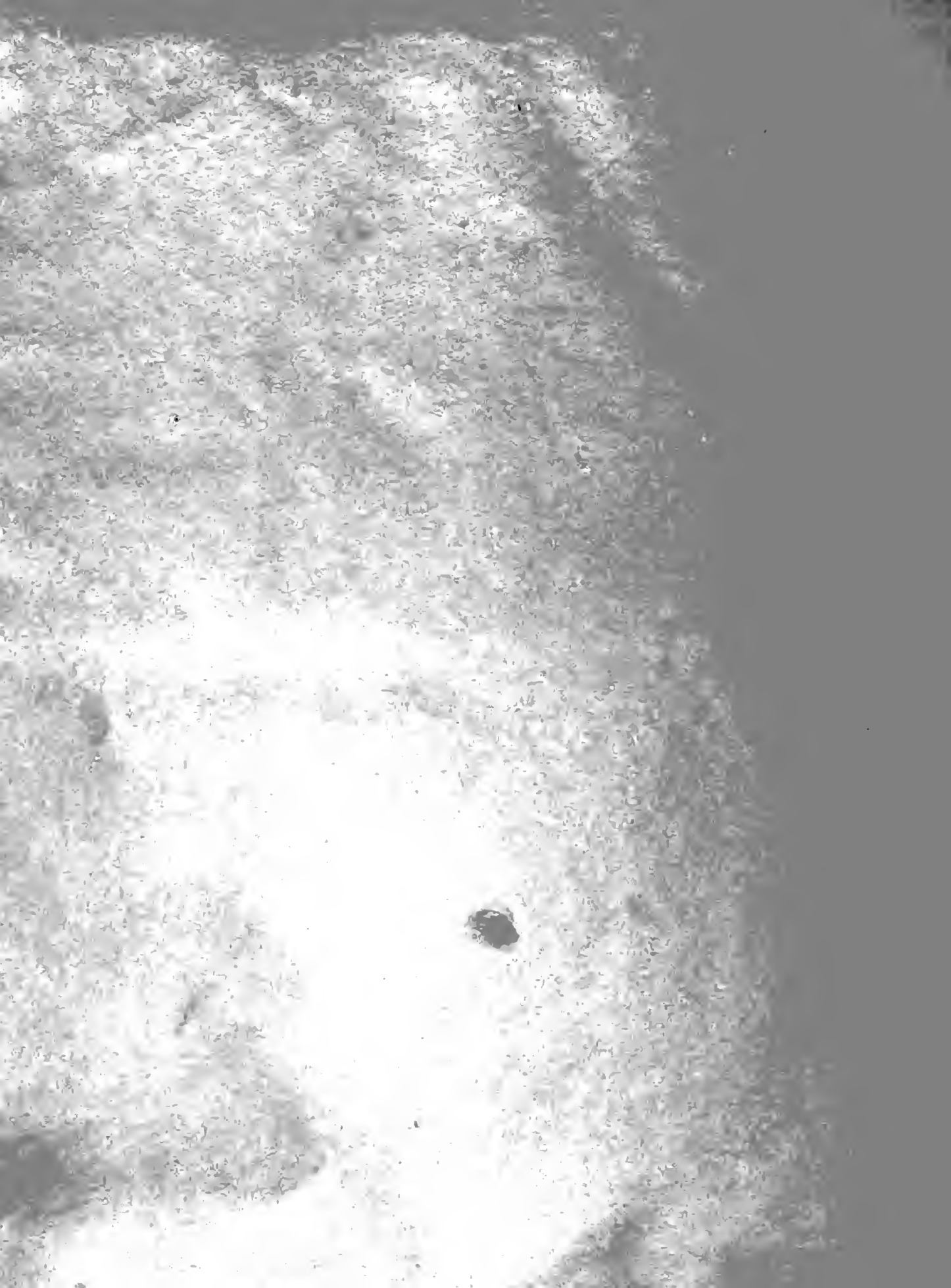
## LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

ALL but Trapped, 160  
 Bear and Ragged Staff (The), 229  
 Biting System (The), 169  
 Club (The), 8  
 Day's Fishing at Sebastopol (A), 137  
 Excursionist (The), as Mr. Hall would have him—Thank you, Mr. Hall, 37  
 Faraday giving his Card, 27  
 Ministerial Whitebait Dinner (The), 67  
 English Pacifcator (The), 259  
 French Shaws for 1855, 77  
 Grand Military Spectacle, 181  
 Harvest of the War, 117  
 Hooded Snake Fascinating that Silly Bird, the Austrian Eagle (The), 219  
 Justice Parsonified, 97  
 La Belle Alliance, 1855, 87  
 Meu in Possession (The), 146  
 Ministerial White Bait Dinner (The), 67  
 More noble Conduct of H.R.H.F.M.P.A., 249  
 New Coalition (The), 167  
 New Game of Follow my Leader (The), 209  
 Next Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, 107  
 Puritans' Penance, 17  
 Roadside Inn (The), 7  
 Split Crow in the Crimes (The), 126  
 Sunday Equality, 67  
 Ticket-of-Leave Minister (A), 199  
 Use of Aduiteration (The), 47  
 What is the Price of Peace? 239  
 What we must come to? 157













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